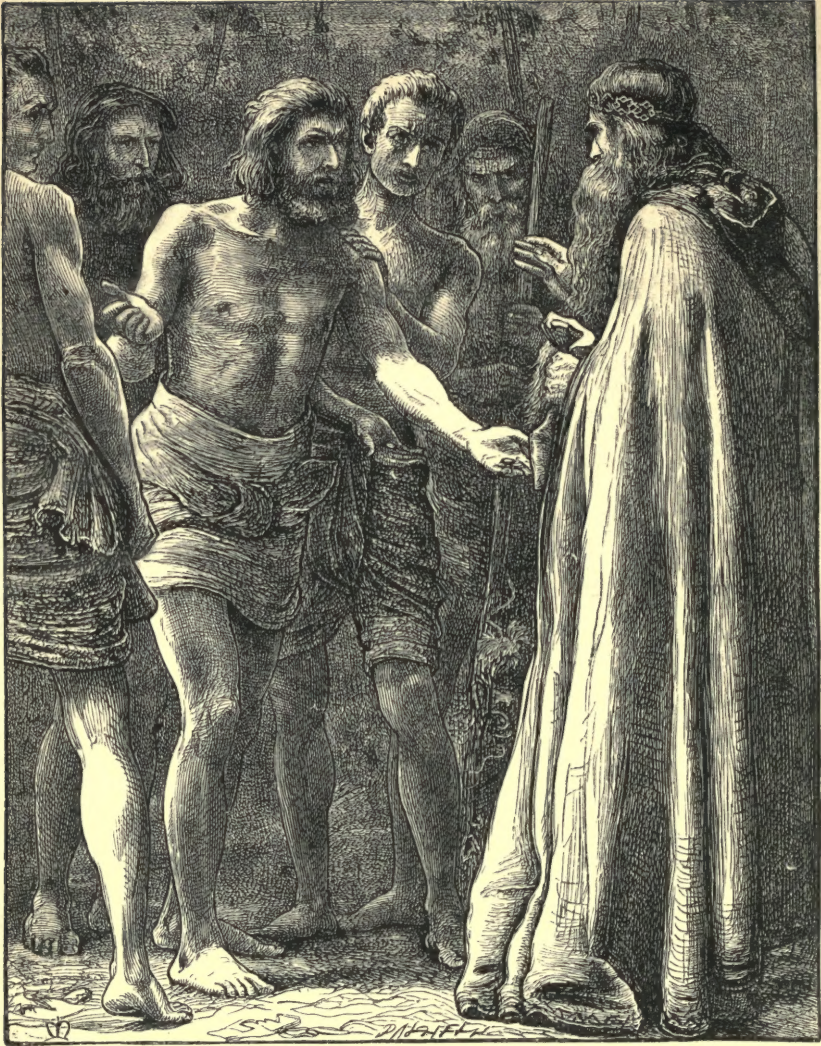
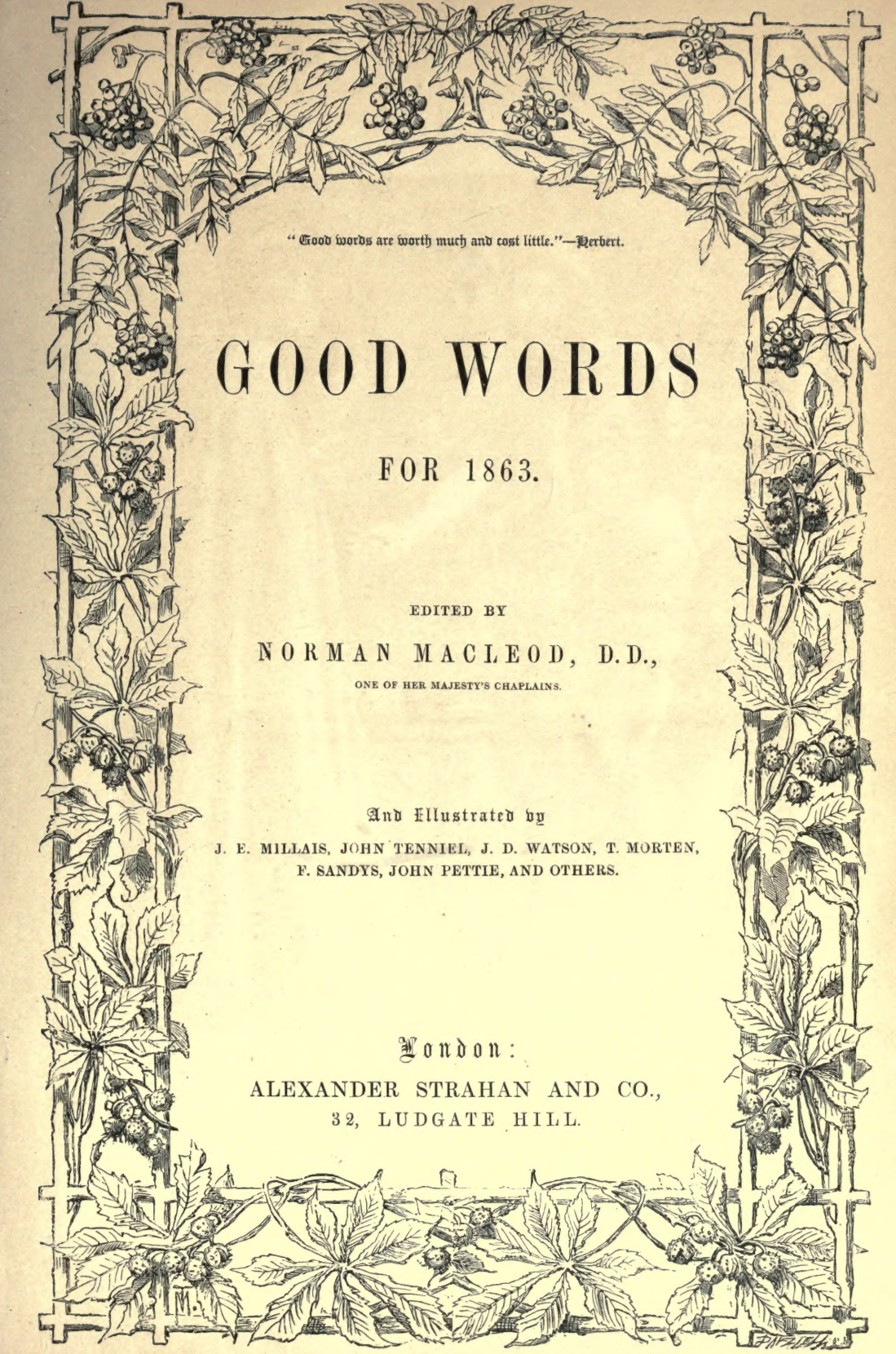


God
Words
1863



THE LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.



“Good words are worth much and cost little.”—Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1863.

EDITED BY

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS.

And Illustrated by

J. E. MILLAIS, JOHN TENNIEL, J. D. WATSON, T. MORTEN,
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THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

INTRODUCTORY.

ONCE saw Moffat, the South African missionary, address a thousand children—the most formidable congregation, in one sense, before which any speaker could appear. The difficulty, after having aroused their attention, of keeping it awake, was increased on that occasion by two things. His address extended beyond an hour, and the time was evening, when sleep is so apt to fall on young eyes; yet there was not a sleeper in the whole house. The sea of young faces was all turned radiant on the orator; he was the centre for two thousand eager glancing eyes; and for more than the time usually occupied by a sermon he held his audience by the ears. It was a great achievement: and how accomplished? In a very simple way. Suiting the action to the word, and drawing on his own observation and experience, he told them stories, illustrative of the labours and purposes, of the difficulties and dangers of a missionary's life. In giving this form to an address which was not childish, though suited to children, he dexterously availed himself of one of the strongest and earliest developed principles of our nature. How often have I seen a restless boy, whom neither threats nor bribes could quiet, sit spell-bound by a nursery tale! We can all recollect the time when we sat listening to a mother's or nurse's stories for long hours around the winter hearth. So passes the time with the soldier by his watch-fire; with the sailor on the lonely deep; and so, when the day's journey is done, and tents are pitched, and they have had their evening meal, the Bedouin, seated beneath a starry sky, on

the sands of the silent desert, will spend half the night.

Now, parables are just stories; they are told for instruction through means of entertainment; and when Moffat, by anecdotes, analogies, and illustrations, sought to win the attention of his hearers, and convey truth into their hearts, as the arrow, by help of its feathers, goes right to the mark, he was only copying his Master. No addresses recorded in history, common or sacred, have so much of the parable character as our Lord's. Not dry bones, nor, though skilfully put together, mere naked skeletons, they are clothed with flesh and instinct with life. Man has a threefold character; he is a being possessed of reason, of affection, and of imagination; he has a head, a heart, and a fancy. And now proving, and now painting, and now persuading, our Lord's discourses, unlike dry and heavy sermons, along with the strongest arguments, the most pointed and powerful appeals, are full of stories, illustrations, and comparisons; and by this circumstance, as well as by the divinity of his matter, and the blended mildness and majesty of his manner, we explain the fact that Jesus was the prince of preachers,—one whom the common people heard gladly, and who, in the judgment even of his enemies, spake as never man spake. The suitableness of this style of preaching a gospel, intended as well for the unlearned as the learned, for converting the unlettered poor, whose souls are as precious in God's sight as those of philosophers or kings, is obvious; and was well expressed by a

humble woman. Comprehending best, and most interested and edified by those passages of Scripture which present abstract truth under concrete forms, and of which we have examples in such comparisons of our Lord's, as these—the kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, unto a treasure, unto a merchant, unto a householder, unto a king, she said, "I like best the *likes* of Scripture." These are all parables, a form of speech which our Lord used, indeed so often, and to such an extent, that the evangelists say, "Without a parable spake he not unto them." Occasionally used to conceal for a time the full meaning of the speaker, the chief and common object of a parable is by the story to win attention and maintain it; to give plainness and point, and therefore power, to truth. By awakening and gratifying the imagination, the truth finds its way more readily to the heart, and makes a deeper impression on the memory. The story, like a float, keeps it from sinking; like a nail, fastens it in the mind; like the feathers of an arrow, makes it strike, and, like the barb, makes it stick.

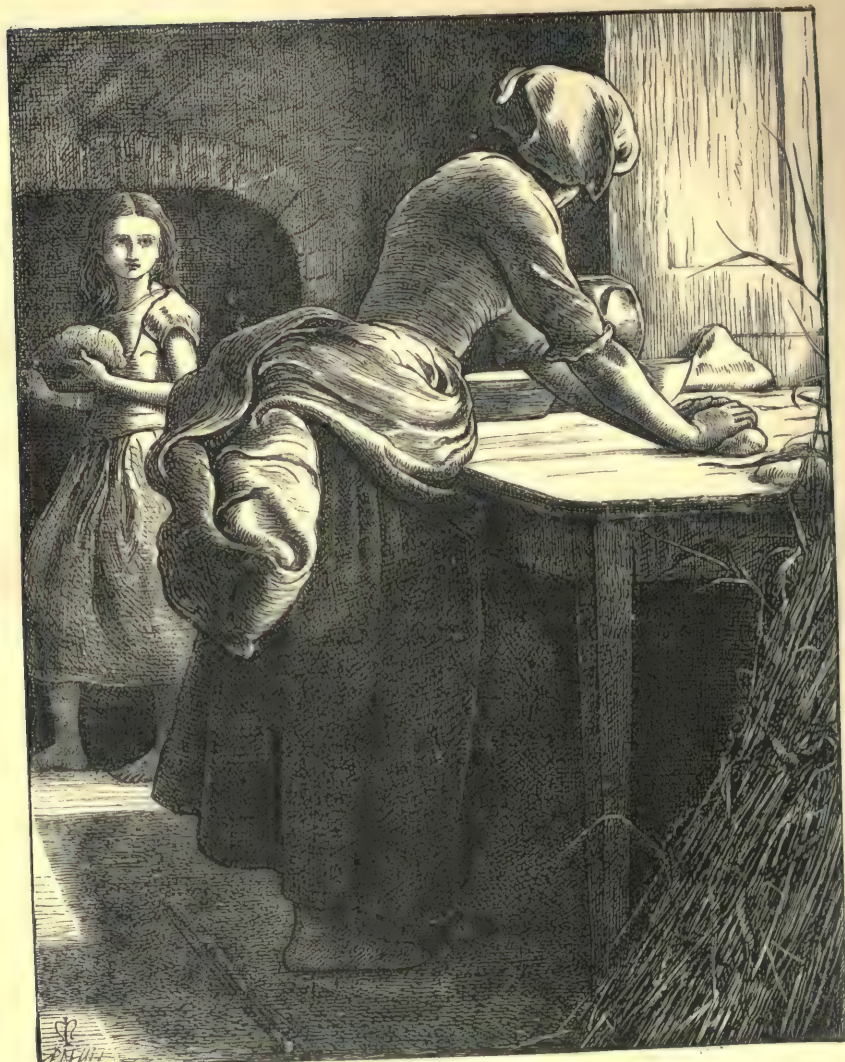
While Parables differ from fables, also a very ancient form of speech and instruction, in this, among other things, that fables use the fanciful machinery of beasts and birds and trees, they are allied to proverbs and allegories. They are stories of events that may or may not have happened, but told for the purpose of conveying important truths in a lively and striking manner. They need not be in words; they may be acted; and sometimes men inspired of God, have, instead of telling, acted them with dramatic power. Go, said the Lord to Jeremiah, and get a potter's earthen bottle, and take of the ancients of the people, and of the ancients of the priests; and go forth unto the valley of the son of Hinnom, and proclaim there the words that I shall tell thee. To his summons they assemble, and the preacher appears—nor book, nor speech in hand, but an earthen vessel. He addresses them. Pointing across the valley to Jerusalem, with busy thousands in its streets, its massive towers and noble temple glorious and beautiful beneath a southern sky, he says, speaking as an ambassador of God, I will make this city desolate and an hissing: every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished and hiss: I will cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and the flesh of their daughters, in the siege and straitness wherewith their enemies and they that seek their lives shall straiten them. He pauses—raises his arm—holds up the potter's vessel—dashes it on the ground; and planting his foot on its shivered fragments, he adds, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Even so will I break this people, and this city, as one breaketh a potter's vessel. The scene, the aspect of the man, the beautiful but fragile vase, the crash, the shivered fragments, these, all-important aids to the speaker, were calculated to make an impression through the senses and the fancy, much deeper than the mere message could have done.

After the same manner, we find another acting

his parable, charged also with a burden of coming sorrows. To the amazement of the people, setting them all a wondering what he could mean, Ezekiel appears one day before them with fire, a pair of scales, a knife, and a barber's razor. These were the heads, and doom was the burden of his sermon. Sweeping off, what an Eastern considers it a shame to lose, his beard, and the hair also from his head, this bald and beardless man divides them into three parts; weighing them in the balance. One third he burns in the fire; one third he smites with the knife; and the remaining third he tosses in the air, scattering it on the winds of heaven. Thus—he himself representing the Jewish nation; his hair the people; the razor the Chaldeans; the cutting off of the hair impending national disgrace; the balances, God's righteous judgment; the part burnt, those destroyed in the city; the part smitten with the knife, those slain when attempting to escape; and the remaining part scattered to the winds, the dispersion of the survivors,—by this acted parable, and in a way most likely to imprint the truth on their memories and impress it on their hearts, he foretells the desolations that were impending over them.

The Parable may assume a variety of forms, but the rule of interpretation is the same in all cases. The nearer we can make everything in the parable apply, and stand out as the medium of an important truth, so much the better. But while there may be a meaning in many of the circumstances, the clothing, as you might say, of the story—and it is our business to find that out—any attempt to regard everything as charged with a distinct meaning, to find a spiritual truth in each minute circumstance, would often land us in the regions of fancy; and sometimes in those of error. Take, for example, the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. Our Lord represents Abraham and Dives as talking to each other across the gulf which yawns, unbridged, between heaven and hell. But are we to infer from this that the intercourse of this world is maintained in the other, and that sighs or sounds of misery disturb the blessed rest of the saints of God? Certainly not. It would be as contrary also to all that we believe, to infer from the rich man expressing a desire for the welfare of the brothers he had left behind him, that virtues grow amid these fires which grew not in the more genial clime of earth. The lost are not certainly improved by their association with devils. If the longer in prison the greater criminal, the longer in perdition the greater sinner! The dead fruit grows more rotten, and the dead body more loathsome in its change to dust; even so they that are filthy shall not only be filthy, but shall be filthier still.

Take another example in the parable of the Ten Virgins. I read that as a solemn warning. It calls us to be up and doing; to hold ourselves ready for the Lord's coming, since we know neither the day nor the hour the Bridegroom may come; to work while it is called to-day, seeing how the night



THE PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN.

cometh when no man can work—when shops are shut, and there is no oil to buy. But if, allowing nothing for what might be called the drapery of the story, we are to find divine truth set forth not only in the main but in the minor circumstances, in every particular of the parable, see where this leads us! There were five wise and five foolish; five taken in, and five shut out, to whose applications for admission, and earnest, long, loud knocking no answer came but, The door is shut. The first five represent the saved, and the second the lost. But are we to infer, since the number of the wise and the foolish virgins was equal, that the lost are as numerous as the saved? This would be a dreadful, and, I venture to say, a very rash conclusion. Nowhere has God revealed such solemn secrets. Our Lord rebuked the curiosity that asked, Are there few that be saved?—replying, Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. To force such an utterance from the parable, to conclude because there was an equal number of wise and foolish virgins, that the lost are as numerous as the saved, has no warrant in the Word of God, and is contrary to the ideas we fondly cherish of Christ's final, glorious, and most

triumphant conquest. If, at the close of the war, Satan retains half his kingdom, his head is not crushed, nor, if he carries off half his forces from the battle-field, is he defeated, as I would hope he shall be. We cling to the hope that equal numbers will not stand on the right and on the left hand of the Judge, and that the wail of misery, piercing as it is, shall be drowned and lost in the louder burst of praise. It were a sad account of any government were half its subjects immured in prison; and I would not believe without the strongest evidence that under the reign of a benign and merciful God, and notwithstanding the blood poured out on Calvary, that half the inhabitants of a world are lost upon which the Saviour descended on wings of love, while his angel escort sang, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

In explaining a parable, what we are therefore to seek is its great central truth, the one, two, or three grand lessons which the story was told to teach—setting aside such parts as are no more than colour, clothing, drapery thrown around it, to impart life and interest. Keeping this in view, let us now turn to study this woman at her household work, and learn the lesson that she teaches.

I.—THE PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.”—MATTHEW xiii. 33.

The Kingdom of Heaven is sometimes used in Scripture as equivalent to the kingdom of God, but it has not here the wide meaning of that expression. There are kingdoms, our own for instance, which embrace so many different and such distant countries, that, as is said and boasted of, the sun never sets on them—before he has set on one province he has risen on another. But how much greater the kingdom of God? The sun never sets on it! The sun never rose and shone but on a corner of it. Its provinces are not countries, nor even continents, but worlds. It stretches not from shore to shore, but from sun to sun, and from star to star. Its extent was never surveyed; its inhabitants never numbered; its beginning never calculated. It had no beginning, and it has no bounds. Its beginning is in eternity, and its bounds are lost in illimitable space. Over this kingdom, which includes heaven and hell, the angels that kept and those that lost their first estate, all things visible and invisible, Jehovah reigns—glorious in counsel, fearful in praises, continually doing wonders. Sole monarch of this empire, he has made all things for himself, yea, “he hath made the wicked for the day of evil.”

It is not of this, but of the gospel kingdom, or the kingdom of grace, that the parable speaks; and before showing how it is like leaven, we may turn our attention on some of its peculiar characteristics.

Different and distinct from that kingdom of Jehovah's power and providence, which embraces all created beings from angels down to insects, this has men alone for its subjects. It does not concern itself, unless indirectly, with matter, but only with mind; controlling not the waves of the sea or the winds of heaven, but what are more uncontrollable than either, the passions and wills of men. Again, this kingdom is felt, but not seen; “the kingdom of God cometh not with observation:” it is in the world, but not of it; “My kingdom is not of this world,” said Jesus; “if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight:” a spiritual kingdom, its foundations have been laid in the death of its King, and, with a far higher object than any for which mortal men are raised to tottering thrones, its purpose is the salvation of lost, but precious and immortal, souls.

See how many and important differences there are between it and any earthly kingdom! There never was a man born in it; but many have been born for it. Its subjects are all twice born; for “except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Never in a sense did an old man enter its gates; for who would enter here must retrace his steps along the path of life; return the way he came, and, born again, become a little child. Calling a little child to him, Jesus set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto

you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. There gold, for which so many here slave, and drudge, and scheme, and sin, is reckoned of no more value than common dust. They buy and sell, indeed; buy the most precious wares, bread of life, immortal beauty, sinless purity, pearls of great price, and crowns of eternal glory; but then it is without money—what is priceless is got without price, got for the asking: "Whatsoever ye ask in my name believing, ye shall receive." And so far from gold being of any advantage here, it is rather an encumbrance than otherwise: "It is easier," said the King, "for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Nor is that which secures man great advantages here, industry, sobriety, honour, honesty, or virtue, any passport into this kingdom; the worst are as welcome as the best: "Whosoever cometh unto me," says the King, "I will in no wise cast out." Beggars whom armed sentinels would challenge, and servants turn from the gates of earthly palaces, are here admitted as freely as the highest nobles. See there, outside the gate, the Pharisee! while the poor, despised, detested publican who stood afar off, beating his breast in conscious guilt, is invited in, and, going down to his house justified rather than the other, sings with Hannah, "The Lord bringeth low and lifteth up; he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes." Yes, this is the kingdom for the poor! In its palace there are more peasants to be met than peers; many subjects and few kings. In your earthly kingdoms the rich and noble carry off the lion's share. It is high-born men and women that fill high places, and stand near our Queen's throne; but this kingdom bestows its noblest honours on the humble, the poor, the obscure, the meek, the lowly; for "to the poor the gospel is preached," and "not many mighty, not many noble are called." More extraordinary than any of these things, all the ordinary rules of other kingdoms are reversed in this. Here, the way to grow rich is to become poor—the path to honour lies through shame—to enjoy rest we must plunge into a sea of troubles—peace is only to be enjoyed in a state of war—who would live must die—and who would gain must part with all that men hold most dear: Verily, verily, says the King, there is no man that leaveth father, or mother, or wife, or children, or houses, or lands, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. Blessed are they who have been brought into this kingdom! Robed in the white linen of Christ's righteousness, they shall be priests, and, crowned with glory, they shall be kings to God.

In regard to the leaven to which our Lord likens the kingdom of heaven, it may surprise some to find that which is usually employed in a bad sense

otherwise employed here. I am aware that leaven is often, and indeed usually, in the Sacred Scriptures, an emblem of sin; and a very suitable one it is, seeing, as is known to all who are familiar with its action in household or other arts, that it changes the natural properties of those substances on which it acts, breeds in liquids a poisonous gas, and applied to meal, for instance, swells it up and sours it. But to infer from this that leaven stands here for unsound doctrine and ungodly practice, and that the parable itself is a prophetic description of the corruptions which early crept into the Church of Christ, and had leavened and corrupted the whole mass of Christendom in the dark ages of Popery, were inconsistent with the plain meaning of the parable; and is not required by the rules which should guide us in studying the Word of God. There are other instances in which the sacred writers employ a figure, sometimes in a good sense, sometimes in a bad one. For example, Satan is compared to a lion; and what emblem could be more appropriate, if you take into account its cruel nature, its stealthy approach, its frightful roar, its terrible aspect, its bloody jaws, its ravenous appetite, and the death that follows a blow of its paw? Yet if the destroyer of souls is a lion, so is their Saviour; he is "the Lion of the tribe of Judah." The other most common scriptural emblem of the devil is a serpent. It was in the form of that reptile he stole into Eden; and, with malice gleaming in its fiery eye, poison concealed in its crooked fangs, fascination in its gaze, death in its spring, and this peculiar habit, that while other creatures usually content themselves with a portion of their prey, the serpent, crushing the bones and covering the body with slime, swallows it entire—the animal world furnishes no creature that represents so well the deceiver and destroyer of souls as this hateful, horrid reptile. But who, on the other hand, does not know that a serpent was employed as a type of the Redeemer? Referring to that scene in the desert, where, raised high upon a pole, the brazen serpent gleamed over the dying camp, and whosoever caught sight of it revived and lived, our Lord says, As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

Having removed a difficulty which has staggered some and set others on a wrong track, we are now ready to see in what respects the kingdom of heaven is like unto the leaven which this woman takes and hides in meal till the whole is leavened. We may understand our Lord as describing either the influence of the gospel on the world, and its final universal manifestation; or the influence and operation of divine grace on those in whose hearts the Spirit of God has lodged it. The parable may be applied either way; but we prefer the latter.

I.

The woman takes the leaven to lay it not on, but in the meal, where, working from within outwards,

it changes the whole substance from the centre to the surface. It is through a corresponding change that the man goes to whom the Spirit of God communicates his grace. It is hidden in the heart. The change begins there; the outward reformation not preparing the way for regeneration, but springing from it; growing out of it as a tree grows out of its seed, or a stream flows out of its spring. Observe that this view is in perfect harmony with God's requirement, "Give me"—not thy habits, or thy service, or thy obedience, but "thy heart, my son;" in perfect harmony, also, with his promise, "I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh, and I will put my Spirit within you"—then, as following such a change, "I will cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them;" and in perfect harmony also with the remarkable saying of our Lord, "The kingdom of God is within you;" in other words, religion does not lie in the denomination we belong to, in attendance on churches whose stony fingers point to heaven, in having a pew in the house of God, or even an altar in our own, in professions of piety, or even in works of benevolence. It lies in the heart. If it is not there, it is nowhere; these other things being but the dress which may drape a statue, and give to a corpse the guise, or rather the mockery of life. In consequence of its being lodged in their hearts, true Christians, so far from being hypocrites, have more of the reality of religion than of its appearance. They are better than they seem to be; and less resemble those fruits which, under a painted skin, and soft, luscious pulp, conceal a rough, hard stone, than those within whose shell and husky covering there are both milk and meat. With more religion in his heart than you would infer from outward appearances, or than he is able to carry out in his daily life and conversation but after a long struggle with old habits, a converted man may be like Lazarus, when, standing before his tomb still bound in grave-clothes, he looked as much like a dead man as a living. Even Paul himself said, The good that I would, I do not; but the evil that I would not, that I do. His heart, burning with love to Christ, set on fire not of hell but heaven, was better than his habits; his desires were purer than his deeds; his aims were loftier than his loftiest attainments. And those who, though it is a confession of shortcoming, can say so of themselves, have good reason to hope that the leaven has been hid in the meal. Their hearts have received that grace which works in holy desires toward holy efforts; and which shall never cease to work till, extending its influence over all their nature, the whole is leavened, and they, however imperfect now, become perfect men in Jesus Christ.

II.

Suppose that the woman, taking, instead of leaven, a stone—a piece of granite, a common pebble, or even a precious jewel, any metal such

as gold or silver, or any like inert and inactive substance, had placed that in the heart of the meal, the meal had remained the same; changing neither to stone nor metal. But so soon as leaven is imbedded in its substance, a change immediately ensues; a process of fermentation is set a-going, and, extending from within outwards, goes on till by a law of nature the whole lump is leavened. Neither art nor nature could supply a better simile of the grace of God than this. An active element, so soon as it is lodged in the heart, it begins to work; nor ceases to extend its holy influence over the affections and habits, the inward and outward character, till it has moved and changed the whole man, and that consummation is reached which is to be devoutly wished for, and which the Apostle prays for, in the words, May the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.

There are influences which may powerfully affect without permanently changing us. There may be motion, and even violent emotion, without change. In the valley where Ezekiel stood with the mouldering dead around him, there was motion—the bones were shaken. He saw bone approach bone, till, each nicely fitted to the other, they formed perfect skeletons; and, clothed with flesh and covered over with skin, each seemed a warrior taking his rest, and sleeping on under a wizard's spell till his sword had rusted beside him. Still, in all that was essential they were unchanged; as breathless, lifeless, dead, as when the bones lay scattered, withered, and dry on that old field of battle. To borrow an illustration from familiar objects—the sea which reflects like a liquid mirror ship and boat that lie sleeping on its placid bosom, is thrown by the storms of heaven into the most violent commotion. Its calm depths are stirred, and foaming breakers beat its shore; but it is still the salt, salt sea. And when the wind falls and the storm blows past, and waves sink to rest, it presents the same characters as before—the tempest came and the tempest went, nor has left one trace behind. So it is, alas, too often and too much with the impressions of sermons, and sacraments, and revival seasons.

All changes truly are not from bad to good, or good to better. They may be from good to bad, or from bad to worse. Moisture dims the polished blade, and turns its bright steel into dull, red rust; fire changes the sparkling diamond into black coal and grey ashes; disease makes loveliness loathsome, and death converts the living form into a mass of foul corruption. But the peculiarity of grace is this, that like leaven it changes whatever it is applied to into its own nature. For as leaven turns meal into leaven, so divine grace imparts a gracious character to the heart; and this is what I call its assimilating element. Yet let there be no mistake. While the grace of God changes all who are brought in conversion under its influence, it does not impart any new power or passion, but works by giving to those we already have a holy bent; by

impressing on them a heavenly character. For example, grace did not make David a poet, or Paul an orator, or John a man of warm affections, or Peter a man of strong impulses and ardent zeal. They were born such. The grace of God changes no more the natural features of the mind than it does those of the body—as the negro said, it gave him a *white* heart, but it left him still, to use the language of another, the image of God carved in ebony. Be the meal into which that woman hides the leaven, meal of wheat or meal of barley, it will come from her hands, from the process of leavening, from the fiery oven, cakes of the same grain. For it is not the substance but the character of the meal that is changed. Even so with the effect of grace. It did not give John his warm affections; but it fixed them on his beloved Master—sanctifying his love. It did not inspire Nehemiah with the love of country; but it made him a holy patriot. It did not give Dorcas a woman's heart, her tender sympathy with suffering; but it associated charity with piety, and made her a holy philanthropist. It did not give Paul his genius, his resistless logic, and noble oratory; but it consecrated them to the cause of Christ—touching his lips as with a live coal from the altar, it made him such a master of holy eloquence that he swayed the multitude at his will, humbled the pride of kings, and compelled his very judges to tremble. It did not give David a poet's fire and a poet's lyre; but it strung his harp with chords from heaven, and tuned all its strings to the service of religion and the high praises of God. So grace ever works! It assimilates a man to the character of God. It does not change the metal, but stamps it with the divine image; and so assimilates all who have received Christ to the nature of Christ, that unless we have the same mind, more or less developed, in us that was in him, the Bible declares that we are none of his.

III.

It is said of the meal in which the woman hid the leaven, that "the whole," not a portion of it, large or small, "was leavened." The apostle brings out the same diffusive character of this element where he says, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Even so, teaching us not to despise the day of small things, a little grace lodged in the heart spreads till it sanctifies the whole man. Some things diffuse themselves rapidly. There are deadly poisons so rapid and indeed sudden in their action that the cup falls from the suicide's hand; he is a dead man before he has time to set it down. To these grace stands out in striking contrast, not only because it is saving, but because it is ordinarily slow in bringing its work to a holy and blessed close; and in that respect grace and sin correspond well to their figures of life and death. Five hundred summers must shine on an oak ere it attain its full maturity; and not less than twenty or thirty years spent in growth and progress must elapse ere an infant

arrives at perfect manhood—our mind has acquired its full power, our bones and muscles their utmost strength. And besides the lapse of so many years, how much care and watching, how much meat and medicine, are needed to preserve our life, and guard it from the accidents and diseases which are ever threatening its destruction! Yet this work of years it needs but an instant of time, a wrong step, a drop of poison, a point of steel, a pellet of lead, to undo. Death is perfected in a moment; the shriek, the prayer may die unuttered on the lips. Look at Adam! Sin, a sudden as well as subtle poison, shoots like lightning through his soul; and he falls in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from the state of a pure and happy, into that of a sinful, and wretched, and lost, and ruined being. Unless in such rare and extraordinary cases as that of the dying thief, what a contrast to this the progress of the best in grace? Years have come and gone, perhaps, since we were converted, and how many Sabbaths have we enjoyed, how many sermons have we heard, how many prayers have we offered, how many communions have we attended, how many providences have we met to help us on in the divine life—goodnesses that should have led us to repentance, and waves of trouble that should have lifted us higher on the Rock of Ages, and yet, alas! how little progress have we made, how far are we from being perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect! Have we not learned, by sad experience, that there is nothing so easy as to commit sin, and nothing so difficult as to keep out of it—even for one hour to keep the heart holy, and the garment unspotted of the world? It seems as natural for man to fall into sin as it is for water to sink to the lowest level, or for a stone to fall to the earth. But to rise! ah, that requires such sustained and continuous efforts as those by which the lark soars to the skies, through constant beating of its wings. The devil can make man a sinner; nor is there a poor, miserable, mean, wretched creature but may tempt us into sin. But it needs the Almighty God to make a man a saint. The vase, statue, beautiful machine which it required the highest skill and long hours of thought and labour to make, may be shattered by the hands of a madman or of a child.

Still, let God's people thank him, and take courage. Though grace, unlike sin, and like leaven, is slow in its progress, it shall change the whole man betimes; and the motto which flashed in gold on the High Priest's forehead shall be engraven on our reason, heart, and fancy; on our thoughts, desires, and affections; on our lips, and hands, and feet; on our wealth, and power, and time; on our body and soul—the whole man shall be "Holiness to the Lord."

These three characters of grace form three excellent tests of character, of the genuineness of our religion. It is internal: have we felt its power within us, on our hearts? It is assimilating: is

it renewing us into the likeness of Jesus Christ, into the image of God? It is diffusive: is there a work begun in us, and on us, which shall at length "sanctify us wholly"? If not so, we need to begin at the beginning—by the Holy Spirit of God to be born again. But if so, though in many respects defective, and having often to confess with Paul, "The good which I would I do not, and the evil which I would not, that I do," happy are we! Happy are the people that are in such a case, for the Lord will perfect that which concerneth us—the whole shall be leavened.

Be it our business, by earnest prayer and diligence, to hasten on such a blessed consummation; and also to bring the grace that is within us to act as well without as within! No candle is lighted for itself: no man lights a candle to lock the door, and leave it burning in an empty room. We are not lighted for ourselves; nay, nor leavened for ourselves. No man liveth for himself. Let us be

as leaven in our families; among our friends and fellows; in the neighbourhoods around us. Nor let us rest till there is not one within the sphere of our influence whom we have not, through God's blessing, leavened, or attempted to leaven, by our grace. Freely we have received; freely give! At the fires of our piety let others be warmed; at the light of our grace, let other lights be kindled. Let us act like leaven on the inert, dead mass around us—every living Christian a centre from which living influence shall emanate toward all around him. Were we so, how soon would the dull mass begin to work, ferment, move, and change! Then would it be seen, to the glory of God, and the wellbeing of society, and the happiness of many a family, and the saving of many souls, that through the influence of those who had little influence, and seemed to have none, as in the case of a humble domestic or little child, that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AGE.

EVERY age has its characteristics; some noble and generous, others criminal and degrading. To strike the fetters from the slave—to give freedom to oppressed communities—to carry the lights of education into the haunts of ignorance and crime—to propagate the gospel among heathen and barbarous tribes—to reform the corruptions of unprincipled governments, have been characteristics of times that have gone by,—blessed characteristics, that cannot fail to shed their benign influence over the future.

At other times the age is characterized by revolutions, and outbursts of human passion, which threaten us with a relapse into social disorder or primitive barbarism. Amid such convulsions, war—the incarnation of crime—the bloody game at which nations delight to play, is ever ready, with its motives of conquest or revenge, to exhibit deeds of savage ferocity, in which the Christian soldier sinks into the hyæna or the tiger.

When the war-cry has ceased, and the tocsin is dumb, humanity seeks for some new excitement in the discussion of principles and opinions which startle us by their extravagance, and run counter to every article of our faith. Were we to characterize the passing age we should describe it as remarkable for its love of the mysterious and the marvellous, its passion for the supernatural, and its morbid craving for what the eye cannot see, nor the ear hear, nor the judgment comprehend. To those who have lived much and long in the world nothing is more curious than to study those social epidemics, and vulgar superstitions, which in less than very quarter of a century rise and culminate and decline, giving way to others equally startling and ephemeral. Some of these heresies claim admission into the temple of science, as the result of

observation and experiment, while others, less subject to the scrutiny of reason, appeal unblushingly to the evidences of our bewildered senses. But whatever be their character, one general principle pervades them all. They all seek to know, by some short-hand and easy process, accessible to the meanest capacity, what is not permitted to be known, if known at all, but from careful study and observation. Instead of gathering the moral character of individuals from their daily walk and behaviour, and their intellectual character from their conversation, their writings, or their professional success, the Phrenologist finds all this information, and much more, like a ready-made article, stereotyped in the inequalities of his skull, presuming that the same inequalities consist in the brain which it encloses. The Physiognomist of form seeks the same information in the shape of the head, nose, hands, and feet, of his neighbour. The philosopher of the boudoir describes the soul of her correspondent oozing out of the tips of her thumb and two digits, thus giving evidence under her own hand of her virtues or her vices. The Animal Magnetist finds in an *odylic force* a new power over matter, which, issuing from the hand, turns tables, lifts them from their place, and even suspends a living body, like Mahomet's coffin, in the air. The mesmerized clairvoyante sees without eyes and hears without ears. To see through a millstone is one of her easiest achievements, for she can take cognizance of her antipodes through the 8000 miles of earth and ocean which intervene! The Phrenomesmerist is not content with seeing the moral and intellectual condition of his neighbour in the inequalities of his head; he draws them forth by his *odylic touch*, making the musician sing, the pietist pray, the fool laugh, and the madman rave. The

Magnetoscopist goes much farther. He makes each of the thirty-six phrenological organs record its intensity numerically, by the range of a pendulum, which it puts in motion after the influence has passed from the bump to the pendulum through the body of the operator! The Glossologist—the inventor of a newly-started characteristic of the present year—unable to detect the seats of disease by patient observation—finds them painted in the slime which covers different regions of the tongue!

That such presumptuous speculations should become matters of faith in an age when knowledge is so widely diffused, appears at first sight incredible; but if we consider with what delight the half-educated and half-witted community must grasp at the opportunity of becoming at once philosophers and prophets, we see immediately the motive of the embryo charlatan, and discover the genus to which he belongs. Nor is it more difficult to understand how opinions thus fostered and propagated must entrap even individuals of the educated classes,—nay, even some real philosophers and statesmen. The phrenologist, the symbolist of human form, and the crinoline philosopher, record their respective powers in written characters deduced from the head, the hands, and the handwriting of their patients. Although it sometimes happens that there is not one word of truth in their verdict, yet it often turns out that some points in it are singularly true. Nay, it is probable that many ambiguous expressions may have the aspect of truth, and it is possible that the predicted character may have such an approximation to truth as to perplex even the sceptic. Though facts of this kind are mere coincidences, as we shall presently show, yet the moment they are known they rush along the gossip-wire of society, gaining strength as they pass, till they are received not merely as insulated facts, but are consecrated as general truths which establish the credibility of doctrines which would require hundreds of the same facts to give them even the shadow of probability.

Before entering more minutely into the subjects we have been discussing, we may ask the old and interesting question, "What is truth?" We would not venture to say what is moral, or metaphysical, or political truth, but we are bold enough to declare what is physical truth—that species of truth which is founded on observation and experiment. Physical truth, like mathematical truth, is what I can compel a man to believe, provided he is sufficiently instructed, and of a sound and unprejudiced mind. To such a test none of the speculations we have been considering have ever been submitted. No sceptic was ever compelled to believe them, and no *experimentum crucis*, as a test of physical truth, was ever offered in their support.

In confining ourselves to a brief notice of the newest and least known of the speculations to which we have referred, we could have wished to make an exception of phrenology as the basis of so many heresies, because it is really capable of

scientific treatment, and of being tried by the principles of inductive research; but its doctrines are so well known, and it has lingered so tenaciously among some excellent men, that we think it more prudent to leave it in the hands of our readers, and to ask them to judge of the parent by the character of his offspring. Two facts, however, in the history of the art, may amuse and perchance instruct the student.

When the celebrated Dr. Spurzheim came to Edinburgh in 1817, to teach his new anatomy of the brain, he was invited to dine with a distinguished phrenologist, and it was arranged that one of the children, who had a singular passion for music, should be brought in after dinner, and examined by the doctor. The boy came, but on his way to the head of the table, the lady mother, forgetting the object in view, said to Dr. Spurzheim, "This is the boy that has such an extraordinary passion for music;" thus disclosing the secret which the phrenologist was to have discovered. "Yes," said Dr. Spurzheim, after a slight inspection of the organ, "he will be very fond of Mozart's music." Sitting by him I asked the grounds of this opinion. "The boy," he replied, "has a large organ of ideality, and as Mozart's music is distinguished by its philosophical combinations, the boy must necessarily admire it." Without inquiring into the accuracy of this judgment, we proceed with our narrative. About ten years or upwards after this event, the writer of this article, and another gentleman, a stanch phrenologist, were dining with a large party at the house of a distinguished barrister, where the merits of Dr. Spurzheim were canvassed. Our phrenological friend adduced the above-mentioned prediction of the German *savant*, as at once a proof of his sagacity and of the truth of his art. Seated at the lower end of the table, he had not heard the lady of the house let out the secret of the boy's passion for music, and he had believed that Dr. Spurzheim had both discovered and characterized it. Thus did an erroneous impression of the fact linger in Edinburgh for ten years, and it probably lingers still, as an indisputable proof of the truth of phrenology, and the sagacity of its expounder.

During Dr. Spurzheim's visit to Edinburgh, he made known his peculiar views of the anatomy of the brain. Dr. John Gordon, a young lecturer on anatomy, prematurely cut off at the commencement of a distinguished career, had called in question the new doctrines. In order to explain and defend his views, Dr. Spurzheim gave two public demonstrations of the brain, which were attended by Dr. Gordon, and a great number of medical and other gentlemen. At the second demonstration, Dr. Gordon objected strongly to the accuracy of the dissections, and to the conclusions which were drawn from them.* An exciting discussion consequently

* See Ellis's *Life of Dr. Gordon*, 1823; and Gordon's *Estimate of the Claims of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim to discovery in the Anatomy of the Brain*, 1817.

took place, and as the public could not be supposed to know much about the brain, they were divided into two parties, the phrenologists and the anti-phrenologists, or the Spurzheimites and the Gordonites.

In this strife of parties, Mr. Alexander Nasmyth, the celebrated landscape painter, sent to his phrenological friend, Dr. —, the cast of a remarkable head. The cast was carefully examined, and its high moral and intellectual development duly recorded, and presented to the artist. But, alas! for science, the cast had been taken from a remarkable turnip that had presumed to compete with the craniology of man. The result of the experiment was instructive as well as amusing. It outweighed a thousand arguments, and gave occasion to the following lament:—

“The Tide of Fame to Spurzheim’s name
Rolled o’er the German deep;
The tide was Spring, but fickle thing,
It now has ebbed to *Neap!*”

Passing over the pretensions of table-turners, clairvoyantes, and phreno-mesmerists, and the infamous and disgusting impostures of spirit-rapping and spirit-raising, we shall endeavour to give our readers a distinct account of the more elegant German speculation, called the *Physiognomy of the Human Form*. The avowed object of this new art is “to teach men how they may, with little trouble, ascertain the characters of their neighbours.” The fundamental assumptions on which it rests are “that the outer form of man has been divinely designed on purpose that the inner mind may be known to those who watch the outer man,” “that the invisible is revealed in the visible,” “that the body is the image of the mind,” and that every man’s mental nature may be discovered in his external form. The physiologist who has taken the most active part in advocating these opinions is Dr. Carus of Dresden, physician to the late King of Saxony, and so eminent professionally that he was recently elected a corresponding member of the Imperial Institute of France. He travelled in Scotland some years ago with the King, and has published a very interesting account of his journey, which has been translated into English. Having on that occasion spent several days with him at Taymouth, under the hospitable roof of that most excellent nobleman, the late Marquis of Breadalbane, and had an opportunity of appreciating his moral as well as his intellectual character, nothing but a sense of duty could have induced us to criticise the speculations I have referred to, and had they remained, as they were published, in the German tongue, we should not have ventured to bring them into public notice. They have been adopted, however, and extended both by French and English writers, and having been brought prominently forward and defended in one of the most religious, conservative, and best circulated

quarterly journals of the day, they have taken an aggressive position which it is a public duty to assail.

The leading argument in favour of the new physiognomy called “The Symbols of the Human Form,” is derived “from the nearly universal assent to it implied in the practice of judging of men by their personal appearance.” Addison, for example, asserts that “every one forms to himself the character and fortune of a stranger from the features and lineaments of his face;” and that “when he meets a man with a sour shrivelled face he cannot forbear pitying his wife.” Fielding conceived that “it is owing to want of skill in the observer that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.” Cowper tells us “that faces are as legible as books,” and that his “skill in physiognomy never deceived him.” Sir Thomas Browne alleges that there are “characters in our faces which carry in them the mottos of our souls,” and that the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations. Now all this is common physiognomy, in which we all profess to be adepts, but we never believe that the “features and lineaments” from which we form our judgments, are original in the human face, or “divinely” placed there for any special purpose. That the emotions of the past and the present leave permanent traces on the human countenance is often true. Among all classes of society we encounter faces which we instinctively shun, and others to which we as instinctively cling; but it is out of our power to discover the causes of these abnormal features, or the moral and intellectual condition which is supposed to underlie them.

“I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,—

must be the language of every modest physiognomist, who feels how falsely the world would have interpreted the sad and ruffled expression which may have occasionally darkened his own honest and happy countenance. In judging of the temper and character of a stranger, or of a neighbour, how often have we found our estimate to be false! The repulsive aspect has proved to be the result of physical suffering, or congenital malformation, of domestic disquiet, or of ruined fortunes, and under the bland and smiling countenance, a heart deceitful, vindictive, and “desperately wicked,” has frequently been concealed. The countenance, too, which in youth and manhood was noble and benign, we may have seen scarred in the battle of life, and furrowed with the deep lines which the baseness of friends and the injustice of the world never fail to imprint. And when the manly aspirant after wealth or fame has been cruelly worsted in the race of ambition, and has displayed on the outer man the impress of the emotions that disturbed him, how often have we seen him, when the world had smiled upon his lot, resuming the joyous expression of his early days which misfortune had but temporarily disguised!

* Carl Gustav Carus: *Symbolik der Menschlichen Gestalt*. Leipzig, 1859.

The danger of inferring character from lines and forms in the human countenance will more clearly appear if we examine large groups of individuals living under the same influences. In the haunts of vice, within the precincts of the jail, in the stock exchange, in the marts of commerce, and even in the Houses of Parliament, we shall find the same variety of form and expression, and the same difficulty in discovering virtue and vice in the human countenance. The criminal in the dock, charged with murder, will often bear an honourable comparison with the functionary who prosecutes him, the advocate who defends him, or the judge who tries him.

Hitherto we have been speaking of the physiognomy of *the human face*, in which all of us to a certain extent believe, and upon which we often act without doing violence to the character and interests of our neighbour. We may not court his acquaintance, and yet we may not offensively shun it. We may not seek his counsel, and yet we may not despise it if kindly proffered. The Christian physiognomist, in short, will form no harsh judgments from the countenance of his neighbour, and the severest sentence he will pass upon the uncomely stranger is, "that he would not like to meet him in the dark."

From this physiognomy, that of the "Symbols of the human form" is essentially different. It differs from it in its principles, in its practice, and in its tendencies. It assumes, as its fundamental principle, that the Almighty has fashioned the human body *on purpose* to represent the emotions and passions of the soul, and all the intellectual powers. And hence it follows that lines straight and curved, surfaces flat and round, angles acute and obtuse, parts great and small, coloured and colourless, are the indices of the highest spiritual functions, and, when carefully studied, that they will enable the physiognomist to lay bare the character of his neighbour, nay, even of "the beasts that perish." "There is a correspondence," says the reviewer, "between forms and minds in the lower animals, on the principle that an unusual likeness between the features of any person and those of some lower animal will indicate a corresponding likeness in their minds."

As the seat of intelligence is thus extended over the whole body, we may fairly inquire if such a doctrine is compatible with the anatomy of the present day. M. Flourens, the most distinguished of our anatomists and physiologists, has just communicated to the Academy of Sciences* the result of his researches on the brain. "I come now," says he, "to the most delicate difficulty of all those which I have raised. *This difficulty is that of the SEAT OF THE SOUL.* Those who have hitherto followed me cannot have any doubt about the precise seat of the soul. The seat of the soul, or of intelligence, is the brain (*cerveau*), properly so

called (the lobes or cerebral hemispheres). I add : It is the brain properly so called *as a whole (tout entier)*, and the brain properly so called *alone*. None of the other parts are the seats of intelligence."

Thus contradicted by anatomy in its fundamental principle, we shall not have to encounter many scientific difficulties in considering its details. According to Dr. Carus, the brain consists of *three parts*—the organs of the principal manifestations of the mind—namely, the intelligence, the feelings, and the propensities. The three divisions of the brain are—1. The cerebral hemispheres; 2. The encephalic ganglia which are covered by the hemispheres; and 3. The cerebellum in the back and lower part of the skull. The chief force and prevailing tendency of the mind is marked by the degree in which either of these three main divisions preponderates over the two. A well-formed, large head, with some predominance in the forehead, is symbolical of great intellectual power and of scientific genius. When there is a full and high arch in the mid-region of a large head, the feelings predominate, as in men of fervent piety, warm heart, and deep feeling. When the strength and the chief mass of a large head are in the hinder region, it indicates work and practical ability of "the mass of a people," not of philosophers or poets, but of men with strong and earnest will, from whom will spring persons with historic names. Breadth and good modelling in a large head indicate "a capacious and wide-expanding intellect," holding crowds of ideas, apprehending them clearly, and retaining them firmly in the memory. While large heads are symbolical of genius, small ones are often symbolical of talent. A frontal development in small heads gives woman an ascendancy over men. Heads altogether small, and without frontal development, indicate unsteadiness of character and immoderate excitement of feeling, and Dr. Carus tells us that "a great part of the misery of society issues from these heads!"

In quitting the symbols of the head, our readers will observe that Dr. Carus's system is incompatible with Phrenology, and his English expositor distinctly states, "that the phrenological division of the cerebrum into the assumed organs is *utterly inconsistent with physiology.*"

While the head is thus rich in symbols, it does not scorn to take a little help from the *hair*. Long, soft, and light hair in man "betrays a feminine or child-like character." Dark coarse hair in a woman reveals a masculine nature. Brown and black indicate activity, red and blonde passiveness. Lavater asserts that red hair characterizes a man singularly good or singularly bad, and he would not trust a man whose hair is very different in colour from that of his eyebrows.

The symbols of the *face* are transient, habitual, and inherent, the last of which only is the affair of the symbolist. The upper half of the face is the facial region of intellect and feeling; the lower

* *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Nov. 17, 1862, tom. lv. p. 745.

half of the propensities and will. The nose is primarily symbolical of variety of intellect, the eyes of varieties of disposition, and the mouth of varieties of sensuous character. The snub, flat, *retroussé*, and upturned nose, indicate meanness of intellect; the larger snubs indicate sensuous character; a turn-up, with wide nostrils, evinces "an empty and inflated mind." Large male noses, if not too fleshy or lean, are generally good signs; if Roman, they show strength of will; if Jewish or hawk-like, shrewdness; and if Greek and straight, a taste for the fine arts, and "astuteness and craft."

The eyes are the most telling feature, symbolizing the feelings rather than the will. Large eyeballs suggest brute force, and small ones meanness and feebleness. *The mental character may often be measured by the retina!* The colours, too, are important. A *pure white* indicates purity of mind; a *dirty yellowish white*, impurity. Dark-blue eyes indicate effeminacy; light-blue, grey, and green, hardness and activity; hazel, masculine vigour. So full of character is the eye that Dr. Carus pronounces it to be so richly symbolical, that instead of saying, "The style is the man," we might more justly say, "The eye is the man."

We cannot follow our physiognomists in their appreciation of the intellect and feeling which reside in the *brow*, the *mouth*, the *chin*, the *ear*, the *neck*, and the *trunk*.

The hands claim a brief notice. M. D'Arpentigny has written a book upon them, entitled *Chirognomie*, and speaks of the hands "as if they were the whole mind!" Dr. Carus reduces D'Arpentigny's *six* groups to *four*, namely, the *elemental*, the *motor*, the *sensitive*, and the *psychical* hand. The *elemental* hand symbolizes "a rough, unfinished mind;" such hands are those of "the mighty unwashed," and "make the show of hands at the hustings." The *motor* hand, strong, large-jointed, and broad-tipped, is that of the old Romans, symbolizing resolution and strength of will. The *sensitive*, or proper feminine hand, indicates, in man, feeling, fancy, and wit. The *psychical* hand, the rarest and most beautiful, indicates a rare mind, "with peculiar purity and grandeur of feeling."

The typical forms of the *foot* are the *elemental*, or the feet of the mass, "singly powerless, in multitude mighty;" the *sensitive motor* the proper foot of woman, "stamping a feeble and effeminate character;" the *athletic motor* of great size and strength of bone and muscle, indicating vehemence of will and a vigorous constitution.

In concluding our notice of the new physiognomy, we are met with a difficulty which fortunately has not disturbed its expounders. If head, face, trunk, eyes, nose, mouth, ears, and feet, all and each indicate the intellectual and moral character of their possessor, which of their various indications is to be accepted as true, for Dr. Carus has not ventured to conjecture even that they can possibly harmonize? In physiognomy, "the eye may now say to the hand, I have no need

of thee; and the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

If the reader has followed us intelligently in these details, he cannot but have come to the conclusion that the physiognomy of the human form is a daring and presumptuous speculation *without a single fact* to support it: and that in its social relations and intellectual bearing, it is full of danger. Even at the social board the phrenologist has some difficulty in scanning the bulging iniquities of his neighbour's brain, but the open countenance and the naked hand cannot be hid, and the symbolist who pledges with us the cup of kindness, may be peering into our infirmities; and he who "dippeth his hand with us in the dish," may be studying in the taper of our fingers, or in the shape of our nails, the proofs of imbecility or the indications of crime. A symbolist jury would be sorely tempted to modify their verdict from the lines and forms of the prisoner at their bar, even if they had applied the same test to the evidence of the witnesses; and the symbolist judge could hardly refuse, under the same influences, to shorten or lengthen the term of penal servitude. To desire more knowledge of our neighbour than is shown in his daily life, is to court an unenviable privilege, and to gratify a dangerous curiosity. Society could hardly have existed had such a power been conferred upon man; and if it is impertinently assumed, every exercise of it is either an offering to vanity, or a calumny against virtue. Nor is it less dangerous in its intellectual bearing. If the soul of man is inwrought into every part of his corporeal frame, modifying its outline and moulding its form—the body the woof, and the spirit the warp,—it cannot be otherwise than material.

While writing these pages, a new work was sent to us by its author, accompanied with the question, "Is the enclosed work a characteristic of the age?" The title of the volume* did not make this appeal to us very intelligible, but a glance at its pages revealed the fact that it contained a system of *Glossology*, or the *additional means of diagnosis of disease, to be derived from indications and appearances on the tongue!* Such a system we willingly recognise as a characteristic of the age, and as another of those bold attempts to take science by storm, by dispensing with the only sure though slow process by which inductive truth can be reached. Had we, from our public hospitals, numerous photographs of tongues exhibiting a connexion between their unclean phases and the diseases of their possessors, we should have considered Glossology as a valuable element of diagnosis; but our author has given us no such proofs of his art. He informs us that he discovered more than twenty years ago "that some of the most important organs of the body had a local position on the tongue, and that whenever

* *Ourselves, our Food, and our Physic.* By Benjamin Ridge, M.D., F.R.C.S.A.

disease of a distinctive character occurred in them, the corresponding portion of the tongue pointed it out." To these "new powers" he gives the name of *Glossology*, or "the laws of the fouling and cleaning of the tongue." In this system the tongue is divided into six tracts, each tract being double, and occupying a similar part on each longitudinal half of the organ. These tracts are—

1. The respiratory and lung tract.
2. The pleural tract, the general seat of pleurisy.
3. The stomach and digestive tract.
4. The large intestine tract.
5. The kidney tracts, and
6. The brain tracts.

As the merit of this new art can be readily tested by experiment we leave it in the hands of the Faculty, and recommend the photographer as a valuable auxiliary in the inquiry.

Though as extraordinary as the creation of the world out of nothing, we pass by the homœopathic characteristic of the age, in order to find space for another more interesting and instructive. Some years ago Dr. Leger exhibited and used in London an instrument which he called a MAGNETOSCOPE, to which we have already made a brief reference. A pendulum, consisting of a thread and a ball of wax, was suspended from a brass knob at the top of a glass jar, so that the pendulum could move in circles within the jar, which rested on paper, with a series of circles at different distances, marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. With this apparatus Dr. Leger pretended to ascertain the moral and intellectual state of any person seated by him. He had printed schedules, enumerating the 36 phrenological organs, including 10 propensities, 10 sentiments, 12 intellectual faculties, and 4 reflective faculties, and he inserted in the schedule, which he gave to every sitter, the numerical value or intensity of each organ, 5 being its average value. A common development would therefore be measured by 5×36 or 180, upon the supposition that none of the organs exceeded or fell below the average. From the numbers thus obtained Dr. Leger deduced the character of the sitter, and inserted it in the last page of his schedule.

When the sitter had taken his place, Dr. Leger placed a finger of his right hand on the brass knob of the magnetoscope, and a finger of his left hand on each phrenological organ, and its intensity was measured by the numerical extent of the circle described by the pendulum. Some of the organs made the pendulum revolve from right to left, others from left to right; some in a straight line from north to south, and others from east to west. In order to show that the pendulum was not put in motion, or in any way influenced by the pressure of his finger, Dr. Leger connected another pendulum with the brass knob, by means of a piece of whalebone, or dead animal matter, along which it is supposed that human electricity would not pass, though it would convey to the second pendulum any

mechanical influence exerted upon the first. This subsidiary pendulum always stood still whatever were the movements of the other, and convinced the sitter that the acting pendulum was moved only by an influence from the organ under examination.

Many individuals of rank and talent submitted themselves to the ordeal of the magnetoscope, and we have seen in a well-filled volume the various characters given them by Dr. Leger. Lord Macaulay was described as "a great historical painter," a character which, though it did not gratify himself, was considered not very inappropriate by some of his friends. The writer of this article went frequently to see Dr. Leger's process, and on one occasion he accompanied a party of five gentlemen of high rank and position, who were desirous of submitting their characters to the analysis of the pendulum. The party consisted of the Duke of —, the Earl of C—, the Earl of E—, Lord D—, and the Bishop of —. It was previously arranged that, during the *séance*, none of us should be addressed by our names, in order that Dr. Leger might not give his pendulum any information regarding its patients; and that the schedules with their characters should be sent to them through me on the following day. The Bishop of — was obliged to leave before the operations commenced, but all the rest of the party submitted their thirty-six phrenological organs to the scrutiny of the pendulum. The Duke of — was pronounced a fluent and able speaker; the Earl of C— an orator and a poet, both of them with high intellectual faculties; Lord D—'s development was good, but without any very special quality. The examination of Lord E—'s head was very interesting. Upon placing his finger upon the organ of number, Dr. Leger was surprised at the pendulum refusing to move. Thinking that he had not found the right spot, he moved his finger up and down, but still the pendulum was immovable. When the operator had expressed his surprise at a result entirely new to him, he was greatly relieved when the Earl of E— said to him, "Don't take any farther trouble in finding the right spot, for I never could add up twenty figures in my life." But though Lord E—'s organ of number was put down at *zero*, the pendulum was so active during the examination of his other organs, that the numerical amount of them—upwards of 300—was greater than Dr. Leger had observed in any other person. In summing up his character, he made the remarkable statement, that if the gentleman who had, so extraordinary a development was not pre-eminent in all the moral and intellectual qualities which distinguish the greatest men, it must have been owing to some peculiar causes which influenced his physical and mental organization. Upon mentioning this opinion to a gentleman, now occupying a high official position, he expressed his surprise at its accuracy. "I have known the Earl of E—," he said, "from his boyhood. I was at school and at

college with him. I sat with him in the House of Commons, and on Committees of that House, where the most important questions were discussed, and in all these positions his great talents were exhibited and recognised; but hereditary gout, which almost never left him, interfered with the development of his genius, and the cultivation of those powers which would have fitted him for the highest offices in the state."

In order to exhibit the powers of his magnetoscope, Dr. Leger examined with it the various criminals and other persons in the Coldbathfields, one of the great prisons in the metropolis, and in a letter which we received from Colonel Chesteron, the governor, he mentions his astonishment at the accuracy of the results which were obtained.

Interesting as these facts are, and influential as they must be in misleading the parties to whom they relate, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be *mere coincidences*, which, in many cases, will admit of a satisfactory explanation. The cases of utter failure are never recorded. Lord D— for example; one of the party which Dr. Leger examined, went to him a second time in a new costume, and obtained a character essentially different from the first; and we have no doubt, that if the Earl of E— had returned in disguise, he might have forfeited the high character which the pendulum was pleased to assign to him. When we tell the reader that the pendulum will not move if the operator shuts his eyes, he will hesitate to believe that a picture of the pendulum upon the retina can excite the influences and produce the motions which determine the moral and intellectual condition of the patient.

We have dwelt thus long on the pendulum experiments, as they have recently acquired a scientific importance, and led to the discovery of the principle upon which their success so frequently depends. Philosophers have long ago endeavoured to ascertain, if any electrical influence can be drawn from the human body. It has been placed beyond a doubt by M. Matteucci and M. Dubois Raymond, that electric currents exist in animals, and the last of these philosophers has constructed a delicate galvanoscope, consisting of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of wire $\frac{1}{5000}$ th of an inch in diameter, by means of which the electricity of the human body can be exhibited by its action upon the needle of the galvanoscope, and even by its power to decompose water. The current, however, is so very feeble, that it cannot be communicated by ordinary contact to material bodies, so as to exercise over them any physical influence; and hence the phenomena of table-turning, the divining rod, and pendulum

rotation must be ascribed to influences of a very different kind.

These influences have been studied by M. Chevreul, a distinguished French philosopher, who has shown, in a treatise "on the Divining Rod," how illusions may be mistaken for realities when we are occupied with phenomena in which an organ such as that of touch performs a part. When, for example, we hold the pendulum between the fingers, the muscular motion of the arm causes it to oscillate, and its oscillations to increase by the influence which the sight exercises in putting the operator into the peculiar state of a *disposition or tendency to motion*. In like manner the pendulum will stop when we have simply *the thought of trying if such a thing will stop it*. "There is then," says M. Chevreul, "an intimate connexion established between the execution of certain movements and the act of thought which is relative to it, though this thought is not yet the will which commands our muscular organs."

This theory of what may be called involuntary action accounts for the popularity of the divining rod and the pendulum, and the faith which has for such a long period of time been placed in their indications.

So early as the fourth century,* a ring suspended by a thread was an instrument of divination. It was made to oscillate in the space between the letters of the alphabet, and the letters at which it stopped formed the questions which were proposed to it. When suspended in a glass vessel half-full of water, it struck the hour of the day,† especially after the repetition of a verse of a psalm. At the close of the last century, and the commencement of the present, men of some considerable reputation in science were induced to study the movements of the pendulum, and it was in consequence of the prevailing belief in its indications that M. Chevreul was led to the remarkable theory to which we have referred.

Some of our more eminent physicians have studied the influence of concentrated attention upon our muscular action, and Sir H. Holland has shown that it gives rise to new and specific sensations, "communicates movement to objects with which the muscles are in contact, and even unconsciously renders such movements conformable in direction to the expectation entertained." If the conjurer with his divining-rod and his magnetoscope is thus acquitted of the charge of deliberate deception, we cannot find the same apology for those impostors, male and female, who tamper with the laws of the moral and material universe, and lay claim to influences and powers which the Almighty has never, but in his Word, granted to the wisest and best of his creatures.

D. BREWSTER.

* *Ammianus Marcellinus*, lib. xxix.

† Schottus *Physica Curiosa*, 1662; and Kircher *De Mundo Subterraneo*, 1678.

THE MONKS AND THE HEATHEN.

"WISDOM is justified of all her children," is a hard saying for human nature. Justified of her children she may be, after we have settled which are to be her children and which not: but of all her children? That is a hard saying.

And yet was not every man from the beginning of the world, who tried with his whole soul to be right, and to do good, a child of wisdom, of whom she at least will be justified, whether he is justified or not? He had his ignorances, follies, weaknesses, possibly crimes; but he served the purpose of his mighty mother. He did, even by his follies, just what she wanted done; and she is justified of all her children.

This may sound like optimism: but it also sounds like truth to any one who has fairly studied that fantastic page of history, the contrast between the old monks and our own heathen forefathers. The more one studies the facts, the less one is inclined to ask, "Why was it not done better?"—The more inclined to ask, "Could it have been done better? Were not the monks, from the fifth to the eighth centuries, exceptional agents fitted for an exceptional time, and set to do a work which in the then state of the European races, none else could have done? At least, so one suspects, after experience of their chronicles and legends, sufficient to make one thoroughly detect the evil which was in their system: but sufficient also, to make one thoroughly love the men themselves.

A few desultory sketches, some carefully historical, the rest as carefully compiled from common facts, may serve best to illustrate my meaning.

The monk, or celibate clergyman, worked on the heathen generally in one of three capacities: As tribune of the people; as hermit or solitary prophet; as colonizer; and in all three, worked as well as frail human beings are wont to do, in this most piecemeal world.

Let us look at him first as Tribune of the people, supported usually by the invisible, but most potent presence of the saint, whose relics he kept. One may see that side of his power in Raphael's immortal design of Attila's meeting with the Pope at the gates of Rome, and recoiling as he sees St. Peter and St. Paul floating terrible and threatening above the Holy City. Is it a myth, a falsehood? Not altogether. Such a man as Attila probably would have seen them, with his strong savage imagination, as incapable as that of a child from distinguishing between dreams and facts, between the subjective and the objective world. And it was on the whole well for him and for mankind, that he should think that he saw them, and tremble before the spiritual and the invisible; and confess a higher law than that of his own ambition and self-will; a higher power than that of his brute Tartar hordes.

Raphael's design is but a famous instance of an influence which wrought through the length and breadth of the down-trodden and dying Roman Empire, through the four fearful centuries which followed the battle of Adrianople, when for the first time, German men, standing face to face with the terrible man-god, magical, omnipotent, wise with the wisdom of centuries, actually, to their own utter astonishment, conquered and killed him, and behold he died. They could kill a Roman Cæsar. What was there after that that they could not do? And they swept over Europe far and wide in blood and plunder, ruin and fire, never checked, really, save by the priest and the monk, who worshipped over the bones of some old saint or martyr, whose name they had never heard.

Then, as the wild King, Earl, or Comes, with his wild reiters at his heels, galloped through the land, fighting indiscriminately his Roman enemies, and his Teutonic rivals—harrying, slaughtering, burning by field and wild—he was aware at last of something which made him pause. Some little walled town, built on the ruins of a great Roman city, with its Byzantine minster towering over the thatched roofs, sheltering them as the oak shelters the last night's fungus at its base. More than once in the last century or two, has that same town been sacked. More than once has the surviving priest crawled out of his hiding-place when the sound of war was past, called the surviving poor around him, dug the dead out of the burning ruins for Christian burial, built up a few sheds, fed a few widows and orphans, organized some form of orderly life out of the chaos of blood and ashes, in the name of God and St. Quemdeusvult whose bones he guards; and so he has established a temporary theocracy, and become a sort of tribune of the people, magistrate and father—the only one they have. And now he will try the might of St. Quemdeusvult against the wild king, and see if he can save the town from being sacked once more. So out he comes—a bishop perhaps, with priests, monks, crucifixes, banners, litanies. The wild king must come no further. That land belongs to no mortal man, but to St. Quemdeusvult, martyred here by the heathen five hundred years ago. Some old Kaiser of Rome, or it may be some former Gothic king, gave that place to the saint for ever, and the saint will avenge his rights. He is very merciful to those who duly honour him: but very terrible in his wrath if he be aroused. Has not the king heard how the Count of such a place, only forty years before, would have carried off a maiden from St. Quemdeusvult's town; and when the bishop withstood him, he answered that he cared no more for the relics of the saint than for the relics of a dead ass, and so took the maiden and went? But within a year and a day, he fell down

dead in his drink, and when they came to lay out the corpse, behold the devils had carried it away, and put a dead ass in its place!

All which the bishop would fully believe. Why not? He had no physical science to tell him that it was impossible. Morally, it was in his eyes just, and therefore probable; while as for testimony, men were content with very little in those days, simply because they could get very little. News progressed slowly in countries desolate and roadless, and grew as it passed from mouth to mouth, as it did in the Highlands a century ago, as it did but lately in the Indian Mutiny; till after a fact had taken ten years in crossing a few mountains and forests, it had assumed proportions utterly fantastic and gigantic.

So the wild king and his wild knights pause. They can face flesh and blood: but who can face the quite infinite terrors of an unseen world? They are men of blood too, men of evil lives, and conscience makes them cowards. They begin to think that they have gone too far. Could they see the saint, and make it up with him somewhat?

No. The saint they cannot see. To open his shrine would be to commit the sin of Uzzah. Palsy and blindness would be the least that would follow. But the dome under which he lies all men may see; and perhaps the saint may listen, if they speak him fair.

They feel more and more uncomfortable. This saint, in heaven at God's right hand, and yet there in the dom-church—is clearly a mysterious, ubiquitous person, who may take them in the rear very unexpectedly. And his priests, with their book-learning, and their sciences, and their strange dresses and chants—who knows what secret powers, magical or other, they may not possess?

They bluster at first: being much of the temper and habits, for good and evil, of English navvies. But they grow more and more uneasy, full of childish curiosity, and undefined dread. So into the town they go, on promise (which they will honourably keep, being German men) of doing no harm to the *plebs*, the half Roman artisans and burghers who are keeping themselves alive here—the last dying remnants of the civilisation, and luxury, and cruelty, and wickedness, of a great Roman colonial city; and they stare at arts and handicrafts new to them; and are hospitably fed by bishops and priests; and then they go, trembling and awkward, into the great dom-church; and gaze wondering at the frescoes, and the carvings of the arcades—marbles from Italy, porphyries from Egypt, all patched together out of the ruins of Roman baths, and temples, and theatres; and at last they arrive at the saint's shrine itself—some marble sarcophagus, most probably covered with vine and ivy leaves, with nymphs and satyrs, long since consecrated with holy water to a new and better use. Inside that lies the saint, asleep, yet ever awake. So they had best con-

sider in whose presence they are, and fear God and St. Quemdeusvult, and cast away the seven deadly sins wherewith they are defiled; for the saint is a righteous man, and died for righteousness' sake; and those who rob the orphan and the widow, and put the fatherless to death, them he cannot abide; and them he will watch like an eagle of the sky, and track like a wolf of the wood, till he punishes them with a great destruction. In short, the bishop preaches to the king, and his is a right noble and valiant sermon, calling things by their right names without fear or favour, and assuming, on the mere strength of being in the right, a tone of calm superiority which makes the strong armed men blush and tremble before the weak and helpless one. Yes. Spirit is stronger than flesh.

"Seecamber!" said St. Remigius to the great conquering King Clovis, when he stepped into the baptismal font—"Most Gracious Majesty," or "illustrious Cæsar," or "by the grace of God Lord of the Franks," but Seecamber, as a missionary might now say Maori, or Caffre,—and yet his life was in Clovis's hand then and always),—"Hate what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast hated!" And the terrible Clovis trembled and obeyed.

So does the wild king at the shrine of St. Quemdeusvult. He takes his bracelet, or his jewel, and offers it civilly enough. Will the bishop be so good as to inform the great Earl St. Quemdeusvult, that he was not aware of his rights, or even of his name; that perhaps he will deign to accept this jewel, which he took off the neck of a Roman General—that—that on the whole he is willing to make the *amende honorable*, as far as is consistent with the feelings of a nobleman; and trusts that the saint, being a nobleman too, will be satisfied therewith.

After which it would appear to the wild king, probably, that this bishop was the very man that he wanted, the very opposite to himself and his wild riders; a man pure, calm, just, and brave; possessed, too, of boundless learning; who can read, write, cipher, and cast nativities; who has a whole room full of books and parchments, and a map of the whole world; who can talk Latin, and perhaps Greek, as well as one of those accursed Grendel's sons, a Roman lawyer, or a secretary from Ravenna; possessed, too, of boundless supernatural power:—would the bishop be so good as to help him in his dispute with the Count Boso, about their respective marches in such and such a forest? If the bishop could only settle that without more fighting, of course he should have his reward. He would confirm to the saint and his burg all the rights granted by Constantine the Kaiser; and give him moreover all the meadow land in such and such a place, with the mills and fisheries, on service of a dish of trout from the bishop and his successors, whenever he came that way: for the trout there were exceeding good, that he knew. And so a bargain would be struck, and

one of those curious compromises between the spiritual and temporal authorities take root, of which one may read at length in the pages of M. Guizot, or Sir James Stephen.

And after a few years, most probably, the king would express a wish to be baptized, at the instance of his queen who had been won over by the bishop, and had gone down into the font some years before; and he would bid his riders be baptized also; and they would obey, seeing that it could do them no harm, and might do them some good; and they would agree to live more or less according to the laws of God and common humanity; and so one more Christian state would be formed; one more living stone (as it was phrased in those days) built into the great temple of God which was called Christendom.

So the work was done. Can we devise any better method of doing it? If not, let us be content that it was done somehow, and believe that wisdom is justified of all her children.

We may object to the fact, that the dom-church and its organization grew up (as was the case in the vast majority of instances) round the body of a saint or martyr; we may smile at the notion of an invisible owner and protector of the soil: but we must not overlook the broad fact, that without that prestige the barbarians would never have been awed into humanity; without that prestige the place would have been swept off the face of the earth, till not one stone stood on another; and he who does not see what a disaster for humanity that would have been, must be ignorant that the civilisation of Europe is the child of the towns; and also that our Teutonic forefathers were by profession, destroyers of towns, and settlers apart from each other on country freeholds. Lonely barbarism would have been the fate of Europe, but for the monk who guarded the relics of the saint within the walled burg.

Let us pass on to another aspect of the monks; the monks as Hermits. All know what an important part they play in old romances and ballads. All are not aware that they played as important a part in actual history. Scattered through all wildernesses from the cliffs of the Hebrides to the Slavonian marches, they put forth a power, uniformly, it must be said, for good.

Every one knows how they appear in the old romances,—how some Sir Bertrand or other, wearied with the burden of his sins, stumbles on one of these *Einsiedlern*, settlers alone, and talks with him, and goes on a wiser and a better man. How he crawls, perhaps, out of some wild scuffle, “all-to-bebled,” and reeling to his saddlebow; and “ever he went through a waste land, and rocks rough and strait, so that it him seemed he must surely starve, and anon he heard a little bell, whereat he marvelled; and betwixt the water and the wood he was aware of a chapel, and an hermitage; and there a holy man said mass, for he was a priest, and a great leech, and cunning withal. And Sir Bertrand went

in to him and told him all his case—how he fought Sir Marculf for love of the fair Ellinore, and how the king bade part them, and how Marculf did him open shame at the wine-board, and how he went about to have slain him privily, but could not; and then how he went and wasted Marculf’s lands, house with byre, kine with corn, till a strong woman smote him over the head with a quernstone, and all-to-broke his brain-pan;” and so forth—the usual story of mad passion, drink, pride, revenge.

And there the holy man a-read him right godly doctrine, and shrived him, and gave him an oath upon the blessed Gospels, that fight he should not, save in his liege lord’s quarrel, for a year and a day. And there he abode till he was well healed, he and his horse.

Must not that wild fighting Bertrand have gone away from that place a wiser and a better man? Is it a matter to be regretted, or otherwise, that such men as the hermit were to be found in that forest, to mend Bertrand’s head and his morals, at the same time? Is it a matter to be regretted, or otherwise, that after twenty or thirty years more of fighting and quarrelling and drinking, this same Sir Bertrand—finding that on the whole the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, were poor paymasters, and having very sufficient proof, in the ends of many a friend and foe, that the wages of sin are death—fell to religion likewise, and was a hermit in that same place, after the holy man was dead; and was made priest of that same chapel; and died in honour, having succoured many good knights, and wayfaring men?

One knows very well that it would not be right now; that it is not needed now. It is childish to repeat that, when the question is, was it right then—or, at least, as right as could be got at then? Was it needed then—or, at least, the nearest thing to that which was needed?

If it was, why should not wisdom be justified of all her children?

One hopes that she was; for certainly, if any men ever needed to be in the right, lest they should be of all men most miserable, it was these same old hermits. Praying and preaching continually, they lived on food which dogs would not eat, in dens in which dogs ought not to live. They had their reasons. Possibly they knew their own business best. Possibly also, they knew their neighbour’s business somewhat; they knew that such generations as they lived in could not be taught, save by some extravagant example of this kind, some caricature, as it were, of the doctrines which were to be enforced. Nothing less startling, perhaps, could have touched the dull hearts, have convinced the dull brains, of fierce, ignorant, and unreasoning men.

Ferocity, lawlessness, rapine, cruelty, and—when they were glutted and debauched by the spoils of the Roman empire—sensuality, were the evils which were making Europe uninhabitable for decent folk, and history—as Milton called it—a mere battle of





THE MONKS AND THE HEATHEN.

"Sturmi took him a trusty ass, and, axe in hand, rode away into the wild wood
singing his Psalms."

kites and crows. What less than the example of the hermit—especially when that hermit was a delicate and high-born woman—could have taught men the absolute superiority of soul to body, of spiritual to physical force, of spiritual to physical pleasure, and have said to them, not in vain words, but solid acts—“All that you follow is not the way of life. The very opposite to it is the way of life. The wages of sin are death; and you will find them so,—in this life the victims of your own passions, and of the foes whom your crimes arouse, and in life to come of hell for ever. But I tell you I have no mind to go to hell. I have a mind to go to heaven; and I know my mind right well. If the world is to be such as this, and the rulers thereof such as you, I will flee from you. I will not enter into the congregation of sinners, neither will I cast in my lot with the blood-thirsty. I will be alone with God and his universe. I will go to the mountain cave or to the ocean cliff, and there, while the salt wind whistles through my hair, I will be stronger than you, safer than you, richer than you, happier than you. Richer than you, for I shall have for my companion the beautiful vision of God, and of all things and beings God-like, fair, noble, just, and merciful. Stronger than you, because virtue will give me a power over the hearts of men such as your force cannot give you; and you will have to come to my lonely cell, and ask me to advise you, and teach you, and help you against the consequences of your own sins. Safer than you, because God in whom I trust will protect me: and if not, I have still the everlasting life of heaven, which this world cannot give or take away. So go your ways, fight and devour one another, the victims of your own lusts. I am minded to be a good man; and to be that, I will give up—as you have made all other methods impossible for me—all which seems to make life worth having.” Oh! instead of finding fault with such men; instead of, with vulturine beak, picking out the elements of Manichæism, of conceit, of discontent, of what not human frailty and ignorance, which may have been in them, let us honour the enormous moral force which enabled them so to bear witness that not the mortal animal, but the immortal spirit, is the MAN; and that when all which outward circumstance can give is cast away, the MAN still lives for ever, by God, and in God.

And they did teach that lesson. They were good, while other men were bad; and men saw the beauty of goodness, and felt the strength of it, and worshipped it in blind savage admiration. Read Rosweyde's *Vitæ Patrum Eremiticorum*, read the legends of the hermits of the German forests, read Colgan's *Lives of the Irish Saints*, and see whether, amid all fantastic, incredible, sometimes immoral myths, the goodness of life of some one or other is not the historic nucleus, round which the myths, and the worship of the saint, have crystallized and developed.

Take, for instance, the exquisite hymn of St. Bridget, which Colgan attributes to the sixth century: though it is probably much later, that has nothing to do with the argument:—

“Bridget, the victorious, she loved not the world;
She sat on it as a gull sits on the ocean;
She slept the sleep of a captive mother,
Mourning after her absent child.

She suffered not much from evil tongues;
She held the blessed faith of the Trinity;
Bridget, the mother of my Lord of Heaven,
The best among the sons of the Lord.

She was not querulous, nor malevolent;
She loved not the fierce wrangling of women;
She was not a biting serpent, or a liar;
She sold not the Son of God for that which passes
away.

She was not greedy of the goods of this life;
She gave away without gall, without slackness;
She was not rough to wayfaring men;
She handled gently the wretched lepers.

She built her a town in the plains (of Kildare);
And dead, she is the patroness of many peoples.”

One might comment much on this quotation. One might point out how St. Bridget is called the mother of the Lord, and by others, the Mary of the Irish, the “Automata cœli regina,” and seems to have been considered at times as an avatar or incarnation of the blessed Virgin. One might more than hint how that appellation, as well as the calling of Christ “the best of the sons of the Lord,” in an orthodox Catholic hymn, seems to point to the remnants of an older creed, possibly Buddhist, the transition whence towards Catholic Christianity was slow and imperfect. One might make merry over the fact that there are many Bridgets, some say eleven; even as there are three or four St. Patricks; and raise learned doubts as to whether such persons ever existed, after that Straussian method of pseudo-criticism which cometh not from above, from the Spirit of God, nor yet indeed from below, from the sound region of fact, but from within, out of the naughtiness of the heart, defiling a man. One might weaken, too, the effect of the hymn by going on with the rest of it, and making readers smile at its childish miracles and portents; but one would only do a foolish thing by turning the reader's mind away from the broad fact that St. Bridget, or various persons who got, in the lapse of time, massed together under the name of St. Bridget, were eminently *good women*.

It matters little whether these legends are historically correct. Their value lies in the moral of them. And as for their real historical correctness, the Straussian argument that no such persons existed, because lies are told of them, is, I hold, most irrational. The falsehood would not have been invented unless it had started in a truth. The high moral character ascribed to them would never

have been dreamed of by persons who had not seen living instances of that character. Man's imagination does not create; it only reproduces and recombines its own experience. It does so in dreams. It does so, as far as the moral character of the saint is concerned, in the legend; and if there had not been persons like St. Bridget in Ireland, the wild Irish could never have imagined them.

Therefore it matters little to a wise man, standing on the top of Croagh Patrick, the grandest mountain perhaps, with the grandest outlook, in these British Isles, as he looks on the wild Irish there on pattern days, up among the Atlantic clouds, crawling on bare and bleeding knees round St. Patrick's cell,—it matters little, I say, to the wise man, whether St. Patrick himself owned the ancient image which is worshipped on that mountain peak, or the ancient bell which till late years hung in the sanctuary,—such a strange oblong bell as the Irish saints carried with them to keep off demons—the magic bells which appear (as far as I am aware) in the legends of no country till you get to Tartary and the Buddhists;—such a bell as came (or did not come) down from heaven to St. Senan; such a bell as St. Fursey sent flying through the air to greet St. Cuanady at his devotions when he could not come himself; such a bell as another saint, wandering in the woods, rang till a stag came out of the covert, and carried his burden for him on his horns. It matters as little to the wise man whether that bell belonged to St. Patrick, as whether all these child's dreams are dreams. It matters little to him, too, whether St. Patrick did, or did not stand on that mountain peak, “in the spirit and power of Elias” (after whom it was long named), fasting, like Elias, forty days and forty nights, wrestling with the demons of the storm, and the snakes of the fen, and the Peishta-more (the monstrous Python of the lakes), which assembled at the magic ringing of his bell, till he conquered not by the brute force of a Hercules and Theseus, and the monster-killers of old Greece, but by the spiritual force of which (so the text was then applied) it is written, “This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting,” till he smote the evil things with “the golden rod of Jesus,” and they rolled over the cliff, in hideous rout, and perished in the Atlantic far below. But it matters much to a wise man that under all these symbols (not childish at all, but most grand, to the man who knows the grand place of which they are told), there is set forth the victory of a good and beneficent man over evil, whether of matter or of spirit. It matters much to him that that cell, that bell, that image are tokens that if not St. Patrick, some one else, at least, did live and worship on that mountain top, in remote primeval times, in a place in which we would not, perhaps could not, endure life a week. It matters much to him that the man who so dwelt there, gained

such a power over the minds of the heathen round him, that five millions of their Christian descendants worship him, and God on account of him, at this day.

St. Ita, again. It matters little that she did not—because she could not—perform the miracles imputed to her. It matters little whether she had or not—as I do not believe her to have had—a regularly organized convent of nuns in Ireland during the sixth century. It matters little if the story which follows is a mere invention of the nuns in some after-century, in order to make a good title for the lands which they held—a trick but too common in those days. But it matters much that she should have been such a person, that such a story as this, when told of her, should have gained belief:—How the tribes of Hy-Connell, hearing of her great holiness, came to her with their chiefs, and offered her all the land about her cell. But she, not wishing to be entangled with earthly cares, accepted but four acres round her cell, for a garden of herbs for her and her nuns. And the simple wild Irish were sad and angry, and said, “If thou wilt not take it alive, thou shalt take it when thou art dead. So they chose her then and there for their patroness, and she blest them with many blessings, which are fulfilled unto this day; and when she migrated to the Lord they gave her all the land, and her nuns hold it to this day, the land of Hy-Connell on the east Shannon bank, at the roots of Luachra mountain.”

What a picture! One hopes that it may be true, for the sake of its beauty and its pathos. The poor, savage, half-naked, and, I fear, on the authority of St. Jerome and others, now and then cannibal Celts, with their saffron scarfs, and skenes, and darts, and glibs of long hair hanging over their hypo-gorillaceous visages, coming to the prophet maiden, and asking her to take their land, for they could make no decent use of it themselves; and look after them, body and soul, for they could not look after themselves; and pray for them to her God, for they did not know how to pray to him themselves. If any man shall regret that such an event happened to any savages on this earth, I am, I confess, sorry for him.

St. Severinus, again (to take another hermit-saint, almost at random). None of us can believe that he made a dead corpse (Silvinus the priest, by name) sit up and talk with him on its road to burial. None of us need believe that he stopped the plague at Vienna by his prayers. None of us need attribute to anything but his sagacity the Divine revelations whereby he predicted the destruction of a town for its wickedness, and escaped thence, like Lot, alone; or by which he discovered, during the famine of Vienna, that a certain rich widow had much corn hidden in her cellars; but there are facts enough, credible and undoubted, concerning St. Severinus, the apostle of Austria, to make us trust that in him, too, wisdom was justified of all her children.

A reader may remark, among the few words which have been as yet said of St. Severinus, a destruction, a plague, and a famine. These words are a fair sample of St. Severinus's times, and of the circumstances into which he voluntarily threw himself. In about the middle of the fifth century there appeared in the dying Roman province of Noricum (Austria we now call it) a strange gentleman, eloquent and learned beyond all, and with the strangest power of melting and ruling the hearts of men. Who he is he will not tell, save that his name is Severinus, a right noble name without doubt. Gradually it oozes out that he has been in the far East, through long travels and strange dangers, through many cities and many lands; but he will tell nothing. He is the servant of God, come hither to try to be of use. He certainly could have come for no other reason, unless to buy slaves; for Austria was at that time the very highway of the nations, the centre of the human Mählstrom, in which Huns, Gepiden, Allmannen, Rugen, and a dozen wild tribes more, wrestled up and down round the starving and beleaguered Roman towns of that once fertile and happy province. A man who went there for his own pleasure, or even devotion, would have been as wise as one who had built himself last summer a villa on the Rappahannock, or retired for private meditation to the orchard of Hougoumont during the battle of Waterloo.

Nevertheless, there Severinus stayed till men began to appreciate him, and called him, and not unjustly, Saint. Why not? He preached, he taught, he succoured, he advised, he fed, he governed; he turned aside the raids of the wild German kings; he gained a divine power over their hearts; he taught them something of God and of Christ, something of justice and mercy; something of peace and unity among themselves; till his fame ran through all the Alps, and far away into the Hungarian marches, that there was a prophet of God arisen in the land; and before the unarmed man, fasting and praying in his solitary cell on the mountain above Vienna, ten thousand knights and champions trembled, who never had trembled at the sight of armed hosts.

Who would deny that man the name of saint? And who, if by that sagacity which comes from the combination of intellect and virtue, he sometimes seemed miraculously to foretell coming events, would deny him the name of prophet also? One prophecy of his at least stands on record which is worth mentioning, if not for its own intrinsic value, yet still as a specimen of the manners of the time.

Every one has heard of Attila: but every one may not have heard of Edecon, his secretary, of the sons of Odin, and the royal race of the Amals—the "spotless," the "heavenly" men—once king of one of the many German tribes which Attila had conquered and forced to join his victorious hosts. Neither, perhaps, has every one heard of

the great battle of Netad, the "prælium atrox, immane, multiplex, cui nil simile refert antiquitas," the battle which really (and not that of Chalons) decided the destinies of Europe. For then, after Attila's death, this vast horde of mingled nations parted into two. On one side were the Germans, determined to be once more free; on the other, Huns, and Slaves, and all the lower races which had conquered them for a while. The question was simple enough. Should the Teuton or the Tartar be henceforth the masters of the world? And there, on the plain of Netad, somewhere by Comorn, the heroes fought it out a whole day long; and the Teuton conquered, and became the master of Europe; and the foul Tartar fled back, through Russia, through Persia, through Tartary, away into the night and the unknown, from whence he had poured forth to ravage and destroy. What went with Edecon after that battle we know not: but he had two stalwart sons, Odoacer (Haud-y-wacker, "Hold you stout," or "Hold you steady," his war-cry, they say, in after years), and Hunwulf, "The wolf of the Huns," or the "Helper of the Huns," I know not which. Their father, as Attila's old secretary, had probably taken the wrong side; but he that as it may, their tribe was ruined, and the lads were outcasts; and they wandered away in rags to seek their fortunes at Rome or at Byzant, as many another adventurous German youth did in those frantic times.

And when they came to the Alps, they heard of the fame of St. Severinus, and must needs go see him in his cell, to get his blessing, or have their fortunes told—probably with no very clear notion of what they wanted of him.

So they came to St. Severinus's cell, and entered. But Haud-y-wacker was so tall and huge of limb that he could not stand upright. And the saint looked up upon the stooping giant, and discovered through all his rags that he was a royal Amal, not merely in blood, but in soul and power; and said to him, "Great thou art, and great thou shalt be, and rule over a great kingdom"—or punning words to that effect. And he blessed them, and sent them away. And the ragged giant went over the Alps, and became a mighty warrior and statesman, and the first Gothic king of Italy. Whereby all men knew that St. Severinus had the gift of prophecy.

One longs, nevertheless, to know what he said to the younger lad. For Hunwulf's destiny was higher than even his brother's, though in his descendants rather than in himself. For he went away to the Kaiser at Byzant, and fought in many wars, and went through many adventures, and at last found himself back again on German soil, as a duke in Schwabenland, and the ancestor of dukes, and electors, and kings; and his lineal representative at this moment is Victoria, Queen of these realms. One wishes, for his sake, that the saint's prophetic power had been far-sighted enough to foresee that.

St. Severinus is the type of the monk as prophet.

St. Columba may stand as the type of the missionary monk; the good man strengthened by lonely meditation; but using that strength not for selfish fanaticism but for the good of men, going forth unwillingly out of his beloved solitude, that he might save souls. Round him, too, cluster the usual myths. He drives away with the sign of the cross a monster which attacks him at a ford. He expels from a fountain the devils who smote with palsy and madness all who bathed therein. He sees by a prophetic spirit, he sitting in his cell in Ireland, a great Italian town destroyed by a volcano. His friends behold a column of light rising from his head as he celebrates mass. Yes; but they also tell of him, "that he was angelical in look, brilliant in speech, holy in work, clear in intellect, great in council." That he "never passed an hour without prayer, or a holy deed, or reading of the Scriptures (for these old monks had Bibles, and knew them by heart too, in spite of all that has been written to the contrary), that he was of so excellent a humility and charity, bathing his disciples' feet when they came home from labour, and carrying corn from the mill on his own back, that he fulfilled the precept of his Master, "He that will be the greatest among you, let him be as your servant."

They also tell of him (and this is fact and history) how he left his monastery of Derm Each (the field of oaks), which we call Derry, and went away at the risk of his life to preach to the wild Picts of Galloway, and founded the great monastery of Iona, and that succession of abbots from whom Christianity spread over the south of Scotland and north of England, under his great successor Aidan.

He, too, has his myths likewise. They tell of him how he stilled the sea-waves with holy oil; how he turned back on Penda and his Saxons the flames with which the heathen king and his Saxons were trying to burn down Bamborough walls. But they tell, too (and Bede heard it from those who had known Aidan in the flesh) of "his love of peace and charity, his purity and humility, his mind superior to avarice or pride, his authority, becoming a minister of Christ, in reproving the haughty and powerful, and his tenderness in relieving the afflicted, and defending the poor." Who, save one who "rejoiceth in evil, instead of rejoicing in the truth," will care to fix his eyes for a moment upon the fairy tales which surround such a story, as long as there shines out from among them clear and pure, in spite of all doctrinal errors, the grace of God, the likeness of Jesus Christ our Lord?

One sketch more; and an even more important one. Columba and Aidan were missionary monks. As time went on, monks became more than even missionaries. They became Colonizers as well. I know no better instance of that type (that I may still let facts speak for themselves) than St. Sturmi, founder whilome of the great abbey of Fulda in Germany.

His life is matter of history, written by one Eigils (sainted like himself), who was his disciple and his friend. Naturally told it is, and lovingly; but if I recollect right, without a single miracle or myth; the living contemporaneous picture of such a man, living in such a state of society, as we shall never (and happily need never) see again, but which is for that very reason worthy to be preserved, for a token that wisdom is justified of all her children.

It stands at length in Pertz's admirable *Monumenta Historica*, among many another like biography, and if I tell it here somewhat at length, readers must forgive me.

Every one has heard of little king Pepin, and many may have heard also how he was a mighty man of valour, and cut off a lion's head at one blow; and how he was a crafty statesman, and first consolidated the temporal power of the Popes, and helped them in that detestable crime of overthrowing the noble Lombard kingdom, which cost Italy centuries of slavery and shame, and which has to be expiated even yet, it would seem, by some fearful punishment.

But every one may not know that Pepin had great excuses—if not for helping to destroy the Lombards—yet still for supporting the power of the Popes. It seemed to him—and perhaps it was—the only practicable method of uniting the German tribes into one common people, and stopping the internecine wars by which they were tearing themselves to pieces. It seemed to him—and perhaps it was—the only practicable method for civilizing and Christianizing the still wild tribes, Frisians, Saxons, and Slavcs, who pressed upon the German marches, from the mouth of the Elbe to the very Alps. Be that as it may, he began the work; and his son Charlemagne finished it; somewhat well, and again somewhat ill—as most work, alas! is done on earth. Now in the days of little king Pepin there was a nobleman of Bavaria, and his wife, who had a son called Sturmi; and they brought him to St. Boniface, that he might make him a priest. And the child loved St. Boniface's noble English face, and went with him willingly, and was to him as a son. And who was St. Boniface? That is a long story. Suffice it that he was a man of Devon, brought up in a cloister at Exeter; and that he had crossed over into Frankensland, upon the lower Rhine, and become a missionary (ultramontane Papist though, I am sorry to say, he was) of the widest and loftiest aims; not merely a preacher and winner of souls, though that, it is said, in perfection; but a civilizer, a colonizer, a statesman. He, and many another noble Englishman and Scot (whether Irish or Caledonian) were working under the Frank kings to convert the heathens of the marches, and carry the Cross into the far East. They led lives of poverty and danger; they were martyred, half of them, as St. Boniface was at last. But they did their work; and doubtless they have

their reward. They did their best, according to their light. God grant that we, to whom so much more light has been given, may do our best likewise. Under this great genius was young Sturmi trained. Trained (as was perhaps needed for those who had to do such work in such a time) to have neither wife, nor child, nor home, nor penny in his purse: but to do all that he was bid, learn all that he could, and work for his living with his own hands. A life of bitter self-sacrifice. Such a life is not needed now. Possibly, nevertheless, it was needed then.

So St. Boniface took Sturmi about with him in his travels, and at last handed him over to Wigbert, the priest, to prepare him for the ministry. "Under whom," says his old chronicler, "the boy began to know the Psalms thoroughly, by heart; to understand the Holy Scriptures of Christ with spiritual sense; took care to learn most studiously the mysteries of the four Gospels, and to bury in his heart, by assiduous reading, the treasures of the Old and New Testament. For his meditation was in the Law of the Lord day and night; profound in understanding, shrewd of thought, prudent of speech, fair of face, sober of carriage, honourable in morals, spotless in life, by sweetness, humility, and alacrity, he drew to him the love of all."

He grows to be a man; and in due time he is ordained priest, "by the will and consent of all;" and he "began to preach the words of Christ earnestly to the people;" and his preaching wrought wonders among them.

Three years he preached in his Rhineland parish, winning love from all. But in the third year "a heavenly thought" came into his mind that he would turn hermit and dwell in the wild forest. And why? Who can tell? He may, likely enough, have found celibacy a fearful temptation for a young and eloquent man, and longed to flee from the sight of that which must not be his. And that, in his circumstances, was not a foolish wish. He may have wished to escape, if but once, from the noise and crowd of outward things, and be alone with God and Christ, and his own soul. And that was not a foolish wish. John Bunyan so longed, and found what he wanted in Bedford Jail, and set it down and printed it in a *Pilgrim's Progress*, which will live as long as man is man. George Fox longed for it, and made himself clothes of leather which would not wear out, and lived in a hollow tree, till he, too, set down the fruit of his solitude in a diary which will live likewise as long as man is man. Perhaps, again, young Sturmi longed to try for once in a way what he was worth upon God's earth; how much he could endure; what power he had of helping himself, what courage to live by his own wits, and God's mercy, on roots and fruits, as wild things live. And that was not a foolish wish. But at least, he longed to be a hermit; he kept his longing to himself, however, till St. Boniface, his

bishop, appeared; and then he told him all his heart.

And St. Boniface said: "Go; in the name of God;" and gave him two comrades, and sent him into "the wilderness which is called Buchonia, the Beech Forest, and find a place fit for the servants of the Lord to dwell in. For the Lord is able to provide his people a home in the desert."

So those three went into the wild forest. And "for three days they saw nought but earth and sky and mighty trees. And they went on, praying Christ that he would guide their feet into the way of peace." And on the third day they came to the place which is called Hersfelt (the hart's down?) and searched it round and prayed that Christ would bless the place for them to dwell in; and then they built themselves little huts of beech-bark, and abode there many days, serving God with holy fastings, and watchings, and prayers."

Is it not a strange story? so utterly unlike anything which we see now;—so utterly unlike anything which we ought to see now? And yet it may have been good in its time. It looks out on us from the dim ages, like the fossil bone of some old monster cropping out of a quarry. But the old monster was good in his place and time. God made him and had need of him. It may be that God made those three poor monks, and had need of them likewise.

As for their purposes being superstitious, we shall be better able to judge of that when we have seen what they were—what sort of a house they meant to build to God. As for their having self-interest in view, no doubt they thought that they should benefit their own souls in this life, and in the life to come. But one would hardly blame them for that, surely? One would not blame them as selfish and sordid if they had gone out on a commercial speculation? Why, then, if on a religious one? The merchant adventurer is often a noble type of man, and one to whom the world owes much, though his hands are not always clean, nor his eye single. The monk adventurer of the middle age is, perhaps, a still nobler type of man, and one to whom the world owes more, though his eye, too, was not always single, nor his hands clean.

As for selfishness, one must really bear in mind that men who walked away into that doleful *urwald* had need to pray very literally "that Christ would guide their feet into the way of peace;" and must have cared as much for their worldly interests as those who march up to the cannon's mouth. Their lives in that forest were not worth twenty-four hours' purchase, and they knew it. It is an ugly thing for an unarmed man, without a compass, to traverse the bush of Australia or New Zealand, where there are no wild beasts. But it was uglier still to start out under the dark roof of that primeval wood. Knights, when they rode it, went armed cap-à-pie, like Sintram through the dark valley, trusting in God and their good sword. Chapmen and merchants stole through it by a few

tracks in great companies, armed with bill and bow. Peasants ventured into it a few miles, to cut timber, and find pannage for their swine, and whispered wild legends of the ugly things therein—and sometimes, too, never came home. Away it stretched from the fair Rhineland, wave after wave of oak and alder, beech and pine, God alone knew how far, into the land of night and wonder, and the infinite unknown; full of elk and bison, bear and wolf, lynx and glutton, and perhaps of worse beasts still. Worse beasts, certainly, Sturm and his comrades would have met, if they had met them in human form. For there were waifs and strays of barbarism there, uglier far than any waif and stray of civilisation, border ruffian of the far west, buccaneer of the Tropic keys, Cimaroon of the Panama forests; men *verbiesterte*, turned into the likeness of beasts, wildfänger, hüner, ogres, wehr-wolves, strong thieves and outlaws, many of them possibly mere brutal maniacs; naked, living in caves and coverts, knowing no law but their own hunger, rage, and lust; feeding often on human flesh; and woe to the woman or child or unarmed man who fell into their ruthless clutch. Orson, and such like human brutes of the wilderness, serve now to amuse children in fairy tales; they were then ugly facts of flesh and blood. There were heathens there, too, in small colonies: heathen Saxons, cruelest of all the tribes; who worshipped at the Irmensul, and had an old blood-feud against the Franks; heathen Thuringer, who had murdered St. Kilian the Irishman at Wurzburg, and would surely murder them. Heathen Slaves, of different tribes, who had introduced into Europe the ugly custom of impaling their captives; and woe to the Christian priest who fell into any of their hands. To be knocked on the head before some ugly idol was the gentlest death which they were like to have. They would have called that martyrdom the gate of eternal bliss; but they were none the less brave men for going out to face it.

And beside all these, and worse than all these, there were the terrors of the unseen world; very real in those poor monks' eyes, though not in ours. There were Nixes in the streams, and Kobolds in the caves, and Tannerhäuser in the dark pine-glades, who hated the Christian man, and would lure him to his death. There were fair swan-maidens and elf-maidens; nay, dame Venus herself with all her rout of revellers, who would tempt him to sin, and having made him sell his soul, destroy both body and soul in hell. There was Satan and all the devils, too, plotting to stop the Christian man from building the house of the Lord, and preaching the gospel to the heathen; ready to call up storms, and floods, and forest fires, to hurl the crag down from the cliffs, or drop the rotting tree on their defenceless heads—all real and terrible in those poor monks' eyes, as they walked on, singing their psalms, and reading their Gospels, and praying to God to save them,

for they could not save themselves; and to guide them, for they knew not, like Abraham, whither they went; and to show them the place where they should build the house of the Lord, and preach righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit to the heathen round. We talk still, thank heaven, of heroes, and understand what that great word should mean. But were not these poor monks heroes? Knights-errant of God, doing his work as they best knew how. We have a purer gospel than they: we understand our Bibles better. But if they had not done what they did, where would have been now at all our gospel, and our Bible? We cannot tell. It was a wise old saw of our forefathers—"Do not speak ill of the bridge which carries you over."

If Sturm had had a "holy longing" to get into the wild wood, now he had a "holy longing" to go back; and to find St. Boniface, and tell him what a pleasant place Hersfeld was, and the quality of the soil, and the direction of the watershed, and the meadows, and springs, and so forth, in a very practical way. And St. Boniface answered, that the place seemed good enough; but that he was afraid for them, on account of the savage heathen Saxons. They must go deeper into the forest, and then they would be safe. So he went back to his fellow-hermits, and they made to themselves a canoe; and went paddling up and down the Fulda stream, beneath the alder boughs, "trying the mouths of the mountain streams, and landing to survey the hills and ridges,"—pioneers of civilisation none the less because they pioneered in the name of Him who made earth and heaven: but they found nothing which they thought would suit the blessed St. Boniface, save that they stayed a little at the place which is called Ruochen-bah, "the rough brook," to see if it would suit; but it would not. So they went back to their birch huts to fast and pray once more.

St. Boniface sent for Sturm after awhile, probably to Maintz, to ask of his success; and Sturm threw himself on his face before him; and Boniface raised him up, and kissed him, and made him sit by his side—which was a mighty honour; for St. Boniface, the penniless monk, was at that moment one of the most powerful men of Europe; and he gave him a good dinner, of which, no doubt, he stood in need; and bade him keep up heart, and seek again for the place which God had surely prepared, and would reveal in his good time.

And this time Sturm, possibly wiser from experience, determined to go alone; but not on foot this time. So he took to him a trusty ass, and as much food as he could pack on it; and, axe in hand, rode away into the wild wood, singing his psalms. And every night, before he lay down to sleep, he cut boughs, and stuck them up for a ring fence round him and the ass, to the discomfiture of the wolves, which had, and have still, a great hankering after asses' flesh. It is a quaint picture,

no doubt; but let us respect it, while we smile at it—if we, too, be brave men.

Then one day he fell into a great peril. He came to the old road (a Roman one, I presume, for the Teutons, whether in England or elsewhere, never dreamed of making roads till three hundred years ago, but used the old Roman ones), which led out of the Thuringean land to Maintz. And at the ford over the Fulda he met a great multitude bathing, of Slavonian heathens, going to the fair at Maintz. And they smelt so strong, the foul miscreants, that Sturmi's donkey backed, and refused to face them; and Sturmi himself was much of the donkey's mind, for they began to mock him (possibly he nearly went over the donkey's head), and went about to hurt him. "But," says the chronicler, "the power of the Lord held them back."

Then he went on, right thankful at having escaped with his life, up and down, round and round, exploring and surveying—for what purpose we shall see hereafter. And at last he lost himself in the place which is called Aihen-loh, "the glade of oaks;" and at night-fall he heard the splash of water, and knew not whether man or wild beast made it. And not daring to call out, he tapped a tree-trunk with his axe (some backwoodsman's sign of those days, we may presume), and he was answered. And a forester came to him, leading his lord's horse; a man from the Wetterau, who knew the woods far and wide, and told him all that he wanted to know. And they slept side by side that night; and in the morning they blest each other, and each went his way.

Yes, there were not merely kings and wars, popes and councils, in those old days;—there were real human beings, just such as we might meet by the wayside any hour, with human hearts and histories within them. And we will be thankful if but one of them, now and then, starts up out of the darkness of twelve hundred years, like that good forester, and looks at us with human eyes, and goes his way again, blessing, and not unblest.

And now Sturmi knew all that he needed to know; and after awhile, following the counsel of the forester, he came to the blessed place, long ago prepared of the Lord. "And when he saw it, he was filled with immense joy, and went on exulting; for he felt that by the merits and prayers of the holy Bishop Boniface that place had been revealed to him. And he went about it, and about it, half the day; and the more he looked on it the more he gave God thanks;" and those who know Fulda say, that Sturmi had reason to give God thanks, and must have had a keen eye, moreover, for that which man needs for wealth and prosperity, in soil and water, meadow and wood. So he blessed the place, and signed it with the sign of the Cross (in token that it belonged thenceforth neither to devils nor fairies, but to his rightful Lord and Maker), and went back to his cell, and thence a

weary journey to St. Boniface, to tell him of the fair place which he had found at last.

And St. Boniface went his weary way, either to Paris or to Aix, to Pepin and Carloman, kings of the Franks; and begged of him a grant of the Aihen-loh, and all the land for four miles round, and had it. And the nobles about gave up to him their rights of venison, and vert, and pasture, and pannage of swine; and Sturmi and seven brethren set out thither, "in the year of our Lord 744, in the first month (April, presumably), in the twelfth day of the month, unto the place prepared of the Lord,"—that they might do what?

That they might build an abbey. Yes; but the question is, what building an abbey meant, not three hundred, nor five hundred, but eleven hundred years ago—for centuries are long matters, and men and their works change in them.

And then it meant this: Clearing the back woods for a Christian settlement; an industrial colony, in which every man was expected to spend his life in doing good—all and every good which he could for his fellow-men. Whatever talent he had he threw into the common stock; and worked, as he was found fit to work, at farming, gardening, carpentering, writing, doctoring, teaching in the schools, or preaching to the heathen round. In their common church they met to worship God; but also to ask for grace and strength to do their work, as Christianizers and civilizers of mankind. What Christianity and civilisation they knew (and they knew more than we are apt now to believe) they taught it freely; and therefore they were loved, and looked up to as superior beings, as modern missionaries, wherever they do their work even decently well, are looked up to now.

The time came when the monasteries utterly forgot the purpose of their own existence. As for the charges brought against them in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, they are, alas! not overstated. They became evil. Indeed there was almost a necessity in them that they should become evil; for like all human plans and systems, they contained in themselves more or less of original sin; and their original sins were many and heavy—idolatry (or at least in those early days, a strong tendency toward it, which afterwards took the grossest forms), forced celibacy, and overstrained fanaticism. These were three elements, which in every age and people have sooner or later ripened into the ugly fruit of immorality. And when the fruit was ripe, they and it fell together. They had done their work, and they went; like all things born in time, in time they died.

"The old order changed, giving place to the new;
And God fulfilled himself in many ways."

But in them, too, He surely fulfilled Himself, as far as their system was capable of carrying out the designs of His Providence. By them He was then Christianizing and civilizing Europe; and by them alone.

So because the work could be done in that way,

and (as far as men then, or now, can see) in no other way, Pepin and Carloman gave Boniface the glade of oaks, that they might clear the virgin forest, and extend cultivation, and win fresh souls to Christ, instead of fighting, like the kings of this world, for the land which was already cleared, and the people who were already Christian.

In two months' time they had cut down much of the forest; and then came St. Boniface himself to see them, and with him a great company of workmen, and chose a place for a church. And St. Boniface went up to the hill which is yet called Bishop's Mount, that he might read his Bible in peace, away from kings and courts, and the noise of the wicked world; and his workmen felled trees innumerable, and dug peat to burn lime withal; and then all went back again, and left the settlers to thrive and work.

And thrive and work they did, clearing more land, building their church, ploughing up their farm, drawing to them more and more heathen converts, more and more heathen school-children; and St. Boniface came to see them from time to time, whenever he could get a holiday, and spent happy days in prayer and study, with his pupil and friend. And ten years after, when St. Boniface was martyred at last by the Friesland heathens, and died, as he had lived, like an apostle of God, then all the folk of Maintz wanted to bring his corpse home to their town, because he had been Archbishop there. But he "appeared in a dream to a certain deacon, and said: 'Why delay ye to take me home to Fulda, to my rest in the wilderness which God hath prepared for me?'"

So St. Boniface sleeps at Fulda,—unless the French Republican armies dug up his bones, and scattered them, as they scattered holier things, to the winds of heaven. And all men came to worship at his tomb, after the fashion of those days. And Fulda became a noble abbey, with its dom-church, library, schools, workshops, farm-steads, almshouses, and all the appanages of such a place, in the days when monks were monks indeed. And Sturmî became a great man, and went through many troubles and slanders, and conquered in them all, because there was no fault found in him, as in Daniel of old; and died in a good old age, bewept by thousands, who, but for him, would have been heathens still. And the Aihen-loh became rich corn-land and garden, and Fulda an abbey borough and a principality, where men lived in peace under

mild rule, while the feudal princes quarrelled and fought outside; and a great literary centre, whose old records are now precious to the diggers among the bones of bygone times; and at last St. Sturmî and the Aihen-loh had so developed themselves, that the latest record of the Abbots of Fulda which I have seen is this, bearing date about 1710:—

"The arms of the most illustrious Lord and Prince, Abbot of Fulda, Archchancellor of the most Serene Empress, Primate of all Germany and Gaul, and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire." Developed, certainly: and not altogether in the right direction. For instead of the small beer, which they had promised St. Boniface to drink to the end of the world, the abbots of Fulda had the best wine in Germany, and the best table too, and—. But if prosperity made made fools of them, let us take care that it does not make fools of us likewise.

At least, to have cleared the timber off the Aihen-loh, and planted a Christian colony instead, was enough to make St. Sturmî hope that he had not read his Bible altogether in vain.

The motives with which this paper was written by one who has as little leaning toward the Roman Catholic religion as any man on earth, may be simply avowed now, if it has not been discovered already.

To make men know and love each other better. To make them by so doing justify God, and the providence of God, by believing that he knew best. To make them believe that he did know best, as to those early ages, as to the work which was to be done, and the men who were fit to do it. And especially, to make men see, as I believe they will, sooner or later, that in the case of these early monks, making allowance for superstition, vanity, ignorance, pious frauds, prurience, and mere hysterics, they did raise, not on paper, but in their own lives, sinful human nature to a higher form than it ever had taken among the nations to whom they preached. There had been far higher patterns before them in the days of the Apostles; there have been far higher patterns since. But instead of setting up our own petty conceptions of what might have been done, let us look fairly and lovingly at what was done; and trust that our Lord included them also when he said, that "Wisdom is justified of all her children."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



CHARITIES IN THE BLACK FOREST.

It rained all night. It was raining in the morning. There was no doubt about it. Out of the window there was a leaden haze, flecked with the light of a dull, spiritless dawn. Rain was falling in the fountain, streaming past the panes, murmuring on the roof; a trickling, pattering, liquid sound that went up and down the silent street. Sir Francis Drake stood it out unmoved, like a brave old English mariner as he was; but the wreath on his brow was battered under his chin, and the garlands hung in drabbed tails down his back. The banners clung to their poles, the arch of evergreens was like a weeping willow, and the pretty rifle-festival of Offenburg had ended in a wetting. The town has a broad street, a good hotel, a copy of the *Times*, and a weakness for potatoes,—qualities of which the inexorable rail permitted the briefest enjoyment; and by the supposed time of sunrise we were bowling away from it at an easy twenty miles an hour. The carriage was crowded with a miscellaneous company; riflemen in tall Tyrolese hat and feather; farmers with broad-brims, long coats, great buttons, and gigantic collars; market-women with hair brushed straight back, and tied on the crown with broad knots of ribbon or lace, while the peasant girls preferred to fasten it with a two-edged silver knife; a student or two with inevitable spectacles and merry humour;—pleasant, honest faces, a shrewd, self-possessed, independent folk, who kept up the liveliest conversation, and passed the dullest jokes, entered with a cheery *Good morning all!* and left with the friendliest *Adieus*. Your Briton resigns himself to the rail like a martyr, prepares his mind for an accident, grimly suffers himself to be led along at express speed, builds up a wall of newspaper about him, or harrows his feelings with a sensation article. Talk would be frivolous and impertinent in such a temper, as indecent as gossip on the way to an execution. But your German travels among the gaieties of life; it is a pleasant episode: it is like seeing company, a sort of open club where everything is discussed and everybody welcome; a place for little courtesies and self-forgetfulness; and his frank smile is like a shake-hands all round.

The Black Forest was on one side, the Rhine upon the other. Geographically that was our position; actually it was in a drizzling mist of rain; by careful rubbing of one glass a ditch was occasionally visible; by occasional opening of the other, there was evidently a dull mass of trees piled up over the slopes of long hills, and with as much actual form as the shading round a sepia sketch. Some darker shadow would sometimes fly across our road, and some hand would point vaguely out to castle this or that, spectral ruins over which the rain and mist had flung themselves

for centuries, out of which the legends of the past stalked harmlessly into the busy sceptical present; knights in armour, princesses in misfortune, robber captains, emperors' daughters that were always in love with the wrong person, emperors' sons that were always in disguise, the lady's foot-page and the rubicund friar, gay cavalades to gayer tournaments, treasons and stratagems, and life and death, as they were wrought out before printing and gunpowder and autumn tourists.

At Freiburg we stopped, and those who care to explore the Forest will do the same. Like Heidelberg, it stands at the entrance of a valley, and for reasons of their own, the clouds make such places their special fortresses; pile themselves up in high blockade against the outer world; sink deeper and look denser than elsewhere; almost dip into the streets, and sweep the people off to cloudland. And so as we went round by dripping vineyards, and streets that murmured like water-courses, round by narrow lanes, and under spoutless eaves, crossing the gutters by plank bridges, and stumbling over children—young Bacchanals that must needs launch ships of vine-leaves, and as we came into the cathedral square, the light fretted spire not only touched the sky, but pierced it and shot up into it, till spire and clouds were mingled together. The rain had driven the apple-women into the shelter of the great portal, where, as heedless of proprieties as the carved virgins above them, they drove a lively trade and livelier gossip,—gossip that some untoward puff of wet did not help to bring into harmony with the situation. Incongruity seems to have fixed itself in this Romish worship: buildings of exquisite and solemn beauty piled over the ugliest and tawdriest of wax-dolls, arrangements of painted light, and aisles of pillars, and dim vaulted roofs, lofty heights, and shades of rich gloom, that call up a natural awe and reverence, but that are used for other arrangements of service that call up disgust; reverence and irreverence divided by a curtain at the door! There is no spiritual sense, no fitness, no impression of an inner life. Religion has exhausted itself in a beautiful form, and cannot fill it with the spirit, but shows off puppets of its own in the empty space, and strangers may be excused if they remember a cathedral only by its Holbein, or Raphael, or Rubens, its glass or its wood-carving. Yet Alban Stoltz lay on every bookstall, well-thumbed editions that had passed through the hands of many readers; and when Alban Stoltz preaches, there are "words of life from a Roman Catholic pulpit." Such men are themselves an incongruity, ethically as painful and far more puzzling than any other; speaking truth and content to be wrapped in the folds of error. But we may judge

them too hardly, forgetting the second nature of old habit; and Stoltz, at least, does preach Christ in a most striking and genuine way, and his writings are popular in Freiburg as elsewhere.

The inn window looked out upon the cathedral, and the cathedral filled up all the space with its noble lines marked out against the sky, and glowing through the sombre air by the ruddy colour of its red sandstone, and across it, and away to the left across the vision of vineyards, hung the rain-pall. Wet feet occasionally plashed over the pools outside; wet travellers came in, till the room was sprinkled with a wet company; a wet dog of enormous proportions went sniffing round their pockets, and thrusting his terrible nose under their hands. Mid-day it rained, and long after mid-day, and it was raining still, when we took our seats with a desperate alacrity in the omnibus for Todtnau. Steaming horses, a mist of wet over the windows, a straight watery road, and off to the right and left, fat, steaming meadow-land, backed by vast shadows that might be either hill or cloud. But in an hour it changed. The road wound up in long curves; the hill-sides narrowed in; the pine-woods grew into distinctness; the mad brook foamed among huge boulders close by the horses' hoofs; the ragged mist rose up a hundred feet; there was a long stretch of soft valley behind; gigantic masses of shadow darkened the view before; wild, picturesque saw-mills perched upon the stream; the six horses could only walk. We were fairly into the depths of the Forest. The brook sunk into a lonely glen, and sent back its hoarse murmur of companionship; the road went right up above our heads by a series of sharp zigzags, and the higher it rose the higher and darker rose the woody peaks above it, while the light wind moved among the low clouds, and showed great mountain shoulders with their shining cliffs and water-gullies and matted brushwood clinging to the rock and sombre rows of firs, rank above rank, or it opened chasms in the mist, through which the woods rolled back in interminable folds, or some green meadow flashed through the rain. Wooden crucifixes had dotted the way, beside an orchard, or leaning over a mill, against some quaint brown gable at the road-end of a straggling hamlet, or under the shelter of a lonely rock; of the homeliest and ugliest manufacture, repulsive, rotting away by sheer carelessness. But the last was left far behind, and the next was on the level crown of the hill, where the charcoal-burners moved about their fires like spectres in the darkening twilight. Then a quick canter down by bare fields; lights, wide apart, that leaped out of the darkness, then an irregular cluster, the clatter of hoofs through a village street, and the pleasant parlour of the *John Bull*. And still it rained.

Yet they reveal a certain true power. They associate religion with common life. It is a dedication of it to God in a clumsy, superstitious, perhaps to many repulsive way; an effort to realize what most men forget. That very irreverence of

the Romish worship may have its better side. It is a worship that endeavours to make God near, to realize him under visible forms and a real presence. But he is *made* near, treated as an idol, not realized as a personal being, already near, sharing the life, dwelling in the heart.

But in that cheery parlour there was little heed of weather. A clock hung against the wall; no vulgar, loud-ticking, showy time-server, but a very library clock that paced the hours with noiseless step, and would have been the pride of a city watchmaker; and near it stood a piano, excellently wrought, and that for tone might have held its own with a Collard—uncommon luxuries for a country inn, and in the Black Forest. But they were Forest made; for in watches and clocks, and intelligent craft of that sort, these foresters are eminent, and even great traders, and hide, in the depths of their brown woods, the very spirit, and enterprise, and shrewdness, and skill of our English manufacturers. For the rest, the room was as unpretending as could be. At one of the long tables sat some twenty villagers, under presidency of the host—a sort of choral union by which they pass the time in long evenings—for their spring, and summer, and autumn, are thrust into less than four months, and winter breaks off their communications with the world,—and they sung part songs and Suabian ballads with most excellent harmony, and played snatches of wild mountain music, and quietly went their ways at evening chimes—courteous, frank, and simple people, and left us to forget the dripping and gurgling of the rain in the absurd discomfort of a German bed. These Forest hamlets are marvelously picturesque with their scattered groups of houses, and deep projecting roofs and wooden galleries, and brown, old-world, comfortable look, and primitive ways. There is no poverty among them, no beggar-nuisance as in other places, and at Todtnau everybody seemed to own cattle; for in the morning the rustic square was filled with kids and goats at the blast of a horn, that brought them out with the suddenness of Roderick Dhu's men; and they had no sooner been despatched up the hills in charge of two or three young herds than the cows came trooping out of house doors, and stumping down wooden steps, and round from by-lanes, till the square was as full of them, and they were packed off under similar charge to the meadows below—a marshalling of the resources of the village that had a singular effect, and a system that could only be maintained by an honesty of man and intelligence of beast that are rare.

Down the winding road to Mambach is as pleasant a walk as can fill up an autumn morning; up the Mambach slopes and over the long crest of the great Todtmoos mountain, is, no doubt, even better. But while we could still hear the children's voices as they played round the Mambach doors, the inveterate mist rolled heavily down, and the

rain began to soak through the trees ; and out on the open moor, and through the long grass, and over the heavy clay roads, up the hill and down the hill, and into the valley of the Wehr, it rained with a pitiless patience. We remonstrated. It was not what we had come for. Rain could be had anywhere, and to quite the same extent, and there was nothing peculiar or exhilarating about it. It was rather in the way ; we could not see the next field ; the large drops sometimes missed the ground and stumbled against the face ; there was an unpleasant wetness about everything. But remonstrance was useless ; it had made up its mind to it, and at least a walk by the Wehr on a rainy day was a novelty. There were precipitous cliffs, with fringes of trees about the top and bottom, gigantic rocks that jutted out across the path, and assumed the most fantastic shapes, a torrent that brawled its very loudest, dense woods dyed with all the colours of autumn, and over all a dense misty shroud ; and we were down in the hollow, where there was scarce room for the road and the river, and from which the sides rose up like walls into invisible heights. There may be more. I would not do it an injustice, nor answer for what is visible in dry weather. But that is what we saw : miles of that. And it rained all the time, and all that evening, in the railway carriage and across the bridge at Basel, and it was raining when we went to sleep in the *Three Kings*, above the soft swift purling of the Rhine. Rolling hills and deep valleys and the wood that has crept over and round them all ; rivers between narrow strips of fresh pasture-land ; villages that nestle in among the lonely hills, and busy towns, where the din of the workshop contrasts strangely with the cincture of endless trees and the silence of the forest paths ; the brightest of green fields, sparkling like jewels, and hemmed in by great belts of pine and fir ; gorges where the sun scarcely shines, and pleasant dales that the sun seems never to have left ; charcoal-burners and wayfarers ; watchmakers and toymakers ; honest peasant men and women ; the quaintest of costumes ; these repeated over and again within every few miles ; these, and a universal brooding quiet ;—that is the impression of the Black Forest ; and a pleasanter place for a thorough bracing repose it is not easy to find. But of all this, and how it was seen under rainless skies, it would be almost impertinent to write, since Auerbach's charming Forest stories are in everybody's hands ; and no one can introduce us to such living Forest people, or show such exquisite Forest pictures, or bring its old legendary past into such happy contact with the present. There is a deeper interest, and less known ; missed by most tourists, and yet worth walking after through a whole week of rain ; and if any reader has been drawn away from his easy chair into the mists and misfortunes of wobegone pedestrians, it has been with good intention at the bottom.

As the Rhine flows towards Basel, and before it turns its back upon France, the Black Forest on the one side, and the Jura on the other, send out long spurs, and they leave just space enough for the haughty river, some level fields of beans, vineyards, and here and there an ancient town. On one of those northern spurs, and overlooking Basel, a chapel was built hundreds of years ago—how many hundreds is not positive, but there is a legend, that when the Lady Ursula was returning from Rome, three of the eleven thousand virgins in her train lingered at Basel, and one, by name Crischona, lived upon the hill, and founded a church ; and of that legend any one may believe as much as is convenient, and as the sacristan of St. Ursula, at Cologne, can tell him without laughing. But this is certain, that the hill is called St. Crischona, and that there is a chapel upon it, which twenty years ago was in ruins, and had fallen so low, that a neighbouring farmer made it a sty for his hogs. Here, in the year 1840, two men knelt in prayer ; and the chapel rose up out of the ruins ; the nettles and rank grass became a flower garden ; and the hogs were changed into fat cattle. It was no miracle, but a very simple matter. Mr. Spittler had a cherished purpose in his heart of training young men of the country-side for missionaries ; they would be pilgrim missionaries, wandering up and down among the heathen ; not resting, but in motion. They should not linger by any sweet spot of life, but journey onward, staff in hand, preaching Christ as they went. They should be found in every living throng, passing through it, and scattering glad news on every side ; in the crowds at a Hindoo sacrifice, through the ranks of the fire-worshippers, at the feast of the Ramadan, in the streets of Canton, on the prairie of the Red Indian, by the *kraal* of the Kaffirs,—solemn-voiced messengers of God, speeding over the earth, and crying, *Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand*. He begged for the ruins of St. Crischona, and having freely got them, he went up with his architect, and prayed that God would guide him in his work. Part of the chapel was restored sufficiently to live in, and here he lived for some time alone. Basel is wealthy and generous, but it did not sympathize with him : men did not come in ; and still he waited. Then one joined him ; then three ; and soon they were six. The chapel was ceiled, and dormitories made of the upper storey. The dormitories were crowded ; a fresh building had to be undertaken, and the hill is now held by this Christian colony. A hundred and fifty have gone out from it ; and there are fifty there at present. They are young men, mostly peasants, and while they study they are not above peasant's work. There is a farm, that serves both for their support and training ; they manage all their household economy ; the last glimpse we had of them was singing—and their singing is worth hearing—over their washing-tubs. Their teachers live

with them, men of ability and Christian worth ; their education is not sacrificed to their work, but is thorough, and well adapted to their calling ; the tone of the place is manly, healthy, and earnest ; and the basis of their training, and the very formation of their house, is faith in the living God. The aim of the institution has scarcely yet been reached, but one branch of it realizes the character of the whole. It is proposed to establish such a chain of mission posts as will connect Jerusalem with the Cape of Good Hope. Missions already reach up as far as the Zambesi ; the mission at Rabba Mopia will form a link between the Kaffir stations and Abyssinia ; and from Jerusalem to Abyssinia Mr. Spittler proposes establishing twelve stations, each sufficiently strong to command the surrounding district, and sufficiently near the next to maintain easy communication, and these he calls the *Apostolic Way*. As means are provided, the stations are established, and already there are two, and prospect of a third. While it may be thought that there is something sentimental in this project, it is plain that missionary centres of this sort, each a link in a long chain, are the most effective of all ; that the isolation of a station is a source of weakness, and, perhaps, of ruin ; that, on the other hand, a station must be effective enough to bear being isolated at any juncture. There is need also for a comprehensive mission scheme, for developing mission effort with more system, and on a larger scale ; distributing the forces of our Christian soldiers through new provinces, placing them in the most effective positions, not only for single but united work, and waging the war on a scale commensurate with the object. Now that missions are no longer the experiments they were at the commencement of this century, unfamiliar and unsupported, it might be worth while and practicable not only to plant fresh stations, but to plant them in such a way that they shall be part of the mission system of a country or an entire continent. India might be so mapped out, that as each post was occupied, it would be a step towards completing the general India mission system ; and as towns outside of India were occupied, it might be in subjection to the wider system for Asia ; and each society might assume the vacant places as it was able. A chain of missions through the dry heart of Africa is a venturesome thought, fit to be conceived in a venturesome age like ours, and Christians will watch its progress with much eagerness and sympathy.

If climate and situation have any effect upon the mind, it might be supposed that St. Crischna with its width of prospect, had some influence in giving Mr. Spittler his larger views of missions, for the country lies under the eye, from the glittering peaks of the Bernese Alps, and almost a hundred miles of the valley of the Rhine, to Freiburg—as lovely and varied a view as one could have on a summer's day. Leaving this elevation, however,

and descending to the village of Riehen below, we meet Mr. Spittler again. Indeed, it would not be easy to avoid meeting him anywhere round Basel. There, opposite us, lies his Reformatory, deep among its vines. He intended it for wild lads who might have run off from home, gone to sea perhaps, or in some way cast off all parental restraint. He thought there might come a time when they would be softened, and anxious to return, when a kind word might break down their pride, and they would accept a refuge from the wild life that had deceived and wearied them. The first lad who came had been a sailor ; he proved diligent and serious ; the change in him was so marked, that he was soon transferred to the Mission House ; and from there he has gone out to a new station on the *Apostolic Way*. And though there has been no other story to match this, the Reformatory has succeeded, and its rooms are filled. Down below us also there is a large and picturesque building, one of the best institutions for the deaf and dumb in Germany ; and if you ask about it, you are informed it was raised by Mr. Spittler. Go to the Tract Society, and you are still in Mr. Spittler's domain. The great mission-house at Basel reckon him chief among its founders ; it was he almost as much as Zeller that founded Beuggen. For these last sixty years he has worked at every Christian work in Basel. He is one of the few surviving members of the old *Christian Society*, from which it may be said the modern missions of Germany have sprung. When Gossner was in early trouble, it was to Spittler that he came. When Zeller was bent upon saving the outcast children, it was to Spittler that he confided his plans. And now, in his old age, he is working still, and watching the works already begun as they grow and strengthen under unseen hands. And for the reason of that success, and the motive of that life, he has no answer but one, that it is of faith and prayer.

This, however, has been by way of interruption in our descent to Riehen, and our chief object there was to visit the Deaconesses, for whom it may be said, once for all, Mr. Spittler also is answerable. The house lies in an open garden, a quiet, simple, country house, with no pretensions, but perfectly neat and clean. Unlike Kaiserswerth, it is but a single house, and not the centre of a busy Christian colony. Everything about it is quiet ; the view of the soft hills and woods up the valley of the Wiese ; the meadows and still grave-yard opposite ; the flowers before the door, and what one might call the cheerful silence within. There are few Deaconesses ; the hospital is on the smallest scale ; the country air breathes through the rooms ; and sick-nursing is all that is attempted. Nothing can be simpler, less like an order, or even organization. But Riehen has an importance that cannot be gauged by size or numbers. It is yet in its infancy, moreover ; only ten years in existence, yet there have been from 70 to 80 deaconesses connected with it ; and during last year more than 200

patients passed through the hospital. The arrangements are almost identical with those at Kaiserswerth; there is the same tidiness in the rooms, the same attention to light and air, the same provision for sick children, the same regular medicine-room, the same love of flowers, the same homeliness; there is in the one as much as the other a calm Christian atmosphere, a careful, gentle, genial nursing. But the order is different. Riehen is under the presidency of a lady; there is no resident chaplain; no fixed term of service; there are scarcely any rules. It is a proof that the usefulness of the deaconess is not confined to any system, that the principle of associating Christian women in Christian service is independent of any special regulations, that it is capable of being adapted to the freest states of society. Nothing, indeed, can well be simpler than the Riehen foundation, and it must be remembered that this simplicity has been found sufficient to meet very varied and scattered work. Some of the Deaconesses are in the hospitals of Basel, others at Zurich and Schaffhausen; some are private nurses, and some tend the insane. And Riehen is the parent house, and its rules must serve, not only for itself, but for its various offshoots, sufficiently comprehensive and strict to maintain unity in spite of separation and difference of circumstances. What might be defective in system, however, is balanced by the carefulness of selection. Many of those who offer their services are at first rejected. Of the rest some prove unsuitable before the time of probation commences; and the probation itself, which commonly lasts a year, is a time of wise and loving scrutiny. It is felt to be no ordinary duty that is undertaken, but one that requires the highest devotedness and the power and clearness of a simple faith. "Deaconesses are servants of the Lord in works of merciful love, and the Deaconess Institution at Riehen presents an opportunity of hastening to the help of suffering humanity, and thereby furthering the kingdom of God on the earth;" but just because it is such, the intending Deaconess "must earnestly examine herself before God." "Natural kindliness and head-Christianity" are not enough: there must be "Christian knowledge united with the experience of a life in God." Those who pass this probation, and are recommended by the superintendent, are set apart at a solemn service, and receive a solemn charge.

The charge iterates with great emphasis the leading principles of their calling, its *willingness*, *obedience*, and *fidelity*. "Obedience," said Pastor Härter of Strasbourg, at the opening, "is the humility of love, willingness the joy of love, fidelity the steadfastness of love. A deaconess without humility is impossible,—a contradiction in terms. Deaconesses are not only an association but a corporation; a humble obedience holds it together. As members of the corporation, the sisters have their higher and lower functions, yet so that none shall hold herself above another." It is not the

obedience of a vow; the blind submission to a superior; nor obedience for merit's sake and because it is a glorious thing to crucify the self-will. It is simply so much intelligent obedience as may make order and help practicable; so much submission as one must render in a corporate body for the good of the whole. Nor is the fidelity an inviolable promise for the future. It is quite true that the calling of a deaconess is contemplated as permanent; that there is no desire that it should be lightly taken and as lightly thrown off—serve only to pass some idle days of life. It is in this respect simply on a level with other callings. It is understood that there are persons who may look to it as their life, deliberately prefer it to any other life; that it puts within their reach what they needed, a calling by which they can humbly serve God. The deaconess is set apart on the understanding that she has deliberately chosen her diaconate, that she does not anticipate resigning it. But there is no promise sought or given. She may withdraw by giving some months' notice. She may marry. There is no hindrance to such secessions; they will always be occurring; nor are they without great good. They spread the help and skill of the deaconess over a larger surface; as a Christian wife or mother she may aid in many ways wives and mothers of her acquaintance; and the fact of such secessions acts healthily back upon the deaconess, and prevents her becoming touched with the spirit of a mere order;—prevents anything approaching a conventual separation from the world. But the dedication is on the principle that the calling is steadfastly assumed, and will be steadfastly pursued. A very cheerful calling, to judge from the brightness and peaceful look of every thing, and every one at Riehen. Among her requirements, a deaconess is to be of those whose "natural disposition is lively, friendly, affectionate, and without any tendency to gloom or excitement." The spirit of the place is just such as to foster such a temper; her common work is just such as to require it. A gloomy nurse is an aggravation of sickness: a perpetual black draught. Yet how many martyrs suffer by such a simple cause; how many, as soon as they enter a sick-room, muffle the voice like a drum for the funeral march, lengthen the face, and speak gracious and friendly words with a solemnity that is appalling! Christian truth is joyful; Christian life is sunny. A Christian nurse should enter the room like a sunbeam, as noiseless and as cheerful. And much like the sunbeams do those gentle Riehen deaconesses go about their work, flitting softly through the rooms; and lighting up the faces of their patients as they pass;—true Christian women, who live for Christ, and freely use their privilege of nursing for winning others to the Saviour and his peace.

The last glimpse we had of Riehen was of a simple dress of black and white, moving over the garden-walk and the simple house among the flowers.

Behind lie the dark shadow of the woods, and the darker shadow of the past. There are charities of greater bulk and pretension, but there are few as interesting as those of the Black Forest; the growth of one man's effort, given indeed by God in answer to one man's prayer. And this spirit of prayer, this childlike dependence on God, and bold, hearty faith, characterize each. They are wisely and carefully conducted, so modestly, that few have heard of them; I have only mentioned one or two out of many. Yet from that quiet retirement a living power goes out that is felt in the back-

woods of America, and up the Nile, and away in Abyssinia; that betrays itself in movements affecting the future of the Church, that suggests the most effective means for large social reforms and healthy Christian work; and that power is nothing else but faith in the living God.

We turned reluctantly away up the road to Schandau—we, that is, he and I, for we were two. He was the best of companions, the pleasantest of travellers. May no worse fate ever befall him than a wetting in the Black Forest, and a day at St. Crischona!

NEEDLES AND PINS.

A PAGE FOR GIRLS.

NEEDLES AND PINS! Don't think this is a trifling subject. I have chosen it with the deliberate, strong conviction, that for you and me, and the most of us,

"Little things, on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven."

Great events don't happen to us more than half-a-dozen times in our lives; then don't wait for them to practise what is pure and lovely, honest, and of good report. You hear often the commercial proverb, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Nobler, and of still more vital consequence, is the charge,—take care of the little duties, the little pleasures, which occur in "the common round, the daily task," and the great heroisms, the blessed boons, will take care of themselves. It is the little foxes that destroy the promise of the vintage.

Needles and Pins bulk largely in your daily life, and often lead to important results; therefore you are not wise if you neglect them, nay, if you do not take them up and turn them to sweet and generous uses.

A case of family quarrel, bitter and inveterate, was reported to the writer, and, in the course of the tale, the speaker had to observe, wonderingly and sorrowfully, "and the cause of the quarrel was needles and pins—nothing more." Yes, so it is, our comfort, women's comfort especially, may be made or marred by Needles and Pins.

Think for yourself, what constituted your happiness at any special time and place? You can hardly tell, but it was a good deal mixed up with sunshine, fresh air, a pleasant path, a fine view, and cheerful or witty company—small influences all of them. And what produced your dissatisfaction on another occasion, and your subsequent aversion to recall the least particular of this other time and place? Clouds, close air, mud, smoke, disagreeable, dull society, and a headache on your own account. Of course, you cannot command sunshine and cheer when you will, but you can com-

mand many causes and effects which are almost equivalents.

You don't need to be fine ladies, or even to move among fine ladies, in order to be gentlewomen. You have only to follow St. Paul's injunction, "Be virtuous." You have only to read it in its deeper, finer readings of self-denial, forbearance, and charity, to rank not nominally but really, among the pleasantest girls and women in the land, so that it may be said of you, as it was said of another girl of whom it was noted in reservation, that she was neither beautiful, learned, nor witty,—

"Men at her side

Grew nobler, girls purer, till through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown."

On to the end—

"She made the grass greener even here by her grave."

And what do you think creates this gracious power? What is it which makes you always pleasant and sweet? Needles and pins. Beginning with them, though not ending with them, beginning and progressing by them day after day.

I would ask you girls, plainly, how much annoyance do you cause your mothers by being troublesome or careless about trifles? You won't eat this, and you won't eat that, though it is perfectly wholesome, and you have no particular dislike to it, just because on the reverse side you have no particular liking for it, and it does not tickle your palate. You will neglect family meals, and so derange the economy of a whole house, and inconvenience or oppress its dependants; or else you will lie in bed in the mornings, and accomplish the same undesirable result, unless papa is particular, and frightens you by his frown or his sharp word. I have been struck by the human judiciousness which shines out in a reverent, simple, eloquent form of family prayers for the present day, in which the head of the house is made to petition for its members, power to resist sloth as well as the seven

deadly sins. I suppose when you do get up early you are apt to be cold and fault-finding and fractious. Do you know that Caroline Chisholm used to test the tempers of her female emigrants, by remarking which tempers were below zero before breakfast? You will squabble about which is to have the first reading of a book; the charge or the freedom from charge of a house; the turn to gad in public, or the turn to dawdle in private; the warmest seat on the hearth-rug; the gayest place at the window; the sweetest morsel of cake; the mellowest bite of peach or pear. Oh, big children! while your poor mother who has learnt self-forgetfulness (as it is hoped you will do one day), from the well-remembered hours she bore about your helplessness as babes and sucklings, is at her wit's end, like the old man and the ass, to please each and all of you. No wonder though you multiply her grey hairs, and shorten the years of her life by your folly. You have most of you, probably, read or heard something of the marvellous literary success of *Adam Bede*? Did you notice how significantly the wise author rendered Hetty fretful at the Squire's feast under the weight of the little pet of the rest? How significantly she made Dinah offend Mrs. Poyser's sense of justice, and win her reluctant admiration, by Dinah's propensity to eat her dinner from the made-up dish, the dish of scraps, the dish least in repute amidst the abundance at the farm-house table. Would you like to consider whether you are in the catalogue of the Hetties or the Dinahs, not in their rank growth, when they were awfully divided, as light from darkness, but in their small beginnings? The measure is before you.

'A faulty girl used to plead, in resistance of all kind remonstrances, against her hardily apportioning to herself a cold seat, or unpalatable walk or visit, "Let me do it. It is an act of domestic chivalry. This is what I call domestic chivalry." Surely you have some enthusiasm for that gallantry of the old knights and their modern representatives—the soldiers who bleed for you, the sailors who perish in your defence in the waste of waters. Though you can never vindicate it in your own persons, you can catch its shadow at an immense distance; it may be such a distance as may separate our work on earth from our work in heaven. You can be gallant girls and women by being easily served, temperate, long-suffering; and remember, every hardship, however slight, borne in a soldier's spirit, proves you as truly good soldiers of Jesus Christ as if you were very grey-headed brigadiers.

Avoid self-consciousness as much as you can; reflect that, having done your best, you are unprofitable servants to your master, and giddy, self-engrossing fellow-workers to your chosen partners in the field. You will be convinced of the lost truth when you and your friends are severed for a time. When you labour alone without the sweet face of your mother bending over you, or the warm hand of your sister clasping yours, or the bold eye of your brother flashing back encouragement upon you when there would be no sparkle in it for his own sake. Life is too short to have any of its dignity and sweetness wasted for Needles and Pins. Since Needles and Pins must play their pigmy part in our dramas, let them be converted, even in their insignificant bluntness and crookedness, into handy little tools for our lives' purposes.

Much of the peevishness and contention which ruin the relations of families, is the effect of the wasted energies and purposeless lives to which custom and the complications of society tend to reduce many women in the present day. But the more weariness, restlessness, and nervousness, are acknowledged to be the diseases of our era, the greater should be the necessity for cultivating betimes the antidotes,—the common graces, like common sense (in danger of becoming least common of any), humility, cheerfulness, and activity, wherewith to pick up and put in their proper places, and generally employ and improve the irksome needles and pins. Believe that the fairest face in a glass is that which flits aside to permit the image of another to be reflected there; the bravest adornment that which costs least care and pain to father and mother; the most delicately spiced morsel that which is eaten after abstinence, the soundest sleep that which is slept after fatigue. Be honourably, kindly obliging, and don't display the curious inconsistency of being eagerly attentive to strangers and slight acquaintances, and by perversity availing yourselves of your very familiarity with your friends and kindred, and their tried affection for you, to be gruffly, crustily disobliging to them. Remember they are entitled to the cream of your intellects and hearts. Copy your patterns, study your books, exchange your opinions, go a-walking, shopping, singing, dancing, in a liberal, tender fashion. Wait for the slow ones, you quick ones, without a grumble, unless it be a merry grumble, to serve as a frolic by the way; help the stupid, awkward performers, you who are naturally skilful and expert, without a sneer or snarl. Ay, be loyal, leal, in small things, if you would live and die to be noble in great ones.

SARAH TYTLER.

A PASTORAL

A SIMPLE shepherd I,
Unskilled to guard or tend
My flocks that wander slow,
But little prized by friend,
But little feared by foe.
Yet sweet and many are the songs I know.

In youth no gentle art
Was mine to learn or teach ;
As shepherds wont, my speech
Was rude, unapt to reach
The ear, or win the heart,
Till, where moist willows grew, a slender reed
I found, and fashioned fitly to my need.

Then from the sedgy brook,
Where yet its kindred shook,
A sigh so deep, so sweet, so piercing broke,
That ere I knew, a sigh
Went back in fond reply,
And on my lips a sudden song awoke.

With each warm tender thing
That thrust its head in spring,
From earth's dark breast, my spirit communed free :
A soul that loves and grieves
Would speak from out the leaves,
The clouds stole down the hill to talk with me.

And oft with unconfessed
Fond instinct, only guessed,
Through some quick pressure, all the silent air
The while I sang, would fill
With light, would throb and thrill
As if a mighty heart were beating there.

And while I sang, the swains
That listened, straight forgot
How fierce upon the plains
The sun, the shepherd's lot
How hard—their slender gains,
Their ceaseless, thankless toils, remembering not.

And while I sang, the maid
On tiptoe unafraid
Would steal at shut of eve, and linger long,
With parted lips and shy,
Sweet, unaverted eye,
Forgetting still the singer in the song.

I sang of war, of love,
Of gods that reign above
In bliss, of men that suffer, still I sang—
Of deeper pangs, of tears
More sweet that fell in years
Of broader flight, while yet our earth was young.

So sang I until song
Forsook me ; I would tell
How this my strain so well
Beloved, beloved, so long,
Fell from my lips, as falls the star,
As falls the leaf, to dwell
(If yet it lives) apart, afar
Like echo shut within a secret dell.

It was the summer prime
Of noon, the sleeping time
Of Pan, no leaflet stirred, yet from the ground,
Whereon I lay, the clear
Low breathing met mine ear
Of woods, rocks, vales, and hills in slumber bound.

And on the air a slow
Sweet shining now would grow,
And o'er the sunny spaces flit and fall,
As if beloved, and fair
Earth softly, unaware
Smiled 'neath the secret of her folded veil.

Beneath the beechen shade
The golden sunbeams strayed
In sleep, my flock slept round me, all was still ;
When from afar I caught
A flute's clear note, methought,
Some shepherd bids me to a contest of sweet skill.

It ceased, and at its close
A Voice in song arose,
So sword-like sweet, it seemed to cleave the thin
Warm air, and still, with soft
Delay, to question oft,
And still to woo, and evermore to win.

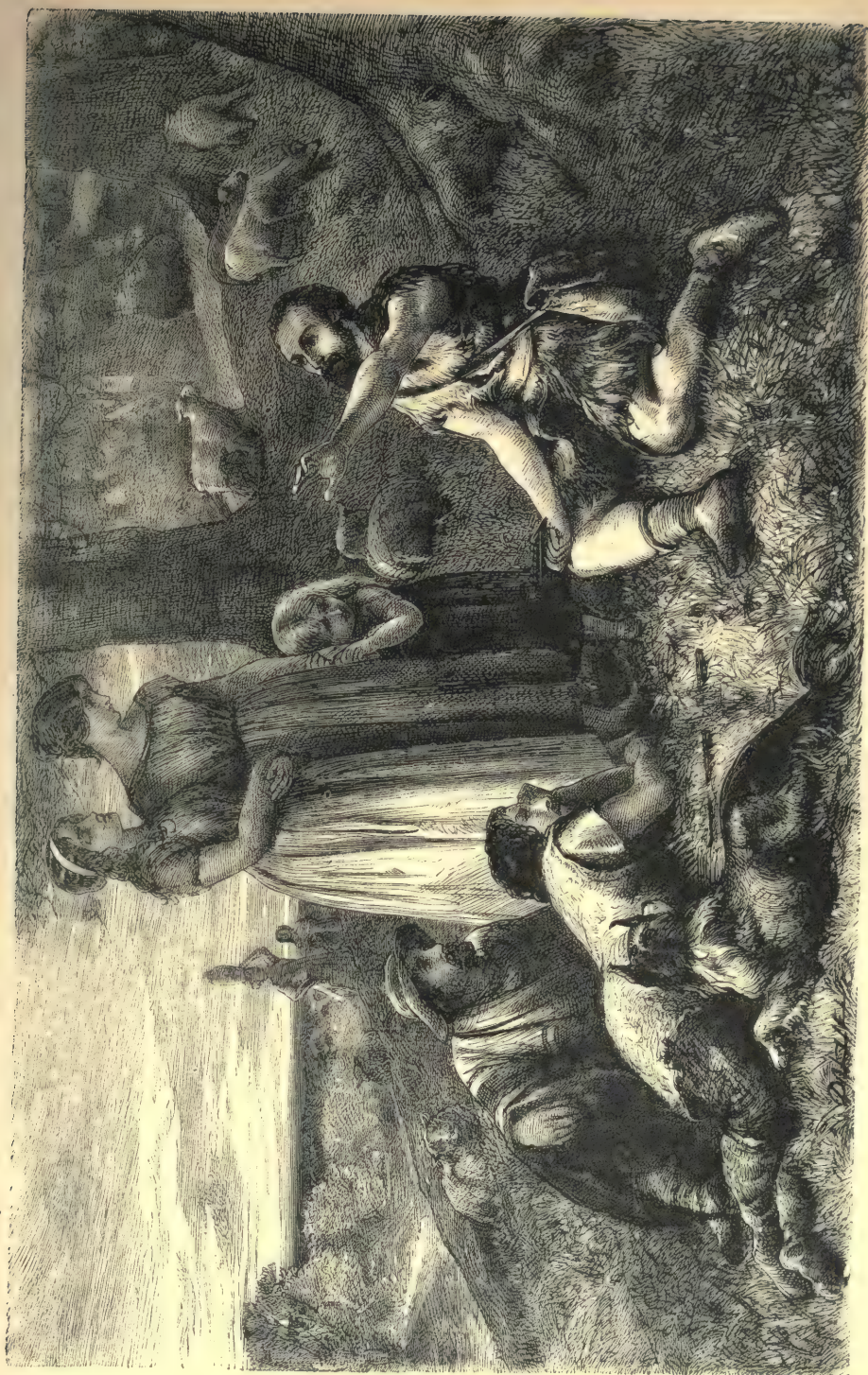
This was no ancient tale
Of flying nymph, or bold
Freehunter, this no old
Fond funeral wail
For Youth slow fading by a fountain's side ;
And yet a high lament
Through all its changes went,
It told of One that loved, it told of One that died.

It told of rude disgrace,
And of an anguished face
It told, methought ; and of a wounded Friend.
Of pain it told, and shame ;
Of love that overcame
Through simple skill of loving to the end.

A silence on the plain,
A silence on the hill,
To hear that song again,
I listen, listen still.
Oh, sweet to me, my vain
Old songs and stories free,
Thy-story, sad and plain,
Is now more sweet to me.

Take, Shepherd, take thy prize,
For who like thee can sing ?
No fleece of mingled dyes,
No apples fair, I bring ;
No smooth two-handled bowl,
Wrought with the claspng vine—
Take, take my heart and soul,
My songs, for they are thine !

Oh ! sing thy song again,
And these of mine may pass
As quick as summer rain
Dries on the thirsty grass.
Thou wouldst not do me wrong,
Thou wilt not silent be ;
Thy one, thy only song
Dear Shepherd, teach to me !



A PASTORAL.



THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

"But, I'm not a widow, and I haven't got two mites."

"My dear, you are a widow, and you have got two mites."

"I'll tell both of you something that will astonish you. I've made a calculation, and I find that if everybody in England would give up their Christmas dinner; that is, in Scotland and Ireland, too—"

"They never have any in Ireland, Bob."

"Hold your tongue till I've done, Charley. They do have Christmas dinners in Ireland. It's pretty nearly the only day that they do, and I don't count much upon them either. But if everybody gave up his special Christmas dinner, and dined as he does on other days, the saving would amount to two millions and a half."

Charley whistled.

"Two millions and a half is a large sum of money," said Mrs. Granger, the elder lady of the party.

"Those calculations never do any good," said the younger lady, who had declared herself not to be a widow.

"Those calculations do a great deal of good," continued Bob, carrying on his argument with continued warmth. "They show us what a great national effort would do."

"A little national effort I should call that," said Mrs. Granger. "But I should doubt the two millions and a half."

"Half a crown a head on thirty million people would do it. You are to include all the beer, wine, and whisky. But suppose you take off one-fifth for the babies and young girls, who don't drink."

"Thank you, Bob," said the younger lady, —Nora Field by name.

"And two more fifths for the poor, who haven't got the half-crown a head," said the elder lady.

"And you'd ruin the grocer and butcher," said Charley.

"And never get your half-crown after all," said Nora.

It need hardly be said that the subject under discussion was the best mode of abstracting from the pockets of the non-suffering British public a sufficiency of money to sustain the suffering portion during the period of the cotton famine. Mr. Granger was the rector of Plumstock, a parish in Cheshire, sufficiently near to the manufacturing districts to give to every incident of life at that time a colouring taken from the distress of the neighbourhood; but which had not itself ever depended on cotton,—for Plumstock boasted that it was purely agricultural. Mr. Granger was the chairman of a branch relief committee, which had

its centre in Liverpool; and the subject of the destitution, with the different modes by which it might be, should be, or should not be relieved, were constantly under discussion in the rectory. Mr. Granger himself was a practical man, somewhat hard in his manners, but by no means hard in his heart, who had in these times taken upon himself the business of alms-begging on a large scale. He declined to look at the matter in a political, statistical, or economical point of view, and answered all questions as to rates, rates in aid, loans, and the Consolidated Fund, with a touch of sarcasm, which showed the bent of his own mind.

"I've no doubt you'll have settled all that in the wisest possible way by the time that the war is over, and the river full of cotton again."

"Father," Bob replied, pointing across the Cheshire flats to the Mersey, "that river will never again be full of American cotton."

"It will be all the same for the present purpose, if it comes from India," said the rector, declining all present argument on the great American question. To collect alms was his immediate work, and he would do nothing else. Five-pound notes, sovereigns, half-crowns, shillings, and pence! In search of these he was urgent, we may almost say day and night, begging with a pertinacity which was disagreeable, but irresistible. The man who gave him five sovereigns, instantly became the mark for another petition. "When you have got your dinner, you have not done with the butcher for ever," he would say in answer to reproaches. "Of course, we must go on as long as this thing lasts." Then his friends and neighbours buttoned up their pockets; but Mr. Granger would extract coin from them even when buttoned.

The two young men who had taken part in the above argument were his sons. The elder, Charles, was at Oxford, but now in these Christmas days—for Christmas was close at hand—had come home. Bob, the second son, was in a merchant's house in Liverpool, intending to become, in the fulness of time, a British merchant prince. It had been hinted to him, however, more than once, that if he would talk a little less, and work a little harder, the path to his principedom would be quicker found than if his present habits were maintained. Nora Field was Mrs. Granger's niece. She was Miss Field, and certainly not a widow in the literal sense of the word; but she was about to become a bride a few weeks after Christmas. "It is spoil from the Amalekites," Mr. Granger had said, when she had paid in some contribution from her slender private stores to his treasury;—"spoil from the Amalekites, and therefore the more precious." He had called Nora Field's two sovereigns spoil from

the Amalekites, because she was about to marry an American.

Frederic Frew, or Frederic F. Frew, as he delighted to hear himself called, for he had been christened Franklin as well as Frederic,—and to an American it is always a point of honour that, at any rate, the initial of his second Christian name should be remembered by all men,—was a Pennsylvanian from Philadelphia; a strong Democrat, according to the politics of his own country, hating the Republicans, as the Tories used to hate the Whigs among us, before political feeling had become extinct; speaking against Lincoln the President, and Seward his minister, and the Fremonts, and Sumners, and Phillipses, and Beechers of the Republican party, fine hard racy words of powerful condemnation, such as used to be spoken against Earl Grey and his followers, but nevertheless as steady for the war as Lincoln, or Seward, or any Republican of them all;—as steady for the war, and as keen in his bitterness against England. His father had been a partner in a house of business, of which the chief station had been in Liverpool. That house had now closed its transactions, and young Frew was living and intended to live an easy idle life on the moderate fortune which had been left to him; but the circumstances of his family affairs had made it necessary for him to pass many months in Liverpool, and during that sojourn he had become engaged to Nora Field. He had travelled much, going everywhere with his eyes open, as Americans do. He knew many things, had read many books, and was decided in his opinion on most subjects. He was good-looking too, and well-mannered; was kindly-hearted, and capable of much generosity. But he was hard, keen in his intelligence, but not broad in his genius, thin and meagre in his aspirations,—not looking to or even desirous of anything great, but indulging a profound contempt for all that is very small. He was a well-instructed, but by no means learned man, who greatly despised those who were ignorant. I fear that he hated England in his heart; but he did not hate Nora Field, and was about to make her his wife in three or four weeks from the present time.

When Nora declared to her aunt that she was not a widow, and that she possessed no two mites, and when her aunt flatly contradicted her, stating that she was a widow, and did possess two mites, they had not intended to be understood by each other literally. It was an old dispute between them. "What the widow gave," said Nora, "she gave off her own poor back, and therefore was very cold. She gave it out of her own poor mouth, and was very hungry afterwards in consequence. I have given my two pounds, but I shall not be cold or hungry. I wish I was a widow with two mites; only, the question is whether I should not keep them for my own back after all, and thus gain nothing by the move."

"As to that," replied her aunt, "I cannot

speak. But the widowhood and two mites are there for us all, if we choose to make use of them."

"In these days," said Bob, "the widows with two mites should not be troubled at all. We can do it all without them if we go to work properly."

"If you had read your Bible properly, sir," said Mrs. Granger, "you would understand that the widows would not thank you for the exemption."

"I don't want the widows to thank me. I only want to live, and allow others to live, according to the existing circumstances of the world." It was manifest from Bob's tone that he regarded his mother as little better than an old fogey.

In January, Nora was to become Mrs. Frederic F. Frew, and be at once taken away to new worlds, new politics, and new loves and hatreds. Like a true, honest-hearted girl as she was, she had already become half an American in spirit. She was an old Union American, and as such was strong against the South; and in return for her fervour in that matter, her future husband consented to abstain from any present loud abuse of things English, and generously allowed her to defend her own country when it was abused. This was much as coming from an American. Let us hope that the same privilege may be accorded to her in her future home in Philadelphia. But in the meantime, during these last weeks of her girlhood, these cold, cruel weeks of desperate want, she strove vigorously to do what little might be in her power for the poor of the country she was leaving. All this want had been occasioned by the wretched rebels of the South. This was her theory. And she was right in much of this. Whether the Americans of the South are wretched or are rebels we will not say here; but of this there can be no doubt, that they have created all this misery which we are enduring. "But I have no way of making myself a widow," she said again. "Uncle Robert would not let me give away the cloak he gave me the other day."

"He would have to give you another," said Mrs. Granger.

"Exactly. It is not so easy, after all, to be a widow with two mites!"

Nora Field had no fortune of her own, nor was her uncle in a position to give her any. He was not a poor man; but, like many men who are not poor, he had hardly a pound of his own in the shape of ready money. To Nora and to her cousins, and to certain other first cousins of the same family, had been left, some eighteen months since, by a grandaunt, a hundred pounds apiece, and with this hundred pounds Nora was providing for herself her wedding *trousseau*. A hundred pounds do not go far in such provision, as some young married women who may read this will perhaps acknowledge; but Mr. Frederic F. Frew had been told all about it, and he was contented. Miss Field was fond of nice clothes, and had been tempted more than once to wish that her great-

aunt had left them all two hundred pounds apiece instead of one.

"If I were to cast in my wedding veil?" said Nora.

"That will be your husband's property," said her aunt.

"Ah, but before I'm married."

"Then why have it at all?"

"It is ordered, you know."

"Couldn't you bedizen yourself with one made of false lace?" said her uncle. "Frew would never find it out, and that would be a most satisfactory spoiling of the Amalekite."

"He isn't an Amalekite, uncle Robert. Or if he is, I'm another."

"Just so; and therefore false lace will be quite good enough for you. Molly"—Mrs. Granger's name was Molly—"I've promised to let them have the use of the great boiler in the back-kitchen once a week, and you are to furnish them with fuel."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Granger, upon whose active charity this loan of her own kitchen boiler made a strain that was almost too severe. But she recovered herself in half a minute. "Very well, my dear. But you won't expect any dinner on that day."

"No; I shall expect no dinner; only some food in the rough. You may boil that in the copper too, if you like it."

"You know, my dear, you don't like anything boiled."

"As for that, Molly, I don't suppose any of them like it. They'd all prefer roast-mutton."

"The copper will be your two mites," whispered the niece.

"Only I have not thrown them in of my own accord," said Mrs. Granger.

Mr. Frew, who was living in Liverpool, always came over to Plumstock on Friday evening, and spent Saturday and Sunday with the rector and his family. For him those Saturdays were happy days, for Frederic F. Frew was a good lover. He liked to be with Nora, to walk with her, and to talk with her. He liked to show her that he loved her, and to make himself gracious and pleasant. I am not so sure that his coming was equally agreeable to Mr. Granger. Mr. Frew would talk about American politics, praising the feeling and spirit of his countrymen in the North; whereas Mr. Granger, when driven into the subject, was constrained to make a battle for the South. All his prejudices, and what he would have called his judgment, went with the South; and he was not ashamed of his opinion; but he disliked arguing with Frederic F. Frew. I fear it must be confessed that Frederic F. Frew was too strong for him in such arguments. Why it should be so I cannot say; but an American argues more closely on politics than does an Englishman. His convictions are not the truer on that account; very often the less true, as are the conclusions of a logician,

because he trusts to syllogisms which are often false, instead of to the experience of his life and daily workings of his mind. But though not more true in his political convictions than an Englishman, he is more unanswerable, and therefore Mr. Granger did not care to discuss the subject of the American war with Frederic F. Frew.

"It riles me," Frew said, as he sat after dinner in the Plumstock drawing-room on the Friday evening before Christmas day, "to hear your folks talking of our elections. They think the war will come to an end, and the rebels of the South have their own way, because the Democrats have carried their ticket."

"It will have that tendency," said the parson.

"Not an inch; any more than your carrying the Reform Bill or repealing the Corn Laws had a tendency to put down the throne. It's the same sort of argument. Your two parties were at daggers' drawn about the Reform Bill; but that did not cause you to split on all other matters."

"But the throne wasn't in question," said the parson.

"Nor is the war in question; not in that way. The most popular Democrat in the States at this moment is M'Clellan—"

"And they say no one is so anxious to see the war ended."

"Whoever says so slanders him. If you don't trust his deeds, look at his words."

"I believe in neither," said the parson.

"Then put him aside as a nobody. But you can't do that, for he is the man whom the largest party in the Northern States trusts most implicitly. The fact is, sir"—and Frederic F. Frew gave the proper twang to the last letter of the last word—"you, none of you here, understand our politics. You can't realize the blessings of a—"

"Molly, give me some tea," said the rector, in a loud voice. When matters went as far as this he did not care by what means he stopped the voice of his future relative.

"All I say is this," continued Frew, "you will find out your mistake if you trust to the Democratic elections to put an end to the war, and bring cotton back to Liverpool."

"And what is to put an end to the war?" asked Nora.

"Victory and union," said Frederic F. Frew.

"Exhaustion," said Charley from Oxford.

"Compromise," said Bobby from Liverpool.

"The Lord Almighty, when he shall have done his work," said the parson. "And, in the meantime, Molly, do you keep plenty of fire under the kitchen boiler?"

That was clearly the business of the present hour for all in Mr. Granger's part of the country;—we may say, indeed, for all on Mr. Granger's side of the water. It mattered little, then, in Lancashire, whether New York might have a Democratic or a Republican governor. The old cotton had been burned; the present crop could not be garnered;

the future crop—the crop which never would be future, could not get itself sown. Mr. Granger might be a slow politician, but he was a practical man, understanding the things immediately around him; and they all were aware—Frederic F. Frew with the rest of them—that he was right when he bade his wife keep the fire well hot beneath the kitchen boiler.

“Isn't it almost wicked to be married in such a time as this?” It was much later in the evening when Nora, still troubled in her mind about her widow's mite, whispered these words into her lover's ears. If she were to give up her lover for twelve months, would not that be a throwing in of something to the treasury from off her own back and out of her own mouth? But then this matter of her marriage had been so fully settled that she feared to think of disturbing it. He would never consent to such a postponement. And then the offering, to be of avail for her, must be taken from her own back, not from his; and Nora had an idea that in the making of such an offering as that suggested, Mr. Frederic F. Frew would conceive that he had contributed by far the greater part. Her uncle called him an Amalekite, and she doubted whether it would be just to spoil an Amalekite after such a fashion as that. Nevertheless, into his ears she whispered her little proposition.

“Wicked to get married!” said Frederic. “Not according to my idea of the Christian religion.”

“Oh! but you know what I mean;” and she gave his arm a slight caressing pinch. At this time her uncle had gone to his own room; her cousins had gone to their studies,—by which I believe they intended to signify the proper smoking of a pipe of tobacco in the rectory kitchen; and Mrs. Granger, seated in her easy-chair, had gone to her slumbers, dreaming of the amount of fuel with which that kitchen boiler must be supplied.

“I shall bring a breach of promise against you,” said Frederic, “if you don't appear in church with bridal array on Monday, the 12th of January, and pay the pounds into the war-treasury. That would be a spoiling of the Amalekite.” Then he got hold of the fingers which had pinched him.

“Of course I shan't put it off, unless you agree.”

“Of course you won't.”

“But, dear Fred, don't you think we ought?”

“No; certainly not. If I thought you were in earnest I would scold you.”

“I am in earnest—quite. You need not look in that way, for you know very well how truly I love you. You know I want to be your wife above all things.”

“Do you?” And then he began to insinuate his arm round her waist; but she got up and moved away, not as in anger at his caress, but as showing that the present moment was unfit for it.

“I do,” she said, “above all things. I love you so well that I could hardly bear to see you go away again without taking me with you. I could hardly bear it,—but I could bear it.”

“Could you? Then I couldn't. I'm a weaker vessel than you, and your strength must give way to my weakness.”

“I know I've no right to tax you,—if you really care about it.” Frederic F. Frew made no answer to this in words, but pursued her in her retreat from the sofa on which they had sat.

“Don't, Fred. I am so much in earnest. I wish I knew what I ought to do to throw in my two mites.”

“Not throw me over certainly, and break all the promises you have made for the last twelve months. You can't be in earnest. It's out of the question, you know.”

“Oh! I am in earnest.”

“I never heard of such a thing in my life. What good would it do? It wouldn't bring the cotton in. It wouldn't feed the poor. It wouldn't keep your aunt's boiler hot.”

“No; that it wouldn't,” said Mrs. Granger, starting up; “and coals are such a terrible price.” Then she went to sleep again, and ordered in large supplies in her dreams.

“But I should have done as much as the widow did. Indeed I should, Fred. Oh, dear!—to have to give you up! But I only meant for a year.”

“As you are so very fond of me”—

“Of course, I'm fond of you. Should I let you do like that if I was not?” At the moment of her speaking he had again got his arm round her waist.

“Then I'm too charitable to allow you to postpone your happiness for a day. We'll look at it in that way.”

“You won't understand me, or rather you do understand me, and pretend that you don't, which is very wrong.”

“I always was very wicked.”

“Then why don't you make yourself better? Do not you too wish to be a widow? You ought to wish it.”

“I should like to have an opportunity of trying married life first.”

“I won't stay any longer with you, sir, because you are scoffing. Aunt, I'm going to bed.” Then she returned again across the room, and whispered to her lover: “I'll tell you what, sir; I'll marry you on Monday the 12th of January, if you'll take me just as I am now: with a bonnet on, and a shawl over my dress: exactly as I walked out with you before dinner. When I made the promise, I never said anything about fine clothes.”

“You may come in an old red cloak, if you like it.”

“Very well; now mind I've got your consent. Good-night, sir. After all it will only be half a mite.” She had turned towards the door, and had her hand upon the lock; but she came back into the room, close up to him. “It will not be a quarter of a mite,” she said. “How can it be anything if I get you?” Then she kissed him, and hurried away out of the room, before he could again speak to her.

"What, what, what!" said Mrs. Granger, waking up. "So Nora has gone, has she?"

"Gone; yes, just this minute," said Frew, who had turned his face to the fire, so that the tear in his eyes might not be seen. As he took himself off to his bed, he swore to himself that Nora Field was a trump, and that he had done well in securing for himself such a wife; but it never occurred to him that she was in any way in earnest about her wedding-dress. She was a trump because she was so expressive in her love to himself, and because her eyes shone so brightly when she spoke eagerly on any matter; but as to her appearing at the altar in a red cloak, or, as was more probable, in her own customary thick woollen shawl, he never thought about it. Of course she would be married as other girls are married.

Nor had Nora thought of it till that moment in which she made the proposition to her lover. As she had said before, her veil was ordered, and so was her white silk dress. Her bonnet also had been ordered, with its bridal wreath, and the other things assorting therewith. A vast hole was to be made in her grandaunt's legacy for the payment of all this finery; but, as Mrs. Granger had said to her, in so spending it, she would best please her future husband. He had enough of his own, and would not care that she should provide herself with articles which he could afterwards give her, at the expense of that little smartness at his wedding which an American likes, at any rate, as well as an Englishman. Nora, with an honesty which some ladies may not admire, had asked her lover the question in the plainest language. "You will have to buy my things so much the sooner," she had said. "I'd buy them all to-morrow, only you'll not let me." "I should rather think not, Master Fred." Then she had gone off with her aunt, and ordered her wedding-clothes. But now as she prepared for bed after the conversation which has just been recorded, she began to think in earnest whether it would not be well to dispense with white silk and orange wreaths while so many were dispensing with—were forced to dispense with bread and fuel. Could she bedizen herself with finery from Liverpool, while her uncle was, as she well knew, refusing himself a set of new shirts which he wanted sorely, in order that he might send to the fund at Liverpool the money which they would cost him. He was throwing in his two mites daily, as was her aunt, who toiled unceasingly at woollen shawls and woollen stockings, so that she went on knitting even in her sleep. But she, Nora, since the earnestness of these bad days began, had done little or nothing. Her needle, indeed, had been very busy, but it had been busy in preparation for Mr. Frederic F. Frew's nuptials. Even Bob and Charley worked for the Relief Committee; but she had done nothing: nothing but given her two pounds. She had offered four, but her uncle, with a self-restraint never before or afterwards practised by him, had chucked her back two, saying that he would not be

too hard even upon an Amalekite. As she thought of the word, she asked herself whether it was not more incumbent on her, than on any one else, to do something in the way of self-sacrifice. She was now a Briton, but would shortly be an American. Should it be said of her that the mistress of her own countrywomen, the countrywomen whom she was leaving, did not wring her heart? It was not without a pang that she prepared to give up that nationality, which all its owners rank as the first in the world, and all who do not own it, rank, if not as the first, then as the second. Now it seemed to her as though she were deserting her own family in its distress, deserting her own ship in the time of its storm, and she was going over to those from whom this distress and this storm had come! Was it not needful that she should do something; that she should satisfy herself that she had been willing to suffer in the cause?

She would throw in her two mites if she only knew where to find them. "I could only do it in truth," she said to herself, as she rose from her prayers, "by throwing in him. I have got one very great treasure, but I have not got anything else that I care about. After all, it isn't so easy to be a widow with two mites." Then she sat down and thought about it. As to postponing her marriage, that she knew to be in truth quite out of the question. Even if she could bring herself to do it, everybody about her would say that she was mad, and Mr. Frederic F. Frew might not impossibly destroy himself with one of those pretty revolvers which he sometimes brought out from Liverpool for her to play with. But was it not practicable for her to give up her wedding-clothes? There would be considerable difficulty even in this. As to their having been ordered, that might be overcome by the sacrifice of some portion of the price. But then her aunt and even her uncle would oppose her; her cousins would cover her with ridicule—in the latter matter she might, however, achieve something of her widowhood;—and, after all, the loss would fall more upon F. F. Frew than upon herself. She really did not care for herself in what clothes she was married, so that she was made his wife. But as regarded him, might it not be disagreeable to him to stand before the altar with a dowdy creature in an old gown? And then there was one other consideration. Would it not seem that she was throwing in her two mites publicly before the eyes of all men, as a Pharisee might do it? Would there not be an ostentation in her widowhood? But as she continued to reflect, she cast this last thought behind her. It might be so said of her, but if such saying were untrue, if the offering were made in a widow's spirit, and not in the spirit of a Pharisee, would it not be cowardly to regard what men might say? Such false accusation would make some part of the two mites. "I'll go into Liverpool about it on Monday," she said to herself as she finally tucked the clothes around her.

Early in the following morning she was up and

out of her room, with the view of seeing her aunt before she came down to breakfast ; but the first person she met was her uncle. He accosted her in one of the passages. "What, Nora, this is early for you ! Are you going to have a morning lovers' walk with Frederic Franklin ?"

"Frederic Franklin, as you choose to call him, uncle, never comes out of his room much before breakfast time. And it's raining hard."

"Such a lover as he is ought not to mind rain."

"But I should mind it, very much. But, uncle, I want to speak to you, very seriously. I have been making up my mind about something."

"There's nothing wrong, is there, my dear ?"

"No ; there's nothing very wrong. It is not exactly about anything being wrong. I hardly know how to tell you what it is." And then she paused, and he could see by the light of the candle in his hand that she blushed.

"Hadn't you better speak to your aunt ?" said Mr. Granger.

"That's what I meant to do when I got up," said Nora ; "but as I have met you, if you don't mind—"

He assured her that he did not mind, and putting his hand upon her shoulder caressingly, promised her any assistance in his power. "I'm not afraid that you will ask anything I ought not to do for you."

Then she revealed to him her scheme, turning her face away from him as she spoke. "It will be so horrid," she said, "to have a great box of finery coming home when you are all giving up everything for the poor people. And if you don't think it would be wrong—"

"It can't be wrong," said her uncle. "It may be a question whether it would be wise."

"I mean wrong to him. If it was to be any other clergyman, I should be ashamed of it. But as you are to marry us—"

"I don't think you need mind about the clergyman."

"And of course I should tell the Foster girls."

"The Foster girls ?"

"Yes ; they are to be my bridesmaids, and I am nearly sure they have not bought anything new yet. Of course they would think it all very dowdy, but I don't care a bit about that. I should just tell them that we had all made up our minds that we couldn't afford wedding-clothes. That would be true ; wouldn't it ?"

"But the question is about that wild American."

"He isn't a wild American."

"Well, then ; about that tamed American. What will he say ?"

"He said I might come in an old cloak."

"You have told him, then ?"

"But I'm afraid he thought I was only joking. But, uncle, if you'll help me, I think I can bring him round."

"I daresay you can—to anything, just at present."

"I didn't at all mean that. Indeed, I'm sure I couldn't bring him round to putting off the marriage."

"No, no, no ; not to that ; to anything else."

"I know you are laughing at me, but I don't much mind being laughed at. I should save very nearly fifteen pounds, if not quite. Think of that."

"And you'd give it all to the soup-kitchen ?"

"I'd give it all to you for the distress."

Then her uncle spoke to her somewhat gravely. "You're a good girl, Nora ; a dear good girl. I think I understand your thoughts on this matter, and I love you for them. But I doubt whether there be any necessity for you to make this sacrifice. A marriage should be a gala festival according to the means of the people married, and the bridegroom has a right to expect that his bride shall come to him fairly arrayed, and bright with wedding trappings. I think we can do, my pet, without robbing you of your little braveries."

"Oh, as for that, of course you can do without me."

There was a little soreness in her tone ; not because she was feeling herself to be misunderstood, but because she knew that she could not explain herself further. She could not tell her uncle that the poor among the Jews might have been relieved without the contribution of those two mites, but that the widow would have lost all had she not so contributed. She had hardly arranged her thoughts as to the double blessing of charity, and certainly could not express them with reference to her own case ; but she felt the need of giving in this time of trouble something that she herself valued. She was right when she had said that it was hard to be a widow. How many among us, when we give, give from off our own backs, and from out of our own mouths ? Who can say that he has sacrificed a want of his own ; that he has abandoned a comfort ; that he has worn a thread-bare coat, when coats with their gloss on have been his customary wear ; that he has fared roughly on cold scraps, whereas a well-spread board has been his usual daily practice ? He who has done so, has thrown in his two mites, and for him will charity produce her double blessing.

Nora thought that it was not well in her uncle to tell her that he could do without her wedding-clothes. Of course he could do without them. But she soon threw those words behind her, and went back upon the words which had preceded them : "The bridegroom has a right to expect that the bride shall come to him fairly arrayed." After all, that must depend upon circumstances. Suppose the bride had no means of arraying herself fairly without getting into debt ; what would the bridegroom expect in that case ? "If he'll consent, you will ?" she said, as she prepared to leave her uncle.

"You'll drive him to offer to pay for the things himself."

"I daresay he will, and then he'll drive me to refuse. You may be quite sure of this, uncle, that whatever clothes I do wear, he will never see the bill of them;" and then that conference was ended.

"I've made that calculation again," said Bob at breakfast, "and I feel convinced that if an Act of Parliament could be passed restricting the consumption of food in Christmas week, the entire week, mind, to that of ordinary weeks, we should get two millions of money, and that those two millions would tide us over till the Indian cotton comes in. Of course I mean by food, butchers' meat, groceries, spirits, and wines. Only think, that by one measure, which would not entail any real disappointment on any one, the whole thing would be done."

"But the Act of Parliament wouldn't give us the money," said his father.

"Of course I don't really mean an Act of Parliament; that would be absurd. But the people might give up their Christmas dinners."

"A great many will, no doubt. Many of those most in earnest are pretty nearly giving up their daily dinners. Those who are indifferent will go on feasting the same as ever. You can't make a sacrifice obligatory."

"It would be no sacrifice if you did," said Nora, still thinking of her wedding-clothes.

"I doubt whether sacrifices ever do any real good," said Frederic F. Frew.

"Oh, Fred!" said Nora.

"We have rather high authority as to the benefit of self-denial," said the parson.

"A man who can't sacrifice himself must be selfish," said Bobby; "and we are all agreed to hate selfish people."

"And what about the widow's mite?" said Mrs. Granger.

"That's all very well, and you may knock me down with the Bible if you like, as you might do also if I talked about pre-Adamite formations. I believe every word of the Bible, but I do not believe that I understand it all thoroughly."

"You might understand it better if you studied it more," said the parson.

"Very likely. I won't be so uncourteous as to say the same thing of my elders. But now, about these sacrifices. You wouldn't wish to keep people in distress that you might benefit yourself by releasing them?"

"But the people in distress are there," said Nora.

"They oughtn't to be there; and as your self-sacrifices, after all, are very insufficient to prevent distress, there certainly seems to be a question open whether some other mode should not be tried. Give me the country in which the humanitarian principle is so exercised that no one shall be degraded by the receipt of charity. It seems to me that you like poor people here in England that you may gratify yourselves by giving them, not as much to eat as they want, but just enough to keep their skins

from falling off their bones. Charity may have its double blessing, but it may also have its double curse."

"Not charity, Mr. Frew," said Mrs. Granger.

"Look at your Lady Bountifuls."

"Of course it depends on the heart," continued the lady; "but charity, if it be charity"—

"I'll tell you what," said Frederic F. Frew, interrupting her. "In Philadelphia, which in some matters is the best organized city I know"—

"I'm going down to the village," said the parson, jumping up; "who is to come with me?" and he escaped out of the room before Frew had had an opportunity of saying a word further about Philadelphia.

"That's the way with your uncle always," said he, turning to Nora, almost in anger. "It certainly is the most conclusive argument I know—that of running away."

"Mr. Granger meant it to be conclusive," said the elder lady.

"But the pity is that it never convinces."

"Mr. Granger probably had no desire of convincing."

"Ah! Well, it does not signify," said Frew. "When a man has a pulpit of his own, why should he trouble himself to argue in any place where counter arguments must be met and sustained?"

Nora was almost angry with her lover, whom she regarded as stronger and more clever than any of her uncle's family, but tyrannical and sometimes overbearing in the use of his strength. One by one her aunt and cousin left the room, and she was left alone with him. He had taken up a newspaper as a refuge in his wrath, for in truth he did not like the manner in which his allusions to his own country were generally treated at the parsonage. There are Englishmen who think that every man differing with them is bound to bet with them on any point in dispute. "Then you decline to back your opinion," such men say when the bet is refused. The feeling of an American is the same as to those who are unwilling to argue with him. He considers that every intelligent being is bound to argue whenever matter of argument is offered to him; nor can he understand that any subject may be too sacred for argument. Frederic F. Frew, on the present occasion, was as a dog from whose very mouth a bone had been taken. He had given one or two loud, open growls, and now sat with his newspaper, showing his teeth as far as the spirit of the thing went. And it was in this humour that Nora found herself called upon to attack him on the question of her own proposed charity. She knew well that he could bark, even at her, if things went wrong with him. "But then he never bites," she said to herself. He had told her that she might come to her wedding in an old cloak if she pleased, but she had understood that there was nothing serious in this permission. Now, at this very moment, it was incumbent on her to open his eyes to the reality of her intention.

"Fred," she said, "are you reading that newspaper because you are angry with me?"

"I am reading the newspaper because I want to know what there is in it."

"You know all that now, just as well as if you had written it. Put it down, sir!" And she put her hand on to the top of the sheet. "If we are to be married in three weeks' time, I expect that you will be a little attentive to me now. You'll read as many papers as you like after that, no doubt."

"Upon my word, Nora, I think your uncle is the most unfair man I ever met in my life."

"Perhaps he thinks the same of you, and that will make it equal."

"He can't think the same of me. I defy him to think that I'm unfair. There's nothing so unfair as hitting a blow, and then running away when the time comes for receiving the counter-blow. It's what your Lord Chatham did, and he never ought to have been listened to in Parliament again."

"That's a long time ago," said Nora, who probably felt that her lover should not talk to her about Lord Chatham just three weeks before their marriage.

"I don't know that the time makes any difference."

"Ah;—but I have got something else that I want to speak about. And, Fred, you mustn't turn up your nose at what we are all doing here,—as to giving away things, I mean."

"I don't turn up my nose at it. Haven't I been begging of every American in Liverpool till I'm ashamed of myself?"

"I know you have been very good, and now you must be more good still,—good to me specially, I mean— That isn't being good. That's only being foolish." What little ceremony had led to this last assertion I need not perhaps explain. "Fred, I'm an Englishwoman to-day, but in a month's time I shall be an American."

"I hope so, Nora,—heart and soul."

"Yes, that is what I mean. Whatever is my husband's country must be mine. And you know how well I love your country; do you not? I never run away when you talk to me about Philadelphia,—do I? And you know how I admire all your institutions—my institutions, as they will be."

"Now, I know you're going to ask some very great favour."

"Yes, I am; and I don't mean to be refused, Master Fred. I'm to be an American almost to-morrow, but as yet I am an Englishwoman, and I am bound to do what little I can before I leave my country. Don't you think so?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, it's about my wedding-clothes. It does seem stupid talking about them, I know. But I want you to let me do without them altogether. Now you've got the plain truth. I want to give

uncle Robert the money for his soup-kitchen, and to be married just as I am now. I do not care one straw what any other creature in the world may say about it, so long as I do not displease you."

"I think it's nonsense, Nora."

"Oh, Fred, don't say so. I have set my heart upon it. I'll do anything for you afterwards. Indeed, for the matter of that, I'd do anything on earth for you, whether you agree or whether you do not. You know that."

"But, Nora, you wouldn't wish to make yourself appear foolish? How much money will you save?"

"Very nearly twenty pounds altogether."

"Let me give you twenty pounds, so that you may leave it with your uncle by way of your two mites, as you call it."

"No, no; certainly not. I might just as well send you the milliner's bill; might I not?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't do that."

"Ah, but I do. You wouldn't wish me to be guilty of the pretence of giving a thing away, and then doing it out of your pocket. I have no doubt that what you were saying about the evil of promiscuous charity is quite true." And then, as she flattered him with this wicked flattery, she looked up with her bright eyes into his face. "But now, as the things are, we must be charitable, or the people will die. I feel almost like a rat leaving a falling house, in going away at this time; and if you would postpone it—"

"Nora!"

"Then I must be like a rat; but I won't be a rat in a white silk gown. Come now, say that you agree. I never asked you for anything before."

"Everybody will think that you're mad, and that I'm mad, and that we are all mad together."

"Because I go to church in a merino dress? Well; if that makes madness, let us be mad. Oh, Fred, do not refuse me the first thing I've asked you! What difference will it make? Nobody will know it over in Philadelphia!"

"Then you are ashamed of it?"

"No; not ashamed. Why should I be ashamed? But one does not wish to have that sort of thing talked about by everybody."

"And you are so strong-minded, Nora, that you do not care about finery yourself?"

"Fred, that's ill-natured. You know very well what my feelings are. You are sharp enough to understand them without any further explanation. I do like finery; quite well enough, as you'll find out to your cost some day. And if ever you scold me for extravagance, I shall tell you about this."

"It's downright Quixotism."

"Quixotism leads to nothing, but this will lead to twenty pounds' worth of soup;—and to something else too."

When he pressed her to explain what that something else was, she declined to speak further on the subject. She could not tell him that the satisfaction she desired was that of giving up something,—of having made a sacrifice,—of having thrown into the treasury her two mites,—two mites off her own back, as she had said to her aunt, and out of her own mouth. He had taxed her with indifference to a woman's usual delight in gay plumage, and had taxed her most unjustly. "He ought to know," she said to herself, "that I should not take all this trouble about it, unless I did care for it." But, in truth, he did understand her motives thoroughly, and half approved them. He approved the spirit of self-abandonment, but disapproved the false political economy by which, according to his light, that spirit was accompanied. "After all," said he, "the widow would have done better to have invested her small capital in some useful trade."

"Oh, Fred,—but never mind now. I have your consent, and now I've only got to talk over my aunt." So saying, she left her lover to turn over in his mind the first principles of that large question of charity.

"The giving of pence and halfpence, of scraps of bread and supps of soup, is, after all, but the charity of a barbarous, half-civilized race. A dog would let another dog starve before he gave him a bone, and would see his starved fellow-dog die without a pang. We have just got beyond that, only beyond that, as long as we dole out supps of soup. But Charity, when it shall have made itself perfect, will have destroyed this little trade of giving, which makes the giver vain and the receiver humble. The Charity of the large-hearted is that which opens to every man the profit of his own industry; to every man and to every woman." Then having gratified himself with the enunciation of this fine theory, he allowed his mind to run away to a smaller subject, and began to think of his own wedding garments. If Nora insisted on carrying out this project of hers, in what guise must he appear on the occasion? He also had ordered new clothes. "It's just the sort of thing that they'll make a story of in Chestnut Street." Chestnut Street, as we all know, is the West End of Philadelphia.

When the morning came of the twelfth of January,—the morning that was to make Nora Field a married woman, she had carried her point; but she was not allowed to feel that she had carried it triumphantly. Her uncle had not forbidden her scheme, but had never encouraged it. Her lover had hardly spoken to her on the subject since the day on which she had explained to him her intention. "After all, it's a mere bagatelle," he had said; "I am not going to marry your clothes." One of her cousins, Bob, had approved; but he had coupled his approval with an intimation that something should be done to prevent any other woman

from wearing bridal wreaths for the next three months. Charley had condemned her altogether, pointing out that it was bad policy to feed the cotton spinners at the expense of the milliners. But the strongest opposition had come from her aunt and the Miss Fosters. Mrs. Granger, though her heart was in the battle, which her husband was fighting, could not endure to think that all the time-honoured ceremonies of her life should be abandoned. In spite of all that was going on around her, she had insisted on having mince-pies on the table on Christmas-day. True, there were not many of them, and they were small and flavourless. But the mince-pies were there, with whisky to burn with them instead of brandy, if any of the party chose to go through the ceremony. And to her the idea of a wedding without wedding-clothes was very grievous. It was she who had told Nora that she was a widow with two mites, or might make herself one, if she chose to encounter self-sacrifice. But in so saying she had by no means anticipated such a widowhood as this. "I really think, Nora, you might have one of those thinner silks, and you might do without a wreath; but you should have a veil,—indeed you should." But Nora was obstinate. Having overcome her future lord, and quieted her uncle, she was not at all prepared to yield to the mild remonstrances of her aunt. The two Miss Fosters were very much shocked, and for three days there was a disagreeable coolness between them and the Plumstock family. A friend's bridal is always an occasion for a new dress, and the Miss Fosters naturally felt that they were being robbed of their rights.

"Sensible girl," said old Foster, when he heard of it. "When you're married, if ever you are, I hope you'll do the same."

"Indeed we won't, papa," said the two Miss Fosters. But the coolness gradually subsided, and the two Miss Fosters consented to attend in their ordinary Sunday bonnets.

It had been decided that they should be married early, at eight o'clock; that they should then go to the parsonage for breakfast, and that the married couple should start for London immediately afterwards. They were to remain there for a week, and then return to Liverpool for one other remaining week before their final departure for America. "I should only have had them on for about an hour if I'd got them, and then it would have been almost dark," she said to her aunt.

"Perhaps it won't signify very much," her aunt replied. Then when the morning came, it seemed that the sacrifice had dwindled down to a very little thing. The two Miss Fosters had come to the parsonage over night, and as they sat up with the bride over a bed-room fire, had been good-natured enough to declare that they thought it would be very good fun.

"You won't have to get up in the cold to dress me," said Nora, "because I can do it all myself; that will be one comfort."

"Oh, we shouldn't have minded that; and as it is, of course, we'll turn you out nice. You'll wear one of your other new dresses; won't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; just what I'm to travel in. It isn't very old. Do you know after all I'm not sure that it isn't a great deal better."

"I suppose it will be the same thing in the end," said the younger Miss Foster.

"Of course it will," said the elder.

"And there won't be all that bother of changing my dress," said Nora.

Frederick F. Frew came out to Plumstock by an early train from Liverpool, bringing with him a countryman of his own as his friend on the occasion. It had been explained to the friend that he was to come in his usual habiliments.

"Oh, nonsense," said the friend, "I guess I'll see you turned off in a new waistcoat." But Frederick F. Frew had made it understood that an old waistcoat was imperative.

"It's something about the cotton, you know. They're all beside themselves here, as though there was never going to be a bit more in the country to eat. That's England all over. Never mind; do you come just as if you were going into your counting-house. Brown cotton gloves, with a hole in the thumbs, will be the thing, I should say."

There were candles on the table when they were all assembled in the parsonage drawing-room previous to the marriage. The two gentlemen were there first. Then came Mrs. Granger, who rather frightened Mr. Frew by kissing him, and telling him that she should always regard him as a son-in-law.

"Nora has always been like one of ourselves, you know," she said, apologizingly.

"And let me tell you, Master Frew," said the parson, "that you're a very lucky fellow to get her."

"I say, isn't it cold?" said Bob, coming in—"where are the girls?"

"Here are the girls," said Miss Foster, heading the procession of three which now entered the room, Nora, of course, being the last. Then Nora was kissed by everybody, including the strange American gentleman, who seemed to have made some mistake as to his privilege in the matter. But it all passed off very well, and I doubt if Nora knew who kissed her. It was very cold, and they were all wrapped close in their brown shawls and greatcoats, and the women looked very snug and comfortable in their ordinary winter bonnets.

"Come," said the parson, "we mustn't wait for Charley; he'll follow us to church." So the uncle took his niece on his arm, and the two Americans took the two bridesmaids, and Bob took his mother, and went along the beaten path over the snow to the church, and, as they got to the door, Charley rushed after them quite out of breath.

"I haven't even got a pair of gloves at all," he whispered to his mother.

"It doesn't matter; nobody's to know," said Mrs. Granger.

Nora by this time had forgotten the subject of her dress altogether, and it may be doubted if even the Misses Foster were as keenly alive to it as they thought they would have been. For myself, I think they all looked more comfortable on that cold winter morning without the finery which would have been customary than they could have done with it. It had seemed to them all beforehand that a marriage without veils and wreaths, without white gloves and new gay dresses, would be but a *triste* affair; but the idea passed away altogether when the occasion came. Mr. Granger and his wife and the two lads clustered round Nora as they made themselves ready for the ceremony, uttering words of warm love, and it seemed as though even the clerk and the servants took nothing amiss. Frederick F. Frew had met with a rebuff in the hall of the parsonage, in being forbidden to take his own bride under his own arm; but when the time for action came, he bore no malice, but went through his work manfully. On the whole, it was a pleasant wedding, homely, affectionate, full of much loving greeting; not without many sobs on the part of the bride and of Mrs. Granger, and some slight suspicion of an eagerly-removed tear in the parson's eye; but this, at any rate, was certain, that the wedding-clothes were not missed. When they all sat down to their breakfast in the parsonage dining-room, that little matter had come to be clean forgotten. No one knew, not even the Misses Foster, that there was anything at all extraordinary in their garb. Indeed, as to all gay apparel, we may say that we only miss it by comparison. It is very sad to be the wearer of the only frock-coat in company, to carry the one solitary black silk handkerchief at a dinner party. But I do not know but that a dozen men so arrayed do not seem to be as well dressed as though they had obeyed the latest rules of fashion as to their garments. One thing, however, had been made secure. That sum of twenty pounds, saved from the milliners, had been duly paid over into Mr. Granger's hands.

"It has been all very nice," said Mrs. Granger, still sobbing, when Nora went up stairs to tie on her bonnet before she started. "Only you are going!"

"Yes, I'm going now, aunt. Dear aunt! But, aunt, I have failed in one thing—absolutely failed."

"Failed in what, my darling?"

"There has been no widow's mite. It is not easy to be a widow with two mites."

"What you have given will be blessed to you, and blessed to those who will receive it."

"I hope it may; but I almost feel that I have been wrong in thinking of it so much. It has cost me nothing. I tell you, aunt, that it is not easy to be a widow with two mites."

When Mrs. Granger was alone with her husband after this, the two Miss Fosters having returned to Liverpool under the discreet protection of the two young Grangers, for they had positively refused to

travel with no other companion than the strange American—she told him all that Nora had said. “And who can tell us,” he replied, “that it was not the same with the widow herself? She threw in all that she had, but who can say that she suffered aught in consequence? It is my belief that

all that is given in a right spirit comes back instantly, in this world, with interest.”

“I wish my coals would come back,” said Mrs. Granger.

“Perhaps you have not given them in a right spirit, my dear.”

THE CURE OF OVER-ANXIETY.

THOUGHTS FOR THE BEGINNING OF A YEAR.

WHILE we live in the body, entire freedom from the burden of care is not to be obtained; and though such freedom may be coveted by the selfish, it cannot, in the nature of things, be desired or possessed by the loving; for care is but the thoughtfulness of love seeking the wellbeing of its object in the midst of evil or of danger which it feels powerless to avert.

God our Father does not forbid care, but carefulness; does not forbid us to be anxious, but to be over-anxious. He who invites us to “cast our care on him, for he careth for us” thereby sanctions care in us, while he relieves it by assuring us of the reality of his own care for us. What our Father commands is: “Be careful for nothing,”—that is, be not careful or over-anxious about anything—“but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.” And what he promises is, “The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

These words, which express the will of God as it is everywhere revealed in Christ Jesus, and in all he has commanded and promised, forbid over-anxiety about anything, whatever that may be. They exclude, therefore, anxious thoughts about spiritual as well as about temporal things, about the soul as about the body, about the highest interests which can affect our fellow-men and society as well as about the ordinary cares of every-day life. It is the blessed will of Him who knows and governs all, that we should never permit an over-anxious spirit at any time to oppress us, but rather that at all times, and in all circumstances, the peace of God should keep our mind and heart through Christ Jesus. Can it be that such a privilege as this is freely bestowed on care-worn, anxious men! and if so, can it be that we shall not seek to possess what is promised in the word of God, “who cannot lie”? It seems, indeed, impossible that mortal man should ever be able to enjoy so blessed a boon. And man by his unaided power could never do so. But what is impossible for man is possible for God. It is God only who can give his own peace, and sustain it in the heart.

But the question is at once suggested,—what is meant by carefulness or over-anxiety? or when does that degree of care which necessarily belongs to us as human beings pass into that which we need not and ought not to feel as children of God? We reply—that care becomes carefulness, and exceeds its just limit, when it destroys or disturbs our quiet rest and peace in God.

The more we reflect upon this painful state of spirit, which dries up the springs of life and weakens all its energies, the more we shall perceive that it springs out of a sense of loneliness and solitariness in our sorrow. We feel that no one can fully comprehend the secret of our anxiety, as if it were too peculiar or personal for others to understand, or too great to take into their hearts with sympathizing love; we feel unwilling to risk the painful experience of asking them to carry a burden which might be refused, and ourselves thereby left more lonely than before; or if we can, with full confidence in the love of human hearts, cast our care on them, we are forced to realize how utterly impossible it is for our dearest to be wholly one with us, even when they weep with us. But when any such thoughts as these extend to God himself,—when the atheism of unbelief takes possession of our spirit, and we think of Him no longer as our friend and Father, but as one who, like the ignorant or selfish of the earth, either knows us not, loves us not, or cares not for us, then verily does care grow into a great and terrible carefulness; and an otherwise noble and worthy anxiety increases into an over-anxiety wholly unbecoming a child whose father is God, whose brother is Jesus Christ, and whose indweller is the Holy Spirit of strength and comfort. All this miserable state comes from want of faith in God. For when faith, as the root of our life, decays, peace, as its beautiful flower and fruit, perishes; falling away from God, we fall back on our poor, blind, naked, and wretched selves, and what help can self give to self? It is the beggar asking alms of the beggar; the sick asking the sick to carry them to the pool of healing. It is building on sand, leaning on a broken reed, trusting to lying vanities, forsaking the fountain of living waters, and hewing out for our-

selves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water! And alas! we soon find how true this is in our own experience. As we depart from God, peace departs from us. The burden which we refuse to cast on Him begins to crush ourselves. As we forsake Him, the loving father and light of our life, we retire more and more into solitary confinement, within the dungeon of our own hearts, and there care is, day and night, chained to care, until it becomes a horror, a constant presence, an incubus and nightmare of carefulness and over-anxiety, ending, it may be, in despair.

But God, as we have said, never casts a soul that trusts Him into depths like those, though he may permit his children to fall into them, that so, learning what "an evil and a bitter thing" it is to "forsake the Lord their God," they may return to him in faith and love. He may permit us to sink into deep waters, that out of them we may cry again to him; even as our Lord permitted the apostle Peter to make the attempt of walking in his own strength upon the stormy sea, when the "stone" sank which through faith was yet to be a foundation-stone for support to the sorrowing Church; and peace came only with the prayer of faith, "Lord save me!" So must it be with us: as loss of faith in God is followed by loss of peace, so will faith restored be followed by restored peace.

Prayer is the chief means of our obtaining those unspeakable blessings of faith and peace. Hence the command and promise, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Prayer has been the means, in every age of the world, of obtaining deliverance from carefulness and of obtaining peace. The whole Bible history of God's dealings with men assumes the reality of prayer, because it assumes the existence of a personal God who careth for us. Why should we seek for further proof of this when we have the grandest fact in the history of the world to teach us how right and blessed it is?—and that is the example of Jesus Christ. We Christians believe that He revealed what God desired each man to be towards Him; and Jesus was to God, a Son who perfectly loved his Father, and as a Son he poured out his heart before him in prayer; he sought the guidance of his Father in prayer; comfort from Him in prayer; sympathy with his sorrows and joys in prayer; and so "being in agony, he prayed the more earnestly." Therefore let us in the spirit of Jesus, and trusting to the merits of His work, and the power of His endless life, "in everything make our requests known unto God, by prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving."

It is true, indeed, that effectual prayer implies the existence of some faith in God, so that it at first looks as if we must necessarily possess what we pray for. But let not this discourage any one from drawing near to God because his faith is weak, yea seem-

ingly dead. The degree of faith which any true prayer demands is very different from that which true prayer seeks to obtain, or which ultimately secures perfect peace. For the faith which is essential to any kind of prayer is almost essential to any degree of faith in God's being and government, since "he who cometh unto God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them who diligently seek him."

Now, prayer to God has a tendency from its very nature at once to lighten our burden of carefulness, even in so far as it is a devout recognition of our absolute dependence for life and breath and all things on Him who is "the Lord God omnipotent." If it be foolish to rebel against Him, because his power is irresistible, it is still more daring to do so because his grace is infinite.

For as we "continue in prayer," casting ourselves and all our burdens unreservedly upon the bare and mighty arm of Jehovah, we come to know and feel that He is nigh unto all who call upon him in truth,—the hearer and the answerer of prayer. Thus the hallowed intercourse of asking and receiving, and giving of thanks, increases our knowledge of God as being himself our life, and as "able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think;" while such knowledge again increases our faith and intensifies our peace. We rejoice in being able to leave all things in His hand, and to say, "Thy will be done," knowing that will to be right and loving. After such experience, we can say with the Psalmist, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling."

The apostle further teaches us that "in everything we are to let our requests be made known to God." This open-heartedness towards our Father is essential to our peace as children. We may tell everything to him, for he knows the things we stand in need of. We must therefore never suppose that the causes of our anxiety are of too trifling a nature to be brought into the presence of the awful majesty of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; for as that anxiety can be no trifle to us which threatens ever to weaken our faith or disturb our peace in God, far less can it be a trifle to Him who alone can estimate the value of our spiritual hopes and gains. He who desires to give us peace, cannot be indifferent to our rejection or reception of so precious a boon, and cannot therefore be indifferent to what hinders our possession of it. Let us also beware of entertaining any mistaken views of God's greatness derived from the magnitude of his material works, as if they could remove him to an infinite distance from us. God's name is not "power" but "love;" love that guides his power and ever accompanies his presence. It is because of the greatness of his love that he can take into the em-

brace of his fatherly sympathies all his creatures, with all their wants. The God revealed in the Old is the God who is revealed in the New Testament; and therefore we have in the one as in the other, manifold instances of the greatness of His love evidenced in the minute care which He takes in the feeblest of his children. In no case is love subordinate to power, but in every case power is subordinate to love. See how the Psalmist praises God:—"Which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is; which keepeth truth for ever; which executeth judgment for the oppressed; which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners: the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous: the Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down." "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars: he calleth them all by their names. Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite. *The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.*" See again how the true greatness of God is represented by the Prophet:—"To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth. *Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?*" What a glorious revelation is this, of Him who is at once great as a Creator and as a Father—great in power, but greater in love!

In Jesus Christ we behold the same kind of greatness; the greatness of love whose law is self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness in order to supply the wants of its beloved objects. We read of Jesus on the last night of his life, when about to part from his disciples, when he knew that one was to deny him, another to betray him, and all to forsake him, yet even then, when realizing also his divine dignity as the Son of God,—we read that he revealed his glory to be the glory of love, which will think of others, and humble itself to the very lowest depths to lift them up:—for, "knowing that he came from God and went to God, and that God had given all things into his hand, he rose from supper, and girding himself with a towel, he washed the disciples' feet." There is no feature indeed of Christ's life so touching as the considerateness of his love, with reference to what we might call things of minor importance; as, for example, when he led his disciples to a desert place to "rest awhile, because there were so many coming and going that they had no leisure so much as to eat;" when he had compassion for the multitude who had nothing to eat, and whom he would not send away fasting lest they should

faint by the way; when he suffered even little children to be brought to him, and took them into his arms and blessed them; when he sent for Martha and Mary to meet him alone outside the town, to tell their sorrow; when he not only restored the son of the widow of Nain to life, but "gave him to his mother;" when amidst the tumult and in the darkness, he patiently healed the wound of Malchus; when, standing before his cruel judge, he turned and looked on Peter; when, praying on the cross, he remembered his mother, and provided a home for her; when, after his resurrection he said, "Go tell my disciples, and Peter, that I am risen from the dead;"—these are but drops of the dew of Hermon, sparks from the ever-shining sun of his inexhaustible and tender love, which thought of every one and of every thing that could affect their peace!

The more we know God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, the more we shall see how in everything we may let our requests be made known to him in the full assurance of faith; that we have to do with one who knows everything, and to whom everything is of interest; who pities us as a father pities his children; and who in his Son, as manifest in the flesh, knows what our human wants, trials, and anxieties are:—"For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

But while we thus seek peace with God through prayer, let us remember that he has not promised us peace by removing the cause of our anxiety. This was not the way in which Paul was answered when he prayed the Lord thrice to remove what was to him a constant and sharp care, the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan. Nor did God so answer his own Son, when with strong supplications and tears he thrice repeated the same words: "If it be possible, remove this cup from me." Every true prayer is, nevertheless, heard and answered in the best way for us.

In connexion with prayer let it be further observed, that we are to let our requests be made known with *thanksgiving*. We are thus not only to pray to God, and to ask him for specific blessings, but likewise to thank him for those blessings which we have already received. Such a remembrance and acknowledgment of past mercies must necessarily react in several ways upon an anxious soul, and prepare it to receive the blessing of peace. Past mercies, considered in their variety, their number, and the long period during which they have been bestowed, will witness to the heart that our Lord has been indeed "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and slow to anger, abundant in goodness and in truth." Past mercies will recall our past ingratitude to their giver, our blindness to the hand, and our insensibility to the love which bestowed them, with such manifold abuses and per-

versions of them all, as cannot fail to quicken penitence in the soul, and give us an humble sense of our unworthiness to receive the least of his tender mercies. A remembrance of past mercies will also strengthen faith in God, and strengthen the hope of receiving future mercies, thereby lifting off the burden and dispelling the darkness of present carefulness. And thus the more we recall past comforts experienced in time of sorrow, past deliverances unexpectedly afforded in time of perplexity, past forbearance and compassion manifested in time of selfish indifference towards God and towards our neighbour, the more will our faith in God be strengthened, and deeper will the peace of God descend into our hearts.

Nor, in thanking God for what he has given in the past, ought we to forget his mercy in what he has withheld. Who can reflect upon his own history with any degree of wise thoughtfulness, and yet fail to observe the loving-kindness of God in having refused many an ignorant request, thwarted many a cherished hope, and hindered many a purpose which, at the time, seemed essential to his happiness and peace? We once thought, perhaps, that he had forgotten to be gracious; we now see that he remembered us in mercy. What once caused us so much anxiety, now fills us with deepest gratitude; and as we thank God, we take courage.

And not only are our thanks due for what is past, but also for what is promised, and this is more than can be conceived of. Surely the promises of perfect peace; of help in every time of need; of his counsel to guide us, his presence to go with us, his goodness and mercy to follow us while we live, and his own glory to crown us when we die;—these may well banish every care and relieve every anxiety. If in one word we can thank God for the unspeakable gift of Christ, this alone may well entitle us in everything to give thanks, for "all things are ours" if Christ is ours. "He who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

Let us see now what the result will be if we thus seek the living God with our whole heart and mind. "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, will keep our mind and heart through Christ Jesus."

By the peace of God is meant not only such rest of soul as God alone can impart by his Holy Spirit, but the same kind of peace which he himself possesses. It seems, indeed, presumptuous and irreverent to entertain such a thought as this, but unbelief has well-nigh destroyed our knowledge of the riches of God's love. Yet that love, with its unsearchable riches, remains the same. Now it is the purpose of the love of God, who has created man in his own image, to bring him again within the fold of that love to which he owes his origin. Perfect peace, even the peace of God, is a portion of this eternal inheritance, the earnest of

which we now enjoy. It was this peace of God which kept the mind and heart of Jesus Christ amidst what otherwise would have destroyed the one and broken the other; and it was this same kind of peace which he left as a legacy to his people when he said, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

But while God promises peace, he does not promise happiness. These two states of mind are very different. We may indeed be happy, or possess happiness in the sense of things happening which may be most pleasing to us; but deeper down than the happiness may be an empty and lonely heart without peace. On the other hand, there may be great and constant unhappiness, in the sense of all which happens to us bringing constant suffering to body and mind; but deeper down than all the suffering may be a calm heart, enjoying rest in God, and full of His peace. Mere happiness is the enjoyment of self in what we like, and may possibly be possessed in mere self; but peace is the enjoyment of God, and cannot be possessed without the knowledge and love of Him. Happiness may therefore exist without peace, and peace without happiness. But the one, from its origin, is uncertain and perishable; the other, from its author, is sure and indestructible. For as happiness depends upon outward circumstances, it must necessarily be as changeful as they; and liable to vary every hour—it may at any moment be extinguished. But the peace which depends solely for its existence and maintenance on the unchangeable God, is consequently eternal as His own. Happiness is like the rainbow with many colours, beautiful and brilliant; its magnificent arch appears to be firmly based upon the everlasting hills, and able to support the sky. Its form and beauty triumph for a time over the hurricane, while it reposes in peace upon the bosom of the dark thunder-cloud. Yet in a moment it vanishes. But Divine peace is like the sun, which, hidden, it may be, from the eye by the cloud and storm, is nevertheless reposing behind them all, in the serene heavens, and comes forth at last when the rainbow has passed away, to shine on, filling the world with its light and life.

Need we be surprised, then, by the fact, that many of God's people have had much unhappiness, in the sense that what happened to them gave them pain and sorrow? "They were slain; they had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." But, in spite of all, they possessed the peace of God. Our blessed Lord, above all men, was the Man of sorrows. He was burdened in his soul every day with the weight of the sins of the world, every day carried his cross, and every day had a con-

stant care about the good of others ; while his life was ended amidst the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary. And thus, just because he had perfect love and spotless holiness, it may be said with truth, that, while on earth, he never enjoyed one happy day. But every day he enjoyed perfect peace ! It is with the disciple as it was with the Master, even as he himself declared it would be : "In the world," said he, "ye shall have tribulation ; in me ye shall have peace."

But while those who enjoy this peace may be deprived of happiness, how many possess happiness who never enjoy this peace ! The utterly selfish may possess the enjoyment which is derived from the temporary gratification of their natural desires. They may have more than their heart can wish, and a full cup may be given them ; yet "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Herod the king was happy while celebrating his birthday, having all his wants supplied, and everything around him ministering to the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life ; but, in the dungeon down below, with the fierce executioner and the bloody sword, John the Baptist was not happy. Yet John possessed with the angels what Herod no more possessed than did the devils—"the peace of God, which passeth understanding."

Let this thought comfort every anxious one. It may be God's will that their fate in life shall be one of daily care, or, let us at once say, of much unhappiness. They may have to carry a weak, pained, or deformed body with them to the grave, or a mind peculiarly liable to depression. The sufferings of those dear to them arising from sickness, poverty, death, or worst of all from sin, may be laid upon them as a daily burden. To them the world must be a field of battle and of strife ; it may be a place of tribulation and the very shadow of death. Yet in no circumstances, however trying, ought they to be tortured by anxiety, as if God knew them not, and cared not for them. God has proclaimed peace on earth, and goodwill to men. He has provided peace for miserable, guilty sinners, through the atoning death of him who is our peace. The God of peace has brought him again from the dead, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, and he bestows peace upon all who believe in him ; for, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. The fruit of the Spirit is peace. Having thus grace, mercy, and peace freely granted to us by Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, let us at all times avail ourselves of the grace, accept the mercy, and enjoy the peace. This peace, like a mighty power coming from above, yet dwelling and acting from within, will fortify our thoughts, our feelings, and desires against every attempt on the part of over-anxiety to enter in as an enemy and take possession,—to torture us day and night. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose soul is stayed on

thee, because he trusteth in thee." Oh, blessed promise to the weary and heavy-laden, to the careworn and the anxious ! With the peace of God possessing the heart, the storm outside may be blowing loudly, with thunderings and sweeping floods, yet within all is perfect peace, while prayer and thanksgiving ascend to the throne of God and the Lamb !

I beg my reader to peruse the Epistle* which has suggested these few thoughts of comfort to the careful and anxious. He will find abundant and touching evidence of the care from which a Christian may suffer, and of the deep peace of God which he may enjoy. It was written by Paul when a prisoner in Rome : when his condition was one implying no small degree of care. But how many other cares in addition to this great one are incidentally alluded to !—cares from false teachers who sought to "add affliction to his bonds" (Phil. i. 16) ; care as to whether he should depart and be with Christ, or remain with the church (ver. 23) ; care about the life of his beloved friend Epaphroditus, who was in mercy spared to him, lest he should have sorrow upon sorrow (ii. 27) ; care about his own growth in grace, and his attaining the prize (iii. 3) ; care about the sins of others, which made him write, "even weeping." Yet Paul, like his Divine Master, possessed all the while the peace of God. "I have learned," he says, "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound : everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." He recognises also the existence of care in his beloved Philippians, when he exhorts them to be "in nothing terrified by their adversaries," adding, "For unto you it is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake : having the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me." He also commands them to have due care about their souls, to "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling ;" but not with carefulness, as if God did not care for them, seeing that He worked in them "to will and to do of his own good pleasure." He is glad also to acknowledge that, in regard to his temporal wants, "their care for him had flourished again." But he not only forbids all carefulness, all over-anxiety, he rather commands them to "Rejoice in the Lord alway ;" emphatically adding, "again I say, Rejoice ;" closing his exhortation with the cheering words : "Be careful for nothing : but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all under-

* Paul's Epistle to the Philippians.

standing, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

As the sum of the whole, hear the words of our Lord :—"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment ? Behold the fowls of the air : for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ? Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature ? And why take ye thought for raiment ? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ? Therefore take no thought, saying, What

shall we eat ? or, What shall we drink ? or, Where-withal shall we be clothed ? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek ; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow : for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you : for every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth ; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone ? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent ? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him ?"

N. MACLEOD.

A VISIT TO MONTENEGRO.

If war has its drawbacks, and revolutionary movements have their dangers, they at least have the advantage of instructing great masses of spectators in geography. During the last few years the British public has become wonderfully well informed with reference to certain portions of the globe, which would, under ordinary circumstances, have attracted but little of their notice. Sebastopol and Takoo, the Volturno and the Chickahominy, are now household words ; and although probably few have been able to follow those intricate operations upon places with unpronounceable names, which the Turks have lately been carrying on against the Montenegrins, there is a general impression that the scene of warfare is on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and that Cetinye, the capital of the country, which it was rumoured some months since had been taken by the Turks, after its ruler had set fire to "the public buildings," is a city of some importance. But this is just the point where a little information fuller than a map, and more correct than a telegram can give us, may be of use. That Cetinye is the capital of Montenegro is true, but nothing short of a visit to it can convey an idea of its public buildings. It was a wild stormy morning, when hanging on by the tail of a ragged pony, I allowed him to drag me up the almost impracticable rock-cut steps which ascend from the lovely Bocca di Cattaro, along the rugged face of "the Black Mountain." Below was the sea winding in a narrow channel fifteen miles long, between frowning precipices, their sides furrowed with watercourses, down

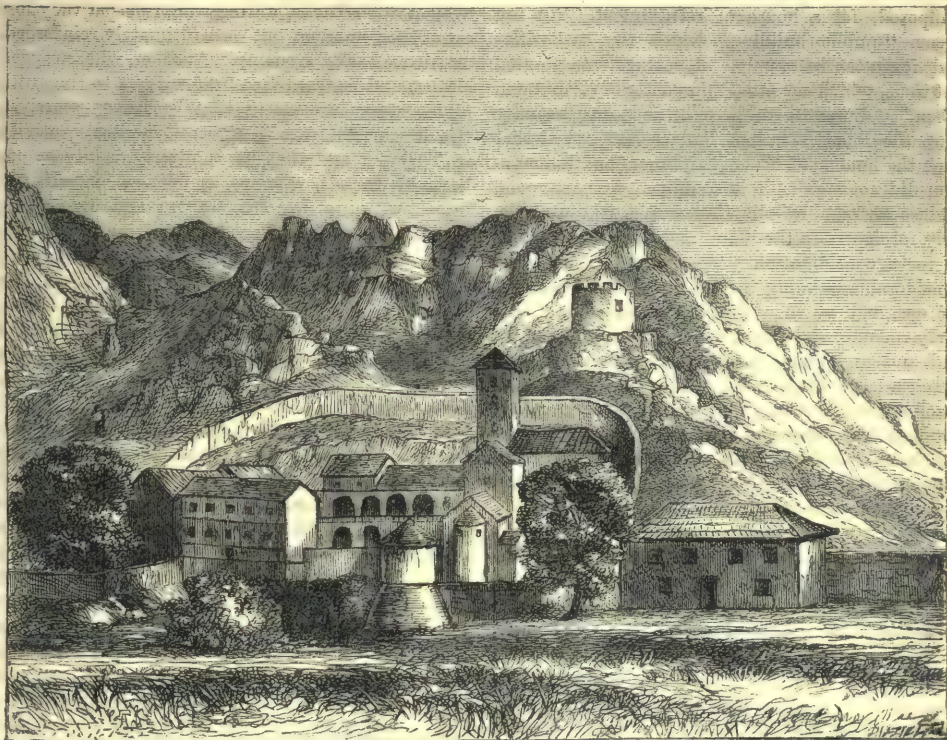
which in places dashed white lines of foam ; above were black pine-forests and granite peaks. Where there is room for cultivation between the mountain base and the sea, vines and olives clothe its margin, and white villas reflect themselves in the clear water, but Cattaro itself has scarcely room to stand, and seems to flourish on as little soil as the fir-trees that cling to the rocks above it. We know at once when we have exchanged Austrian for Montenegrin territory by the state of the roads, or rather steps. These are no longer constructed with the view of facilitating the progress of the traveller, but rather of increasing the difficulties of the ascent. Now the path leads along a narrow ledge with a most uncomfortable-looking ravine on one side, and crags which project as if expressly designed to push you into it, on the other. Here a rock in the middle of the road would suggest an insurmountable difficulty to any animal but one accustomed to traverse it ; further on it is used as a convenient channel by an unceremonious stream which tumbles into it in a picturesque waterfall, and during a storm tumbles out of it again with a violence that the traveller finds it difficult to resist. Occasionally we meet strings of light-footed Montenegrins hopping rapidly from crag to crag, followed by no less sure-footed ponies with panniers, who monopolize the middle of the path, and expect us to pass on the outside, and not feel giddy ; ragged-looking women, carrying bundles of wood on their backs, follow painfully ; bare-footed and squalid, they contrast strongly in appearance with their liege lords, whose picturesque costume, manly

forms, and independent bearing, do not leave us in doubt as to which is "the better half." The Montenegrins being a warlike race, often do things like the Americans, "for a strategic purpose," and their object in rendering all access to their country as impracticable as possible, it is easy to divine. It is the excessive difficulty of communication, no less than the bravery of these mountaineers, which has enabled them to protract over so long a period hostilities with the Turks.

In three hours we have clambered up 5000 feet, and find ourselves on a high rocky plateau, with gigantic blocks of granite rising in grotesque masses on each side of the rugged path. The

scene is barren and wild in the extreme; except here and there a weather-beaten pine or a stunted juniper, there is nothing to relieve the monotony of grey crags. We surmount these serrated ridges only to find bigger rocks piled on each other beyond, and walls as regular as though built by some race of giants, hemming us in on both sides. Now and then we come upon a little isolated plot of potatoes or corn squeezed in among the rocks, but we may traverse miles without seeing as much soil as would suffice for a respectable kitchen garden.

After a little more scrambling we become curious to know where the habitations are, more especially as sufficient time has elapsed since our departure



from Cattaro to give us an appetite, and ultimately rest, with grateful feelings, at a small cottage not unlike a Highland bothy, while a gaunt female in tattered garments ministers to our wants by supplying us with eggs, and a substance more like pressed curds than cheese. Her husband, an athletic man bristling with swords and pistols, regards us with a sort of suspicious apathy, and seems by no means disposed to satisfy that thirst for information, for which, as conscientious travellers, we are distinguished. Three or four of his countrymen who have followed our little cortège out of curiosity, now collect round us, and lighting their long pipes smoke and stare in silence. We can scarcely

realize, as we gaze on this uncouth-looking group, that a few hours ago we left a civilized town, where a band was playing in public gardens to fashionable ladies sweeping the walks with their crinolines, or eating ices at little round tables with officers resplendent in the gaudy uniforms of the Austrian service. The rocks we had traversed did indeed interpose as mighty a barrier as though an ocean rolled between our night's quarters and our lunching place; and our curiosity to reach the capital was not lessened by our first experience of Montenegro.

At last we crossed a summit from which a magnificent view spread itself before us, until it

was lost in the hazy distance, and we were told that the whole territory of Montenegro was comprised in the intervening space, and that the glimmer of water indistinctly visible in a plain far away below us was the Lake of Scutari, while the blue outline beyond marked the mountains of Albania. Then we descended into a plain surrounded by a wall of rocks, and looked for the capital; for we were told that it was situated in its centre. In vain we inspected the area below us; beyond a few miserable cottages we could see nothing to answer our expectations, and were not a little astonished when we learnt that the assemblage of huts we were approaching was Cettinye itself. It was idle to examine the one little street, about a hundred yards long, of which the town is composed, for a house of refreshment. An inn was a "public building" which the authorities had forgotten to supply. A cottage was pointed out to us, which consisted apparently of a "but and a ben," and was the residence of no less a personage than the Prince's father, but we had not at that time the honour of his acquaintance, and his mansion did not look as if it contained a spare room. At last we found a Dalmatian couple, who were the only foreigners in the place, and offered to take us in for a consideration. They inhabited the most considerable building in the town, for it had two storeys, and we soon installed ourselves in a very dirty room, containing a suspicious-looking double bed, and sundry articles of Montenegrin wearing apparel; a large chest, and a choice collection of arms stacked in one corner, induced us to believe that the real tenants of the apartment had vacated in our favour, an hypothesis we speedily found to be correct, though we were far from imagining how distinguished were the individuals we had dispossessed. I happened to be sitting on the trunk, as chairs were scarce, when the handsomest Montenegrin I had seen, covered with gold and silver embroidery, and armed at all points, stalked majestically in, and politely asked me to rise. Indeed so much impressed was I with this warlike apparition, that I found little difficulty in assuming a conciliatory demeanour, and blandly offered him my seat. Instead, however, of sitting upon the trunk he proceeded to unlock it, and displayed to my astonished gaze rows of neatly packed money-bags. Some of these, containing gold and silver coins, he emptied with the utmost unconcern upon the table, whence they were swept by sundry attendants who had followed him into the room.

This late occupant of our chamber, who lent it so confidently to two entire strangers, seemed to possess more coin than I had supposed all Montenegro contained, and we were eager in our inquiries as to who he might be. Our surprise was somewhat increased, when we learnt that our visitor was no less a person than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that the royal treasury was represented by the unpretending box which contained the floating capital of the Principality.

It appeared that the big bed had been occupied until our arrival by the distinguished senator whom we now saw engaged in his financial duties, and his brother, a captain in the army, and we were indebted to them for the kindness with which they at once placed their own limited accommodation at our disposal. Soon the unusual news of the arrival of "distinguished foreigners" spread through the little village, and sundry of its inhabitants drop in and scrape acquaintance. Most of these have interesting feats of prowess to relate, and dwell for ever on the exploits they have achieved against the Turks. They wear different medals for these, and are all abundantly decorated. One stalwart warrior recounts how he and twenty-one comrades fought in a pass for fifteen days and nights against 8000 Turks, during which period they lost six of their number, but were ultimately reinforced, and drove back the enemy. Another, whose ragged clothes and haggard face bear witness to the truth of his story, informs us that he has only arrived the day before from an eighteen months' captivity in Turkey; and that he is utterly destitute, nor have his friends, who are as poor as himself, any means of supplying his wants; and he casts a languishing eye on the treasure-chest. All the while we are discussing a very indifferently-cooked dinner, and are conversing with these heroes in a variety of tongues. Generally we found Italian the most available, sometimes it was Turkish, and a few of the better educated spoke German, often a mixture of all three. They are frank and cordial, anxious to indoctrinate us into Montenegrin politics, and ready to afford us information. So few English, they say, ever come to their country, that they are flattered by the visit, and wish to make us enjoy it. As war is going on, many people are from home, and the country looks deserted in consequence. Except the officers and non-commissioned officers, the army receive no pay. Every man is in fact a soldier, and immediately after he has sown his crops he proceeds to the war, and fights until it is time to come back and reap them, when there is a general lull in operations until the harvest is laid in. The regular army consists of only 8000 men, who are always mobilized, and upon whom all the fighting falls at seed-time and harvest. Lately the women and children have taken part in the defence of the country. The Government of the country is chiefly carried on by a Senate, consisting of twelve persons, chosen by the Prince, who succeeds himself, not by hereditary right, but by the nomination of his predecessor. Thus the present Prince is the nephew of the late Danieli; his father, however, exercises practically the chief influence in the country, and in order to secure it to himself, is said to have had five of the leading men shot on the accession of his son.

The view from our window was often animated and picturesque in the extreme. In the middle of the street stood a large tree, under which warriors

collected and held solemn council. Each chief, as he moved about, was generally attended by a dozen or more stalwart followers, who lounged after their lords all day, and whose only occupation was evidently fighting.

Their short white kilts, bright-coloured jackets, slashed, and covered with gold and silver embroidery, and the handsome weapons, which formed a perfect *chevaux de frise* round their waists, gave them a wild, but at the same time, martial look. They seemed as rugged and impracticable as the mountains they defended, and conquest under such conditions would appear a difficult and in many respects a barren achievement.

A little distance from the village stands alone a Greek church, smaller probably than any parish church in Scotland, though it is the only place of worship which the capital contains. Here I attended a solemn funeral service one day, at which the whole of the royal family and leading members of the aristocracy were present. As the service was performed in Slavonic it was unintelligible to me, and the only function in which I could take part was to hold a taper, which I was obliged perpetually to light and blow out, following the example of my neighbours, each of whom was similarly occupied. As the chanting was very monotonous, the atmosphere very close, the wax, when it happened to fall on one's hand, very hot, and as the distinguished congregation stood during the whole ceremony, I was not a little relieved when it closed, and the royal party, male and female, put up their umbrellas, and rushed across a slushy green in the pelting rain to the palace, which is indeed the only civilized-looking tenement in the place, and is nicely furnished with some of the luxuries of civilisation. Near it, amidst overhanging crags of granite, stands another large building, with gloomy arches and deserted courts. This is used as a prison, an arsenal, or any other national purpose; here are confined Turks taken in war, and here are exhibited the trophies of the bloody field of Gahovo, immortalized in the annals of Montenegrin warfare, when some years ago five thousand of the mountaineers surprised and almost totally annihilated twelve thousand Turks, capturing all their arms, guns, and munitions of war, as a room full of rusty muskets and tattered flags testifies. There is not a single shop in this capital of Montenegro, as the inhabitants procure everything from Cattaro, but their wants are limited, and at Rjeka, a town about three hours and a half distant, there is a small bazaar; a few more hours from this town brings us to the banks of the Lake of Scutari, and on an island a few hundred yards from the shore we see waving a Turkish flag, and beneath it a Turkish sentry. This is the frontier post of Lessandra; to the east of it is visible through a telescope the line of forts which marks the usual scene of warfare, almost every foot of ground we tread is rendered famous by having once been the scene of some bloody encounter; from behind the rocks, which

form their natural defences, the highlanders wage a perpetual guerilla war upon their foe, picking off with their rifles their assailants, as they struggle to convey guns along paths fit only for a goat or a chamois.

The Lake of Scutari, which is in shape not unlike the Lake of Geneva, and about seventy miles long, is surrounded on all sides by mountains rising either abruptly from its margin, or in rear of a narrow plain which bounds its eastern shore. It is navigated by a steamer, and in half a day we have once more changed the social atmosphere. The transition from the civilisation of Cattaro to the wildness of Cetinye, is not more striking than that which now greets the eye as we wind along narrow lanes between high walls, jealously concealing each house, with an occasional veiled figure fitting along them. Here the familiar indications of Eastern life meet the eye at every turn. Turks in flowing robes are smoking apathetically, and muezzins are calling people to prayers; indeed, the place seems composed of mosques and graveyards. We pass along dull lifeless streets, and arrive at last at a fitting termination to them, where all the life seems to have been buried. The lanes are ill paved, with deep mud traps, very treacherous at night. When we get admittance at a small door in a stone wall, we probably find the mansion inside in keeping with the general air of dilapidation. There is a magnificent rock at the debouchure of a river from the lake, on the summit of which is a picturesque old castle, containing generally an equally picturesque old Pasha, and commanding always a magnificent view; and there is a filthy bazaar at the bottom roofed in from the sun, dirty, noisy, and crowded with a mixed Turkish and Albanian population, until sunset, when it is deserted and the inhabitants retire to the silent suburb.

Scutari is, however, by no means a good specimen of a Turkish town, and only strikes by contrast. It contains too large a Christian population, and during the carnival, there is sometimes an attempt at gaiety. Preceded by two men with long paper lanterns, and with trowsers tucked up to my knees, I splashed one night through the mud to take part in some festivities, where I hoped to meet some of the *elite* of Albanian society. Scrambling up a rickety wooden stair, I found myself in a room so full of tobacco-smoke, that I could only at first dimly discern the company seated round it. Strange sounds met my ear, which I discovered to proceed from a piano, twenty-four strings of which were broken, and a flute played by a travelled Albanian, who had once been to Paris, and was gorgeously attired in the costume of the country. No less than six ladies graced the entertainment with their presence, four of whom were in full Albanian attire, while two, fascinated by the attractions of crinoline, only retained the upper half of the national dress. There was a great preponderance of men, but I discovered afterwards that a closed gallery was full of native women, too shy

to take part in this semi-civilized performance, who gazed curiously at their more advanced compatriots; for dancing is a western importation, and Albanian women do not generally join in festive meetings, and are almost as little seen as if they were Mahometans. The Prince of a Latin tribe, whose usual place of abode was somewhere in the neighbouring mountains, looked wonderingly on at the proceedings which were conducted by some of the Italian and Levantine portion of the community. After we were tired of discordant music we had a game of "synagogue," which consisted in the whole company passing single cards to each other, and all shouting their names at the same time, which created a great deal of noise and laughter, though it was difficult to say wherein lay the point of the joke. Then a very ragged old woman handed round tea and lemonade, and the Albanian ladies were persuaded to stand up and dance for the first time in their lives. My partner wore a gold helmet, a crimson and gold-embroidered tunic, open-worked in front, loose white trowsers, tight at the ankle, and thick-embroidered stockings, with Turkish slippers: a pretty face, and a pair of large black eyes set off this picturesque costume. As she had never even seen a polka danced, it was not without much pressing that she was induced to kick off her slippers, and commence hopping about on her stocking-soles. Once off, however, she spun round vigorously, and peals of laughter from her friends in the gallery rewarded her efforts, while the ludicrous effect of a little woman running round one, in a short tunic,

baggy trowsers, and thick stockings, would have upset the gravity of the most sedate of partners. The exertion was becoming trying, when fortunately a mummer appeared in the costume of a dancing dervish with an illuminated foolscap on his head, and a long grey beard, leading in another closely veiled, and disguised as a Turkish woman; so we put them in the middle of a circle, and joining hands, danced frantically round them, until the ladies fell back exhausted, and refreshed themselves with the abundant use of tobacco, in a dense cloud of which I contrived to escape unobserved, and thus ended the last night of the Carnival at Scutari.

A few days after I found myself in another part of the country, the guest of a Turk, during the sacred season of the Ramadan, when neither eating, drinking, nor smoking, are allowed between sunrise and sunset. When night came, instead of boisterous merriment, how gravely we sat on the floor at a low table, and dipped our fingers into the same bowl, and then smoked tchibouks and drank coffee far on into the morning. For it is only natural that when the day offers so little enjoyment, as much as possible should be made of the night. And when at last I stretched myself on the floor on the softest of coverlets, I thought of the singular contrast which the observance of the Christian and Mahometan festival afforded, and wondered how it was that in both cases the religious instinct should err so widely, and in such opposite directions.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.



ABOUT VOLCANOS AND EARTHQUAKES.

BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

I PURPOSE in this paper to say something about volcanos and earthquakes. It is a subject I have thought a good deal about, and seen a little of, for though I have never been so fortunate as to have seen a volcano in eruption, or to have been shaken out of my bed by an earthquake, still I have climbed the cones of Vesuvius and Etna, hammer in hand and barometer on back, and have wandered over and geologized among, I believe, nearly all the principal scenes of extinct volcanic activity in Europe.

Every one knows that a volcano is a mountain that vomits out fire, and smoke, and cinders, and melted lava, and sulphur, and steam, and gases, and all kinds of horrible things; nay, even sometimes mud, and boiling water, and fishes; and everybody has heard or read of the earth opening, and swallowing up man and beast, and houses and churches, and closing on them with a snap, and smashing them to pieces, and then perhaps opening again; and casting them out with a flood of dirty water from some river or lake that had been gulped down with them. Now, all this, and much more, is literally true, and has happened over and over again; and when we have imagined it all, we will have formed a tolerably correct notion of some at least of these visitations. And perhaps some may have been tempted to ask why and how it is that God has permitted this fair earth to be visited with such destruction. It can hardly be for the sins of men, for when these things occur they involve alike the innocent and the guilty; and besides, the volcano and the earthquake were raging on this earth with as much, nay greater violence, thousands and thousands of years before man ever set his foot upon it. But perhaps, on the other hand, it may have occurred to some to ask themselves whether it is not just possible that these ugly affairs are sent among us for some beneficent purpose, or at all events that they may form part and parcel of some great scheme of providential arrangement which is at work for good, and not for ill. A ship sometimes strikes on a rock, and all on board perish; a railway train runs into another, or breaks down, and then wounds and contusions are the order of the day; but nobody doubts that navigation and railway communication are great blessings. None of the great natural provisions for producing good are exempt in their workings from producing occasional mischief. Storms disperse and dilute pestilential vapours, and lightnings decompose and destroy them; but both the one and the other often annihilate the works of man, and inflict upon him sudden death. Well, then, I think I shall be able to show that the volcano and the earthquake, dreadful as they are, as local and temporary visi-

tations, are in fact unavoidable (I had almost said necessary) incidents in a vast system of action to which we owe the very ground we stand upon, the very land we inhabit, without which neither man, beast, nor bird would have a place for their existence, and the world would be the habitation of nothing but fishes.

Now, to make this clear, I must go a little out of my way and say something about the first principles of geology. Geology does not pretend to go back to the creation of the world, or concern itself about its primitive state, but it does concern itself with the changes it sees going on in it now, and with the evidence of a long series of such changes it can produce in the most unmistakable features of the structure of our rocks and soil, and the way in which they lie one on the other. *As to what we see going on.*—We see everywhere, and along every coast-line, the sea warring against the land, and everywhere overcoming it, wearing and eating it down, and battering it to pieces, grinding those pieces to powder, carrying that powder away, and spreading it out over its own bottom, by the continued effect of the tides and currents. Look at our chalk cliffs, which once, no doubt, extended across the Channel to the similar cliffs on the French coast. What do we see? Precipices cut down to the sea-beach, constantly hammered by the waves and constantly crumbling, the beach itself made of the flints outstanding after the softer chalk has been ground down and washed away, themselves grinding one another under the same ceaseless discipline, first rounded into pebbles, then worn into sand, and then carried out farther and farther down the slope, to be replaced by fresh ones from the same source.

Well, the same thing is going on *everywhere, round every coast* of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Foot by foot or inch by inch, month by month or century by century, *down everything must go*. Time is as nothing in geology. And what the sea is doing the rivers are helping it to do. Look at the sand-banks at the mouth of the Thames. What are they but the materials of our island carried out to sea by the stream? The Ganges carries away from the soil of India, and delivers into the sea, as much solid substance *daily* as is contained in the great pyramid of Egypt. The Irawaddy sweeps off from Burmah 62 cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and 365 days in every year, and so on for the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the weald of Kent, and formed a continuous mass from Ramsgate and Dover to Beech Head, running inland to Ma-

damscourt Hill and Seven Oaks. All clean gone, and swept out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and there forming other chalk-beds. Now, geology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable evidence, that ALL our present land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all perished, and what we now stand upon has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps many times, the bottom of the sea.

Well, then, there is power enough at work, and it has been at work long enough, utterly to have cleared away and spread over the bed of the sea all our present existing continents and islands, had they been placed where they are at the creation of the world; and from this it follows, as clear as demonstration can make it, that without *some* process of renovation or restoration to act in antagonism to this destructive work of old Neptune, there would not now be remaining a foot of dry land for living thing to stand upon.

Now, what is this process of restoration! Let the volcano and the earthquake tell their tale. Let the earthquake tell how, within the memory of man—under the eyesight of eye-witnesses, one of whom (Mrs. Graham) has described the fact—the whole coast line of Chili, for 100 miles about Valparaiso, with the mighty chain of the Andes—mountains to which the Alps shrink into insignificance—was hoisted at one blow (in a single night, Nov. 19, A.D. 1822), from two to seven feet above its former level, leaving the beach below the old low water-mark high and dry, leaving the shell-fish sticking on the rocks out of reach of water, leaving the seaweed rotting in the air, or rather drying up to dust under the burning sun of a coast where rain never falls. The ancients had a fable of Titan hurled from heaven and buried under Etna, and by his struggles causing the earthquakes that desolated Sicily. But here we have an exhibition of Titanic forces on a far mightier scale. One of the Andes upheaved on this occasion was the gigantic mass of Aconcagua, which overlooks Valparaiso. To bring home to the mind the conception of such an effort, we must form a clear idea of what sort of mountain this is. It is nearly 24,000 feet in height. Chimborazo, the loftiest of the volcanic cones of the Andes, is lower by 2500 feet; and yet Etna, with Vesuvius at the top of it, and another Vesuvius piled on that, *would little more than surpass the midway height of the snow-covered portion of that cone*, which is one of the many chimneys by which the hidden fires of the Andes find vent. On the occasion I am speaking of, at least 10,000 square miles of country were estimated as having been upheaved, and the upheaval was not confined to the land, but extended far away to sea, which was proved by the soundings off Valparaiso, and along the coast, having been found considerably shallower than they were before the shock.

Again, in the year 1819, in an earthquake in India, in the district of Cutch, bordering on the Indus, a tract of country more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad, was suddenly raised ten feet above its former level. The raised portion still stands up above the unraised, like a long perpendicular wall, which is known by the name of the "Ullah Bund," or "God's Wall." And again, in 1538, in that convulsion which threw up the Monte Nuovo (New Mountain), a cone of ashes 450 feet high, in a single night, the whole coast of Pozzuoli, near Naples, was raised twenty feet above its former level, and remains so permanently upheaved to this day. And I could mention innumerable other instances of the same kind.*

This, then, is the manner in which the earthquake does its work; *and it is always at work*. Somewhere or other in the world, there is perhaps not a day, certainly not a month, without an earthquake. In those districts of South and Central America, where the great chain of volcanic cones is situated—Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and a long list with names unmentionable, or at least unpronounceable—the inhabitants no more think of counting earthquake shocks than we do of counting showers of rain. Indeed, in some places along that coast, a shower is a greater rarity. Even in our own island, near Perth, a year seldom passes without a shock, happily, within the records of history, never powerful enough to do any mischief.

It is not everywhere that this process goes on by fits and starts. For instance, the northern gulfs, and borders of the Baltic Sea, are steadily shallowing, and the whole mass of Scandinavia, including Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, is rising out of the sea at the average rate of about two feet per century. But as this fact (which is perfectly well established by reference to ancient high and low water-marks) is not so evidently connected with the action of earthquakes, I shall not further refer to it just now. All that I want to show is, that there is a great cycle of changes going on, in which the earthquake and volcano act a very conspicuous part, *and that part a restorative and conservative one*, in opposition to the steadily destructive and levelling action of the ocean waters.

How this can happen, what can be the origin of such an enormous power thus occasionally exerting itself, will no doubt seem very marvellous—little short, indeed, of miraculous intervention—but the mystery, after all, is not quite so great as at first it seems. We are permitted to look a little way into these great secrets of nature; not far enough, indeed, to clear up every difficulty, but quite enough to penetrate us with admiration of that wonderful system of counterbalances and compensations, that adjustment of causes and consequences, by which, throughout all nature, evils are made to work their own cure, life to spring out of death,

* Not that earthquakes always *raise* the soil; there are plenty of instances of subsidence, etc.

and renovation to tread in the steps and efface the vestiges of decay.

The key to the whole affair is to be found in the central heat of the earth. This is no scientific dream, no theoretical notion, but a fact established by direct evidence up to a certain point, and standing out from plain facts as a matter of unavoidable conclusion in a hundred ways.

We all know that when we go into a cellar out of a summer sun, it feels *cool*, but when we go into it out of a wintry frost it is *warm*. The fact is, that a cellar, or a well, or any pit of a moderate depth, has always, day and night, summer and winter, the same degree of warmth, the same *temperature*, as it is called, and *that* always and everywhere is the same, or nearly the same, as the average warmth of the climate of the place. Forty or fifty feet deep in the ground, a thermometer here, in this spot,* would always mark the same degree, 49° that is, or seventeen degrees above the freezing point. Under the equator, at the same depth, it always stands at 84°, which is our *hot summer* heat, but which there is the average heat of the whole year. And this is so everywhere. Just at the surface, or a few inches below it, the ground is warm in the daytime, cool at night, at two or three feet deep the difference of day and night is hardly perceptible, but that of summer and winter is considerable. But at forty or fifty feet this difference also disappears, and you find a perfectly fixed, uniform degree of warmth, day and night, summer and winter, year after year.

But when we go deeper, as, for instance, down into mines or coal-pits, this one broad and general fact is always observed,—everywhere, in all countries, in all latitudes, in all climates, wherever there are mines, or deep subterranean caves,—the deeper you go, the hotter the earth is found to be. In one and the same mine, each particular depth has its own particular degree of heat, which never varies, but the lower always the hotter; and that not by a trifling, but what may well be called an astonishingly rapid rate of increase,—about a degree of the thermometer additional warmth for every 90 feet of additional depth, which is about 58° per mile!—so that, if we had a shaft sunk a mile deep, we should find a heat of 105°, which is much hotter than the hottest summer day ever experienced in England.

It is not everywhere, however, that it is worth while to sink a shaft to any great depth; but borings for water (in what are called Artesian wells) are often made to enormous depths, and the water always comes up hot; and the deeper the boring, the hotter the water. There is a very famous boring of this sort in Paris, at La Grenelle. The water rises from a depth of 1794 feet, and its temperature is 82° of our scale, which is almost that of the equator. And, again, at Salzwerth, in Oeynhausen, in Germany, in a boring for salt-

springs 2144 feet deep, the salt water comes up with a still higher heat, viz., 91°. Then, again, we have natural hot-water springs, which rise, it is true, from depths we have no means of ascertaining, but which, from the earliest recorded times, have always maintained the same heat. At Bath, for instance, the hottest well is 117° Fahr. On the Arkansas River, in the United States, is a spring of 180°, which is scalding hot; and that out of the neighbourhood of any volcano.

Now, only consider what sort of a conclusion this lands us in. This globe of ours is 8000 miles in diameter; a mile deep on its surface is a mere scratch. If a man had twenty greatcoats on, and I found under the first a warmth of 60° above the external air, I should expect to find 60° more under the second, and 60° more under the third, and so on; and, within all, *no man*, but a mass of red-hot iron. Just so with the outside crust of the earth. Every mile thick is such a greatcoat, and at 20 miles depth, according to this rate, the ground must be fully red-hot; and at no such very great depth beyond, either the whole must be melted, or only the most infusible and intractable kinds of material, such as our fire-clays and flints, would present some degree of solidity.

In short, what the icefloes and icebergs are to the polar seas, so we shall come to regard our continents and mountain ranges in relation to the ocean of melted matter beneath. I do not mean to say there is no solid central mass; there may be one, or there may not, and, upon the whole, I think it likely enough that there is—kept solid, in spite of the heat, by the enormous pressure; but that has nothing to do with my present argument. All that I contend for is this,—Grant me a sea of liquid fire, on which we are all floating, land and sea; for the bottom of the sea, anyhow, will not come nearly down to the lava level. The sea is probably nowhere more than five or six miles deep, which is far enough above that level to keep its bed from becoming red-hot.

Well, now, the land is perpetually wearing down, and the materials carried out to sea. The coat of heavier matter is thinning off towards the land, and thickening over all the bed of the sea. What must happen? If a ship floats even on her keel, transfer weight from the starboard to the larboard side, will she continue to float even? No, certainly. She will heel over to larboard. Many a good ship has gone to the bottom in this way. If the continents are lightened, they will rise; if the bed of the sea receives additional weight, it will sink. The bottom of the Pacific is sinking, in point of fact. Not that the Pacific is becoming *deeper*. This seems a paradox; but it is easily explained. The whole bed of the sea is in the act of being pressed down by the laying on of new solid substance over its bottom. The new bottom then is laid upon the old, and so the actual bed of the ocean remains at the same distance from the surface water. But what becomes of the islands? They form part

* At Hawkhurst in Kent.

and parcel of the old bottom ; and Dr. Darwin has shown, by the most curious and convincing proofs, that they *are sinking*, and *have been sinking for ages*, and are only kept above water—by what, think you ? By the labours of the coral insects, which always build up to the surface !

It is impossible but that this increase of pressure in some places and relief in others must be very unequal in their bearings. So that at some places or other this solid floating crust must be brought into a state of strain, and if there be a weak or a soft part, a crack will at last take place. When this happens, down goes the land on the heavy side, and up on the light side. Now this is exactly what took place in the earthquake which raised the Ullah Bund in Cutch. I have told you of a great crack down across the country, not far from the coast line ; the inland country rose ten feet, but much of the sea-coast, and probably a large tract in the bed of the Indian Ocean, sunk considerably below its former level. And just as you see when a crack takes place in ice, the water oozes up, so this kind of thing is always, or almost always followed by an upburst of the subterranean fiery matter. The earthquake of Cutch was terminated by the outbreak of a volcano at the town of Bhooi, which it destroyed.

Now where, following out this idea, should we naturally expect such cracks and outbreaks to happen ? Why, of course, along those lines where the relief of pressure on the land side is the greatest, and also its increase on the sea side ; that is to say, along or in the neighbourhood of the sea-coasts, where the destruction of the land is going on with most activity. Well, now, it is a remarkable fact in the history of volcanos, that there is hardly an instance of an active volcano at any considerable distance from the sea-coast. All the great volcanic chain of the Andes is close to the western coast line of America. Etna is close to the sea ; so is Vesuvius ; Teneriffe is very near the African coast ; Mount Erebus is on the edge of the great Antarctic continent. Out of 225 volcanos which are known to have been in actual eruption over the whole earth within the last 150 years, I remember only a single instance of one more than 320 miles from the sea, and even *that* is on the edge of the Caspian, the largest of all the inland seas—I mean Mount Demawend in Persia.

Suppose from this, or from any other cause, a crack to take place in the solid crust of the earth. Don't imagine that the melted matter below will simply ooze up quietly, as water does from under an ice-crack. No such thing. There is an element in the case we have not considered : Steam and condensed gases. We all know what happens when a crack takes place in a high-pressure steam-boiler, with what violence the contents escape, and what havoc takes place. Now there is no doubt that among the minerals of the subterranean world, there is water in abundance, and sulphur, and many other vaporizable substances,

all kept subdued and repressed by the enormous pressure. Let this pressure be relieved, and forth they rush, and the nearer they approach the surface the more they expand, and the greater is the explosive force they acquire, till at length, after more or fewer preparatory shocks, each accompanied with progressive weakening of the overlying strata, the surface finally breaks up, and forth rushes the imprisoned power, with all the awful violence of a volcanic eruption.

Certainly a volcano does seem to be a very bad neighbour ; and yet it does afford a compensation in the extraordinary richness of the volcanic soil, and the fertilizing quality of the ashes thrown out. The flanks of Somma (the exterior crater of Vesuvius) are covered with vineyards producing wonderful wine, and whoever has visited Naples, will not fail to be astonished at the productiveness of the volcanized territory as contrasted with the barrenness of the limestone rocks bordering on it. There you will see the amazing sight (as an English farmer would call it) of a triple crop growing at once on the same soil ; a vineyard, an orchard, and a corn-field all in one. A magnificent wheat crop, five or six feet high, overhung with clustering grape-vines swinging from one apple or pear tree to another in the most luxuriant festoons ! When I visited Somma, to see the country where the celebrated wine, the *Lacryma Christi*, is grown, it was the festival of the *Madonna del Arco* ; her church was crowded to suffocation with a hot and dusty assemblage of the peasantry. The fine impalpable volcanic dust was everywhere ; in your eyes, in your mouth, begriming every pore ; and there I saw what I shall never forget. Jammed among the crowd, I felt something jostling my legs ; looking down, and the crowd making way, I beheld a line of worshippers crawling on their hands and knees from the door of the church to the altar, licking the dusty pavement all the way with their tongues, positively applied to the ground and no mistake. No trifling dose of *Lacryma* would be required to wash down what they must have swallowed on that journey, and I have no doubt it was administered pretty copiously after the penance was over.

Now I come to consider the manner in which an earthquake is propagated from place to place ; how it travels, in short. It runs along the earth precisely in the same manner, and according to the same mechanical laws as a wave along the sea, or rather as the waves of sound run along the air, but quicker. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon ran out from thence, as from a centre, in all directions, at a rate averaging about twenty miles per minute, as far as could be gathered from a comparison of the times of its occurrence at different places ; but there is little doubt that it must have been retarded by having to traverse all sorts of ground, for a blow or shock of any description is conveyed through the substance on which it is delivered with the rapidity of sound in that

substance. Perhaps it may be new to many to be told that sound is conveyed by water, by stone, by iron, and indeed by everything, and at a different rate for each. In air it travels at the rate of about 1140 feet per second, or about 12 miles in a minute. In water much faster, more than four times as fast (4700 feet). In iron ten times as fast (11,400 feet), or about 130 miles in a minute, so that a blow delivered endways at one end of an iron rod, 130 miles long, would only reach the other after the lapse of a minute, and a pull at one end of an iron wire of that length, would require a minute before it would be felt at the other. But the substance of the earth through which the shock is conveyed is not only far less elastic than iron, but it does not form a coherent, connected body; it is full of interruptions, cracks, loose materials, and all these tend to deaden and retard the shock, and putting together all the accounts of all the earthquakes that have been exactly observed, their rate of travel may be taken to vary from as low as 12 or 13 miles a minute to 70 or 80, but perhaps the low velocities arise from oblique waves.

The way, then, that we may conceive an earthquake to travel is this,—I shall take the case which is most common, when the motion of the ground to-and-fro is horizontal. *How far* each particular spot on the surface of the ground is actually pushed from its place there is no way of ascertaining, since all the surrounding objects receive the same impulse almost at the same instant of time, but there are many indications that it is often several yards. In the earthquake of Cutch, which I have mentioned, trees were seen to flog the ground with their branches, which proves that their stems must have been jerked suddenly away for some considerable distance and as suddenly pushed back; and the same conclusion follows from the sudden rise of the water of lakes on the side where the shock reaches them, and its fall on the opposite side; the bed of the lake has been jerked away for a certain distance from under the water and pulled back.

Now, suppose a row of sixty persons, standing a mile apart from each other, in a straight line, in the direction in which the shock travels, at a rate, we will suppose, of sixty miles per minute, and let the ground below the first get a sudden and violent shove, carrying it a yard in the direction of the next. Since this shock will not reach the next till after the lapse of one second of time, it is clear that the space between the two will be shortened by a yard, and the ground—that is to say, not the mere loose soil on the surface, but the whole mass of solid rock below, down to an unknown depth—compressed, or driven into a smaller space. It is this compression that carries the shock forwards. The elastic force of the rocky matter, like a coiled spring, acts both ways; it drives back the first man to his old place, and shoves the second a yard nearer to the third, and so on. Instead of men place a row of tall buildings, or columns, and they will tumble down in succession, the base flying

forwards, and leaving the tops behind to drop on the soil on the side *from* which the shock came. This is just what was seen to happen in Messina in the great Calabrian earthquake. As the shock ran along the ground, the houses of the Faro were seen to topple down in succession, beginning at one end and running on to the other, as if a succession of mines had been sprung. In the earthquake in Cutch, a sentinel standing at one end of a long straight line of wall, saw the wall bow forward and recover itself, not all at once, but with a swell like a wave running all along it with immense rapidity. In this case it is evident that the earthquake wave must have had its front oblique to the direction of the wall (just as an obliquely-held ruler runs along the edge of a page of paper while it advances, like a wave of the sea, perpendicularly to its own length).

In reference to extinct volcanos, I may just mention that any one who wishes to see some of the finest specimens in Europe may do so by making a couple of days' railway travel to Clermont, in the department of the Puy de Dôme in France. There he will find a magnificent series of volcanic cones, fields of ashes, streams of lavas, and basaltic terraces or platforms, proving the volcanic action to have been continued for countless ages before the present surface of the earth was formed; and all so clear that he who runs may read their lesson. There can there be seen a configuration of surface quite resembling what telescopes show in the most volcanic districts of the moon. Let not the reader be startled; half the moon's face is covered with craters of extinct volcanos.

Many of the lavas of Auvergne and the Puy de Dôme are basaltic; that is, consisting of columns placed close together; and some of the cones are quite complete, and covered with loose ashes and cinders, just as Vesuvius is at this hour.

In the study of these vast and awful phenomena we are brought in contact with those immense and rude powers of nature which seem to convey to the imagination the impress of brute force and lawless violence; but it is not so. Such an idea is not more derogatory to the wisdom and benevolence that prevails throughout all the scheme of creation than it is in itself erroneous. In their wildest paroxysms the rage of the volcano and the earthquake is subject to great and immutable laws: they feel the bridle and obey it. The volcano bellows forth its pent-up overplus of energy, and sinks into long and tranquil repose. The earthquake rolls away, and industry, that balm which nature knows how to shed over every wound, effaces its traces, and festoons its ruins with flowers. There is mighty and rough work to be accomplished, and it cannot be done by gentle means. It seems, no doubt, terrible, awful, perhaps harsh, that twenty or thirty thousand lives should be swept away in a moment by a sudden and unforeseen calamity; but we must remember that sooner or later every one of those lives must be called for,

and it is by no means the most sudden end that is the most afflictive. It is well too that we should contemplate occasionally, if it were only to teach us humility and submission, the immense energies which are everywhere at work in maintaining the system of nature we see going on so smoothly and tranquilly around us, and of which these furious outbreaks, after all, are but minute, and for the moment unbalanced surpluses in the great account. The energy requisite to overthrow a mountain is as a drop in the ocean compared with that which holds it in its place, and makes it a mountain. Chemistry tells us that the forces constantly in action to maintain four grains of zinc in its habitual

state, when only partially and sparingly let loose in the form of electricity, would supply the lightning of a considerable thunder-storm. And we learn from optical science that in even the smallest element of every material body, nay, even in *what we call* empty space, there are forces in perpetual action to which even such energies sink into insignificance. Yet, amid all this, nature holds her even course : the flowers blossom ; animals enjoy their brief span of existence ; and man has leisure and opportunity to contemplate and adore, secure of the watchful care which provides for his wellbeing at every instant that he is permitted to remain on earth.

CONCERNING THINGS WHICH CANNOT GO ON.

Of course, in the full meaning of the words, Ben Nevis is one of the Things that cannot Go On. And among these, too, we may reckon the Pyramids. Likewise the unchanging ocean : and all the everlasting hills, which cannot be removed, but stand fast for ever.

But it is not such things that I mean by the phrase : it is not such things that the phrase suggests to ordinary people. It is not things which are passing, indeed ; but passing so very slowly, and with so little sign as yet of their coming end, that to human sense they are standing still. I mean things which even we can discern have not the element of continuance in them : things which press it upon our attention as one of their most marked characteristics, that they have not the element of continuance in them. And you know there are such things. Things too good to last very long. Things too bad to be borne very long. Things which as you look at, you say to yourself, Ah, it is just a question of time ! We shall not have you long !

This, as it appears to me, my reader, is the essential quality which makes us class anything among the Things which cannot Go On : it is that the thing should not merely be passing away, or even passing away fast ; but that it shall bear on its very face, as the first thing that strikes us in looking at it, that it is so. There are passing things that have a sort of perennial look : things that will soon be gone, but that somehow do not press it upon us that they are going. If you had met Christopher North, in his days of affluent physical health, swinging along with his fishing-rod towards the Tweed, you might, if you had reflected, have thought that in truth all *that* could not go on. The day would come when that noble and loveable man would be very different : when he would creep along slowly, instead of tearing along with that springy pace : when he would no longer be able to thrash pugnacious gypsies, nor to outleap flying tailors : when he would not sit down at morning in his dusty study, and rush through the writing of an article

as he rushed through other things, impetuously, determinedly, and with marvellous speed, and hardly an intermission for rest : when mind and body, in brief, would be unstrung. But *that* was not what you thought of, in the sight of that prodigal strength and activity. At any rate, it was not the thought that came readiest. But when you see the deep colour on the cheek of a consumptive girl, and the too bright eye : when you see a man awfully overworking himself : when you see a human being wrought up to a frantic enthusiasm in some cause, good or bad : when you find a lady declaring that a recently acquired servant, or a new-found friend, is absolute perfection : when you see a church, crowded to discomfort, passages and all, by people who come to listen to its popular preacher : when you go to hear the popular preacher for yourself, and are interested and carried away by a sermon, evincing such elaborate preparation as no man, with the duty of a parish resting upon him, could possibly find time for in any single week,—and delivered with overwhelming vehemence of voice and gesture : when you hear of a parish in which a new-come clergyman has set a-going an amount of parochial machinery which it would need at least three and probably six clergymen to keep working : when you see a family, living a cat and dog life : when you see a poor fellow, crushed down by toil and anxiety, setting towards insanity : when you find a country gentleman, with fifteen hundred a year, spending five thousand : when you see a man submitting to an insufferable petty tyranny, and commanding himself by a great effort, repeated several times a day, so far as not just yet to let fly at the tyrant's head : when you hear of King Bomba gagging and murdering his subjects, amid the reprobation of civilized mankind : when you see the stoker of an American steamer sitting upon his safety-valve, and observe that the indicator shows a pressure of a hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch of his boiler : then, my friend, looking at such things as these, and beholding the end impending and the explosion

imminent, you would say that these are Things which cannot Go On.

And then, besides the fact that in the case of very many of the Things which cannot Go On, you can discern the cause at work that must soon bring them to an end; there is a further matter to be considered. Human beings are great believers in what may be called the doctrine of Average. That is a deep conviction, latent in the ordinary mind, and the result of all its experience, that anything very extreme cannot last. If you are sitting on a winter evening in a chamber of a country house which looks to the north-east: and if a tremendous batter of wind and sleet suddenly dashes against the windows with a noise loud enough to attract the attention of everybody; I am almost sure that the first thing that will be said, by somebody or other, in the first momentary lull in which it is possible to hear, will be, "Well, *that* cannot last long." We have in our minds, as regards all things moral and physical, some idea of what is the average state of matters: and whenever we find any very striking deviation from *that*, we feel assured that the deviation will be but temporary. When you are travelling by railway, even through a new and striking country, the first few miles enable you to judge what you may expect. The country may be very different indeed from that which you are accustomed to see, day by day: but still, a little observation of it enables you to strike an average, so to speak, of that country. And if you come suddenly to anything especially remarkable: to some enormously lofty viaduct, whence you look down upon the tops of tall trees and upon a foaming stream: or to some tunnel through a huge hill: or to some bridge of singular structure: or to some tract wonderfully wooded or wonderfully bare: you involuntarily judge that all this is something exceptional: that it cannot last long: that you will soon be through it, and back to the ordinary jog-trot way.

And now, my friend, let me recall to mind certain facts connected with the great order of Things which cannot Go On: and let us compare our experience with regard to these.

Have you a residence in the country, small or great? Have you ever had such a residence? If you have one, or ever have had one, I have no doubt at all but there is or was a little gravelled walk, which you were accustomed often to walk up and down. You walked there, thinking of things painful and things pleasant. And if nature and training made you the human being for a country life, you found that that little gravelled path could do you a great deal of good. When you went forth, somewhat worried by certain of the little cares which worry at the time but are so speedily forgotten, and walked up and down; you found that at each turn you took, the path, with its evergreens at either hand, and with here and there a little bay of green grass running into the thick masses of green boughs and leaves, gently pressed itself

upon your attention; a patient friend, content to wait your time. And in a little space, no matter whether in winter or in summer, the path with its belongings filled your mind with pleasant little thoughts and cares; and smoothed your forehead and quieted your nervous system. I am a great believer in grass and evergreens and gravelled walks. Was it not pleasant, when a bitter wind was blowing outside your little realm, to walk in the shelter of the yews and hollies, where the air felt so snug and calm: and now and then to look out beyond your gate, and catch the bitter East on your face, and then turn back again to the warm, sheltered walk! Beautiful in frost, beautiful in snow, beautiful in rain, beautiful in sunshine, are clumps of evergreens: the green grass: and cheerful and healthful to our whole moral nature is the gravelled walk that winds between!

But all this is by the way. It is not of gravelled walks in general that I am to speak: but of one special phenomenon concerning such walks; and bearing upon my proper subject. If you are walking up and down a path, let us say a hundred and fifty yards long, talking to a friend, or holding conversation with yourself; and if at each turn you take, you have to bend your head to pass under an overhanging bough: here is what will happen. To bend your head for once, will be no effort. You will do it instinctively, and never think about the matter. To stoop even six times, will not be much. But if you walk up and down for an hour, that constant evading of the overhanging bough will become intolerably irksome. For a little, it is nothing: but you cannot bear it if it is a thing that is to go on. Here is a fact in human nature. You can stand a very disagreeable and painful thing for once: or for a little while. But a very small annoyance, going on unceasingly, grows insufferable. No annoyance can possibly be slighter, than that a drop of cold water should fall upon your bare head. But you are aware that those ingenious persons, who have investigated the constitution of man with the design to discover the sensitive places where man can feel torture, have discovered what can be got out of that falling drop of water. Continue it for an hour; continue it for a day: and it turns to a refined agony. It is a thing which cannot go on long, without driving the sufferer mad. No one can say what the effect might be, of compelling a human being to spend a week, walking, through all his waking hours, in a path where he had to bend his head to escape a branch every minute or so. You, my reader, did not ascertain by experiment what would be the effect. However pretty the branch might be, beneath which you had to stoop, or round which you had to dodge, at every turn; that branch must go. And you cut away the blossoming apple-branch: you trained in another direction the spray of honeysuckle: you sawed off the green bough, beautiful with the soft beechen leaves. They had become things which you could not suffer to go on.

Have you ever been misled into living in your house, during any portion of the time in which it was being painted? If so, you remember how you had to walk up and down stairs on planks, very steep and slippery: how, at early morning, a sound pervaded the dwelling, caused by the rubbing your doors with stones, to the end of putting a smoother surface upon the doors: how your children had to abide in certain apartments under ground, to be beyond the reach of paint, and brushes, and walls still wet. The discomfort was extreme. You could not have made up your mind to go on through life, under the like conditions: but you bore it patiently, because it was not to go on. It was as when you shut your eyes, and squeeze through a thicket of brambles, encouraged by the hope of reaching the farther side. So when you are obliged to ask a man to dinner, with whom you have not an idea or sympathy in common. Suppressing the tendency to yawn, you force yourself to talk about things in which you have not the faintest interest: and you know better than to say a word upon the subjects for which you really care. You could not stand this: were it not that from time to time you furtively glance at the clock, and think that the time of deliverance is drawing near. And on the occasion of a washing-day, or a change of cook, you put up without a murmur with a dinner to which you could not daily subdue your heart. We can go on for a little space, carried by the impetus previously got, and by the hope of what lies before us. It is like the dead points in the working of a steam-engine. You probably know that many river steamboats have but a single engine: and that there are two points, each reached every few seconds, at which a single engine has no power at all. The paddle-wheels continue to turn, in virtue of the strong impetus already given them. Now, it is plain to every mind, that if the engine remained for any considerable period at the point where it is absolutely powerless, the machinery driven by the engine would stop. But in practice, the difficulty is very small: because it is but for a second or two that the engine remains in this state of paralysis. It does quite well for a little: but is a state that could not go on.

Any very extreme feeling, in a commonplace mind, is a thing not likely to go on long. Very extravagant likes and dislikes: very violent grief, such as people fancy must kill them: will, in most cases, endure not long. In short, anything that flies in the face of the laws which regulate the human mind: anything which is greatly opposed to Nature's love for the Average: cannot, in general, go on. I do not forget, that there are striking exceptions. There are people, who never quite get over some great grief or disappointment: there are people who form a fixed resolution, and hold by it all through life. I have seen more than one or two men and women, whose whole soul and energy were so devoted to some good work, that a stranger, witnessing their doings for a few days

and hearing their talk, would have said, "*That cannot last. It must soon burn itself out, zeal like that!*" But if you had made inquiry, you would have learned that all *that* had gone on unflagging, for ten, twenty, thirty years. There must have been sound and deep principle there at the first, to stand the wear of such a time: and you may well believe that the whole nature is now confirmed irretrievably in the old habit: you may well hope that the good Christian and philanthropist who has gone on for thirty years, will go on as long as he lives;—will go on for ever. But, as a general rule, I have no great faith in the stability of human character: and I have great faith in the law of Average. People will not go on very long, doing what is inconvenient for them to do. And I will back Time against most feelings and most resolutions in human hearts. It will beat them in the end. You are a clergyman, let us suppose. Your congregation are fond of your sermons. They have got into your way: and if so, they probably like to hear you preach, better than anybody else; unless it be the two or three very great men. A family, specially attached to you, moves from a house near the church, to another two or three miles away. They tell you, that nothing shall prevent their coming to their accustomed places every Sunday still: they would come, though the distance were twice as great. They are perfectly sincere. But your larger experience of such cases makes you well aware that time, and distance, and mud, and rain, and hot sunshine, will beat them. Coming to church over that inconvenient distance, is a thing that cannot go on. It is a thing that ought not to go on: and you make up your mind to the fact. You cannot vanquish the laws of Nature. You may make water run up hill, by laborious pumping. But you cannot go on pumping for ever: and whenever the water is left to its own nature, it will certainly run downhill. All such declarations as "I shall never forget you:" "I shall never cease to deplore your loss:" "I can never hold up my head again:" may be ethically true: but time will prove them logically false. The human being may be quite sincere in uttering them: but he will change his mind.

I do not mean to say that it is very pleasant to have to think thus: or that much good can come of dwelling too long upon the idea. It is a very chilling and sorrowful thing, to be reminded of all this in the hard, heartless way in which some old people like to drive the sad truth into the young. It is very fit and right that the girl of twenty, broken-hearted now because the young individual she is fond of is gone off to Australia, should believe that when he returns in five years he will find her unchanged; and should resent the remotest suggestion that by that time she will probably think and feel quite differently. It is fit and right that she should do all this, even though a prescient eye could discern that in two

years exactly she will be married to somebody else ; and married, too, not to some old hunk of great wealth whom her parents have badgered her into marrying against her will ; but (much worse for the man in Australia, who has meanwhile taken to drinking) married with all her heart to some fine young fellow, very suitable in age and all other respects. Yet, certain though the general principle may be, a wise and kind man or woman will not take much pleasure in imparting the sad lesson, taught by experience, to younger hearts. No good can come of doing so. Bide your time, my friend : and the laws of nature will prevail. Water will not long run up hill. But while the stream is quite happy and quite resolute in flowing up an incline of one in twenty, there is no good in standing by it, and in roaring out that in a little while it will get tired of *that*. Experience tells us several things, which are not quite to the credit of our race : and it is wrong to chill a hopeful and warm heart with these. We should be delighted to find that young heart falsifying them by its own history : let it do so if it can.

And it is chilling and irritating to be often reminded of the refrigerating power of Time upon all warm feelings and resolutions. I have known a young clergyman, appointed early in life to his first parish ; and entering upon his duty with tremendous zeal. I think a good man, however old, would rejoice at such a sight : would delightedly try to direct and counsel all that hearty energy, and to turn all that labour to the best account. And even if he thought within himself that possibly all this might not quite last, I don't think he would go and tell the young minister so. And the aged man would thankfully remember, that he has known instances in which all that *has* lasted ; and would hope that in this instance it might last again. But I have known a cynical, heartless, time-hardened old man (the uncle, in fact, of my friend Mr. Snarling), listen with a grin of mingled contempt and malignity to the narration of the young parson's doings ; and explain the whole phenomena by a general principle, inexpressibly galling and discouraging to the young parson. "Oh," says the cynical, heartless old individual, "new brooms sweep clean !" That was all. The whole thing was explained and settled. I should like to apply a new knout to the old individual, and see if it would cut smartly.

And then we are to remember, that though it be only a question of time with the existence of anything, *that* does not prove that the thing is of no value. A great part of all that we are enjoying, consists of Things which cannot Go On. And though the wear that there is in a thing be a great consideration in reckoning its worth ; and more especially, in the case of all Christian qualities, be the great test whether or not they are genuine ; yet things that are going, and going very fast, have their worth. And it is very fit that we should enjoy them while they last ; without unduly overclouding

our enjoyment of them by the recollection of their evanescence. "Why," said an eminent divine,— "why should we pet and pamper these bodies of ours, which are soon to be reduced to a state of mucilaginous fusion?" There was a plausibility about the question : and for about half a minute it tended to make you think, that it might be proper to leave off taking your daily bath, and brushing your nails and teeth : likewise that instead of patronizing your tailor any farther, it might be well to assume a horse-rug : and also that it might be unworthy to care for your dinner, and that for the future you should live on raw turnips. But of course, anything that revolts common sense, can never be a part of Christian doctrine or duty. And the natural reply to the rhetorical question I have quoted would of course be, that after these mortal frames are so fused, we shall wholly cease to care for them : but that meanwhile we shall suitably tend, feed, and clothe them, because it is comfortable to do so ; because it is God's manifest intention that we should do so : because great moral and spiritual advantage comes of our doing so : and because you have no more right to disparage and neglect your wonderful mortal frame, than any other talent or gift confided to you by God. Why should we neglect, or pretend to neglect, these bodies of ours, with which we are commanded to glorify God : which are bought with Christ's blood : which, even through the last lowliness of mortal dissolution, even when turned to dust again, are "still united to Christ : " and which are to rise again in glory and beauty, and be the redeemed soul's companion through eternity ? And it is a mere sophism to put the shortness of a thing's continuance, as a reason why it should not be cared for while it lasts. Of course, if it last but a short time, all the shorter will be the time through which we shall care for it. But let us make the best of things while they last : both as regards our care for them and our enjoyment of them.

That a thing will soon be done with : that the cloud will soon blow by : is a good reason for bearing patiently what is painful. But it is very needless to thrust in this consideration, to the end of spoiling the enjoyment of what is pleasant. I have seen people, when a little child, in a flutter of delighted anticipation, was going away to some little merrymaking, anxious to put down its unseemly happiness by severely impressing the fact, that in a very few hours all the pleasure would be over, and lessons would begin again. And I have seen, with considerable wrath, a cloud descend upon the little face at the unwelcome suggestion. What earthly good is to come of this piece of stupid, well-meant malignity ? It originates, doubtless, in that great fundamental belief in many narrow minds, that the more uncomfortable you are the likelier you are to be right ; and that God is angry when he sees people happy. Unquestionably, most of the little enjoyments of life are very transient. All pleasant social gatherings : all visits to cheerful

country houses : all holidays : are things which cannot go on. No doubt, that is true : but that is no reason why we should sulkily refuse to enjoy them while they last. There is no good end secured, by persisting in seeing " towers decayed as soon as built." It is right, always latently, and sometimes expressly, to remember that they must decay : but meanwhile, let us be thankful for their shelter and their beauty. Sit down, happily, on a July day, beneath the green shade of your beeches : do not needlessly strain what little imagination you have, to picture those branches leafless, and the winter wind and clouds racking overhead. Enjoy your parcel of new books when it comes, coming not often : cut the leaves peacefully, and welcome in each volume a new companion : then carefully decide the fit place on your shelves where to dispose the pleasant accession to your store : and do not worry yourself by the reflection that when you die, the little library you collected may perhaps be scattered ; and the old, friendly-looking volumes fall into no one knows whose hands : perhaps be set forth on out-door bookstalls ; or be exhibited on the top of a wall, with a sack put over them when it begins to rain, as in a place which I have seen. " What is the use of washing my hands," said a little boy in my hearing : " they will very soon be dirty again ! " Refuse, my reader, to accept the principle implied in the little boy's words : however specious it may seem. Whitewash your manse, if you be a Scotch minister, some time in April : paint your house in town, however speedily it may again grow black. Write your sermons diligently : write them on the very best paper you can get, and in a very distinct and careful hand : and pack them with attention in a due receptacle. It is, no doubt, only a question of time how long they will be needed, before the day of your departure shall make them no more than waste paper. Yet, though things which cannot go on, you may hope to get no small use out of them, to others and to yourself, before the time when the hand that travelled over the pages shall be cold with the last chill ; and the voice that spoke these words shall be hushed for ever. We know, obscurely, what we shall come to : and by God's grace we are content, and we hope to be prepared : but there is no need to overcast all life with the ceaseless anticipation of death. You may have read how John Hampden's grave was opened, at the earnest desire of an extremely fat nobleman who was his injudicious admirer. The poor wreck of humanity was there : and as the sexton said, " We propped him up with a shovel at his back, and I cut off a lock of his hair." I ho! with Abraham, who " buried his dead from his sight ; " I hold with Shakspeare, who desired that no one should disturb him in his lowly bed, till He shall awaken him whose right it is to do so. Yet I read no lesson of the vanity of Hampden's life, in that last sad picture of helplessness and humiliation. He had come to *that* : yet all this does

not show that his life was not a noble one while it lasted, though now it was done. He had his day : and he used it : whether well or ill let wiser men judge. And if it be right to say that he withstood tyranny, and helped to lay the foundation of his country's liberties, the whim of Lord Nugent and the propping up with the shovel can take nothing away from that.

You understand me, my friend. You know the kind of people who revenge themselves upon human beings who meanwhile seem happy, by suggesting the idea that it cannot last. You see Mr. A., delighted with his beautiful new church : you know how Miss B. thinks the man to whom she is to be married next week, the handsomest, wisest, and best of mankind : you behold the elation of Mr C. about that new pair of horses he has got : and if you be a malicious blockhead, you may greatly console yourself in the spectacle of the happiness of those individuals, by reflecting, and perhaps by saying, that it is all one of those things that cannot go on. Mr. A. will in a few months find no end of worry about that fine building : Miss B.'s husband, at present transfigured to her view, will settle into the very ordinary being he is : and Mr. C.'s horses will prove occasionally lame, and one of them a permanent roarer. Yet I think a wise man may say, I am aware I cannot go on very long ; yet I shall do my best in my little time. I look at the right hand which holds my pen. The pen will last but for a short space ; yet that is no reason why I should slight it now. The hand may go on longer. Yet, warm as it is now, and faithfully obeying my will as it has done through all those years, the day is coming when it must cease from its long labours. And, for myself, I am well content that it should be so. Let us not strive against the silent current, that bears us all away and away. Let us not quarrel with the reminders we meet on many country gravestones, addressed unto us who are living from the fathers who have gone before. Yet you will think of Charles Lamb. He said (but nobody can say when Elia meant what he said), " I conceive disgust at those impertinent and unbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that ' Such as he now is I must shortly be.' Not so shortly, friend, perhaps as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters ! "

You may look on somewhat farther, in a sweet country burying-place. Dear old church-yard, once so familiar : with the old oaks and the gliding river, and the purple hill looking over : where the true heart of Jeanie Deans has mouldered into dust : I wonder what you are looking like to-day ! Many a time have I sat, in the quiet summer day, on a flat stone : and looked at the green graves : and thought that they were Things that could not Go

On! *There* were the graves of my predecessors : the day would come when old people in the parish would talk, not unkindly, of the days, long ago, when some one was minister whose name is neither here nor there. But it was a much stranger thing to think, in that silent and solitary place, of the great stir and bustle there shall be in it some day! Here it has been for centuries : the green mossy stones and the little grassy undulations. But we know, from the best of all authority, that "the hour is coming" which shall make a total change. This quiet, this decay, this forgetfulness, are not to Go On!

We look round, my reader, on all our possessions, and all our friends : and we discern that there are the elements of change in all. "I am content to stand still," says Elia, "at the age to which I am arrived : I, and my friends : to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer : I do not want to be weaned by age ; or drop, like mellow fruit, into the grave." There are indeed moods of mind, in which all thoughtful men have possibly yielded to a like feeling : but I never heard but of one other man whose deliberate wish was just to go on in this round of life for ever. Yet, though content to be in the wise and kind hands in which we are, we feel it strange to find how all things are going. Your little children, my friend, are growing older : growing out of their pleasant and happy childhood : the old people round you are wrinkling up, and breaking down. And in your constitution, in your way of life, there are things which cannot go on. There is some little physical malady, always rather increasing : and you cannot always be enlarging the doses of the medicine that is to correct it, or the opiates which make you sleep. I confess, with sorrow, that when I see an extraordinarily tidy garden, or a man dressed with special trimness, I cannot help looking forward to a day when all that is to cease : when the man will be somewhat slovenly ; when the garden will be somewhat weedy. I think especially of the garden : and the garden which comes most home to me is the manse garden. It was a marvel of exquisite neatness and order : but a new minister comes, who does not care for gardening : and all that goes. And though rejoicing greatly to see a parish diligently worked, yet sometimes I behold the parochial machinery driven with such a pressure of steam, that I cannot but think it never will last. I have known men who never could calmly think : who lived in a hurry and a fever. There are places where it costs a constant effort, not always a successful effort, to avoid coming to such a life : but let us strive against it. Let us not have constant push, and excitement, and high pressure. I hate to feel a whirl around me, as of a huge cotton mill. Let us "study to be quiet!" And I have observed that clergymen who set that feverish machinery a-going,

generally find it expedient to get away from it as speedily as may be, so as to avoid the discredit of its breaking down in their hands : being well aware that it is a thing which cannot go on. We cannot always go on at a tearing gallop, with every nerve tense. Probably we are doing so, a great deal too much. If so, let us definitively moderate our pace, before the pace kills us.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," says the proverb, testifying to the depth of human belief in the Average : testifying to our latent conviction that anything very marked is not likely to go on. A great many people, very anxious and unhappy and disappointed, cherish some confused hope that surely all this has lasted so long, things must be going to mend. The night has been so long, that morning must be near : even though there be not the least appearance of the dawn as yet. If you have been a briefless barrister, or an unemployed physician, or an unbenevolent clergyman, for a pretty long time ; even though there be no apparent reason now, more than years since, why success should come, you are ready to think that surely it must be coming now, at last. It seems to be overdue, by the theory of Average. Yet it is by no means certain that there is a good time coming, because the bad time has lasted long. Still, it is sometimes so. I have known a man, very laborious, very unfortunate, with whom everything failed : and after some years of this, I have seen a sudden turn of fortune come. And with exactly the same merit and the same industry as before, I have beheld him succeed in all he attempted, and gain no small eminence and reputation. "It behoved him to dree his weird," as was said by Meg Merrilies : and then the good time came. If you are happy, my reader, I wish your happiness may last. And if you are meanwhile somewhat down and depressed, let us hope that all this may prove one of the Things which cannot Go On!

"Shall I go on?" said Sterne, telling a touching story, familiar to most of us : and he answered his question by adding "No." "It is good," said an eminent author, "to make an end of a thing which might go on for ever." And on the whole, probably this Essay had better stop. And at this genial season, of kind wishes and old remembrances, we may fitly enough consider that these New Year's days cannot very often return to any. All this habitude of being cannot very long go on. Yet, in our little span here, we may gain possessions which never will fail. It is not a question of Time, with that which grows for Eternity! God grant each of us, always more assuredly, that Better Part, which can Go On for ever!

ST. ELMO.

THE fresh and fragrant morning was abroad ;
 Over the lonely land the light of God
 Flung out a flood of full, rejoicing life,
 As to St. Elmo passed Cellano's wife,
 There is no morning where the captive dwells,
 O dark St. Elmo ! in thy dungeon cells,
 Where now the soldier-jailer leads the way,
 Down into darkness from the light of day.
 The bolts are drawn—there rushes forth an air
 As if the pest had been imprisoned there ;
 She trembles ; not the faltering of fear
 But of a long-sought joy at length brought near,
 There sits the prisoner !

But hope is dead
 Within him, and he hardly lifts his head,
 Until the words, "O husband !" met his ear,
 When—with a cry 'twas terrible to hear,
 Such years of anguish in its accents wailed—
 He sprang his chain's length, yet to reach her failed,
 Then with his hands, as if by shame assailed,
 His face he covered.

When he raised his head
 They were alone ; the bolts again had sped.

He was the first to speak : his cheek was dry
 While she wept wildly. "Darling, I can die,
 But cannot weep," he said ; "Why blind with
 tears
 Eyes that have wasted all those weary years
 With longing for these looks ?"

And now a light
 Bursts on the dungeon's long-enduring night ;
 A stone withdrawn lets in a flight of rays
 From a high grating ; now indeed they gaze
 Upon each other's faces, till again
 Silence is broken with a sob of pain.
 "O martyred husband ! See thy wasted hands,
 Almost escape the iron's cruel bands !
 How art thou changed ! Thy noble head grown
 grey ;
 Thy manhood wasted in this foul decay ;
 Am I too changed ? I should be changed too !
 I've grudged myself the light not shared by you ;
 Never breathed freely of the bounteous air
 Shut out from thy close prison ; tasted not
 The sweetness of aught sweet ; of all things fair
 Forgot the fairness in this one dark spot."

"Enough ! enough, beloved ! Each word now
 Must answer for a thousand. Tell me how
 Of Italy ? Our Friends ? Our Children ? Home ?
 And by what way of wonder thou hast come ?"

She answered, "Hush ! I shall not haste to go—
 The land hath peace, a prisoner's peace ! Yet glow
 The patriot fires, 'neath raked-up ashes deep,
 And our Volcano's treacherous silence keep,
 E'er he begins to mutter in his sleep,
 And not a vine-leaf trembles at his feet."

"Friends ! All thy noble friends who used to meet
 At our fair villa ;—in its fragrant groves
 To pace beneath the stars and tell their loves,
 All one, all Italy's—they share thy fate
 Or envy it in exile.

At the gate,
 I left our daughters, in thy father's arms,—
 Such as I was when first my childish charms
 Drew thy great heart toward me. And thy son,
 Thy loved Aurelio ! our little one,
 Cradled the year they took thee—he has been
 Three days in Heaven, or else I had not seen
 Thy face, beloved ! On my lap he lay
 One golden evening, dying with the day ;
 And at the hour when he was wont to say
 His evening prayer, he clasped his hands to pray :
 Deliverance from prison and from death
 That prayer besought for thee ! But his sweet
 breath

Failed at thy name. He smiled, and dying so,
 I kissed his darling lips and bade him go
 With that petition to Christ's thronèd feet.
 And well I know he reached the heavenly seat,
 For until then, in vain, to see thy face,
 I prayed to enter even this dreadful place."

"Deliverance," he groaned ; "Ay, it shall be
 When Death, the great Deliverer, sets me free :
 But yet when thou art gone and darkness falls,
 Since thou hast stood between me and these walls,
 Still on the blank thy features I shall trace,
 And their sweet light shall lighten all the place."

"To share thy prison was the price I paid
 To see thee for a moment." Then she said,
 "They knew not who demanded it that they
 Increased the boon by all they made me pay.
 Why groan, Filippo ?"

"Oh ! my noble wife,
 What torture ! When you shared my happy life
 Joy was twice joy when thine and mine made two,
 And twice must pierce the pang that falls on you.
 Our children call thee !"

"Stay, in pity cease ;
 The bond is made, and there is no release.
 And though each door should proffer me a way
 Back to all bliss, I would not choose but stay.
 And here what holy vigils we shall hold,
 What treasures hidden in our hearts unfold,
 No tyrant's hand can touch "

A dream of bliss
 Dawned, and they both were silent. Who is that
 That enters ? From each other's arms they start
 To hear the mocking mandate. They must part,
 Part, prisoners both, but not together ; doomed
 To drag despairing years apart entombed,
 Each suffering double anguish.

Let tyrants tremble ! Every mourning groan
 From these dark dungeons shook a tottering throne ;
 The HERO with his daring hundreds came,
 And at the shout of Garibaldi's name,
 Fell the dark walls of many a living tomb,
 And morning burst upon its midnight gloom.
 'Mong those who hailed that resurrection birth,
 And rose to freedom on Italian earth
 From dark St. Elmo into light and life,
 There passed Cellano and his noble wife.



ST. ELMO.



MEDITATIONS IN ADVENT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I.

It seems very difficult to conceive that the usual course of this world should ever be broken in upon by such an event as the coming of our Lord. It forms one of the most startling contrasts possible, to place side by side the common every-day thoughts of all of us about things around us, and the reality of the appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ in the midst of us. Of what is this a sign? On the one hand, do not let us press it further than is fair. I suppose something of the kind is the case with us about all very solemn things. We all know we must die; but a sentence of death, or the discovery of that fatal necessity imminent on us, would be to any of us a rude shock to our ordinary habits and thoughts. We all believe the holy articles of our faith; but there are times in the lives of us all, times of which we have no reason to be ashamed, when the mention of these solemn points of our belief would come in strangely and incongruously. So that I think we must not hold the fact with which we set out to be in itself a sign of irreligion. It is rather, perhaps, a necessity of our nature. God has so made us that we are necessarily taken hold of and possessed by the things about us. The things that are not seen are of infinitely more importance; but it is the things that are seen which are present and nearest us. We must make an effort to look at the one; the other we cannot help seeing. And so it is, that while God has constituted us beneficently in this respect, so that this tendency of our nature is good for us in the main,—good for our preservation in life, good for our enjoyment of life, good for our success in life—yet, like all our other natural tendencies and habits, it needs correcting, needs elevating, needs to be interfered with for the purposes of our best and highest life. For we are not, while in this present state, to be the slaves of outward things; and by far the greater part of our existence will be passed in another state than this, even an eternal one.

Thoughts like these, naturally arising out of the great subject of Advent, seem to lead us to shape our meditations thus:—The *difficulty* of realizing our Lord's coming, as necessarily belonging to our ordinary life in this world; and the *necessity* of realizing the Lord's coming, as belonging to the better part of our life here, and to our higher life hereafter. May God guide and bless us while we think on these two things.

"Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come." This is our belief. But *when?* and *how?* How many centuries have sped by since these words were written! How many more may drag on before they are fulfilled! Where in our own days, where in days future, can we assign a time

when we can realize the fact of His coming? Shall it be while earth is at peace, amidst the steady labours of the arts, and while man's thoughts are even and undistracted? Shall the merchant on the exchange, the student at his desk, the traveller on his journey, the mother in her family duties, the children in their school or at their play, be startled with the cry of His approach? So seem some places in Holy Scripture to teach us; and yet how difficult to imagine it! What do any of us expect less, than such a surprise to such employments? What seems more unlike God's ways of dealing with man during all these centuries, than that such a sudden crash should break in upon this settled order of things, which He has so far established, that it is our duty to Him to see it maintained, and to keep its place among ourselves? Well, but let us then take the other alternative. Shall that day come upon us amidst fierce wars and distresses, when men's passions are let loose, and their thoughts have lost balance? Shall the ears of the wild combatants in the battlefield be pierced by the shout of the archangel rising over the din of their conflict? Shall the lurid glare of burning homes usher in the conflagration of the heaven and the earth? Shall anguish and mourning be already upon mankind before that sign shall appear in heaven at which all the tribes of the earth shall mourn? This again seems not inconsistent with the testimony of Scripture in other places. But in that case, how difficult to imagine God's faithful people waiting and praying; how must their thoughts be distracted, and their Saviour put out of their sight by the dire necessities of the time! If the Christian prays against sudden death, if he dreads the passing from perhaps a light jest, or a trifling thought, or a festal moment, to the presence of his God, who would expect that the Church shall then, so to speak, be taken at a disadvantage, when fierce passions are raging even in bosoms whose law is forgiveness, and the ordinary means of grace are suspended? Again, if we put the alternative as to different times of our ordinary life, we shall find it equally difficult to give reality to our expectations of the Lord's coming. Hear what the poet sings of it:—

"At midnight, when mankind is rapt in peace,

And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams:

To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,

At midnight, 'tis presumed, this pomp will burst

From tenfold darkness: sudden as the spark

From smitten steel: from nitrous grain the blaze.

Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!

The day is broke, which never more shall close!"

Now as to this,—we know that "that day will come as a thief in the night;" and to some it must, like

the thief, come in the night itself. But it is impossible to apply this to all mankind, seeing that night and day share our globe alike, and such a consideration entirely prevents any general application of such a description, or of any description of men's occupations, except on the largest scale, when it shall overtake them. They shall be "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, buying and selling, planting and building;" these shall be their general employments over the whole earth: on such things shall their thoughts be; but to give any detailed description of the circumstance as applicable to all men is, from the above reason, impossible. Then again, as to the *place* where the Lord shall come, how difficult it is to form any idea in our minds which may at all accord with the facts and laws of nature to which we find ourselves subjected! He shall come and be seen by all; by all at the same moment; so that the very conditions of our senses will be changed, the very foundations of the earth broken up, all present hindrances removed. All the channels of thought and perception must be different, before such a thing can be. And here we seem to have arrived at the true reason of the difficulty which we find in conceiving this matter,—that it does not belong to our present state or perceptions; we shall be changed before we are conscious of it; in that change, all incongruity will pass away; after it, all surprise will have vanished in its surpassing greatness. Our eyes will see the Lord, but not these eyes, whose vision is limited by so brief a space; not these, which find obstacles in matter intervening; not these, which weep earthly tears, and glance aside at earthly vanities. Our ears will hear the voice before which heaven and earth shall flee away; but not these earthly organs, ever hearing amiss, unable to distinguish the good from the vain. Our hearts shall beat high at the joy of our Lord's approach; yet not these feeble ones, the strongest of which would be arrested in its vital course by terror at the very adjuncts of his coming; but other and more blessed ones, even new hearts, able to welcome all his glory, and to respond to all his love. We shall be changed—through the grave or without the grave—all changed, so that earth will be different to us, time will be different, other men will be different, ourselves will be different; for He that sitteth on the Throne will have made all things new.

The difficulty, then, in conceiving the coming of the Lord is incident to our present state, belongs to the imperfection of our present faculties, and to their necessary connexion with the things of sense and of this world. We shall never lose it. As long as we are in this state, it will be a strange thing to us that the Lord should come and put an end to this state, and break up all the habits and associations of the world which lies about us.

Now this difficulty affects the unbeliever in one way, and the Christian in another. It con-

firms the unbeliever in his unbelief. "Where is the promise of his coming? for all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation." This is the language of the unbeliever; in the days of St. Peter, and in our days. The stability of Nature and her laws, the difficulty of conceiving the Lord's coming in upon and interrupting the present order of things, is to them a reason for disbelieving altogether that He will come: for setting at nought the hopes of the Christian Church, and expecting that this world is to last for ever as it is.

On the Christian believer, the effect is very different. He, if he be wise, does not pretend in this matter to be differently situated from other men. Their difficulties are his difficulties. He can no more realize the dread and sudden event, than they can. Where it is to be, how it is to be, these are mysteries to him as to others. But what is his conclusion from these difficulties and mysteries? Is it this, that he should relax his hold on belief in the great fact itself; that he should let go his faith in him who hath promised, and cease to look and wait for the coming of the Lord? Nay, if I know anything of the ordinary course of the working of the Christian's thoughts, it is the direct reverse of this. The certainty of the event itself is beyond doubt. All Scripture is pledged to it; our Lord's own most sacred word is pledged to it again and again. If the assurance, "He that shall come will come," had never been written, it would yet have been virtually written over and over again, that He will come, and will not tarry. Here there can be no giving way. This at least is an article of his faith: and without believing this, he could not be the Christian which he is. What then is his inference from this difficulty on which we have been treating? from the fact, that is, that this solemn coming of his Lord is a matter not belonging to the state of time, not easily occurring to, nor grasped by, our present senses and faculties? What can it be but this,—that it needs so much the more to be thought upon, to be made matter of earnest meditation, to be surveyed in all its great bearings on his thoughts and desires, on his affections and determinations? Seeing these things are so, "What manner of men," as St. Peter asks, "ought we to be?" Seeing it is certain that this present state of things will come to a sudden end by the Advent of our Lord, how ought we to think of men and things around us; how to make our plans; how truly to enjoy life; how to deny ourselves; how to feel God's presence about and over us; how to war against sin and evil; how to perform the various duties of our stations for which we shall on that day be called to account? For this is another result of that of which we have been speaking: that our preparation for that day must rather consist in the things that are, than in those which are to be. Its events are great, and beyond our comprehension: strange, and removed out of our experience. If we were always to be

dwelling on them, ever speculating on them, we should be forsaking our line of practical good, and unfitting ourselves for God's work which lies in every man's path of life. Nay, the attempt would be vain; vain, as we saw, for any worthy comprehension which it would give us of that day; vain, for any imagined success in throwing off the realities of this state in which we are. For the *present*, which lies about a man, wraps him like a garment, and gives the form and semblance to all his thoughts and deeds; the age in which a man lives is the very flesh and blood of his personal being, and he can no more divest himself of it and be separate from it, than he can divest himself of those and be separate from them.

In our daily work then it is that we must prepare for Christ's coming: in the occupations of this day, for the account of that day: by living more purely, more truthfully, more charitably: living more in prayer, more in consciousness of God's presence, more in the cleansing power of the Lord's blessed Atonement, and by the guidance of his indwelling Spirit.

One thought may perhaps have been in some minds, as they have been reading these lines, and it is this, Will not the Lord's coming, to most of us, in all probability be the day of our own death? And would it not be more profitable to be preparing us for that, than to speak to us of an event which may be far distant, and probably will not come on the earth in our time at all? To this question there are two answers,—answers which ought to be ever impressed on a Christian's mind. First, the view of things proposed by the inquirer is not that taken in Holy Scripture, which is the rule and pattern of our teaching. There we do not hear anything of preparation for *death*. I doubt whether one text can be found in which we are exhorted to make such preparation, *as such*. But the constant note, the continually recurring exhortation is, to be prepared for the Lord's coming. So that if we would teach as God's Word teaches, as our blessed Lord and his Apostles taught, we cannot do as the inquirer would have us. Our second answer goes to the reason of the thing, and in fact gives the account and lays open the foundation of the former. He who is prepared for the Lord's coming is necessarily also prepared for his own death. The greater includes the less. He who so lives, so thinks, so speaks, so works, in his daily life, as to be ready for the sign of the Son of man in heaven, and the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, will not be found unready when the summons is heard in a softer tone, and comes with more previous warning. If he can meet the Lord amidst the flaming heavens and the gathering dead, he will not be loath to obey his call when its dread reality is tempered with all gentle and kindly alleviation—with the gradual approaches of sickness and infirmity, and the tender solaces of loving friends and watchful attendants. But, on the other hand,

he who has forgotten his Lord's coming, and has simply been careful about readiness for his own dismissal, will ever be too liable in the lesser thing to have neglected care for the greater; and he will also be well-nigh certain to have lowered his standard of attainment, and narrowed his sympathies, unworthily; in taking thought for himself, to have forgotten the great Body of which he is a member; in minding his own safety, to have forgotten the glory of his Lord—nay, his very Lord himself.

For—and with this thought we will draw to a close—there is nothing that so much takes a man out of himself; nothing that so much raises and widens his thoughts and sympathies; nothing that so much purifies and elevates his hopes, as this preparation for the coming of the Lord.

One word more. And it is on words occurring in a text already more than once referred to, "Yet a little while." I said it was not good to speculate, not good to give scope to the roving fancy, as to the great event, its manner, or its time. Still these words, "Yet a little while," should be impressed on every mind. Could we look at the future as we do on the past,—could we estimate the interval of time between the Lord's first and second coming, as we shall do when we look back on it from the eternal state,—how short it would seem! And how short it really is to Him who inhabiteth eternity! "Yet a little while,"—long perhaps to us, distracted with our petty interests, harassed with our unresting cares, biassed by our cherished prejudices; but in itself, and in our real lifetime, short indeed. And if but a little while, how much the more important! How full should it be of life's work, life's seed-time, life's decision!

Oh let us live it for God and for good; let us live it for the day which shall end it; let us live it as we shall wish we had done when we see the Son of man on his Throne, come to judge the world!

II.

Another train of thought which suggests itself to us in the season of Advent is this:—It is the plain and general testimony of Holy Scripture that at the last awful day every one of us shall be judged for, and called upon to give an account of, the deeds, words, and thoughts of this present state of time: "We must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, whether (it be) good or bad" (2 Cor. v. 10). And even so spoke the Preacher in the Old Testament: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccles. xii. 14). And like the persuasion of that day itself being certain to come, so likewise is this belief accepted by every Christian.

Let us examine this in dependence on God's help. Let us see what difficulties lie about the

true understanding of this, as we then did with the other, and endeavour to deduce here also the true estimate and idea which we ought to form of that great final account, and the right and best way of preparing for it.

Now, if we minutely inquire what it is that we really believe, when we say that we shall give account before God of all the deeds, words, and thoughts of this state, we shall find that it is one of the most astonishing things imaginable. One may be very familiar with the words; and that which they express to us may have become a well-known and accustomed thing; but depend on it, there never was anything more difficult to imagine, or to give any conceivable account of. All the deeds, words, and thoughts, of our life on earth, why, where are they? Where are those of any assignable portion of that life? If the Judge is to carry conviction to the hearts of those who shall then be judged, they surely must be in possession at the time of the full consciousness of each act as having been performed by them, of each word as having been spoken, of each thought as having passed through their minds. Take but one example. Suppose the great Judge to arraign me in the matter of one day of my childhood, and I were charged thus: That at such a time in it, I disobeyed my parents; at such another time I showed envy, or malice, or selfishness, towards my fellows; at such another time I had high thoughts of myself, or rebellious thoughts against God; and suppose all this were to be to me only as a tale that is told, only as something said about another person, and not about myself, I might not, indeed I could not, doubt the assurance, nor deny the arraignment of an infallible Judge; but where, I ask, would be the conviction in my own breast that the Judge of all the earth had done right? Unless I could see and feel at that dread moment all the sinfulness of my then acts; in other words, unless I could put myself into the very circumstances which then surrounded me, how could I give account of, how could I render in myself a true verdict concerning those long past offences? I say, the very circumstances which then surrounded me. For the guilt of my disobedience on that alleged occasion would not appear in its true light, unless I saw and knew how that dear parent was striving to win me by kindness, how prayers were rising for me, and tears were shed over me, by one whose tender heart I was of set purpose wounding; my envy, and malice, and selfishness, would not be to me what it really was unless I could see those companions of my childhood again, and recall their fresh young faces, and the tone of voices long, long forgotten; and the exceeding sinfulness of my rebel risings against my God would not come up before me, unless I could again have in me that rich and full tide of exuberant blessedness with which the God of love endows our happy childhood, and which none of us has known since he was a child. And I have taken but one instance—one day or hour long passed away. Think,

then, how infinitely this difficulty must be multiplied, when it is not a day nor an hour, nor one frame of mind, nor one set of sins, but every hour of all days of this whole life.

And then, again, take the difficulty in this other light. What do we really know about those deeds, words, thoughts, that we can remember and recall? What, I mean, do we know of them in all their bearings, with all their extenuations, all their aggravations, all their consequences for good or for ill? At such a time, we spoke an unkind word, we depreciated a good act, we were wanting in reverence for holy things. And our word or our act was like a stone thrown on the pool, and a circle of unhappy influences spread out from it, and then another and then another, even till those were the worse for it who perhaps never heard of it or of us, until time and oblivion smoothed the ripples and effaced the remembrance. But all this who can recall? Who, indeed, even knows? And yet of all this, of every item of it, shall we have to give an account. As I sit and meditate on this, I find it one of the most difficult things possible to shape in any way before my imagination. Yet shape it somehow I must, if I would meditate on it profitably.

I see, then, by what we have already taken into account, that two necessities seem to have presented themselves, in order for that day's account to be a just and a complete account. To these we shall have, I believe, by and by, to add a third. But first let us look these fairly in the face, and thus approach that third; and when we have done this, let us inquire whether there is, as far as we can see, any reasonable prospect of these necessary things being done for us, in order to that day's account.

Well, then, our first necessity, in order that we may recognise at all the deeds, words, and thoughts then laid to our charge, is this, that we be at that day cognizant of them as our own. And let there be no mistake as to what this amounts to. It amounts to nothing less than the complete restoration to us of the remembrance of the whole of our lives day by day and hour by hour. Nothing short of this will answer the purpose. What I just now said of one day's sins and one day's events, must be done with regard to every day's sins and every day's events. All our past life must be spread out before us, delineated with far more accuracy than the most perfect map delineates to the traveller the country he has passed through. The delineation must be (for we need not shrink from applying the wonders of science and art to illustrate such a matter) less like a map drawn by common hands, than like a photograph of the way passed over—in which inspection may detect even the minutest plant by the wayside, and the microscope may even find the nest lodged in the cleft of the rock. It must be as complete as this; for if the minutest portion of that which compounded an action, that which prompted a word, that which constituted a thought, be beyond our reach on that day, so far the Great

Judge will not be in our minds and consciences justified when He shall speak, and clear when He shall judge. And we may well say, What a marvellous condition of our future judgment this is! How improbable, most would think; nay, some might even pronounce it impossible. That we should ever stand and look back over life, as a man would look on the wonderful sun-picture just now described; that we should be able to make each day and hour give up its acts and thoughts, which now seem to us as much perished and scattered as the elements of a decayed body which have passed into other bodies,—is not this a wonder passing wonder? Yet I seem to see that, if I have to give up a satisfactory final account of all my thoughts, words, and acts, I must be furnished with this and nothing short of this. But I must have more, very much more, as our former thoughts led us to see. I must have not only the restored memory of all I ever have known, but I must have the knowledge imparted to me of very much that I never have known at all. I shall want not only the forgotten dream restored, but also the interpretation of the dream furnished. Remember what was said about the unknown and untraced consequences of that which we think and do and say. Of all these undoubtedly is our responsibility made up, and by them will our account be swelled. And unless all this is present to me, as well as to my Great Judge, in that day, how is the full justice of my sentence to be comprehended by me? or, to put the blessed alternative suggested by the bright hopes of every Christian, how is the full measure of that wondrous grace of the Son of God to be seen by me, how that mighty mercy glorified which has buried my sins in its depths, and magnified itself in my utter unworthiness? So that this is our second necessity, in order for that final account to be what we believe it will be; not only must all memory be restored, but knowledge must be given far surpassing that which the keenest-sighted of men in this state ever attained to; knowledge of facts to which we never had access, of men's thoughts and words and deeds, and the complications of their private resolves, and their social intercourse, and actings upon themselves and upon one another. And if we ask, To what does this point? what is the least requirement that will satisfy this condition? I answer, and any thinking man might answer, Nothing less than the complete restoration of all that has been done in the state of time; the restoration not merely of each individual man's memory as to all that happened to himself, but of the universal memory of mankind as to all that ever happened to this world. Here, the history of the world is written by men in books; but what is written, even when we have set aside human fallibility, and the amount of the writer's own individual bias and misrepresentation, is but a very small portion of that which has really been done—only the barest outline, so to speak, with a figure here and there, of a picture

which should have been absolutely filled in with life, and crowded with action. There, God will have written the history of his own world; written it without a defect or omission, without a flaw or misrepresentation; and written it for all to read. If this be not so, how can those grander responsibilities ever be understood, which we all solemnly believe to exist? How shall the great moral account of nations and of churches ever be given in the sight and hearing of the universe, unless the bearings of human policy and the consequences of human delinquencies, on a larger scale than any individual account could take in, be open for all to see?

There seem, then, to be two requisites for the reality and the justice of our great final account: the full restoration of memory, and the opening of the book of knowledge, so that there has been nothing hid that shall not be known.

But now comes up before us the third condition, which I just now anticipated. Suppose both those others to be fulfilled, all memory restored, all knowledge of fact laid open, yet more even than these would be wanted. If I had them both, and yet were no fairer judge in my own case than I am now, I could not recognise in myself the justice of the Judge, nor could I glorify him, as I humbly believe I shall do, for his mercy. We have, in this present state, no clear views of justice at all. The rights and wrongs of men are measured by a standard altogether inadequate to their apportionment. And if this is so in the case of other men abstractedly, much more is it so of ourselves, much more is it so of other men, when they come into contact with ourselves. Probably no man yet ever passed a right judgment on an act of his own. Give way to ordinary vanity, and we are disposed to defend all our acts, and make them seem better; check ordinary vanity, and in the very pride of conscious self-abasement, we lash ourselves too severely, and vilify the past that we may congratulate ourselves on the present.

All this will need setting right, in order for that final account to be a true and a just one. We must see things as God sees them, before God's judgment of them will cause us to lay our hand on our mouth and own him to be right. We must look upon ourselves divested of selfishness, upon others without all that antagonism which we feel to them as obstacles to our self-esteem, in order to know and feel fully, that both we and they have our true meed at the hands of the Great Dispenser of all men's doom, if, as we know, in that day the first shall be last, and the last first. It is only thus that the first can subside into the last without bitter disappointment: only thus that they can see the last pass by them without envy and murmuring: only thus that the last can go up higher without losing their humility.

It seems, then, that the restoration to all men of a perfectly righteous standard of judging both

themselves and others, is another necessary condition, in order that that final account may be a reality for us, and produce its solemn effects; for bliss, and, we might have said, for woe also.

And now let us see whether we possess, in the present state of things, any however faint indications that these conditions are possible or probable for us.

First, as to the entire restoration of the individual memory. What is it to forget? What, but to have lost our mental grasp on something which once we held within it? If this grasp have been but recently lost, the fact escaped may generally be found with but little trouble. If some time have elapsed, more trouble is required; and not unfrequently no mental effort will serve to recall that which is gone from us. But is it therefore altogether gone? Can we confidently say this of anything that ever has been within the mind? What can seem more entirely passed away, than a trivial conversation of years back, to which no particular interest attached then, which we never had any reason for remembering, and of which we might fairly say, that it never would again be recalled? Yet shall some unexpected turn in a road, some unusual conjunction of natural objects, some affection of some one of our senses, where we never expected it, bring back to us every word which passed in that trifling conversation. Where was that all these years? Clearly it was ours, not gone from us, though eluding the grasp of conscious recollection. Who has not heard of the first language of those who have left a foreign land of their birth in infancy, long and entirely forgotten, returning again in all its fluency during the delirium of fever? Where was that, while it was forgotten? Feebleness of the frame and of the brain brings tendency to forget; old age renders the mental grasp less active, less retentive; but who can tell whether, when the soul escapes from the worn-out machine, it may not possess, at once and without effort, that plenitude of memory of which we are treating, as a requisite for an account being given of the things in the body? Of the probability of our second condition there might be even perhaps more reasonable doubt. That the whole record of time should be restored to the race of man, seems beyond all example or analogy. Yet even this may not be so. The divine inspiration by which the early historical books of Holy Scripture were written must at all events have been something of this kind. Matters unknown to the historian are related by his pen. Facts and precepts of which God alone was cognizant, are described by him. If we ask, how? The only Christian answer is, that God

put them into his mind: opened the eyes of his perception, so that these facts came to him not through the outward senses, but by direct revelation. Thus it was that St. Paul too, as he expressly tells us, received from the Lord the gospel history, which he himself had never witnessed; and we are led to expect something of this kind by that Apostle when he speaks of the blessed state as one where we shall know even as we are known; or as it should rather be as we have long been known by God. There is no antecedent improbability in this intuitive consciousness of all matter of fact being that in which our perfect knowledge there will differ from our imperfect and partial knowledge here.

In conceiving and expecting our third condition, the possession of a perfect and unerring standard of right and justice, there is far less difficulty. I say nothing of the progress of Christian life, and maturity of gifts of the Holy Spirit, because I am speaking of that which must be common to all men; which must exist in order to the full condemnation of the lost, as well as to the entire fruition of God on the part of the blessed. But I will recall to you things of which we have all heard, and which some at least have witnessed; how sometimes in an instant, in the presence of solemn realities, the veil which hid truth and justice drops off, and a man sees things as they are. When death is known to be approaching, the meanest man's words put on oracular truth; the unforgiven one is called to the bedside, and the justice of the long-rejected plea is allowed. When death has called away a parent or a friend, then first our own disobedience, then first our own ingratitude and unkindness, puts on its true appearance; and generally when it is too late to do good, we see the good one might have done. All this seems to show us, that in a man, down in the depths of a man, there does exist somewhere this true estimate which we want; and that it needs but the removal of all the obstacles which now stand in its way, the corruption of our flesh and the seduction of the world, for it to be universally seen and recognised.

It does not then appear impossible, it does not even seem improbable, that these three conditions of the reality and justice of the final account may be one day fulfilled in every one of us. There has not appeared to-day any reason why that solemn account may not in every case as completely condemn the sinner, and justify the servants of God, — why it may not, in the sight of men and angels, as entirely vindicate God's justice, and manifest forth his mercy, as any passage of Scripture assures us it will.



REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

"There or westward away, where roads are unknown,
And the great peaks look abroad to the Westernmost
Islands."

THE Highlands of Scotland, like many greater things in the world, may be said to be unknown, yet well known. They are known to the thousands of summer tourists who, every year, and from every part of the civilized world, gaze on the romantic beauties of the Trossachs and Loch Lomond, skirt the Hebrides from the Firth of Clyde to Oban, trundle through the wild gorge of Glencoe, chatter among the ruins of Iona, scramble over the wonders of Staffa, sail along the magnificent line of lakes to Inverness, reach the sombre Coolins, and disturb the silence of Coruisk. Pedestrians also, with stick and knapsack, search the more solitary wildernesses and glens of the mainland, from the Grampians to Ross-shire and Caithness. Sportsmen, too, whether real or only make-believe, have their summer quarters in the Highlands dotted over every moor, scattered on hill-sides and beside clear streams, with all the irregularity of the boulders of the great northern drift, but furnished with most of the luxuries of an English home. All these strangers, it must be admitted, know something of the Highlands.

The tourists know the names of steamers, coaches, and hotels; and how they were cheated by boatmen, porters, or guides. They have a vague impression of misty mountains, stormy seas, heavy rain, difficult roads, crowded inns, unpronounceable Gaelic names, with brighter remembrances of landscapes whose grandeur they have probably never seen surpassed. Pedestrians can recall lonely and unfrequented paths across broken moorlands undulating far away, like brown shoreless seas, and through unploughed and untrodden valleys, where the bark of a shepherd's dog, and much more the sight of a shepherd's hut, were welcomed; and they cannot forget panoramas, from hill-tops or from rocky promontories, of lake and river, moor and forest, sea and island, sunshine and cloud, of lonely keeps and ruined homesteads, of infinite sheep-walks and silent glens which seemed to end in chaos—remembrances which will come to them like holy days of youth, to refresh and sanctify, and "hang about the beatings of the heart" amidst the din and fret of a city life. Sportsmen, too, in a sense, know the Highlands. They have waded up to the shoulders in Highland lakes, nothing visible but hat swathed with flies, and hand wielding the lithe rod and line. They have trod the banks and tried the pools of every famous stream, until the very salmon that are left know their features and their flies,

and tremble for their cunning temptations. Or, quitting lake and stream, they have sped with haste to stand upon the Twelfth, at dawn of day, upon the blooming heather. When they visit old shootings, they hail from afar the well-known hill-sides and familiar "ground." They can tell twenty miles off where the birds are scarce, or where, according to the state of the weather, they can be found. The whole scenery is associated in their memory with the braces that have been bagged, the stags which have been killed, or—oh, horrid memory!—missed, "when the herd was coming right towards us, and all from that blockhead Charlie, who *would* look if they were within shot." The keepers, and gillies, and beaters, and the whole tribe of expectants, are also well known, *as such*, and every furrowed face is to these sportsmen a very poem, an epic, a heroic ballad, a history of the past season of happiness and breezy hills, as well as a prophecy of the morrow which is hoped for with beating heart, that blames the night and urges on the morn.

There are others, too, who may be expected to know something of the Highlands. Low-country sheep-farmers, redolent of wool; English proprietors, who as summer visitants occupy the old house or castle of some extinct feudal chief; and antiquaries who have dipped into, or even studied profoundly, the civil and ecclesiastical antiquities of the land. Nevertheless, to each and all such the Highlands may be as unknown in their real life, as the scent of the wild bog myrtle is to the accomplished gentleman who has no sense of smell; or as a Gaelic boat-song in its words and spirit is to a Hindoo pundit.

Some of our readers may very naturally be disposed to ask, with a sneer of contempt, what precise loss any human being incurs from want of this knowledge? The opinion may be most reasonably held and expressed that the summer tourist, the wandering pedestrian, or the autumnal sportsman, have probably taken out of the Northern wilderness all that was worth bringing into the Southern Canaan of civilized life, and that as much gratitude, at least, is due for what is forgotten as for what is remembered.

Perhaps those readers may be right. And if so, then, for their own comfort as well as for ours, we ought to warn them that if they have been foolish enough to accompany us thus far, they should pity us, bid us farewell, and wish us a safe deliverance from the mountains.

Is there any one, let us ask, who reads those lines, and yet who dislikes peat-reek? any one who puts his fingers in his ears when he hears the bag-pipe—the real war-pipe—begin a real pibroch?

any one who dislikes the kilt, the Gaelic, the clans, and who does not believe in Ossian? any one who has a prejudice to the Mac, or who cannot comprehend why one Mac should prefer a Mac of his own clan to the Mac of any other clan? any one who smiles at the ignorance of a Highland parson who never reads the *Saturday Review* or the *Westminster*, who never heard about one in ten of the "schools of modern thought," and who believes, without any mental suffering, that two and two make four? any one who puts his glass to his eye during prayer in a Highland church, and looks at his fellow-traveller with a smile while the peasants sing their Psalms? any one who, when gazing on a Highland landscape, descants to his local admirers about some hackneyed Swiss scene they never saw, or enumerates a dozen Swiss *Horns*, the *Wetter Horn*, *Schreckhorn*, or any other horn which has penetrated into his brain? Forbid that any such terribly clever and well-informed cosmopolitans should "lose ten tickings of their watch" in reading these reminiscences!

One other class sometimes found in society, we would especially beseech to depart; we mean Highlanders ashamed of their country. Cockneys are bad enough, but they are sincere and honest in their idolatry of the Great Babylon. Young Oxonians or young barristers, even when they become slashing London critics, are more harmless than they themselves imagine, and after all inspire less awe than Ben Nevis, or than the celebrated agriculturist who proposed to decompose that mountain with acids, and to scatter the debris as a fertilizer over the Lochaber moss. But a Highlander born, who has been nurtured on oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes; who in his youth wore home-spun cloth, and was innocent of shoes and stockings; who blushed in his attempts to speak the English language; who never saw a nobler building for years than the little kirk in the glen, and who owes all that makes him tolerable in society to the Celtic blood which flows in spite of him through his veins;—for this man to be proud of his English accent, to sneer at the everlasting hills, the old kirk and its simple worship, and to despise the race which has never disgraced him—faugh! Peat-reek is frankincense in comparison with him; let him not be distracted by any of our reminiscences of the old country; leave us, we beseech of thee!

We ask nothow old or how young those are who remain with us; we care not what their theory of political economy or their school of modern philosophy may be; we are indifferent as to their evening employment, whether it be darning stockings, sitting idle round the wintry fire in the enjoyment of repose, or occupying, as invalids, their bed or chair. If only they are charitable souls, who hope all things and are not easily provoked; who would like a peep into forms of society, and to hear about people and customs differing in some degree from what they have hitherto been acquainted with; to have

an easy chat about a country less known, perhaps, to them than any other in Europe,—then shall we gladly unfold to them our reminiscences of a country and people worth knowing about and loving, and of a period in their history that is passing, if, indeed, it has not already passed away.

And now, by way of further preamble to our Reminiscences, let us take a bird's-eye view of the parish. It is not included, by Highland ecclesiastical statist, among what are called the large parishes. We have no idea of the number of square miles, of arable acres, or of waste land, which it contains; but science and the trigonometrical survey will, it is presumed, give those details in due time. When viewed as passing tourists view it, from the sea, it has nothing remarkable about it, and if it is pronounced by these same tourists to be uninteresting, and "just the sort of scenery one would like to pass when dining or sleeping," we won't censure the judgment. A castled promontory, a range of dark precipices supporting the upland pastures, and streaked with white waterfalls, that are lost in the cospice at their base, form a picture not very imposing when compared with "what one sees everywhere." A long ridge of hill rising some two thousand feet above the sea, its brown sides, up to a certain height, chequered with green stripes and patches of cultivation; brown heather-thatched cottages, with white walls; here and there a mansion, whose chimneys are seen above the trees which shelter it: these are its chief features along the seaboard of twenty miles. But how different is the whole scene when *one lands!* New beauties reveal themselves, and every object seems to change in size, appearance, and relative position. A rocky wall of wondrous beauty, the rampart of the old upraised beach which girdles Scotland, runs along the shore; the natural wild wood of ash, oak, and birch, with the hazel copse, clothe the lower hills and shelter the herds of wandering cattle; lonely sequestered bays are everywhere scooped out into beautiful harbours; points and promontories seem to grow out of the land, and huge dykes of whinstone fashion to themselves the most picturesque outlines; clear streams everywhere hasten on to the sea; small glens, perfect gems of beauty, open up their entrances into the wonders of endless waterfalls and deep dark pools, hemmed in by steep banks hanging with ivy, honeysuckle, rowan-trees, and ferns; while on the hill-sides such signs of culture and industry as scattered cottages, small farms, and shepherds' huts, give life to the whole scene.

But to view the parish in all its outward aspect, we must ascend to the top of —

"I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist

Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books."

The upward path soon leaves the cultivated settlements, passes several streams, winds across tracts of moorland, and at last reaches the shielings

of Corrie Borrodale. One cannot imagine a sweeter spot than this in which to repose before attempting the proper ascent of the hill. A stream, clear as a diamond, and singing its hill song, takes a sweep, and folds within its embrace a bay of emerald grass, surrounded with blooming heather. Here and there appear small groups of ruins, mere gatherings of stones, to mark where man once built his temporary home. Before sheep-farming was introduced generally into the Highlands, about sixty or seventy years ago, the cattle ranged through the hills as high up as the grass grew, and it was necessary, during summer, to follow them thither, to milk them there, and make up stores of butter and cheese for winter use. This led to the building of those summer *châlets*, which were managed chiefly by women and herd-boys, but visited often, perhaps daily, by the mistress of the farm, who took the dairy under her special charge. Thus it is that when one rests in such a green oasis, his fancy again peoples the waste with the herd-lads "calling the cattle home," and with the blythe girls who milked the cattle; he sees again the life among the huts, and hears the milking-songs and innocent glee; and when awakened from his reverie by bleating sheep—the only living tenants of the pastures, he is not disposed to admit the present time to be an improvement on the past.

But let us up to that green spot beside the ravine; then to the left along the rocks, then to the right till past the deep "peat-bogs," and finally straight up to the Cairn. When we have taken breath, let us look around. This is the very high altar of the parish, and we maintain that all the glories which can be seen from a parish, rightfully belong to the parish itself, and are a part of its own rich inheritance.

Let us first look northward. Almost at our feet is a chain of small lakes, round whose green shores, unseen from the Cairn because immediately beneath it, a prosperous tenantry once lived, of whom no trace remains, except those patches of ruins which mark their once happy home-steads. Ruins there are, too, which show us that whatever defects the Church before the Reformation had accumulated, she excelled the Church of the present in the greater number and the greater beauty of her parish churches. There are few sights which more rebuke the vulgar Church parsimony of these later days, or which imbue us with more grateful and generous feelings towards the missionaries of an earlier and more difficult time, than the faith and love which reared so many chapels on distant islands, and so many beautiful and costly fabrics in savage wildernesses, among a people who were too rude to appreciate such works, or the spirit which originated them. These old Highland Church extensionists were not stimulated by party rivalry, public meetings, or newspaper articles. Their praise could not have been from men. How they got the means and money we know not, but this we believe, that

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build!"

But to our picture again. Opposite to the spectator, and rising abruptly from the valley, is a range of hills, broken into wild scours and clothed with copse; while beyond these, rise, ridge on ridge, like a mighty ocean sea, heaving in gigantic billows onward towards Ben Reshapol, until lost to sight beyond the head of Loch Shiel and among the braes of Lochaber. Sweeping the eye from the north, to the west, what a glorious spectacle! The chain of lakes beneath end in the lovely Loch Sunart, with its beauteous bays and wooded islets. Over its farther shore, belonging to that huge parish and huge word Ardnamurchan, and above picturesque hills, the more distant Hebrides rear their heads out of the ocean. Along the horizon southwards are seen, the Scur of Eigg lifting its gigantic pillar, the dark lines of Rum, and the islands of Canna, Coll, and Tiree, with gleams of the ocean between. The long dark moorland ascent by which we have reached the hill-top, now carries the eye down to the sea. That sea is a strait, worming itself for more than twenty miles between the mainland where we stand, and the island of Mull, which gathers up its hills into a cluster of noble peaks about its centre, with Bentealbh (Bentalve) and Benmore towering over all. A low isthmus right opposite, opens up an arm of the sea beyond Mull, with noble headlands, beneath which the man who would see Staffa aright should sail out to the ocean with no strangers save a Highland crew; for not from crowded steamer can he fully understand that pillared island and its cathedral cave. Let us take one other glance to the east—the eye following the Sound of Mull, and our panorama is completed. How nobly the Sound, dotted with vessels, opens up past Ardtornish and Duart Castles, ere it mingles with the broader waters that sweep in eddying tides past the Slate Isles, past Jura, Scarba, on to Islay, until they finally spread out into the roll and roar of the shoreless Atlantic. In that western distance may be seen some white smoke that marks Oban, and over it Ben Cruachan, the most beautiful of our western hills, accompanied by its grey companions, "the shepherds of Etive Glen."

We back this view from the highest hill in the parish for extent and varied beauty against any view in Europe! It is the Righi of Argyleshire; and given only, what, alas! is not easily obtained, a good day, good in transparency, good with "gorgeous cloudland," good with lights and shadows, the bright blue of the northern sky (more intense than the Italian), looking down and mingling with the sombre dark of the northern hills, dark even when relieved in autumn by the glow of the purple heather—given all this, and we know not where to find a more magnificent outlook over God's fair earth. No reminiscences of the outer world so haunt our memory as those so often

treasured up from that grey cairn ; and however frequently we have returned from beholding other and more famous scenes, this one has appeared like a first love, only more beautiful than them all.

As we descend from the hill, the minister—how oft has he gone with us there!—tells us stories worth hearing, and as he alone can tell them ; stories of a pastor's life, "from perils in the wilderness, and perils of waters, and perils of the sea ;" stories of character, such as the lonely hills and misty moors alone can mould ; stories of combats among the wild and primitive inhabitants of the olden time ; and stories, too, of the early invaders of the land from Denmark and Norway, sea-kings, or pirates rather, whose names yet linger where they fell in battle, as at Corrie *Borrodale*, Corrie *Lundie*, and Ess *Stangadal*.

But we have reached "the manse ;" and from

thence we must start with our "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish."

Note.—What chiefly induced me to undertake the light and pleasant task of recording in these pages my "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," was the wish to please a revered father, who was the first-born of the old manse, whose early years were spent in "the parish," and whose name was associated with all that endeared both to my memory. His sudden death, but a few days ago, has changed the whole current of my thoughts. If it is possible for me now to write at all on the subject, the readers of *Good Words* must kindly pardon me should I indulge my own feelings by some records of a more personal kind in connexion with "the manse" than I had otherwise intended.

GOLDEN WORDS.

SOME words are played on golden strings,
Which I so highly rate,
I cannot bear for meaner things
Their sound to desecrate.

For every day they are not meet,
Or for a careless tone ;
They are for rarest, and most sweet,
And noblest use alone.

One word is POET : which is flung
So carelessly away,
When such as you and I have sung,
We hear it, day by day.

Men pay it for a tender phrase
Set in a cadenced rhyme :
I keep it as a crown of praise
To crown the kings of time.

And LOVE : the slightest feelings, stirred
By trivial fancy, seek
Expression in that golden word
They tarnish while they speak.

Nay, let the heart's slow, rare decree,
That word in reverence keep ;
Silence herself should only be
More sacred and more deep.

FOR EVER : men have grown at length
To use that word, to raise
Some feeble protest into strength,
Or turn some tender phrase.

It should be said in awe and fear
By true heart and strong will,
And burn more brightly year by year,
A starry witness still.

HONOUR : all trifling hearts are fond
Of that divine appeal,
And men, upon the slightest bond,
Set it as slighter seal.

That word should meet a noble foe
 Upon a noble field,
 And echo—like a deadly blow
 Turned by a silver shield.

Trust me, the worth of words is such
 They guard all noble things,
 And that this rash irreverent touch
 Has jarred some golden strings.

For what the lips have lightly said
 The heart will lightly hold,
 And things on which we daily tread
 Are lightly bought and sold.

The sun of every day will bleach
 The costliest purple hue,
 And so our common daily speech
 Discolours what was true.

But as you keep some thoughts apart
 In sacred honoured care,
 If in the silence of your heart,
 Their utterance too be rare ;

Then, while a thousand words repeat
 Unmeaning clamours all,
 Melodious golden echoes sweet
 Shall answer when you call.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

I.—CONVERSION IN PRIMITIVE AND IN MODERN TIMES.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

HAS the gospel lost its ancient power? Has the regenerating influence of the truth died away with the lapse of years? The same in form, though it be, as in the primitive times, are we now fallen upon evil days, in which the body alone remains, while the spirit and life are gone? The old rod is here, once wielded by the magician's hand. Has it lost its power to conjure? The ancient sword of the Spirit which in the great days of old wrought mighty work against the hosts of evil, still hangs in the Church's army, but we cannot now tell of thousands and tens of thousands as the trophies of its power on a single field. Shall we conclude that its edge is blunted or that the puny hands of modern men are too weak to wield it? We never witness now, or only at rare intervals, and with doubtful resemblance, any reproduction of the scenes of Pentecost. We never read in the transactions of modern churches any authentic narratives such as those with which the records of the Church's early history abounds,—of thousands converted by a single sermon; of the simultaneous movement of souls stirred and swept together as the multitudinous waves of the sea by the same wind of heaven; of whole communities and nations born in a day. Of old, a simple unlettered man, destitute of intellectual culture or rhetorical art, would pass from country to country, and wherever

he went, in hamlet and town and city, the hearts of men were strangely moved by his words. In our day the ablest and most cultivated minds, after long and laborious training, armed with all the influence which learning, eloquence, dialectic skill, can lend to human lips, will fail throughout the course of a long ministry to elicit any such marked authentication of their teaching. What then? Shall we conclude that the force of the truth has become spent, that the living, quickening power of the gospel has fled? Is Christianity an agent that loses, like a spring, its elasticity by use; a specific whose virtue evaporates by long exposure; a voice from heaven once pealing in thunder tones on a startled world, but whose echoes are falling now faint and ever fainter on the ear? Or if not, why are its effects so different? If the agent be unaltered, why are the phenomena by which its presence was manifested in other days seldom or never paralleled in our own? Human hearts are the same. Human needs are the same. Still souls are perishing, and need to be saved. Still souls are slumbering, and need to be roused ere they sleep the sleep that knows no waking. What then is different? What is wanting? Why can we only tell, as the highest result of ministerial effort, of cold formalities observed, and decorous proprieties maintained; at best, of one soul here,

and another there, at wide intervals, owning the power of the truth ?

Now, whilst the answer to such inquiries would undoubtedly involve much that is to the dishonour of the Church in modern times, yet the difference in question admits to some extent of a less unfavourable explanation. Whilst the diminished power of the truth must, in part at least, be ascribed to the colder spiritual atmosphere in which it acts—to the weaker faith and more languid energy of its preachers—to the greater secularity and indifference of its hearers ; yet on the other hand, it is not invariably to be concluded that the influence of the gospel is really less, simply because it is less palpable. The results of preaching may not be less important, though from the altered circumstances of the Church and of society, they are, of necessity, less striking and demonstrative. How far it is so, it will not be uninteresting or unprofitable to inquire. For, knowing how much of the admitted difference of results is to be set down to the altered conditions of the problem, we shall be able to form a more just estimate of what is to be ascribed to less venial causes. If it can be shown that the apparent number and the marked and striking character of conversions, cannot, from the nature of the case, be the same now as in another and different age, then we shall, to some extent at least, be saved from disappointment at the comparatively slight apparent results of Christian effort. We shall know what we have to look for, and we shall be taught to avoid the distortion of aim, the misdirection of effort which is implied in the craving for countable results. We shall cease to measure the success of the preaching of the gospel by external excitements and palpable conversions ; and we shall no longer be oppressed with a sense of failure because we do not witness in our day any literal reproduction of the incidents of an earlier age. To these ends, therefore, it will be useful to indicate one or two points of difference which must necessarily obtain betwixt conversions to Christianity in modern, and conversions to Christianity in apostolic times.

1. One most obvious point of difference is, that *then* conversion consisted in the *adopting of a new religion*, whilst *now* it consists, generally, in the *realizing of an old and familiar one*. Formerly, in other words, it was a new faith espoused, now it is only an old one quickened.

There may be, in reality, fewer conversions now than in the Church's earlier and brighter days ; but few or many, they are of necessity, in the great majority of cases, less palpable and appreciable. For when men became Christians *then*, they had openly to renounce one religion and adopt another—to pass at one step from Paganism or Judaism to Christianity : when men become Christians *now*, in most cases they simply pass from nominal to real Christianity. There is no external act of renunciation, no visible recanting an old, and professing of a new creed ; all

the difference is, that what was before a mere form becomes a reality, that old creeds are realized, old forms become instinct with the sap of reviving spiritual life. But it is plain that this last sort of conversion, though equally real and important, attracts much less notice than the former. Dig up a tree and transplant it from one soil to another, and every passer-by will be aware of the process. But what observer can note the moment when, through the blackened trunk and the dry and leafless branches of the tree that has stood bare and barren through many winter days, the first stirring of the new spring sap is taking place ? Let a man desert from the enemy's service and enlist in yours, and all can perceive and appreciate such an accession to the ranks the moment it occurs ; but though the gain in strength may be as great when a traitor who has long worn your country's uniform renounces his secret treachery, and becomes a loyal-hearted soldier and subject of the Queen ; this is a change which passes unobserved. So in the case before us. When a heathen was converted to Christianity, his whole life became revolutionized. It was a root-and-branch change, a transplantation to new ground, an open forswearing of the enemy's service and enlisting in the ranks of Christ. Unhallowed rites and ceremonies were no longer frequented ; sacrifices and festivals ceased to be observed ; habits of life were completely altered ; idolatrous customs and usages, which interpenetrated domestic and social existence, were renounced ; licentious excesses, formerly regarded as venial, if not committed under the very sanction of religion, were succeeded by a pure and strict morality ; from a despiser or persecutor of Christianity, the neophyte became an open and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus ; and, of course, a change so radical, so revolutionary, could not fail to be instantly observed by all to whom the convert was known. Every such conversion would count at once as an unmistakable accession to the Church's ranks. The power of the truth would receive in it a new authentication, and the Church could openly bless God for the salvation of another soul.

But, on the other hand, conversion in our day is in general a very different process. The same in essence, it is, in form, much less obtrusive. For it consists simply in a man's becoming a real and earnest believer in those truths of which he had already and perhaps all through life, been a formal and nominal believer. The whole mechanism and organization were here before, only they become now, for the first time, instinct with life. There was action and motion before, but they were the action and motion of an automaton ; now they are the same outwardly, but a soul has crept into the anatomical machine.

For what, I pray you, does any unconverted man in a Christian Church need in order to make him a true Christian ? Not, in most cases, new knowledge, but mainly the power to realize old and familiar knowledge ; not a new creed or form of belief, but

the making that creed a reality which has hitherto been but a form. We do not require to teach him the facts and doctrines of Christianity, or to convince him of their truth. He believes in them all; he assents to them all. They are all in his memory, in his head; what is wanted now is to get them into his heart. It is not more food the sick man wants, but the reviving of his appetite and digestive functions, that he may assimilate the food he has got. It is not more fuel the fire wants: pile coals on an expiring breathless fire, and you only put it out; but it wants kindling and draught to lay hold of and consume the fuel that is already there. So, in order to make a worldly man spiritual, a careless man a Christian, we do not need to ring the changes for ever on the old story, to repeat and reiterate, in order to inform his mind, the old news about death and judgment, sin and salvation, heaven and hell, God's wrath and God's love in Christ Jesus. Are there not hundreds of irreligious, worldly men in every Christian community who are most thoroughly conversant with the facts and doctrines of Christianity; who need no long-drawn proof to gain their assent to the historical truth of the gospel; who believe in the life, sacrifice, death, and resurrection of Christ, in the offered mercy and love of God through his dear Son, in the necessity of faith, repentance, and a holy life? Question them, and would not the answer be, "All this we steadfastly believe!" Yes; but what they do need is, that all this mass of torpid matter, this lumber of unprofitable dogma, should be vitalized. The form of religion is there already, but there is no breath in it; what is wanted is to breathe a soul into these ribs of death. And so if some worshipper in a Christian congregation should this day become a sincere and earnest Christian,—if God should bless the preaching of the truth to his conversion,—in all probability the whole change would be, that he now in the secret depths of his spirit begins for the first time to *feel* and *realize* what hitherto he had theoretically believed. His mind would be roused to lay hold, with the appropriating grasp of faith, with the vitalizing energy of trust, that truth as it is in Jesus, which formerly it had but intellectually trifled with. This would be conversion. But for a time at least it would be an unnoticed and secret thing. The changed demeanour, the softened aspect, the trembling lip, the tearful eye, some secret friend might note, but for the world there would be little or no difference. The old organization, the stem and branches of the winter tree are there all the same, and only God's eye perceives that the stirring sap of spring, betokening a glorious summer's fruit, has begun to rise within it. The follower of sin has become a soldier of Christ, but he wore the same guise and uniform before; and the Master's piercing gaze alone it is that can discern that the traitor-heart is gone, that a new heart and right spirit are there, and that the badge of the cross betokens one who has now the right to wear it.

2. As another difference between conversions in apostolic and in modern times, I may specify the greater *suddenness and swiftness of the process*, in most cases, in the early Church.

In so far as any mental or spiritual change can be outwardly observed, it will of course be more or less striking and notable in proportion to its rapidity. Gradual changes may be equally great, but spread over a long lapse of time, and advancing by gradations, each of which is by itself all but imperceptible, they attract comparatively little notice from superficial observers. If we were plunged by a single step from mid-winter into mid-summer;—one day a bleak, dreary, snow-clad waste, the next surrounded by beauty and fragrance and balmy warmth,—the transition would of course be much more impressive than the silent and gradual one of our actual experience. Or again, if in recovery from disease, there were no long intermediate stage of convalescence; but the patient whom we left at night a poor, worn, emaciated sufferer, with shattered nerves and utter prostration of physical energy, we found in the morning in the flush of health, animation in his look, and bounding elasticity in his step; here, again, the transformation could not fail to arrest the attention of the most careless spectator. And in like manner a moral change, which is not the slow and silent result of long processes of education, discipline, thought, reflection, conviction, brought about by the gradual converging influence of a thousand events, agencies, teachings of providence and of grace, but which, under some condensed and potent influence, transforms, as if at one stroke, selfishness into love, profligacy into purity, the raving moral maniac into a meek and childlike saint sitting at Jesus' feet,—this of necessity is a kind of conversion which is the most palpable, and which may attract universal notice, while the more gradual, but not less real change, passes unobserved.

Now, from various causes, moral and spiritual changes were in the early Church much more generally of a sudden, rapid, condensed character, than in our own and other times. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent a rapid intensifying of man's spiritual history, so that the moral life of years might be condensed into hours. There is no necessary and constant ratio between thought and time, so that so many ideas, feelings, resolutions, mental acts and experiences, must take so many minutes, hours, or years, to go through. It is quite conceivable that the rate of thought might be so altered that the varied fortunes of a lifetime—with all its multitudinous experiences of joy, sorrow, hope, fear, love, hate, all its inquiries, studies, doubts, beliefs, convictions, errors—might be crowded into a few hours or minutes. And this of course may be as true of our religious and spiritual, as of our other mental experiences. The whole history of a soul, with all its stirrings of thought and awakenings of compunc-

tion, and conflicts of doubt and fear, its convictions of faith, its joy of trust, its aspirations, hopes, devout contemplations,—onwards from the first step in the path of holiness till it stands at the very gate of glory,—might be transacted in as many minutes as it ordinarily requires years to accomplish. The winter of the soul might be made glorious summer by the instantaneous outflashing, on its inner darkness and coldness, of the Sun of righteousness. One touch of the divine healer's hand, and with no long and weary interval of slow reviving moral health and strength, the soul in which the ravages of moral disease have been the most disastrous, might pass into the full maturity of life.

Now, whilst in all ordinary times the phenomena of the spiritual life are slowly developed, and character is a thing of very gradual formation, in the early days of the Church's history there was a marked intensification of spiritual life, and moral and religious transformations were often rapid and sudden. As the outward miracles of Christ might be said to condense natural processes,—as, for instance, the slow and long-protracted processes of husbandry and the cultivation of the vine, were abridged into a few moments when the loaves in the desert grew in Christ's hands into food for thousands, or the water passed into the form of wine; or, again, as the ordinary process of recovery was accelerated, when the lame or paralytic leapt and walked, or the fever-stricken arose in health at His omnific word;—so also, by his moral miracles, were the inner processes of man's ordinary spiritual experience condensed and abbreviated. And thus, not as now by the slow and sedulous labours of parental instruction and the discipline of early years, or by the gradual dawn of clearer conviction and a deeper moral feeling on the soul through the teaching of Scripture, but by agencies and influences almost instantaneous, were moral revolutions in the old time achieved. The persecutor fresh from the murder of Christ's first martyr, envenomed with bigotry, and hurrying on a mission of cruel hostility to the saints of God, is arrested on his progress, and in a few hours the mantle of a Christian apostle falls upon him. The foul and guilty woman listens to the words of incarnate Purity, and soon trembling, hoping, weeping, praying, she is at the feet of Jesus, and at the words, "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee," undying love and devotion take possession of her soul. The malefactor nailed to the tree of shame, a wild, reckless, sin-stained wretch, listens to the dying words of Jesus, and in the course of a few brief hours passes from recklessness and vice into the home of eternal purity, the paradise of God. Now in these and all similar instances the rapidity of the change would arrest observation, and the contrast would furnish a ready criterion of its magnitude. At one glance the spectator could view both sides of a picture that was instantaneously reversed. The impression of

the dark and repulsive side would still be fresh on the eye, as the brighter one started into beauty before it, and all the marvel of the transition would therefore be seen and noted. "Is not this he who destroyed them who called on this name at Jerusalem? And they were amazed." "They heard only that he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed, and they glorified God in me." On the other hand, even on the supposition that conversions, as numerous and as complete as these, were taking place around us, they would fail to attract the same attention. The spiritual transformation, on the whole of equal magnitude, might yet in each successive gradation be too minute to measure. The light of purity and love in many a once dark and godless soul may be shining as brightly now as in other days, but it has risen slowly, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day, and multitudes fail to note it who might have been filled with awe and wonder had the moral transition been as if at one instant from midnight into noon.

3. One other point of difference which renders conversions to Christianity less marked in modern than in apostolic times, is that whereas *now conversions are generally isolated, formerly whole multitudes were often converted simultaneously.*

There are, as we know, many events which, befalling separately and at intervals, do not create the same impression as if they took place simultaneously. Births and deaths supply an obvious illustration of this. When, by some dreadful railway accident, or shipwreck, or other disaster, hundreds of hapless souls are hurried simultaneously into eternity, we are of course much more deeply affected by their deaths than if the same number of human beings died in succession, at intervals, and from ordinary causes. Or if each successive generation of men—instead of slipping away, now one, now another, the former generation overlapping its successor, so that some specimens of several generations are always with us—were, at stated periods, by some sudden and simultaneous catastrophe, swept away, and a new race arose in their vacant places, such an event, though in point of fact it would not in the least alter the universal lot of mortals, would render it much more obtrusively striking than according to the present order. And so also is it in the moral world. Here, too, the critical events in man's history, in the common order of God's government separate and isolated, sometimes come simultaneously to multitudes, and it is as if a whole generation of souls leapt together into life. In the ordinary routine of events, it is apart, and as solitary pilgrims that souls knock at heaven's door, and the wicket gate is wide enough to let them in; but there have been times in the Church's history when in joyful crowds they press on together, and it is as if the great golden gates of paradise must be flung wide open to receive them. Angels rejoice over one sinner that re-

penteth, but sometimes they have struck their harps to louder, more exulting strains, for nations born in a day.

Nor is it difficult to understand the reason of this—the causes why such events have occurred, and may, for aught we know, recur again, in the history of the Church. There are conditions of men's minds in which they are singularly liable to simultaneous movements and impressions. There are times when a single bold word will fire a thousand hearts, and, souls, in ordinary life insulated and unsusceptible, will thrill together as by a common electric shock of feeling. To some extent we see this fact illustrated in the power of the public speaker over a crowded and sympathetic auditory. Why is it that the same words, read in private with little or no emotion, have seemed so much more powerful, have touched our hearts and interested our minds so much more vividly, in public? It is because there is a new element at work in the latter case, which is wanting in the former; it is because the local contiguity of a crowd has elicited that strange element of physical and mental sympathy, and induced a highly electric state of the moral atmosphere. Again, there are times when the same influence is seen operating on a much wider scale,—when not through a congregation or a public assembly merely, but through a whole community or nation, a common thought or feeling spreads. Let men's minds be disciplined by circumstances affecting all alike into a common state of susceptibility, and over a whole country or community, emotion will fly like wildfire. Railway manias, a wild spirit of adventure or speculation, intoxicating half the nation with a common commercial drunkenness, social and commercial panics, a war fever passing over the land like an epidemic,—all these are instances of a social contagion affecting with instantaneous rapidity, all but simultaneously, whole multitudes of men with a common thought or feeling.

And so especially is it in religion. For here lies man's deepest nature; here are those springs of thought and emotion that rise from profoundest depths of his being; here those common organic susceptibilities which affect all men alike, and which, if you can reach them, touch our common nature to the quick. It was this diffused susceptibility of many minds, for example, that gave the leaders of the Reformation their power over the awakening nations. The world, unconsciously to itself, had grown sick of superstition. Ages of religious deception and unreality, of hollow formalities and bare-faced impositions, of ceremonial solemnities mocking man's wants, and when he cried for bread to feed his soul's hunger, offering him a stone, had awakened an irrepressible longing for something better, something real, something to tear away the veil between man and the God without whom he cannot live. And so when Luther rose, the world was waiting to receive him.

The mountain mass of superstition was everywhere undermined, the train was laid, all was ready for the catastrophe; and when one firm, brave hand applied the match, the subtle fire flew hither and thither at once, and the vast fabric, rent and shaken in a thousand places, came crashing down. And so especially was it in that age of the world to which our text relates. For then, indeed, if ever, men's hearts were everywhere in strange expectancy, weary of bondage, and waiting for their Deliverer. The fulness of the times had come. Old faiths had everywhere become effete, old moralities corrupt;—the Hebrew impatiently fretting and groaning under the yoke which yet he was impotent to throw off, yearning with passionate longing for the hope of Israel;—the Heathen, amidst the utter extinction of reverence, amidst the relaxing of social bonds, and the intense corruption of national and social life, unconsciously ready to respond to any voice that would rouse him to hope and aspiration after better things. And so when He came who is the world's glorious hope, and when His emissaries went hither and thither telling of redemption to the slave, of purity to the guilty, of immortal life and glory to wretched dying souls, there was as if a simultaneous cry of deliverance, a deep responsive "All hail!" that broke from hearts which God's Spirit had touched by the good news from heaven. It was not as now, when, in the cold damp atmosphere of worldliness, but few hearts—one here and another there—are ever touched and kindled by the truth. Conversions were then, as when in the autumn warmth and drought fire falls on Canadian wood or prairie. An hour ago, and all was dark: the spark fell, and all but simultaneously the whole forest for miles around has become one sheet of flame. It is evident that religious changes, when thus embracing masses of men, are, from the nature of the case, much more observable than when, as in the ordinary routine of the Church's life, they affect only individuals. Even if the souls reached by the heavenly influence be now equally numerous as at such epochs of simultaneous movement, yet will the result in the former case, of necessity, lack the impressiveness of the latter. As many dumb lips may now be opened at Christ's touch, but the voice of their gratitude uttered, each apart from the rest, is but as the repetition at wide intervals of a solitary cry: it lacks the obtrusive force and grandeur which belongs to the voices of a great host bursting forth in blended adoration to their common Redeemer and Lord.

Desisting from any further prosecution of this train of thought, the caution must be added, that to such considerations as have now been suggested too great weight should not be attached. It would be easy to derive from them a false comfort. They afford at best only a partial explanation of the diminished apparent power of the truth. Doubtless, the lessened influence is

not altogether in appearance only. In many respects "the former days" seem, only because they actually were, "better than these." No one can deny that there is in reality much spiritual dullness and coldness in modern society, and that, by our very familiarity with religion, its truths have lost somewhat of their original power to move us. It is not that the mighty motives and principles of religion have been deprived of their inherent efficacy. It is not that by any arbitrary decree the gracious influence has been withdrawn, which in the ancient days rendered the truth mighty to save. God's loving, life-giving Spirit does not act by fits and starts. In his Church it is not now a flood and now a drought,—the channels of gracious influence left at one time dry as a summer brook, and anon flooded like a river or as the waves of the sea. The good God is never fitful, never partial, never arbitrary. He willeth not the death of a sinner. He will have all men to be saved. His Spirit is always poured out, and always in infinite, overflowing abundance. God's helpful influence is as a

wind ever blowing, a stream ever flowing, a tide that is ever at the flood. The cause of failure is to be sought, not in Him, but in us. It lies not in the Agent, but in the subject, not in the giver but in the receiver. It is that at one time men catch and treasure the precious element, at another let it run to waste. The productive powers of the earth are as great in some far away undiscovered island, or in some rich American backwood, as in our peopled England; only in, the former there is no human hand to till the fertile earth and gather in its fruit. Age after age it has been running waste, lavishing its fertility in wild luxuriance of wood and gay profusion of ungathered fruits and flowers. And so the germinating, fertilizing influences of God's grace are ever acting upon us and around us,—breathing in the air and basking on the soil of man's spirit—ready, if the heart will but open to them, to quicken all its energies into life and beauty. On our guilty indolence, on our unreceptive hardness, must the blame rest, if any other region be fairer, or any other age have proved more fertile than our own.

NOTE TO ARTICLE ON COOKING DEPOTS IN DECEMBER PART.

"DEAR SIR,—I have perused the article upon the 'Glasgow Cooking Depôts,' which appeared in *Good Words*, and which gives a very correct sketch of the operations and extent of the scheme. I cannot, however, express to you the regret I feel that the writer should have so entirely misapprehended my own personal position and motives in originating the movement as to suppose it was 'to a certain extent a commercial speculation.'

"If it were merely a question of right or propriety, upon my part, to avail myself of the profits of this undertaking, should any arise, the impression conveyed by your article would be of comparatively little consequence. The question, however, is one simply of fact, as I determined from the very foundation of the scheme to conduct it purely for the public benefit, and have taken every opportunity of stating, in the most distinct manner, that should any profit arise it will be entirely devoted to benevolent objects. To carry out this resolution I have had my own intromissions carefully audited by two well-known gentlemen in the city, Messrs. Neil McNeill and William Melvin,—whose report I enclose, as published in the newspapers; and we have had recently under consideration the propriety of having the whole matter placed in the hands of trustees.

"You will thus see, at a glance, the position I am placed in with respect to those gentlemen in England with whom I have been in correspondence, with the view of founding similar institutions; and to whom I have given a full detail of the principles and workings of the scheme, and also my own personal position in the matter.

"It is quite true, as the writer says, that I have never urged my claims upon the gratitude of any one. On the contrary, I have always expressed my conviction, that such a movement, to be really useful, must fully maintain the independent feelings of the working-classes; and, to be permanent, must have the vital principle of being thoroughly self-supporting, which, I wish it to be widely known, the Glasgow Cooking Depôts are at present, and have every prospect of continuing to be.

"I cannot for a moment doubt the good feelings and intentions of the writer of the Article, both towards the movement and myself; and I can much less doubt that, with the above facts before you, you will do me the justice of correcting this misapprehension in the January Number of *Good Words*.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

"THOMAS CORBETT."

"DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, GLASGOW."

BY THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

"When the Article on 'Cooking Depôts for Working People' was written, the writer was not aware that Mr. Corbett meant to give the whole of the profits for benevolent purposes. The additional information, therefore, contained in that gentleman's letter, whilst it is honourable to him, cannot but be gratifying to all who, either as readers or writers, take an interest in *Good Words* or good works.—L. J."





THE PARABLE OF THE VIRGINS

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

II.—THE PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS.

MATTHEW XXV. 1-13.

THIS parable is founded on a marriage scene. Though—as, for example, in wars, or in the Corinthian games—the Scriptures are not to be regarded as approving of all things which they may employ as figures, approbation and honour are bestowed on marriage by the lofty uses to which the sacred writers turn it. With prophets and apostles it shadows forth the holy, intimate, eternal union which is formed between God's beloved Son and his chosen people. Those who feel a Christian interest in the purity and happiness of society, will not regard that as a circumstance of no value. Such discredit as the Popish Church throws on marriage, by representing it as less holy and honourable than celibacy, and such impediments as pride and ambition throw in its way, should be denounced by those who, as Christian ministers, ought to be Christian moralists,—preaching to the times. One of their most evil features is the false standard of income and position which it is considered proper they who intend to marry should in the first place secure. This has led to the bitterest disappointments; to breach of vows; to broken hearts,—besides being the fruitful source of much crime, and furnishing the licentious with an apology for their immoralities. On this altar, human happiness, as well as the best interests of morality, are offered up in cruel sacrifice. A man's life, as Scripture saith, consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,—a dinner of herbs where love is, is better than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.

The institution which forms the basis of this parable is one of the two, belonging to innocence and Eden, which the Fall that shook the world and turned it, as an earthquake does a city, into a scene of ruins, left standing. These are the Sabbath and Marriage—the first forming the foundation on which religion, and the last that on which the social fabric, stands. And in looking back to the first marriage, I cannot but think that it was to make its tie more tender that God chose the singular plan he pursued in providing the man with a mate. No other way would have occurred to our fancy of making woman than that of another clay figure, modelled by God's hands in the female form, and inspired by his breath with life. In making her out of Adam, and from the part of his body lying nearest to the heart, while he lay in the mysterious sleep from which he woke to gaze on a beautiful form reposing by his side, God gave a

peculiar emphasis and power to the figure “they twain shall be one flesh,”—one in sympathy, in mind, in affections, and in interests; nothing but death afterwards to divide them.

Though thus a sacred, marriage was originally a simple, institution. God married the first couple that were husband and wife; but though it had the sanction, it was not till long ages afterwards that marriage was invested with the ceremonies of religion,—and priests were introduced on the scene. In none of the cases recorded in Scripture did the parties repair to a place of worship, or call on a minister of religion to tie the nuptial knot. Though such a custom might be proper, and did to some extent prevail even among the heathen, it derives no authority from the Word of God; and may, as existing among us, perhaps be traced to our early connexion with the Church of Rome. Animated by that insatiable ambition which, grasping at all power, has made her the enemy of the liberties of mankind, she seized on marriage, and, exalting this institution into a sacrament, turned it into a tool to serve her own selfish ends. Having persuaded mankind that there could be no holy or valid union without her sanction, she had, the thing she sought, the world at her feet,—and there not peasants only, but crowned kings humbly crouched, soliciting a liberty which God had already granted.

Long years, however, before this institution was invested with religious forms, it had been the custom to celebrate it with festivities,—a custom observed by none more than the Jews. For these joyous and festive habits they had the highest sanction. Our Lord accepted an invitation to a marriage scene, and honoured it by the performance of his first miracle; and, though we are to set our hearts on that world where they neither marry nor give in marriage, we should learn from the story of Cana to rejoice with them that do rejoice, as well as to weep with them that weep. It is not religion to turn away from scenes of harmless mirth; such as that on which Jesus put the seal of his approbation, and shed the sunshine of his presence.

It is the last act in the drama of such ceremonies as were observed in Cana of Galilee that this parable presents. The marriage has been celebrated. Accompanied by his bride, the bridegroom is about to return to his own house, their future home. The time, as is still the case in many eastern countries, is night; and the scene has

all the picturesque effect of a torchlight procession. While one band of maidens accompany her from her father's house, another wait near the bridegroom's to welcome them home. The hours wear on; eyes peer through the darkness to discover the gleams, and ears listen to catch the sound of the advancing party. By and by, lights sparkle in the distance; by and by, at first faintly heard, shouts and songs break the silence of the night; and now the cry rises, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. All are roused—sleepers wakened, lamps trimmed, torches made to blaze with strong and lively flame; and forth from their places go, trooping, singing, rejoicing, the train of waiting maidens. Mingling with the advancing crowd, above whose heads sit the bridegroom and his bride, in gorgeoüs attire, their jewels flashing back the gleams of lamp and torch, they pass into the house. And now the door is shut. Those ready enter with the bridegroom; such as are unready are kept out, and to their knocking get no other answer but that of the parable, "I know you not." In considering this parable let us look at

THE BRIDEGROOM.

He represents our Lord Jesus Christ, the divine head and loving husband of that Church which is his bride, "the Lamb's wife,"—the union which faith forms between him and his people being represented as a marriage. It is one of love; for though a wealthy marriage to the bride, it is on her part as well as on his, one of endearment—We love him because he first loved us—They people shall be willing in the day of thy power. It is one which grim death shall never dissolve, and leave Christ's Church a mourning widow. It is one which holy prophets sung, and long ages prepared for. It is one which the Son, though stooping to the lowliest object, entered into with his Father's full consent. It is one in which heaven took a part, and angels were wedding-guests,—their harps lending the music and their wings the light. It is one over which all the hosts of heaven rejoiced in the fulness of generous love—I heard, says John, as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings, saying Alleluiah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. May we know the truth of the words that follow, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb!

The story of redeeming love, of this marriage, surpasses anything related in the pages of the wildest romances. These tell of a prince, who, enamoured of a humble maid, assumed a disguise; and doffing his crown and royal state for the dress of common life, left his palace, travelled far, faced danger, and fared hard, to win the heart of a peasant's daughter, and raise her from obscurity to

the position of a queen. Facts, as has been said, are more wonderful than fables. The journey which our divine lover took, was from heaven to earth; to win his bride, he exchanged the bosom of the eternal Father to lie, a feeble infant, on a woman's breast. Son of God, he left the throne of the universe, and assumed the guise of humanity, to be cradled in a manger and murdered on a cross.

Besides, in his people he found a bride, deep in debt, and paid it all; under sentence of death, and died in her room; a lost creature, clad in rags, and he took off his own royal robes to cover her. To wash her, he shed his blood; to win her, he shed his tears; finding her poor and miserable and naked, he endowed her with all his goods; heir of all things, everything that he possessed as his Father's Son, she was to enjoy and share with himself, for are not his people "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

Nor was his a love of yesterday—leaving its object to fear that, mushroom-like, its decay might be as rapid as its growth. Older than the hoary hills, it dates from a period when there were no depths, before the mountains were brought forth:

"He loved us from the first of time,
He loves us to the last."

Neither is his love, like man's, capable of coldness or of change; of diminution or decay. Whom he loveth, he loveth to the end. It is stronger than death. Many waters cannot quench it; and no time can cool it. With the fondness of a first love, it has the stability of an old one. What trials does it endure; what ingratitude; what coldness; what contempt! See how he stands at the door knocking, till his head is wet with dew, and his locks with the drops of night! nor counts that anything if he can but win you at the last! And never desisting from pressing his suit on any sinner, lover of our souls, he lingers by the door till another arrive—not with a suit but with a summons—Death himself come to beat it with a hand that brooks no delay, and takes no refusal.

And why should any refuse the suit of him who stands at their door—a lover, suitor, follower, crying, Behold, I stand at the door and knock—open to me? Setting their affections on unworthy objects, some have repelled addresses which offered them great wealth and high honours; better still, happiness as much as earth can afford. But none ever rejected such an offer as Jesus makes you in the offer of his heart and hand. They never had an opportunity. This the lover of whom it is said, He is the chiefest among ten thousand, he is altogether lovely, his person is the most beautiful, his heart is the kindest, and his bride shall be the happiest and richest the world ever saw—her home a heavenly palace, and her rank higher than any queen's. Happy are they who have yielded to his suit; and, joining hands with him, have become his in the bonds of the marriage covenant! With

the Lord for his shepherd, David felt certain that he could never want, and went down singing into the valley and shadow of death; but much more may we who, closing with Christ's offer, have given him our hands and received him into our hearts; for how much better does a bridegroom love his blooming bride than shepherd ever loved his sheep? "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."

THE VIRGINS.

Fair women in the prime and flower of life have formed a part, and not the least ornamental part, of nuptial scenes in all ages of the world; and we have still the representatives of the virgins of this parable in the bridesmaids of modern marriages. Ten is their number here. Why ten, and not five, or twenty? The key to this is similar to that which explains the frequent recurrence of seven in the Scriptures—seven golden sticks, seven stars in Christ's hand, seven vials, seven plagues, seven thunders; for as the number seven among the Jews denoted perfection, ten was the number that made a thing complete. A company was considered complete when there were ten present—we have Elkanah saying to his wife to comfort her when grieving because she was childless, Am I not better to thee than ten sons? and so also we have the angels of God reckoned as ten times ten thousand. Here, then, blooming like a bed of flowers, are a band of virgins; beauty in their looks; grace displayed in every movement; joy sparkling in their bright black eyes, and jewels, as they move their lamps to and fro, sparkling in their rich, oriental attire. Now they are watching through the evening hours; now, as the night wears on, slumber falls on their eyelids, and stretching themselves out, one after another, they drop off into sleep; now, roused by the cry of the Bridegroom's coming, all start to their feet to arrange their attire and trim their lamps; now, some revive the dying flames with oil, and others, looking with dismay on empty vessels, with urgency and tears beseech their companions to give them oil. Whom do these represent? Christ is the bridegroom; and the bridesmaids, these virgins, the foolish as well as the wise, who are they?

They stand here the representatives of the visible Church—of every church, and congregation of professing Christians—a picture this which should fill many of us with alarm, and set all to the task of examining the foundation of their hopes, in the view of death and judgment. The five wise virgins are those who are saved at last; the five foolish are those who are lost—and lost, though many of them, at one time, entertained no doubt whatever that they should be saved. They never so much as fancied that they would be shut out. Such a thought never damped their joy; nor disturbed their dreams, as they slept on with dying lamps beside them. Most alarming picture and solemn warning! These poor virgins do not, let

it be observed, represent the openly godless; the licentious; the profane; such as are manifestly the enemies, and not the friends of Christ. On the contrary, they could not be, in any plain sense, and were not regarded as, the enemies of the Bridegroom. They had not treated his invitation with contempt; nay, nor even with plain neglect. To some extent they had prepared for his coming; and, till the hour of trial came, they seemed as well prepared to meet the Bridegroom as any of their wise companions. I know nothing in the Bible which more than this parable, and little which so much, should so strongly and so solemnly enforce on us the advice, "Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure."

Unhappy virgins, to whom the Bridegroom brings such unlooked-for woe, who gaze with eyes of horror on your empty lamps, who, with such imploring looks and unavailing tears, entreat aid from your happy companions, who rush out into the darkness only to find the shops all closed, no oil to be bought at so late an hour, who hurry back, alas! to find the door shut—you do not represent hypocrites; or mere formal professors—such as never felt anything of the powers of the world to come; as were never alarmed; never moved by the truth; never thrown into any anxiety about their souls' salvation! Unhappy virgins, at one time all looked so promising—you watched for a while; you had lamps; you had more, you had oil in your lamps; and, though they did not endure, but, unfed, went out, they burned for a time!

Notwithstanding all this, they are lost—teaching us that it is not enough to make a fair appearance; to have been the subjects once of religious impressions; to have heard the Word of God gladly; to have felt some anxiety about our souls, and to have made some movements in the direction of salvation. We see in them how they who are near to the kingdom may yet never reach it—wrecked at the harbour-mouth, within hail of friends and sight of home. If such things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Let this case induce every man to prove his own work by such questions as these. Have I been converted? Do I know my heart to be changed? Have I something else to rest on as evidence of being in Christ than merely serious impressions, some occasional good thoughts, and fitful seasons of religious feelings—being well-inclined, to use a common expression? Have I oil not only in the lamp but in the vessel?—in other words, have I the grace of God in my heart?—the love that burns, the faith that endureth to the end? Not he whose light is blown out by every gust of temptation; nor he whose light, a mere lamp of profession, fails amid the trials of death, and, going out, leaves him to darkness and despair; but "he," says our Lord, "that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

THE SLEEP OF THE VIRGINS.

The scene is one of repose—no sounds but measured breathing; and by the lamps dimly burning, ten forms are seen stretched out in various attitudes, but all locked in the arms of sleep. How unlike sentinels; watchers; persons waiting a Bridegroom's arrival, and ready at any moment for the call to go forth to meet him—they sleep like infants who have nothing to do or care for; or like sons of toil at the close of day, when their day's work is done.

Were even the wise virgins right in yielding to sleep in such circumstances? They are not distinctly blamed; and so far as their own safety was concerned, they suffered no loss by it. With oil not in their lamps only, but in their vessels, being constantly prepared for the Bridegroom's coming, they might go to sleep—they had at least some excuse for sleeping. In one sense, their work was done; and so, in one sense, is ours, if, having received Christ and the grace of God into our hearts, we have made our calling and election sure.

Firstly, The sleep of the wise virgins may indicate that peace which they are invited and entitled to enjoy who have sound, scriptural, indubitable evidence in their hearts and lives, that justified by faith they are at peace with God—and so, as Paul says, may "be careful for nothing." If that is all which is meant by their sleep, let those, whom they represent, sleep on, and take their rest. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ! Never trouble yourselves about death—to you it is gain, and cannot come too suddenly, or too soon. He who lives in Christ is habitually prepared to die; and what more grace is needed for that hour, will come with it. "My God shall supply all your need."

But what is wisdom in some, is folly in others. He may sleep, rocked in the cradle of the billows, whose vessel rides at anchor; not he who is drifting broadside on to the roaring reef. He may sleep who pillows his head on a royal pardon; not he who, pallid and exhausted by the trial, a down-stricken and haggard wretch, enters a cell which he leaves not but for the scaffold, unless he obtain mercy. These foolish virgins ought never to have slept till, applying to the proper quarter, and, if necessary, selling their very jewels for oil, they stood prepared for the Bridegroom's coming. Nor should any rest, seeking their soul's salvation, having it for their first thought in the morning, and their last at night, till they have found it; and obtained a good hope that their sins have been washed away in the blood of the Lamb and Son of God—that God himself is now their Father, and heaven shall be hereafter their blessed home.

Secondly, By the sleeping as well of the wise as of the foolish, our Lord perhaps teaches, what the best will be readiest to admit, that even God's people are not so watchful as they should be; and

would be, were they constantly to live under the feeling that they know neither the day nor hour when the Son of Man cometh. Should he come this moment, who, in a sense, are ready to meet him? Are your faith and love, your humility and holiness in as lively exercise; are your thoughts, all your wishes, and imaginations; is the tone of your conversation, and the daily tenor of your life, such as you would wish them to be at the Bridegroom's coming? None will say so. Therefore, let us not sleep; nor, with so much to do, act as if we had nothing to do. O that we could enter on each day's duties, and close each day's work, as if we had possibly seen our last sunrise, or last sunset. That were not a frame of mind inconsistent with earthly enjoyments. No! How bright the sky, how sweet the song of birds, how beautiful the wayside flowers, how full of pleasure everything to that sun-browned man, who expects, in a few more hours, and after long years of exile, to find himself at home.

Besides, these virgins who lie there asleep, ignorant of their wants and insensible to their danger, what reasons do they form for the wise employing the precious hours otherwise than in slumber! It might have proved another night to them had the wise been wakeful. Had they shaken up the sleepers, pointed them to their empty vessels, pleaded with them, and entreated them, while there was time, to go and buy, the lost might have been saved—the door that shut them out might have shut them in. And what true Christian may not have his hands full of such Christ-like work? Among our acquaintances, the members, perhaps, of our families, are there not some who, careless of their souls, and with less appearance of religion than these foolish virgins, are not prepared for a dying hour? They would, I fear, be lost, were the Bridegroom to come now. May the idea of that, of seeing them shut out, hearing their plaintive cries, seeing them stand at the bar of judgment pictures of despair, wringing their hands in hell, saying to themselves, Oh, if my father, my mother, my brother, my sister, my friend, my minister had only warned me, and pleaded with me, I might never have been here,—haunt us, and lie so heavy on our consciences that we shall find no rest till we have implored them to seek a Saviour,—to flee from the wrath to come. Thus, going to the work in dependence on the Spirit of God, and with the tenderness, gentleness, modesty, and humility of true Christian love, have many who had neither genius nor intellect been wise to win souls to Christ.

THE SUDDENNESS OF THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

Every stroke which our pulse beats, strikes the knell of a passing soul. There are sixty human lives go out every minute. But while that is the average number, death each day, like the tide, has its flow and ebb. As harmonizing with its gloomy scenes, night is the most common period for dying. She

throws her sable veil over the appalling features of life's last struggle. It is most frequently at what is called "the turn of the night" that, in those rooms whose lighted windows contrast with darkened streets, and within whose walls spectators watch through their tears the last throes of expiring nature, that the cry arises, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! At that hour, the cry rose in Egypt when a startled nation woke—and there was not a house in which there was not one dead. So also often on the deep—at midnight, a shock, a crash; and springing from their beds, alarmed passengers rush on deck to see a strange ship vanishing like a phantom in the gloom, and their own, by a gaping wound that admits the sea, sinking into a sudden grave—there is a fearful cry, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh: they wake to hear it, and, sinking, hear no more. How loud and sudden that cry rose at midnight in the mighty tenement that a year ago shook this city by its fall, and buried in its ruins half a hundred corpses. They slept, nor woke, but to find themselves, to their astonishment, out of this world, and in another—standing before their Judge. How great their surprise; happy if not how great their dismay!

Nor does death surprise its victims only in such accidents. Foreseen by others, how unexpectedly does he often come to the person most concerned! Oh, the lying that is practised beside many deathbeds! All engaged in a conspiracy to deceive the victim, verily the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Everything serious forbidden; every hint of death forbidden; everything that could excite alarm forbidden,—a dying-chamber is turned into a stage for players, who wipe away their tears before they enter, and wear a lying

mask of ease and smiles and hopes, when hope herself is dead. Everybody sees the approach of death, yet not one is found kind and honest enough to speak of it. And they talk of spring who know that its flowers shall bloom on the victim's grave; they talk of journeys who know that these poor feet are journeying onwards to the tomb; they talk of dresses who know that that emaciated form shall wear no robe but the shroud of death,—the whole scene is like that old pageant of heathen worship, where they crowned the lambs with garlands, and led them to the slaughter with dances and music.

In various ways it belongs, if I may say so, to the chapter of accidents, whether our death may not be as sudden and unexpected as the coming of the Bridegroom here; or as the second advent in which our Lord shall appear with the surprise of a thief in the night. What may happen any day, it is certainly wise to be prepared for every day. So men make their wills; but so, alas, they don't mind their souls! This ye should have done, but not have left the other undone. If there is no lawyer, but, if you have any property to dispose of, and would not have your death the signal for quarrels and lawsuits and heart-burnings, will advise you to make a settlement, nor delay one day to do so; oh, how much more need to make your peace with God, and prepare your eternal rather than your temporal affairs for death,—to make it all up with him who is willing to forgive all, and is now tarrying on the road to give you time to get oil, and go forth with joy to the cry, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Seek Christ this day—this hour—this moment. On its decision may hang your irrevocable, fixed, eternal destiny. There is hope for you now; to-morrow, there may be none.

A VINDICATION OF BISHOP COLENZO.

. THE following "Letters to a Friend" were written on a first perusal of Bishop Colenso's book, doubtless with the charitable design of proving either that it was not written by the Bishop at all, or, that if written by him, was written, like the *Amber Witch*, to test the gullibility of scepticism. It may, perhaps, be plausibly said, that there is little in the shape of absolute proof, even now, to show that the first hypothesis may not be true. Few, it may be presumed, have seen the Bishop, or had oral testimony to his authorship of the book; while we have frequent proofs that even the most respectable publishers may unsuspectingly give to the world mss. under the name of authors who never wrote them. Still less is there any proof that, if written by the Bishop, it was written with any serious design to demolish the historic character of the Pentateuch. At all events, it seems clear that the alternative of the writer of the following "Letters" may be

logically argued. If the Pentateuch, which has so long imposed upon the world, and imposes on it still, be really not historic, it is not wonderful if some one has fathered this *brochure* on an obscure colonial bishop; on the other hand, if, in spite of the proofs of the enormous *à priori* improbability, not to say incredibility, of his being the author, he really is the author, people will be apt to imagine that whatever the difficulties which he may point out in the history of the Pentateuch, it may well be history notwithstanding.

LETTER I.

November 3, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just risen from a first reading of the pages ascribed to Bishop Colenso. I cannot agree with our hopeful young nephew, Tom, that "Moses and his Pentateuch are smashed." The last two centuries have seen Moses so often demolished, and so often put together again, that

I am in no fear about him. I assure you, that if Colenso be the author, I am in much more alarm for the Bishop than for Moses; and fancy that it will be said of him as of another in a like case, "That he went out intending to commit murder, and committed suicide." Nor am I much afraid for that redoubtable doubter, young Tom. As I have seen Moses so often killed, yet rise to life once more, so I have seen many a young "Thomas Didymus" reclaimed from his doubts long before he had ended his third decade.

But, in fact, I have some doubts about the *authenticity* of the book. Certainly it contains little, if any, matter, which avowed, and therefore honest, infidels have not insisted on in justification of their infidelity. For aught that appears, there might not be a single argument adducible for the *other* side of the question; while every objection, nay, every quibble, is diligently sought out, petted, and made the most of. But more of this hereafter.

Meantime, I suggest another alternative. May not the Bishop have simulated scepticism, just to see how the shark-like voracity of infidelity would bolt any bait, even a gobbet of rancid pork, though the hook were ever so little disguised; or that he wrote it to see how far the *quasi*-liberalism of our day would go,—that fantastic liberalism which so often contends that a man may swear that he believes what he does *not* believe, and violate oaths and subscriptions with a safe conscience, on the plea that though he *voluntarily* binds himself, he *ought* not to be so bound! I fancy that either the one or the other of these theories is more probable than that a Bishop of the Church, still *remaining* such, should, in contravention of his ordination vows and in contempt of public decency, write such a book, or at least write it with a *serious* design. If he *is* serious, so far from "unfeignedly believing all the Canonical Books," he believes that five of them at least are collections of the most prodigious fables, and that whether fraud or fiction produced them, Christ and his apostles were alike *duped* by them!

You will say, perhaps, as to the *first* supposition, —that of *forging* Bishop Colenso's name,—“But is it possible that such an impudent imposture could remain undiscovered even for a moment?” Let me remind you, my friend, that if the Pentateuch has been imposing on all mankind for ages—upon Jews and Christians alike until now—we may well believe that a forger might for a moment cheat the world by a momentary assumption of the name of a bishop of no great notoriety, and perhaps six thousand miles away. There is, in fact, no comparison whatever between the magnitude of the two impostures, if imposture there be. If the Jews of all ages have been dupes on this point, and that so completely that there has not come down to us a whisper, an echo, a suspicion, of the truth; if they have been *thus* duped, though the Pentateuch bound upon their shoulders a yoke which “neither

they nor their fathers were ever able to bear,” and if *not* true, libels them in such a way as even common patriotism could hardly pardon, had it all been undoubted fact, instead of gross fiction; if their jealous and bitter enemies, the Samaritans, have all been duped in the same way; if Christ and his apostles shared in the universal delusion; if Christians of every name, age, and nation have been cheated too; if the great bulk of them, in spite of the innumerable volumes of subtle argument and contemptuous sarcasm which, during the last two centuries, have been written against the historic credibility of the Pentateuch, are cheated still,—can we wonder if this trumpety production of—so I will call him—some pseudo-Colenso, should for a moment be supposed a genuine work?

However, I do not contend that this *is* the true theory. It would be sufficient for my purpose, if the book be a piece of pure irony, like Whately's "Historic Doubts." As the good Archbishop was sometimes charged with "universal scepticism" for writing that pamphlet, so we must hope that, with as little reason, Colenso may be for a while charged with deliberately accusing the author of the Pentateuch with egregious falsehood or fiction, and the Jews, the Christians, and Christ himself, with being his dupes. If, on the other hand, it should be unhappily proved that the Bishop is indeed not only the author, but wrote the book with the *bonâ fide* purpose, or rather the *malâ fide* purpose—considering that he is *still* a bishop—of destroying the historic credibility of five "canonical books in which he unfeignedly believes;" if such a paradox should prove to be true, contrary to every appearance of probability; it is not easy to see why the Pentateuch may not *also* be true in spite of this writer's plausible objections. In either case, we can but reply as the physician did when he was told that, spite of *diagnosis* and *prognosis*, his patient was dead. "Why, then," said the unabashed doctor, "all I can say is that, on the principles of science, he *ought* not to have died."—
Yours truly,

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LETTER II.

November 5th, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not know that I can do better than spend an hour or two of this day in stripping our modern Guy Fawkes, who, under an episcopal mask, is seeking to blow Moses and the Pentateuch into the air, of some of his disguises. I assure you the more I consider the matter, the more incredible it seems to me that the Bishop of Natal should seriously have written the book which bears his name; equally so, whether I look at the thing in a moral or an intellectual point of view. However, I will give a few of the reasons at least, for inclining to the more charitable, if not the more true hypothesis.

1. Is it credible—as I have already hinted—that a Christian pastor should seriously write a book against the historical truth of the Penta-

teach so exclusively made up of objections, that not even by accident is anything said on the affirmative side? Is it credible that he should stumble *only* on objections,—some of them as old as Celsus, many others touched by Bolingbroke and Voltaire, nearly all to be found in one or another of our infidel writers,—and urged, I must say, with much the same resolute captiousness and contempt of candour, which characterize the most unscrupulous and disingenuous of those writers? Is it credible, that while he eagerly takes up everything that looks like an objection, and exaggerates it to the utmost, he should also sedulously ignore or extenuate everything that may be said in solution of it? Is it credible, I say, that a bishop, still *remaining* such,—clinging in this shipwreck of faith to his mitre, though he has let his “ordination vows” go to the bottom,—should write a book containing little but the *matter*, and that expressed so much in the *manner*, of men who have hitherto so written for the very purpose of *vindicating their infidelity*, and who, as long as they deemed such arguments true, would have honestly deemed it infamy either to become or remain bishops in the Christian Church? I say, reasoning *à priori*, it is utterly incredible.

2. Is it credible that a man, educated as Bishop Colenso was, having had a liberal college training, having occupied a prominent position at college, having qualified himself to be a clergyman of the Church of England, having exercised the functions of one, having been appointed a missionary bishop, could have so slenderly considered some of the elementary difficulties of the Book he had gone 6000 miles to teach the heathen, as to surrender his faith ignominiously to the attacks of a Zulu savage? His ignorance, indeed, with such antecedents, would be astounding enough; but he tells us he was *not* altogether ignorant,—as how could he be, unless he had purposely shut his ears to all the din of the theological discussions which have been so rife in our age? He tells us that he had, as he imagined, competently acquainted himself with the solutions which had been offered of the difficulties in question, and upon the whole, was satisfied; yet, no sooner does he confront his Zulus, whom he is to instruct in the orthodox faith, than he is straightway instructed *out* of it! His position is really as grotesque as that of the soldier who cried to his comrades, “I’ve got a prisoner.” “Bring him along with you,” said they. “He won’t come,” said the other. “Come without him, then,” they rejoined. “But he won’t let me,” was the answer of this singular captor.

It does not seem, indeed, very credible that a Zulu, who once believed all the absurdities of his native superstitions, would be likely to be very inordinately startled by the difficulties of the Pentateuch; but be that as it may, that Bishop Colenso should be, not only staggered, but completely demolished by the native logic, on such elementary questions as that about the capacity of

Noah’s ark for its alleged cargo, does seem, to say the least, very improbable.

3. On the supposition that the “ghosts” of some of the difficulties he had formerly felt, and which he once thought “he had laid,” had revived, is it credible that he should satisfy himself that he might close his investigations *in one brief twelvemonth*; especially considering, that however ignorant he might be when he commenced them, he must have been soon aware, when he received the books for which he wrote, Ewald, Hengstenberg, Kurtz, etc., that the subjects had occupied, and were still occupying, the profoundest and acutest inquirers, in lifelong investigations? Of course, I do not mean to say there are not men who are such bundles of mere egotism and vanity, as to think they have settled in a trice what the deepest and most sagacious intellects still think disputable. But is this likely to be the case with a man who has achieved the reputation of Bishop Colenso? Or is it consistent with the gravity, calmness, and modesty which we should expect in a “spiritual guide?” Above all, is it credible that he should in hot haste publish the crude results of a hurried examination to the world, at the very moment he himself avows that he was fully aware that his book might and would painfully shock the faith, and trouble the heads, hearts, and consciences of thousands? I find it hard to believe it.

4. Is it conceivable that a Christian bishop should indulge in such effluence of talk as we find in the preface of this work, about the paramount claims of truth and the necessity of following it at all hazards, and yet fail to give the only *convincing* proof that all this was something more than rhetoric—by resigning his bishopric before publishing conclusions so diametrically opposed to the “declaration” in the ordination service: or that the only practical result of all his flaming professions should be a pettifogging attempt to prove that he can, at one and the same time, honourably affirm that he does *not* “unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments,” and yet does not violate his declaration in the ordination service, that “he *does* believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments;” in short, that he may keep his doubts,—or rather his *certainly* of the unverity of the Pentateuch,—and his bishopric at the same time? Can you believe that a Christian bishop volunteering such ostentatious professions of his love of truth and such heroic defiance of the consequences—bent on enlightening the world at whatever cost and peril to himself—should thus ignominiously subject himself to the suspicion of being the mere slave of a shifty and time-serving expediency? Looking at it in a merely intellectual point of view,—is it likely a man of so clear a head as stands on Bishop Colenso’s shoulders should have so muddled his brain as to imagine that if he does *not* believe all the canonical

Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, but openly rejects at least *five* of them, he may adhere to the "declaration" that he *does* believe in them; or that any sophistry can prove that, so long as he is a bishop, he is not *bound* by that declaration? Or can we imagine him so far to have muddled himself as to believe that the conclusion to which he had it seems all but arrived,—“of the untenableness of his position,”—could be “materially affected by the recent decision in the Court of Arches?”* Even if that decision were ever *intended* to cover such wholesale rejections of the canonical books as this—which it never was—could he imagine that he was at liberty to say, in virtue of that decision, that he *did* believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, when he *did not*; or that he might say what his own conscience told him he could not, because another man told him he *could*? Is it conceivable that he could still further so muddle himself as to believe that the decision in question could alleviate “scruples on the point of the declaration in the ordination service,” while he still expressly admits that “the answer in the ordination service is *not* the only part of our formularies that will be generally understood, until explained by judicial authority, to involve implicit belief in the historical truth of the facts recorded in the Pentateuch?” (Page xxiv.)

And looking at the question *morally*,—can we believe that a Christian bishop has so muddled his *conscience*, as well as his *intellect*, as to believe in the above paradoxes; or the equal paradox that he is at liberty to *remain* in the Church on conditions, as he himself implies, on which no “youth of noble mind, with deep yearnings after truth” can *enter* it? that though such an ingenious youth, if he did not “believe unfeignedly all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments,” could not make the declaration in the ordination service, yet the Bishop of Natal, having happily *made* it, though he no longer *believes* it, may safely take all the advantages of still *seeming* to believe it? nay, more, not only imply by his position that he still believes it, but give *effect* to that belief by ordaining others on the same terms, and by taking part himself in all the services and formularies of the Church,—solemnly reading “lessons,” in the name of God, ushered in with “Thus saith the Lord,” though he does not believe that the Lord has said anything of the kind, and re-

* Thus the pseudo-Colenso writes:—“For myself, if I cannot find the means of doing away with my present difficulties, I see not how I can retain my Episcopal office, in the discharge of which I must require from others a solemn declaration, that they ‘unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments;’ which, with the evidence now before me, it is impossible wholly to believe in.”—Page xii. He adds in a note, “This was written before the recent decision of the Court of Arches, by which, of course, the above conclusion is materially affected.”

hearing in the ears of the people, as *sacred* truths, what he believes to be the monstrous exaggerations of Jewish vanity gone mad, or the drivel of superstition in its dotage? Is it conceivable that a bishop of the English Church should so far resemble Pascal’s Jesuit Fathers as to think that he may walk in forbidden paths with safety, because he knows “how to direct his intentions aright,” though novices and neophytes, not having the skill to sin without guilt, or walk barefoot on knives without cutting their feet, had better not take vows which they do not intend to keep?—
Yours truly,
VINDEK.

LETTER III.

November 11, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I asked in my previous letter whether it was credible that one sincerely in search of truth, and above all a *Christian bishop*, should have written a book, in its entire matter, spirit, and tone, so suspiciously like some of the worst books of infidelity;—in the resolute suppression of *opposing* arguments, in the exclusive appeal to objections, in palpable distortion of facts, in evident reluctance to admit any, even the most reasonable, mitigations of a difficulty—in which, as much as in anything, the *animus* of a writer may be seen—in the captious pressing of the *literal* meaning, though it makes not only nonsense of Moses, but still greater nonsense of the critic himself; and I will add,—though I am ashamed to add,—in the attempt, in *some* places, to give a ludicrous and mocking air to what the author represents as the fair interpretation of the narrative. I assure you that, in several passages, the manner reminds me much more of Voltaire, in his virulent articles on the Old Testament in his “Philosophical Dictionary,” than that—I do not say of any Christian bishop—but of the more decorous advocates of infidelity.

Now to these charges you will probably say two things; first, that the “Preface” seems to contradict them; and, secondly, that I ought to justify my representation by some instances. I will endeavour to satisfy you on both points. As to the first: you will say, perhaps, “But is there not a noble devotion to truth expressed in the Preface? Is there not much said about reverence in approaching sacred subjects, a fear of shaking the faith of others, a solemn sense of responsibility?” etc. etc. There is; and I answer it is all confined to the preface. When I examine the book itself, all trace of these fine things has vanished. The professions of love of truth in the preface, I admit, lack nothing but the corresponding *practice*; which, depend upon it, would be found, if it were a bishop who wrote, first in vacating his bishopric before writing, and then writing, if he must write, with “reverence,” and “caution,” and “sense of responsibility,”—of all which I find not in the book one particle.

And these things, I say, make it inconceivable

that the book is the *serious*, though I admit it may be the *ironical*, work of a *bond fide* bishop. But you will ask, secondly, for some instances of alleged resemblance to the very manner of avowed and consistent infidelity. You shall have them in plenty, and the first shall alone be an instance of all I have charged, if it be not an example of the grossest ignorance,—and *that* cannot excuse the tone and manner. It is, in fact, hard to say whether the captiousness of this notable passage, its distortion or omission of facts, its *suppressio veri*, or its *suggestio falsi* be most conspicuous. I allude to the critic's grotesque description of the duties of the priest in the removal of the remains of the slaughtered victims outside the camp. Assuming his calculations of the dimensions of the camp to be about those of London, our critic says (p. 40), "In fact we have to imagine the priest having himself to carry on his back on foot, from St. Paul's to the outskirts of the metropolis, the skin, and flesh, and head, and legs, and inwards, and dung, even the whole bullock." It may be said that his ignorance here of the force of the Hebrew verb *Hiphil*, or his never having taken the pains to see *what* the Hebrew was or meant, has betrayed him into this ridiculous representation. But even if we suppose this, can you believe that a genuine bishop of the Church would be either so grossly ignorant or so grossly negligent in a matter of such importance, and allow himself thus unwittingly to play the buffoon, as the author does here, by so grossly burlesquing the meaning of Moses? Had he consulted the original, he could hardly fail to perceive that the mood in question is appropriate to the act, not of *doing*, but of *causing* a thing to be done. But in reality, even the English as it stands would not fairly suggest anything like the representation of this passage. As long as the usage holds, of enjoining on superiors what is to be done by their agents, or the maxim, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, it does not follow that the priest was personally to perform these menial duties. Bishop Colenso himself knows far better than to interpret language as our pseudo-Colenso interprets it here. The Bishop uses human speech like any other "reasonable two-legged creature." Thus in his *Ten Weeks in Natal*, he tells us that Dr. Stanger was "one of the two who had brought out of that pestilential river (the Niger) the remnant of the ill-fated crew of the Albert;" and he would justly stare if any one had told him that he supposed "Dr. S. brought them to shore on his back!" Bishop Colenso would have said that he meant that Dr. S. took the means for bringing them out, by steering the vessel that did it.

But the passage swarms with other assumptions, which show the *animus* of the writer.

The critic knows very well that there was a large body of men—the Levites—whose express duty it was to assist in the service of the Tabernacle, and to perform its menial duties. Even these, however, might not be obliged to take the bullock's remains

"on their backs;" for it is evident that they had carts given them to convey the tabernacle, and, for aught we know, and as may be rationally supposed, other carts for other purposes. If they had carts at all, it is not likely that they would load their "backs" with the bullocks; but would prefer being "wagoners" to being "porters." But our critic who, like Shylock, is determined not to have anything but what "is set down in the bond," may perhaps say, as he is saying perpetually in like cases, "But there is nothing said about carts." Out of his own mouth he may be condemned; for is there anything said about "backs?"

In short, it is impossible to account for either the ignorance, the levity, the irreverence displayed in this grotesque parody, without supposing that somebody very different from a bishop penned it.—Yours truly,
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LETTER IV.

November 13, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not think a more remarkable instance of a resolute captiousness is to be found anywhere than in the treatment of the stale and oft-repeated difficulty as to the rapid increase of the Israelites in Egypt. "There can be no doubt," remarks Davison in his Warburtonian Lectures, "that the providence of God in various ways favoured the rapid increase of the people of Israel during the term of their servitude in Egypt;" and we may safely infer that, if there be any truth in the history, they increased at the highest rate at which the natural law permits. At *this* rate or near it, many acute and learned men have affirmed that Jacob's family with their wives (perhaps 130 in all), might in the time allowed,—whichever of the two limits, 215 or 430 years be taken,—reach the population recorded to have left Egypt at the exodus. Without denying the *possibility* of this, I content myself with asserting the utter absurdity, if we fairly interpret the facts of the patriarchal history, of supposing that the immediate descendants of Jacob, those who came out of Jacob's "loins," with, at most, their wives, formed the whole of those who went down with him into Egypt. This critic says such is the story. "I assume, then," he says, "that it is absolutely undeniable that the narrative of the exodus distinctly involves the statement, that the sixty-six persons 'out of the loins of Jacob,' mentioned in Gen. xlv. and *no others*, went down with him into Egypt." But none of the passages he cites necessarily implies this, unless taken with a senseless literality; and it is obviously absurd viewed in relation to the whole history. He quotes again and again the passage, "Thy fathers *went down into Egypt* with threescore and ten persons; and now the Lord thy God hath made thee as the stars of heaven for multitude," Deut. x. 22. Yet it is expressly said, and this author admits, that their wives *also* went down,* and therefore it is absurd to *press* the lan-

* The *animus* of the writer is curiously shown in endeavouring to prove that the Israelites would have

guage,—as he always does however. The above-cited passage evidently means that whereas Jacob went down with but a very few descendants, he had now become a very great nation. But I contend that all the great facts of the patriarchal history show that those who went down to Egypt were in all probability not confined to Jacob's blood relations and lineal descendants.

Probably, we might say certainly, the true way of conceiving of the three patriarchs, is to look at them as resembling the chiefs of a tribe of Arab nomads, whose family and household consist of far more than their immediate descendants. God had greatly prospered the patriarchs; they were a sort of princes in the land. The chief men of the children of Heth said to Abraham, "Thou art a mighty prince among us." We are told that Abraham and Lot parted different ways because the land was too *strait* for them; which would be strange, indeed, if their families had consisted only of their immediate blood-relations, certainly not a score of persons in all. We are told, that Abraham had 318 male servants capable of bearing arms, and whom he had, by the express command of God, taken into the "covenant" by the rite of circumcision, and thus naturalized as a part of the Hebrew nation. When Jacob returned from his long sojourn with Laban, he who had gone out solitary, had become, as he says, "two bands;" he had not only "oxen, asses, and flocks," but "men-servants and women-servants." Other indications in many places of Scripture, compel us to infer, that the servants of the patriarchs were very numerous, as indeed their great pastoral wealth assures us they *must* have been. Again, are we to suppose that Simeon and Levi alone destroyed all the inhabitants of Shechem's city by their unaided prowess? Our critic will say, that the book *mentions* no other agent; just as we find historians telling us in a thousand places, that a pirate took this or that town, and put the inhabitants to the sword, without mentioning any of *his* agents; but none but an idiot would suppose that there *were* none. Again, Jacob, in addition to his own property, succeeded to the patrimony of Isaac, as Isaac had before inherited the wealth of Abraham. We are therefore, I think, *constrained* to believe, that those who went down into Egypt with Jacob, who were to take charge of their numerous flocks and herds in Goshen,—and who, as it appears, were to take charge of many of Pharaoh's cattle too,—were far more than Jacob's own issue, and probably instead of amounting only to seventy, amounted to many hundreds. The assignment of a whole province to

difficulty in intermarrying with the Egyptian women. It is not likely, he says, that the king, wishing to keep the Israelites depressed and few, would readily allow of such intermarriages; utterly forgetting, or *choosing* not to remember, that it was only at the close of the sojourn in Egypt, that the Egyptian monarch displayed any jealousy in the matter.

them (that of Goshen), seems to favour the same idea. For if they had been only seventy, a few moderate-sized farms, one would think, would have been amply sufficient for them.

The answer of Kurtz and others, therefore, who say that those who went down to Egypt must have been very numerous, is most reasonable. I have no hesitation in saying, that if I ever so much believed in the pseudo-Colenso's *general* conclusion as to the unhistoric character of the Pentateuch, I should be obliged to admit that every main *fact* in connexion with the patriarchal history points to the reasonableness of Kurtz's conclusion, and that nothing but a determination to magnify difficulties, can have blinded this writer to it. In his reply to Kurtz, he observes that twelve sacks of corn could go but a little way to sustain such a household for a twelvemonth. I reply, first, that it could go but a little way in supporting 70, or rather, including women, 130; and secondly, that to suppose it was *intended* to do so, is just one of those conjectures our critic ever disallows, when it is used to mitigate an objection, but indulges in *ad libitum* when he wants to magnify one. We have no proof that they *had* no more than twelve sacks, or that if they had *not*, they sought more than sufficient for sparing use in Jacob's own household, in the *strict* sense. It is not uncommon, even in these days, for people to live on wheat bread, though their inferiors and dependants seldom see it. That the famine was of bread, and not of food in general, is proved by the fact, that the herds and cattle remained.

I do not say that we can tell *how* the matter was, nor is it necessary that we should. I merely mean to say, that the pseudo-Colenso's difficulty is entirely of his own making, and that, meantime, the main facts which bear on the subject, and all the probabilities of the case, are in favour of Kurtz's conclusion.—Yours truly, VINDEX.

LETTER V.

November 15, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—There is one circumstance, which, if I might trust to internal evidence only, would alone be to me a *demonstration* that this book could not be the work of a Christian at all, much less of a Christian Bishop. Is it conceivable that any honest inquirer, solely anxious to ascertain whether the history of the Pentateuch was true or not, would have confined himself *exclusively* to objections; or imagined that, without computing the *positive* evidence on the other side, it was possible to decide the point? Everybody knows that there is no history in the world that may not be proved *unhistoric*, if only discrepancies, seeming contradictions, difficulties, and objections,—and in every history some will be found that are insurmountable,—be exclusively dwelt upon. There is no history whatever,—whether of ancient or of modern times, against which unanswerable topics of this description cannot be urged. In all such

cases, the merest tyro knows that the questions involved, depending as they do on *moral* evidence, can be decided only by asking, On which side is the preponderance of argument? Which way does the balance of evidence obviously incline? These are the questions always asked by common sense and common candour in every such case. Now, the remarkable feature of the present work is, that there might not be, for aught it tells us, one *single thing* to be said for the universal belief of so many nations, during so many ages, in the historical truth of the Pentateuch! Is it conceivable that the obvious and reasonable course mentioned above could have been missed by any fair advocate; by any one who was not *resolved* on proving a foregone conclusion, and supporting it by every species of logical chicanery? In no other way can I account for this purely *ex parte* statement. Is it likely that such *ex parte* statement, on *that* side, should have come from a Christian bishop? How is it, if he be really intent on truth, that he does not even advert to *one* of the many difficulties which, supposing the Pentateuch *not* historic, are far harder of solution than any of those by which he would prove it fabulous?—yes, far harder than any of the numerical problems he propounds, if we take into account, first, our possible ignorance in many cases of the numbers *originally* in the text; and secondly, do *not* leave out of account the writer's own utterly absurd exaggerations and distortions; if, again, we take into account our ignorance of many circumstances omitted by Moses, and do *not* leave out of account many other circumstances, which this writer has most gratuitously assumed.—I repeat, the problems we are called to solve, on the theory of the *unhistoric* character of the Pentateuch, are far more difficult than any of those which, by packing his evidence and begging his premises, this writer urges against it. Let me briefly point out two or three only,—all of which *must* be confronted as a necessary condition of coming to a true decision. How, then, shall we account for the intense, obstinate, and unanimous belief of the Jews for so many ages, and afterwards of their enemies, the Samaritans, in the historic character, nay, in the Mosaic authorship and inspiration of the Pentateuch? a belief never troubled by a shadow of doubt or suspicion, or contradicted by one echo of opposing testimony; a belief which, as we shall see by and by, they were ever palpably interested in throwing off, if *erroneous*, and yet which they would sooner die than surrender? This *fact* is in itself equally incomprehensible, if the Pentateuch be indeed unhistoric, at whatever date we fix its composition; whether we regard the document as preceding or contemporaneous with their national life and institutions, or (as some wise critics, but all of yesterday, pretend) composed very late in their history, or even after the return from the Babylonish captivity. If the former be supposed, and these monstrous fables were from the beginning foisted on the

nation as the true history of the events in which it originated, how can we account for its unanimously accepting them, and proceeding to mould the national life, laws, and manners upon them? Above all, how shall we account for this people's affirming they had seen marvels which everybody was appealed to as having *seen*, but which they knew had never been wrought; and on that egregious faith—or rather *lie*—proceeding to bend their necks to a burdensome yoke of laws and ceremonies, which, in the language of Peter, “neither they nor their fathers had been able to bear;” and then (to complete the thing) handing down through all coming ages, without one misgiving of heart, one faltering of doubt, one protesting whisper of conscience, this unanimous and stupendous lie? At the very least, how can we imagine a nation moulding its life, forming its institutions and manners, on what that whole nation knows, by the very appeal to it, to be a pure romance?

It is these very difficulties that principally inclined our modern critics to contend for the *late* composition of the Pentateuch. But if *that* theory be adopted, we are soon led to some similar difficulties, and equally insurmountable. For if this book was really a late composition,—long after the nation had a history of its own, and had got (no one can tell how) its institutions and its laws,—how came the Jews unanimously to endorse books in which that history is throughout so egregiously caricatured; in which common facts are everywhere exaggerated into the most monstrous fables? Five thousand at the Exodus, as this critic supposes, are turned into six hundred thousand, and everything else in similar proportion; that is, five parts out of about 600 may be supposed true! Above all, how came the Jews, at that time of day, to vouch for supernatural fictions of the most monstrous character so freely superfused over the whole book? How came the nation, at so late a period of their annals, to accept without a dissentient voice this document as their true history? how came they to be universally hoodwinked, so as not to perceive the juggle that was being passed upon them; or so universally wicked as to join without a murmur that has ever reached their posterity, in adopting, consecrating, and handing down the cheat? not one of them even for a moment relenting, in a momentary treason to this conspiracy of wickedness, so far as to express doubt or detestation of this prodigious and unanimous lie? How could they do it if they would, or how would they do it if they could?—I say *lie*,—for however this writer and many modern infidels may politely endeavour to show they by no means charge deliberate fraud on the compilers of the Pentateuch, it is utterly impossible, if the main facts of the Pentateuch have as little truth in them as this author supposes,—and the miracles, *à fortiori*, no truth at all,—to free either the writers of these documents, or the nation who accepted and vouched for them, from the most deliberate and enormous falsehood. But, lying or no

lying, the thing *itself* is infinitely more incredible than that Englishmen should all accept and unani- mously hand down to posterity without a trace of any disagreement, Ivanhoe and Kenilworth, as true episodes in our own history, and, what is more, get all future ages to believe it! This would be a *bagatelle* compared with the supposition of the whole Jewish nation, and even their bitter enemies the Samaritans, receiving, as no less than inspired truth, these impudent contradictions of their true history, and, when first published, of their very *senses* and *consciousness*, to boot! Again, how came this singular people to receive, not only as historically true, but as worthy of suffering martyrdom for, if called to it, records which, if not history, are but one long *libel* upon themselves? Would *this* make them more willing to toil to procure credit for that enduring and unanimous lie, by which alone these records could be effectually consigned to the veneration of posterity? Would not all patriotism, as well as everything else, lead them to denounce chronicles which are little else than chronicles of their shame? As well may we suppose Englishmen enamoured of the worst libels of the present New York press; adopting them as faithful, nay inspired, portraits of our national character; and handing them down to posterity as worthy of the profoundest veneration! It may be said, perhaps, that the assumed privilege of being "the favourites of heaven,"—no matter how they used or abused it,—might reconcile the Jews to being thus pilloried to all ages. I answer, first, that it is sadly evident that it was a *privilege*, which throughout their history the Jews were only too willing to forfeit; and, secondly, that though it might tickle national vanity to represent themselves as under God's immediate guidance, the pleasure would be more than balanced by the necessity of *also* saying that they ever spurned at that guidance, and repaid the Divine beneficence with the most flagitious ingratitude and wickedness. Such traits, had these records been either fraudulent or fictitious, or anything but truth, it is certain that patriotism would have softened or obliterated, before the nation would have received them. It might, perhaps, humour a man's vanity to tell how his father and grandfather had been prime ministers to some great monarch; but if he had to say at the same time that the one had embezzled the public property, and the other had been hanged for treason, he would be apt, I fancy, to exercise a wise silence about his pedigree. But

again: how shall we account upon such an hypothesis as that of this pseudo-Colenso, for the inimitable marks of sincerity, truth, nature, artlessness, honesty, which everywhere abound in the Pentateuch, and which have, in all ages, made not only Jews, but Christians, believe it to be history, and neither fiction nor forgery? How shall we account for those "undesigned coincidences,"—many of which are as striking as those which Paley has so ingeniously insisted on in his *Horæ Paulinæ*,—and of which Blunt has given us but a small *spicilegium* in his little work on this subject? How, above all, shall we account for the profound religious tone, the elevated morality, in these documents,—which, if not history, are a contexture of the most shameless and conscious violations of truth? How came the sublime doctrines of monotheism, and a purer and loftier moral code than the world had ever seen, to be given to the world in records, every page of which is stamped, if this theory be true, with the most enormous misrepresentations and the most extravagant fictions? How shall we account for the union of so much moral elevation and such unique hypocrisy; such pervading sense of the Divine presence, and protestations of speaking by God's authority, with such abandoned and unblushing wickedness? For, I repeat, there is no medium, in the nature of the thing, between supposing the documents historically true, and allowing that those who palmed them upon the world *as such*, and those who connived at and perpetuated the cheat, were among, not only the most stupidly gifted, but the most deliberately wicked of mankind.

These I say, are a few—and but a few—of the questions of external and internal evidence, which any one, really anxious to institute an inquiry into the historic truth of the Pentateuch, would have been certain to ask, and then carefully compare the result with the objections; that is, he would, like any one else engaged in such inquiries, have given the *positive* as well as *negative* side. He would have done so on the mere supposition that he was impartially investigating history; he could not *but* have done it had he had any reverence for the Pentateuch as containing, in *any* sense, a revelation from God. I conclude, therefore, that the writer of this book is probably a very different person from its reputed author.—

Yours truly,

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(To be continued.)



THE DIVINITY OF WORK.

ADDRESSED TO WORKING MEN. BY A WORKING MAN.

SOME of us may have thought of work as an evil. We have found this among the clauses of the original curse upon fallen man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." And we may have hastened to the conclusion that but for sin there had been no labour; that before sin entered, toil was not; and that, when sin is finally purged, toil will cease with it and be no more. These inferences would be unfounded and erroneous. Little as we can understand of the state of man as he was created, before sin entered into the world, and death by sin; little as the Word of God itself tells, or perhaps could intelligibly or profitably tell, of that condition in soul and body so unlike and opposite to our own; there is just this written of him in his original uprightness, that "the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." There was work, therefore, even then. And in the revelation, equally scanty and to us equally mysterious, of the things that shall be when sin and death shall be no more, there is nothing which implies that work will have no place in heaven. I nowhere read that toil, like death and hell, shall be cast into the lake of fire. I read, it is true, that pain shall be no longer, nor sorrow, nor crying; that God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of His people, and that He himself will be with them, and be their God; but it is nowhere written—and we would thank Him for it—that the life of the blessed will be a life of inactivity, a life of passive enjoyment or of inert repose. If it is said that "the children of that world" shall be "equal unto the angels," yet we remember that it is one glorious characteristic of angels to "excel in strength," to "fulfil God's commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word." The angels themselves are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation;" and it will be one chief part of that salvation, when it is at last achieved and accomplished, that in heaven, as never below, "God's servants shall serve him."

Work, in itself, is not the curse of man. Work was before the Fall: work shall be after the restoration. No curse which could have been devised for human sin would have been so formidable as that of a compulsory idleness. If God had sought only punishment, this might have been its nature—a perpetual and an inevitable inactivity. But God, even in wrath remembering mercy, designed the curse of man to be remedial yet more than penal. And therefore He deprived him not of occupation. The punishment was, not that labour should cease, but that labour should become (1) more severe, and (2) less productive. Hitherto employment had not passed into toil, nor work

into pain: now "in the sweat of thy face," with effort more than moderate, and exertion more than healthy, "thou shalt" oftentimes have to "eat thy bread." Nor shall this excessive, this often painful toil, be always remunerative. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; . . . thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." Labour shall too often be a disappointment: a man shall look for much, and bring in little. Excessive toil shall also oftentimes be fruitless toil. In these two respects a curse has fallen upon labour. Work itself is salutary, is honourable, is blessed; but painful work, and fruitless work, is a memento of our degradation, a consequence of our fall.

I address many who have had experience of the thing described. You work often to weariness. You work beyond the point of healthy fatigue. When work is ended, an overwrought brain forbids speedy or sweet repose. And you work sometimes in vain. All your labour fails to satisfy your employer, or fails to bring you in a just return. It is as though your very ground would bear only thorns and thistles. You say, It is all very well for the rich to talk of the blessedness of labour: for your part, you would willingly eat, drink, and take your ease. And others who read these pages are just entering upon a life of labour; and the prospect before them, little as they can see of it, looks already to them dull and monotonous. They too feel work burdensome: they too regard its fruits as inadequate and uninviting. And we also who speak of the blessing of work are not unaware of its accompanying drawbacks. We know that it is often excessive: we know that it is often disappointing. We do not deny that there is that in work which savours of the Fall and of the curse. We do not ask you to call the curse a blessing; but we ask you to bear the curse meekly, and not to disparage the blessing which lurks within it. In short, we would have you thankful for work, and submissive to toil. We would have you look forward to a work which shall be all pleasure, and patient meanwhile, by God's grace, of a work which is sometimes painful and never satisfying.

"Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Toil may be human, but work is divine. Bear the one, and love the other.

Jesus had performed a great miracle of healing on the sabbath-day. For thirty-and-eight years a man had lain under a painful infirmity. At the word of Jesus he had risen in newness of life. "Behold, thou art made whole," Jesus could say to him: "sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." A worse thing than eight-and-thirty years of disease and suffering! Out of this act of divine humanity the perverse ingenuity of the enemy could extract a cavil and a calumny. It

was the sabbath-day when the man was bidden to carry off his couch in sign of healing. The words above-written were the answer to this charge: "My Father worketh hitherto." Ill were it for the natural world, if the hand of the Creator were withdrawn from it for the sabbath; that ceaseless working, in preservation and in providence, is essential to the order of nature and to the very life of man. "My Father worketh hitherto," on six days and on the seventh; and ye yourselves owe life and being to that unwearied activity. "My Father worketh, and I work:" what things soever the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise: and the ceaseless beneficence of God the Creator must have its counterpart below in the ceaseless beneficence of God the Redeemer. "The Son of man" must be Lord "even of the sabbath."

With the particular application of the words to works of mercy done upon the sabbath we are not now concerned. But the words themselves exhibit to us this marvellous feature in the life of God above, that it is a life of unwearied, of unintermitted, of incessant work. Once, indeed, God is said to have rested: "On the seventh day God rested from all his work which he had created and made." And He speaks of that rest as designed also for his people. He bids us take heed lest any of us should fail to enter into the rest which remaineth, in Him and with Him, for the people of God. But when we consider it, that rest itself must be a rest of action. Satisfaction in the thing made would have soon ended, if the hand of the Sustainer and the Upholder had not taken up the work of the Originator and the Creator. Do we imagine that the mighty fabric of nature and of animal life, like a clock wound up for its week, would have gone on without the perpetual sustentation of Him who first formed it? Is it in your own power to keep yourself in being for a single day, or to fix for your own lifetime to what point it shall go, and where it shall stop and find its limit? If you then cannot do that thing which is least, where is the wisdom of so speaking as if you could dispense with the agency to which you owe all things? A Creator implies an Upholder. If the world was not at first by chance, neither by chance is it now. If a Divine Person was necessary to its creation, so a Divine Person is necessary to its preservation.

And when we think what preservation means, we can at least humble ourselves under the sound of the Saviour's saying, "My Father worketh hitherto." By what other term can we express the agency of a God of nature, a God of providence, and a God of grace? It would lower rather than heighten the impression, if we were to presume to explain or to illustrate. Rather let us allow the three departments (as we understand them) of the Divine activity to press upon our minds in their vast extent, in their marvellous complexity. Nature, Providence, Grace,—what must He be who can carry on the machinery of any one of these?

Think of the administration of one empire such as our own; think of the variety of its interests; think of the intricacy of its business; think of the multitude of human minds and human lives devoted to its management; think of its trade and commerce, of its arts and sciences, of its fleets and armies, of its legislation and embassies, its home affairs and distant dependencies; and imagine, if you can, a single mind planning, and a single hand conducting, all these agencies. Yet what will this be to the charge of a universe, in which not our own country, but our own planet itself, is but a speck and an atom?

Or think of a single human life, with its growth, maturity, and decline, its varied fortunes, its joys and sorrows, its commonplace incidents and strange reverses, its amount of anxiety, of perplexity, of complication; and believe, as a Christian believes, that there is a thread running through it all, and a hand holding that clue and tracking that labyrinth, arranging everything with minute as well as general direction, and guiding everything to an end; and then extend your thought from one such life to many, and from many to thousands and to millions and to myriads; and remember that each one of these is seen as a whole, that no one obscures or outshines another; that, though each is at a different point in its progress from any other, yet there is no confusion, and no entanglement, and no mistake in the accurate management of any one. Will not the result of such a contemplation, feeble and inadequate as it must be in itself, at least be this, to make you bend low before God's footstool, even as the God of providence only, and to give you a more solemn impression of the words which say to us in Christ's name, "My Father worketh hitherto?"

Or think, once again, not of a single life but of a single soul; think of yourself in your spiritual being; think of the various operations of your own heart as they lie open in the sight of God; think of your varied experiences (if you be a Christian at all) of depression and hope, of deadness and liveliness, of repentance and resolution; think but of your prayers, of the things which you deprecate and which you ask for, of the subjects of interest and anxiety which you bring with you, yourself alone, before the throne of grace; and believe, as every Christian believes, that God is cognizant of all these things; that He is a God who heareth prayer, and knows what is the mind of His Spirit as He makes intercession, according to His will, not only for but in the saints; and then, once again, reflect upon the unnumbered human hearts, in this and every land, in which these processes of desire and supplication are daily realized and carried on; and remember that each one of these hearts has its own secrets and its own history, to which the answers of prayer must have a just and accurate relation, not to be confused or intermingled with any other; think of these things, possess your minds with them; and again I would ask, Do

they not show us what the work of God must be in heaven, and how truly our Lord might say of Him, in His one character as the God of grace, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work?"

"And I work." Yes, the work of the Son is even as the work of the Father.

It was so when he was on earth. There are many ideas utterly incompatible and incongruous with the thought of our Lord Jesus Christ. Everything that is an imperfection, a moral infirmity, a questionable tendency, in man, is repugnant and abhorrent to our conception of him. But I will venture to say that no one defect is more absolutely inconceivable in his perfect character than that of idleness. Our Lord Jesus Christ was, above all men, diligent in business. He had a calling upon earth, and he followed it earnestly. In early years, yes, until the age of thirty years, he worked as a carpenter in a shop at Nazareth. His own hands contributed to the support of an earthly home and a human family. O the depth of that condescension! "Being in the form of God he made himself empty" of that glory, "and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men;" yes, made in all points like as we are, save only sin! Who can complain, after this, of the humility of his position, or of the irksomeness of his work on earth? The Saviour, who was also the Creator, occupied a mean village dwelling, and wrought in a workshop with his own hands, during thirty precious years of that precious life. And when at last the fulness of the time was come, and he emerged from that profound obscurity to exercise the glorious office of the Prophet and the Revealer of God amongst men, was there any difference then in this particular? Was life then for him a period of greater ease or refinement or repose? Nay, it was a life without rest: when he rested at all, it was not so much for sleep as for prayer.

Read the record of a single day of that holy life, as it is preserved for us in the first chapter of the Evangelist St. Mark. It was a Sabbath-day; a day, to others, of relaxation and of intermitted toil. What was it to him? First there is the work, no light one, of teaching in the congregation. That teaching is broken in upon by a scene of excitement and terror; the outcry of a poor demoniac, who says, under the possession of an unclean spirit, "Let us alone: what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?" and who, by the power of that almighty word, is instantly relieved, emancipated, comforted; restored to the government of reason and conscience, and to the peaceful occupations of a safe and useful life. As soon as he quits the synagogue, and enters into a house, new toils and new duties await him. There is a fever to be healed, and another life thus given back by the intervention of its Lord and Maker. Then, "at even, when the sun did set," and when others were thinking of that repose which belongs to the season, he, on the contrary, had to see "all

the city gathered together at the door," bringing to him "all manner of sickness and all manner of disease," to be separately inquired into, separately ministered to, separately healed and blessed. Long hours thus passed before rest could come. At last, we may suppose, he lay down to sleep. But the night which labour contracted at the one end, devotion shortened at the other. "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Even thither he is pursued by the importunity of man. "Simon and they that were with him followed after him: and when they had found him, they said, All men seek for thee. And he said to them, Let us go into the next town, and preach there also: for therefore came I forth."

Or take another example, from a later chapter of the same Gospel, of the same unresting toil. For once Jesus had proposed to his apostles that they should seek repose. "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." But the design was rudely frustrated. The people saw him departing, and while he crossed the water in a boat, crowds gathered from all the neighbouring towns, and, going round the head of the lake, arrived first in the desert for which he was bound. And thus, instead of a scene of calm retirement, he found the wilderness itself crowded with inhabitants, and that busy life was to recommence its weary round without respite or repose. "When he came forth" from the boat in which he had crossed, "he saw much people;" saw the shores, and the desert beyond, thronged with a great crowd of people, drawn together by various motives of curiosity and expectation; and, instead of receiving them with coldness or displeasure, instead of rebuking them for interfering with his purposed rest and seclusion, "He was moved with compassion toward them," felt nothing but pity, and showed nothing but tenderness, "because they were as sheep not having a shepherd;" as they spread themselves over the ridges of the desert hill-sides, they brought to his mind the idea of sheep straying without a shepherd, in danger of pitfalls or of beasts of prey, with no one to protect or rescue them; he saw in them not human bodies only, in a place shelterless and foodless, but human souls also, untended by any wise and loving care below; and therefore "he had compassion upon them," and showed that compassion in the truest and best of ways, "He began to teach them many things." He quietly resumed, without a word or look of impatience, his accustomed task of teaching, and spake to them, as they were able to hear it, the word of eternal life. And then, as the day waned towards eventide, and his lessons of divine truth were running on almost into the darkness, he began to think of the bodily hunger of his hearers, and by his creative hand, from five loaves and two fishes—all their little stock of available food—furnished forth an abundant meal for no less than five thousand guests. And when all this was over, all this long fatigue of

voice and hand—first the teaching, and then the feeding, of a thronging multitude of men—Did he then at last enjoy the repose of which he came in quest? Did he at last dismiss the crowd, and, gathering around him his twelve apostles, close the day in quietness and sympathy? No; he bade his disciples return without him to the opposite shore, and he himself departed into a mountain to pray. A day of labour, and then a night, not of sleep, but of prayer! Till about the fourth watch of the night he was thus engaged; and then he went to the disciples—storm-tossed in the midst of the sea—walking upon the water! And so, finally, the day of toil, and the night of prayer, and the morning of miracle, was but the prelude to an instant resumption of his unceasing, unresting toil. As soon as he left the ship, on his return, he was recognised by waiting thousands; people “ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard he was; and whithersoever he entered, into villages or cities or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment; and as many as touched him were made perfectly whole.”

These are but specimens of what the whole of life was to him. For him, as for us—yet far indeed beyond us—earth was a place of toil.

But what is Heaven to Him? Does He rest there? Yes, in that presence is the fulness of joy; at God’s right hand there are pleasures for evermore. But that joy, that pleasure, is not found in inactivity. The life of Christ in Heaven is a life of work. All that has been said of the Father has been said of Him; for is He not the doer of all the works of God? Are not He and the Father one? Is it not He who made the worlds? Is it not He who upholdeth all things by the word of his power? Is it not He who hears and answers prayer, and ministers to his people of his Spirit? Is it not He, above all, who ever maketh intercession for us, with a knowledge of want as minute as the power to relieve it is infinite?

Yes, it is not we only who have to work; our Saviour works, and our God works also. Week-day and Sunday, week by week, month by month, year by year, through years counted by the thousand, and then not exhausted, has God himself, the Father, and the Son, and the Spirit, set us the example of the work to which He calls us. Never

despise work as your reproach; never hate work as your curse. He who works not is contemptible; he who works not, high or low, rich or poor, has the mark of the curse—yea, of a curse which God never uttered—branded in fire upon his brow. Hand or head—there is that much of distinction and of difference—hand or head must work in all of us, or we are mere cumberers of the ground, fit neither for the land nor for the dunghill. And He who bids us work, works himself. God our Creator, Christ our Redeemer, the Holy Ghost our Sanctifier—the very names show that each one works yet more, far more, than we. Therefore, let us look upward, and let us look onward. A day is coming, when all of work that is bitter shall be done away, its over-toil, its scant reward. But work itself shall never end for the Christian. In the lake of fire there will be no work; only uselessness, only suffering, only self-torment and mutual torment; the torment of the remorseful, and the torment of the taunter. But in heaven there will be work, when once the Resurrection comes, when once the body is given back; work delightful and blessed; the work of unwearied praise, the work of unbounded knowledge, the work of indefatigable love. On earth work is our necessity; we can only shake it off through sin, we can only shake it off in misery. In heaven work will be our happiness; it will be the badge of the saved, the perpetual proof to us that we are redeemed, and rescued, and glorified. Let us so work now, that we may be permitted to work then; let each day’s business be duly consecrated by prayer before and by prayer after; let each day find each of us on our knees at morning and at evening; happier if, like the Psalmist, at noonday also. Let us take no work ever in hand on which we cannot ask for God’s blessing; let your employers find, that upon you rests the blessing of the faithful Joseph, “The Lord was with him, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper.” This is the heritage of them that fear him. May it be ours! “Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days, and the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us. Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handywork.”

C. J. VAUGHAN.



FALLEN IN THE NIGHT!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

It dressed itself in green leaves all the summer
long,

Was full of chattering starlings, loud with throistles'
song.

Children played beneath it, lovers sat and talked,
Solitary strollers looked up as they walked.

Oh, so fresh its branches! and its old trunk grey
Was so stately rooted, who forbode decay?

Even when winds had blown it yellow and almost
bare,

Softly dropped its chestnuts through the misty air;
Still its few leaves rustled with a faint delight,

And their tender colours charmed the sense of sight,
Filled the soul with beauty, and the heart with
peace,

Like sweet sounds departing—sweetest when they
cease.

Pelting, undermining, loosening, came the rain;
Through its topmost branches roared the hurricane;
Oft it strained and shivered till the night wore
past;

But in dusky daylight there the tree stood fast,
Though its birds had left it, and its leaves were
dead,

And its blossoms faded, and its fruit all shed.

Ay, and when last sunset came a wanderer by,
Watched it as aforesaid with a musing eye,
Still it wore its scant robes so pathetic gay,
Caught the sun's last glimmer, the new moon's
first ray;

And majestic, patient, stood amidst its peers
Waiting for the spring-times of uncounted years.

But the worm was busy, and the days were run;
Of its hundred sunsets this was the last one:
So in quiet midnight, with no eye to see,
None to smite in falling, fell the noble tree!

Says the early labourer, starting at the sight
With a sleepy wonder, "Fallen in the night!"
Says the schoolboy, leaping in a wild delight
Over trunk and branches, "Fallen in the night!"

O thou Tree, thou glory of His hand who made
Nothing ever vainly, thou hast Him obeyed!
Lived thy life, and perished when and how He
willed;—

Be all lamentation and all murmurs stilled.
To our last hour live we—fruitful, brave, upright,
'Twill be a good ending, "Fallen in the night!"

THE SPUR OR THE BRIDLE?

SOME THOUGHTS ON CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

BY J. HAMILTON FYFE.

COWPER, in a letter to his friend John Newton, relates a droll incident which he had witnessed at Olney. A young fellow, having been caught thieving, was ordered to be flogged through the town. As he performed this penal pilgrimage at the cart's tail, the ruddy stripes upon his back stirred the compassion, while the fortitude with which he bore them excited the admiration of the spectators. But it turned out that it was all an imposition on the public. The beadle, who was the executioner, wielded his whip with the utmost tenderness, and before every stroke, drew the lash through his left hand, which was filled with red ochre, so that when he applied it to the culprit's skin, it left an imprint like a bleeding gash. A constable, detecting the deceit, applied his cane in an earnest manner to the shoulders of the beadle, by way of exhorting him to do his duty. A country lass, pitying the pitiful beadle, assailed the pitiless constable. "Thus the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing!"

Something of the same sort has just happened in

our own time, but on a grander scale. The punishment inflicted on our criminals proves to be, in many cases, as much a mockery as the streaks of paint on the back of the young thief of Olney, and while the police have thrown the blame on the jailers, not a few of the public have been disposed to censure the police. Into this round of recrimination we need not enter now. The recent panic was, in many respects, absurd, but there was assuredly some ground for it, in the rapid succession of highway robberies of a daring and brutal character which set in with the long nights and the fogs. After a brief season, however, the garotting epidemic has ceased, passing away as suddenly as it arrived, and in scarcely a single instance have the offenders escaped the clutches of the law. There has been a great deal of random, incoherent talk about this matter, and among other things it has been said that crime is on the increase in England. Now, that is a point concerning which it is very difficult to get at the exact truth. Social progress has been aptly compared to a flowing tide, which at some moments seems to recede, but, if watched sufficiently long, will be seen to be ever

advancing. Even if it were true that the reports for the last two years exhibit an increase of crimes, it might be questioned whether so limited a point of view justified a sweeping assertion that the moral tone of the people was deteriorating. But I cannot find that statistics bear out the alleged fact. It certainly appears that there has been an increase of convictions, but that may indicate only greater vigilance on the part of the police. Moreover, the increase is confined to one or two kinds of wrongdoing, while there is a marked diminution in the number of the criminal classes as a whole, who are reported to be at large, and in the houses of evil repute where they are known to assemble to concoct their plans or dispose of their booty. The great fallacy of the comparison which has been drawn between the last few years, during which tickets of leave have been granted in England, and the previous period during which the passes were limited to Australia, lies in the fact that reference has been made only to the state of this country. It should be remembered that upon the stoppage of transportation a very large diminution of crime, as much as 50 per cent., took place in New South Wales, although the population was multiplying at the rate of 40 per cent. As long as cargoes of crime were passing from one country to the other, we must, in order to deal fairly, take the condition of both into account. No one, surely, will say that it is enough for us at home to see that our own stock of criminals is kept down, without caring what happens elsewhere. This, however, is hardly a practical question. Whether crime be diminishing or not, we are equally bounden to do our utmost to prevent it. There are few subjects which have received so much attention from the wise and good in all ages. Yet the problem is still one of the darkest and most perplexing which we have to face. Although one cannot pretend to say anything new about it, it may be well, while it is attracting attention, to run over some of the leading ideas which should guide us in considering it.

Every year a chart is published, showing the localities in the United Kingdom where the greatest number of wrecks occur. There is, for instance, a long array of black crosses off the Mull of Cantire, another off the North Foreland, and so on. Could we obtain a similar map of criminal disasters, we should find, I suspect, that the rock of old associations would stand out on it conspicuously black with the register of the many good intentions and efforts to reform which had struck thereon and gone down into the deep, that the reef of ignorance would be marked as the cause of "great loss of life and property," and that the whirlpool of want would assume as dark a reputation for destruction as Corrieveckan or the Maelstrom.

Miss Nightingale tells us she has seen diseases—fever or small-pox, for instance—springing into existence before her eyes in squalid,

overcrowded homes, and passing, as the air became more impure or the inmates more numerous, into still more virulent and fatal types. With equal truth can we speak of the visible growth of crime. We have not far to go to study it. In all the great cities of the land there are hotbeds in which this foul malignant thing is raised as scientifically and systematically as the grapes or pines in any country-seat, or the azaleas and rhododendrons in any nursery-ground. Just as plainly as you see wheat growing up in the fields—first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear—can you watch the culture of the sucker-thief, the growth of the felon shoot, the blossoming of the prison flower, the ripening of the convict fruit, in one of those "Guilt Gardens" of which the Rev. Lord Sidney G. Osborne has lately drawn so terribly graphic a picture in the pages of the *Times*. The police can point out hundreds of such places in London and other large towns. Occasionally the reputation of the locality is so notorious and sustained, that it is stamped publicly upon it by such a name as "Devil's Acre," "Cracksman's Court," or "Ticket of Leave Row." Even to an unpractised eye there is something about one of these spots which distinguishes it from the haunts of honest poverty, no matter how wretched and reduced. In the latter there is always the bustle of some humble traffic, the hum of some petty industry. You rarely see a man there in the daytime, unless it be perhaps, the wan tailor or shoemaker, or some other drudge of the slop-master, who has come into the alley just for a mouthful of fresh air,—one could wish it were fresher for his sake,—or Mike, the hodman, who has had a bad fall from a scaffolding, and is off work for a day or two. Even the dirty, draggle-tailed women, whom one sees about, redeem somewhat of their unloveliness by the anxious industry with which they turn their creaking mangles, tend their dingy, fly-blown shops, or ply the needle in order to eke out the slender income which just keeps their little ones on this side starvation. And then at evening when the men appear, they come mud-bespattered from the trench or the embankment, grimy from the forge, carrying the tools of their craft, or wheeling their barrows if in the "coster" line. But in the true guilt-garden, you may hear now and then the sound of rioting, but never of work. The inhabitants come and go at all hours, but by fits and starts, and without any regularity. For the most part, they are languid through the day, and lively, like the bats, at night-fall. There is nothing in their dress to indicate their calling, and tools of any kind are never seen in their hands. No trace of commerce is apparent, except in the low gin-shops or beer-houses, where the "fencing masters" negotiate the disposal of plunder with the thieves. If you have been in such a place once you will scarcely seek to revisit it. Even in thought one cannot recall without a shudder that feeling of sickening horror, hopelessness, and dread,



"Children played beneath it, lovers sat and talked.
Solitary strollers looked up as they walked."

which comes over one at hearing the flow of blasphemy which is here the common tongue; and at seeing, on all sides, such multiplied images of depravity, foreheads so villainously low, small blinking eyes full of suspicion and low cunning, thick bull-necks and heavy jaws, bespeaking the passion and cruelty of the brute. Man, says an old maxim, is often a wolf to man. Here then is a crowded lair of these wolves. What are we to do with them? It is said, with very doubtful truth, that there is this much honour among these creatures, that they will not prey upon each other. I dare say not, when there are honest folk to be got at, who don't show so much fight, and afford better pickings. But suppose we could just lift up this precious community, set it down bodily, exactly as it stands, on some solitary island in the midst of the ocean, and leave it there, cut off from and out of sight and hearing of the rest of the world. Would it not be about the most awful and appropriate retribution which one could inflict on the men of crime, that they should sharpen their teeth against each other, and learn, by dire experience, to acknowledge as the essential basis of social existence the laws which they had hitherto defied?

But if humanity makes us shrink from planting such a colony to consume itself in the ends of the earth, ought not justice to second humanity in rebuking us for allowing these nurseries of crime to remain in the heart of our large towns? No amount of annual slaughter would have exterminated the wolves of old England, as long as they found cover in the woods; it was the disforestation of the country which annihilated them. All those who are best acquainted with the criminal classes declare that the organization which prevails amongst them is the great stronghold of crime. The whole brotherhood of each "Devil's Acre" work to one another's hands, incite one another to fresh enterprises of wickedness, shield one another from the police, and continually conspire to drag back into the slough any of their companions who have aspired to reform. But even the disastrous influence of such a college of sin upon its adult graduates sinks into insignificance in comparison with the evils which it works in perpetuating crime among their descendants, cursing unborn generations with the dread entail. Only think of childhood passed in such a place. Dare you, if you have children, dwell upon the thought? According to the Greek historian, it was a custom among a people of Scythia to celebrate the birth of a child with the same mournful solemnities with which the rest of the world usually accompany a funeral. Should there not be weeping and wailing when a child is born into one of these colonies of crime, when a new seedling sprouts in the garden of guilt? One year's seeding, says the farmer, takes seven years' weeding. Cannot we do anything to keep the seeds out of the soil? How is it that the law which is so stern with regard to refuse-

heaps and offal-pits has nothing to say against this moral midden? How is it that British charity, which is so manifold and lavish in its works, does not make a clearing of these jungles of sin and misery? Ay, and what can one say if it be true that men of good repute and supposed godliness do not scruple to pocket the rents of these hideous dens; that even a dean and chapter has no compunction in being landlord of a Devil's Acre? To think of checking crime while permitting the existence of such criminal breeding-grounds is, as Archbishop Whately puts it, like endeavouring to empty a lake by baling out the water, without stopping the rivers which flow into it.

The breaking up of these infamous haunts is, then, one way of preventing the growth of crime. An improved system of national education is, of course, another way. But there is a more fertile source of crime than ignorance, and that is, overcrowding of population, which means, in other words, scarcity of employment and dearth of food. For this, prudent emigration alone can provide a remedy; the excess of population must be enabled to seek fresh fields and pastures new in some other quarter of the globe.

And then, over and above these measures which belong to the community at large, there is the private individual action of each of us, which must be directed against the growth of that evil, which is sin in us, and leads to crime in others more unfortunate but perhaps not more sinful. We must not forget that crime is not the exclusive product of the criminal class, but the outcome of a general disease in the social body, which is expressed in its weaker parts, just as something wrong with the stomach causes a tumour to afflict the head, or the gout to settle in the toe. "There go I," William Bradford used to say, when he saw a malefactor, "but for the grace of God." And it would be well if each of us, when aghast at some sad spectacle of crime, would reflect that in the strange complex workings of humanity we may have contributed to its production. It is not difficult to conceive how secret faults in us, practised on the safe side of the law, may, by the force of example or the contagion of moral maladies, have developed crime in others. Could we but trace each thread in the tangled web of human relations, we might find reason to say with Lear: "Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice and which the thief?"

Well, then, how ought we to punish our criminals? "Sweep them into space," is the answer of one school of disciplinarians; "away with them, after the good old German fashion, to the deepest convenient peat-bog; there plunge them in, and drive an oaken frame down on them solemnly in the name of God and man." This mode of punishment trusts nothing to the criminal; its efficacy consists in depriving him absolutely of the power to offend again. From of old this method has been most in favour. In our country, down

to the beginning of the present century, criminals were treated with Draconic rigour. According to Hollinshed, every year of Henry VIII.'s reign saw two thousand persons perish by the hands of the executioner. Under Elizabeth, the number was reduced to four hundred a year, but the Government thought it necessary to assure Parliament that this did not arise from the leniency of the Crown. Even as late as 1817, we find that in the month of February there were a hundred prisoners under sentence of death in Newgate, and a few days later, the assizes left forty-six condemned to death at Lancaster, thirty-three at York, and twenty-seven at Chelmsford. Down to the reign of George IV., death was awarded indiscriminately as the penalty of almost every species of crime. The starving wretch who pilfered goods to the value of five shillings from a shop, and the hardened ruffian who robbed the mail, shooting the guard, and maiming several of the passengers into the bargain, were alike held to have forfeited their lives. When the perpetual application of the halter began to shock public feeling, the kindred remedy of transportation was resorted to. As far as the mother country was concerned, it was almost the same as if the convict had been put to death, for to his native land he scarcely ever returned. In those days, Botany Bay was, as it has been said, virtually another planet; "it was as if the moon had come alongside, and taken off our worst criminals to offend our eyes no more." Many died on the way out to the penal settlement, from the effects of a protracted voyage, in a small, over-crowded, ill-provisioned ship. Many succumbed under the hardships of the life of slavery to which they were subjected by the settlers. The chances of money-making in the colony, and the cost and difficulty of procuring a passage home, detained abroad most of the survivors who were released. This system decimated the criminal class at home: did it cure crime? No. It positively fostered it. The very rigour of the law defeated itself. The disproportion between the offence and the punishment elevated the criminal into a martyr, and gave crime a false air of heroism. Often the victims would not prosecute those who had wronged them, witnesses withheld evidence, juries acquitted in the face of the most glaring facts, and even judges conspired to defraud justice. The Government itself was afraid to execute the "bloody letter of the law" in a great many of the cases where convictions were obtained. Hence guilt became an exciting lottery, in which the criminal perilled a high stake, but had all the chances in his favour. At the same time, crime was diverted into its most noxious channels. The man who knew he could be hanged for shop-lifting, did not care whether he committed a murder as well, and accordingly bloodshed became the common, instead of, as now-a-days, the rare incident of robbery. It must be owned that these two systems—the wholesale executions of our grandfathers, and the wholesale transportation of

our fathers—had at least simplicity to recommend them. Whether the criminal was strangled or banished, he ceased to be troublesome at home. Only there was this defect in the latter plan, that, as no attempt was made to reform the transported convicts, it was only transferring the evil from the mother-country to the colony. And if Judge Heath was right in his premises that "there is no regenerating a felon in this life," he was certainly right in his conclusion, that "it was better to hang the malefactor at once, instead of transporting him to corrupt an infant state." It is doubtful whether transportation diminished crime in England; it is certain that it raised a crop of the most atrocious crimes in Australia. Even the colonists, who had at first thriven on the slave labour thus supplied to them, and drew long faces at news of increasing morality, and small jail-deliveries in their native land, at length revolted at the steady flow of villany which was pouring into the settlement.

As convicts could no longer be either hanged or transported, it was necessary to resort to some other mode of punishment. Then it was that a competition arose between those two great "systems" for the prevention of crime, the one by suppressing the courage, and the other by suppressing the will to commit it; the one appealing to the flesh, the other to the temper; the one symbolized by the Whip, and the other by the Bridle. Both are equally lawful; the only question is, Which is more effectual? Of the discipline of the whip we have had long experience. It has been flourished over the back of the criminal from time immemorial, but seems to have made little impression on his mind. In fact the whip, pure and simple, has been rather a mistake. It has hardened the criminal; it has not conquered crime. It has exasperated, but it has rarely deterred. The gradual disuse of scourgings at the cart-tail, pillorying, setting in the stocks, and other kindred ceremonies, is not only a mark of the growing refinement of the times, but an acknowledgment of the futility of punishment in such forms.

As to the bridle, it has been on trial only a few years, and has certainly been abused. Lenity to the criminal has been carried to a pernicious extreme. The old alderman's sarcasm about the Turkey carpet in Newgate has almost come true. The lodgings and good cheer provided for convicts at Portland are much superior to what nine-tenths of them can obtain when at large, and such as no labouring man dare aspire to. No one who is in the least acquainted with the life of the honest, struggling poor, who knows with what sad monotonous uniformity bread and tea serve for almost every meal from week's end to week's end, and how great a dainty a scrap of meat is on a Sunday, can read, without a burst of indignation, the dietary at Portland.* "When twelve o'clock comes in the works at

* Compare this with the Irish dietary. Class I.—Males: breakfast, eight ounces of meal stirabout, and

the Verne," says the *Times* correspondent, "the free labourer, who has done more quarrying than any two convicts that day, may be seen sitting down to his meal of bread and cheese, sometimes with a bit of dried fish, or a tin pot of coffee, the latter generally unsweetened. The convicts' dinner three days a week is as follows:—One pint of soup properly seasoned, thickened with barley, rice, carrots, and onions, and equal in nutriment to any ever placed on a gentleman's table; five-and-a-half ounces of cooked meat, free of bone; one pound of potatoes, and ten ounces of rich suet pudding. On three days a week the pudding is replaced with six ounces of bread, and on Sundays the meat is increased to six ounces. In addition to the dinner we have mentioned, the men in the third stage receive on Sundays two ounces of cheese, with three ounces of bread, and half-a-pint of beer after it; while the men in the fourth stage receive the same as to bread and cheese, and beer as the third, with the addition of a *treacle pudding* after dinner on Thursdays, baked mutton in lieu of beef on Thursdays and Fridays, and baked beef instead of boiled on Sundays and Mondays. Here, then, we begin by giving our convicts a daily dinner, such as, for nutriment, quality, and quantity, few labouring men can afford on Sundays, and we gradually raise the scale of luxuries till they dine at last on soup, baked beef, bread and cheese, and beer, and pudding."

Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, when the interior is so snug and luxurious, and we need not wonder if minds, innocent and quiet as those of the inmates, take it for a hermitage; a soothing interval between the acts of a stormy life, during which they may lay up health and vigour for future "professional" exertions. *Æsop*, in one of his fables, tells us how he one day met a man, who having been bitten by a dog, was giving the animal bread dipped in his blood, under a superstitious belief that this would help to cure the wound. "Good heavens," cried *Æsop*, "if the dogs only find this out, they will all fall upon us in the hope of getting sops!" The fable has found an illustration in our own day. The "Prison Matron" who has recently published her memoirs, relates that dutiful convict daughters have been heard imploring their mothers, when on a visit, to do some act that may make them partners in the comforts of a prison life. Only the other day a body of paupers in a workhouse got up a riot in order to be promoted from the starvation charity of the Board of Guardians to the sumptuous entertainment of the jail.

But if, under the present system, the curb has

one half-pint of new milk; dinner, fourteen ounces of bread, and one pint of new milk. The women and children receive smaller quantities. The male convict (class 1), if engaged in exhausting labour, and certified by the doctor to require it, gets for breakfast nine and a half ounces of meal; and for dinner, one pound of bread, or its equivalent in potatoes.

been foolishly misused, it is not the less, when rightly applied, a valuable and potent influence. In the old Norse mythology, we are told that the gods for a long time could not manage to bind the Fenris wolf. First they tried steel, but he snapped it; then they brought mountains, but he spurned them with his heel. At length they slipped round his foot a limp band softer than silk or cobweb, and this held him. So soft and powerful are the bonds of kindness; only it is not every heart that yields to them. It is not every one who understands what is meant by returning good for evil, and heaping coals of fire on the head of one's enemy. Archbishop Lanfranc found this out to his cost once when he fell among thieves. He had heard that a pious man having had his horse stolen, presented also his whip and spurs to the robbers, who, touched by such generosity, declined the gift, and restored the steed. Lanfranc determined to follow the example, so he told his assailants that as they had taken his purse, they might as well take his clothes too. The Norman robbers, however, being practical, matter-of-fact men, received this suggestion literally, and having stripped the good man, went their way with his clothes as well as his money. The philanthropy of the modern convict system appeals in the great majority of cases to men and women equally unable to comprehend it. They must be prepared for it by preliminary discipline.

The truth is, that neither spur nor bridle is of much account by itself. The one is the complement of the other. When Mr. Rarey has a wild horse to tame, he begins by making the brute feel its helplessness in the hands of a superior power. In the same way the first stage of penal discipline must be such as shall convince the convict that society has a long arm and an iron grip, and possesses both the will and the power to make supremely unhappy whoever defies her laws. This is the time for the use of the whip; that is, for the infliction of suffering sufficiently severe to be anticipated with dread by any one with a criminal bias. By unanimous testimony, solitary imprisonment is the most effectual at this stage. When the felon passes from the bustling world into his desolate cell, he is blotted out for a time from the ranks of men. He loses his name, and answers to a number. His individuality is further suppressed by the prison uniform and shorn head. All his old habits and associations are suddenly snapped. His whole outward life is changed. And this can hardly fail to tell upon his inward life. Under the leaden pressure of the slow sad hours, the giddiest mind is driven to reflect. The tedium of enforced idleness becomes intolerable even to the sluggard. The gloom and dejection of this season of solitude and Lenten fare "cows" the most obdurate spirit. At the end of this period of "suspended animation," the bridle may be used with good effect. The convict should be allowed gradually to return to the round of active life; to taste

the luxury of labour, to enjoy association with other men, to resume his proper name and dress, to receive wages, and to exercise his growing freedom within certain limits. But at every stage he must be made to feel that the spur has been laid aside only because it is supposed he will answer peaceably to the bridle, and that it rests entirely with himself to determine, by his conduct, under which discipline he will be placed. This principle is systematically carried out in the Irish prisons; it is also recognised, but only in a dim, half-blind way, in England.

The greatest blunder of our criminal system has been to make "hard labour" a punishment. It is impracticable, because it cannot be enforced. You can't make a man work unless he chooses. Even if it could be enforced, it would still be absurd, because it would only be compelling a thief or a robber to do that which, had he not tried his fortune in the lottery of guilt, he would have had to do all the same in order to earn a livelihood. Over and above all this, the plan is positively mischievous, because it connects labour with degrading associations, and confirms convicts in that dislike to it which is the great source of crime. Instead of being imposed as a punishment, labour should be awarded as a privilege. It should be the distinctive badge of a convict's promotion. But then—

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live."

A stimulus must be given to labour by attaching a wage to it; while, in order to keep up the idea of punishment, and convince the convict that he has made a bad bargain, the wage must be kept much below that which honest labourers in the same line can earn. Whether the wage should be paid in money or kind; whether the convict should be allowed to reap any benefit from it at the time, or whether it should be saved up for him till his release, are mere matters of detail. The main thing is to make the convict feel that his own industry is the road back to freedom; that every stroke of his pick or spade takes a brick out of the prison wall; that every slab of rock he helps to quarry, is a stepping-stone to independence.

There is a growing feeling in favour of making prisons self-supporting. This result has been accomplished in the United States, in some parts of Germany, and even in our own country. In 1851, Portland Prison paid its own expenses, with a balance over; but, of course, the development of the "turkey-carpet" system has changed all that. There is, however, no reason why the same thing should not be done again. Now-a-days one is half shocked, half amused at the old Anglo-Saxon scale of fines for all sorts of crimes. You could have the blood of a king for 30,000 thrymsas, or about £150. For about half that sum, you could enjoy the luxury of assassinating a prince, and the life of a bishop or earl was valued at only a third. The murder of a serf was dirt cheap—only the price of a couple of axes or so; and the nose

or limb of an enemy could be taken on easy terms. Of course, no one would seek to revive this plan of commuting deeds of blood for money-payments; but I think there is a good deal to be said for the proposition, that when a man has committed an act of plunder, a pecuniary estimate should be formed of the loss which he has inflicted on his victim and on society, and that he should be sentenced to imprisonment, not for a certain term of years, but until he has wiped out the score against him by the fruits of his labour. What is called "poetical justice," has met with a good deal of ridicule. It deserved it when it took the guise of such punishments as Bentham suggested, for instance, that a forger should be exposed in public with his right hand apparently pierced by a large iron pen, and a slanderer with his tongue similarly transfixed by a dart. But the absurdity of these devices lay in their unreality; neither hand nor tongue were really to be injured, but were only to seem so. If, however, retribution be real, there is something in it much more impressive to vulgar minds when it assumes an appropriate, or, as the phrase is, a poetical form. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, is a deeply-rooted craving of our nature; and the punishment of robbery would be more striking if it entailed the restitution of the booty and compensation to society.

It is obvious that the restoration of the criminal to society must be gradual, and in this respect, as also in making labour a boon and not a penalty, the Irish system is vastly superior to the English. In the latter the convict passes from a state of strict discipline into unrestricted freedom, and the virtue of the ticket-of-leave is destroyed, because it is given almost as a matter of course, and because no means are taken to enforce the conditions upon which it is granted. Under the Irish system the convict has still two stages of discipline to pass through after he has reached the point at which Colonel Jebb turns him loose upon society. These two stages are that which is passed in movable encampments in the neighbourhood of any public works at which the services of the convicts are required, and that which is spent at large under the sanction of a ticket-of-leave, and under the surveillance of the police. It is to be hoped that before long the two systems will be assimilated in this respect.

We have now reached the most perplexing part of the convict question. What are we to do with the discharged prisoners? In the great majority of cases they come amongst us anxious to live by honest industry. In an over-stocked labour market this is a hopeless task. An employer who can pick and choose among a host of candidates of unquestioned probity when he has a vacancy in his office or workshop, will not receive a man with a tainted character. After a fruitless search for a situation the released convict too often finds his way back to his old haunts, meets with a cordial welcome from his old pals, in striking contrast

to the coldness with which every one else salutes him, and resumes his old life of crime. More than twenty years ago the attention of Thomas Wright of Manchester was drawn to this painful problem by an incident which occurred in the foundry where he was foreman. A steady, well-behaved workman was dismissed because he had been a convict. Mr. Wright interfered in his behalf, and got the consent of the firm to take him back again. But in the interval the man had gone away, and no trace of him could be obtained. After this Mr. Wright took a great interest in criminal reformation, visiting the prisoners in jail, reading and praying with them, and exerting himself to procure situations for them on their discharge. A humble workman with scanty means, a large family, and twelve hours of hard daily toil, this noble-hearted man devoted every minute he could spare from sleep, every sixpence he could save from the pressing wants of his home, to the relief of the unfortunate beings in whom he had learned to take so deep an interest. For nearly thirty years he has continued this good work, and has saved hundreds of discharged prisoners from relapsing into crime. Of late years he has been enabled, by a public subscription, to devote all his time to this important mission. In furtherance of the same object societies for the aid of discharged prisoners have also been established in London, Birmingham, Wakefield, Durham, and other places, and have effected a vast deal of good at the cost of a very little money. Private philanthropy may thus do something to procure employment at home for criminals who desire to reform; but it is clear that their best chance of well-doing lies, not in a densely peopled country like our own, where

“Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow,”

but in a new land where population is scarce, labour in keen demand, and food cheap. Dirt, we are told, is matter in a wrong place. And so of crime it may be said that it is industry, intelligence, courage in a wrong sphere. Of late it has been rather a fashion to draw a comparison between our moral and our material refuse. “In former days,” says one writer, “we used to store our sewage in cesspools in our own back-yards, and allow it to poison the soil all around us: under a

wiser sanitary process we now run it into the drains, and send it into the sea.” Has not science taught us that this is wasteful and ridiculous excess, and that in running the sewage into the sea we are throwing away immense quantities of the most valuable ingredients of a fertile soil? And so with our “moral sewage.” We ought to deodorize, that is, reform it, and then apply it as a stimulant to the development of colonial progress. But, in doing so, we must take care that we do not send out a greater supply than the soil can absorb with safety; that we do not swamp the new country with the refuse of the old. This was the error we formerly committed in transporting to Australia. Let us steer clear of it now. The best way of doing so is give up transportation as a form of punishment, and to enable discharged convicts who have shown sincere signs of reformation, to go out as free men to a colony; but, of course, not without the knowledge and sanction of that colony. Justice, prudence, and humanity alike require that we should keep our worst criminals at home, where we are better able to maintain the large and costly machinery which is necessary for keeping them in check.

There will, of course, always be some among the criminal classes whom there appears to be no possibility of reforming; whom no amount of penal purgation will cleanse from those spots of crime, which, if they seem for a moment to be effaced, reappear as soon as they are exposed to the heat of old associations and temptations. While humanity shrinks from taking away the lives of such, the instinct of self-protection compels us to take away, at least, their power of doing harm. For these, therefore, it is difficult to devise any other treatment than consignment for life to a prison, over the gates of which should be inscribed: “Who enter here must leave all hope behind.” We have hospitals for incurables; something of the same sort is wanted for those whose moral maladies have been pronounced past hope of cure. Before, however, we pass that awful sentence on a fellow-man, we may well pause to consider whether he has had a fair chance of retrieving his position, and whether the obstinacy of his guilt is due to too much of the Spur, or too little of the Bridle.





POPULAR EPITHALAMIUM

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SHE COMES, across the waters spread the sails;

She comes, to play her brave, uncommon part ;
 The Princess who shall wear the name of Wales ;
 The Woman who shall win our England's heart.
 The Nation's heart up-leaps to meet her ;
 The Nation's voice rings out to greet her.

Our Lady cometh from the North,
 The tender and the true,
 Whose fire of darkest glow hath rarest worth ;
 Whose flowers can keep their dew ;
 And a look in its women's eyes is good
 As the first fresh breath of the salt sea-flood,
 Or the bonniest blink of its breezy blue :
 And from its dark Fiords, with sails unfurled,
 Came the mighty Norsemen,
 The men that moved the world.

They were the darlings and pride of the ocean,
 Rocked on her breast by a hundred storms ;
 Tossed up with joyfullest motherly motion ;
 Caught to her heart again—clasped in her arms.
 No Slaves of the Earth but Sea Kings, the rough rovers
 Took wings of the wind and flew over the foam.
 Yet, the old True-hearts, like faithfullest lovers,
 Came back with the sweeter sense of Home.

Come ! stir the Norse fire in us mightily !
 Come, conquering hearts as they the heaving sea.
 Come, wed the people with their Prince, and bless
 Them with your neighbouring nobleness.
 There's nothing like a Beauty of the Blood
 To set the fashion of a loftier good !

There's nothing like a true and womanly Wife
 To help a man, and make melodious life,
 For, she can hold his heartstrings in her hand,
 And play the tune her pleasure may command,
 And cause his climbing soul to grow in stature,
 Trying to reach the heights of her diviner nature.

Come in your beauty of promise ;
 Come in your girlish glee ;
 Let your sun-smile scatter from us
 The shadow of misery.
 Hearts in the dark have been aching,
 But now the Clouds are breaking.
 Come as come the swallows
 Over the brightening sea,
 And we know that Summer follows
 With the sunny days to be.
 Come and give us your merry good-morrow,
 The Joy-Bells shall ring, and the Joy-Birds sing ;
 Dumbly shall sit the Bird of Sorrow,
 Hiding his old head under his wing.

This world is but a newer paradise,
 To that glad spirit looking through the eyes
 Of Love, that sees all bright things dancing toward
 It, gaily coming of their own accord.
 For 'tis as though the lightsome heart should climb
 Up into the head, and look from heights sublime,
 And sing, and swing, as it would never drop—
 The merry reveller in the tall tree-top,
 Where Life is with such lofty gladness crowned,
 And all the Pleasures dance in starry ring around.

But may this love be true as hers who sees
 Ye, like a smiling future at her knees :

GOD has created man imperfect, & left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each to individual exertion & to make all feel that it is only by united exertions & combined action that these imperfections can be supplied, & these wants satisfied.

This presupposes reliance & confidence in each other.

FIRST SPEECH OF
 H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
 MAY. 1848.



JOHN LEIGHTON
 1848

The Wife who held God's gifts the richest wealth ;
 Our Queen of Home who gave us sweeter health ;
 The Widow in whose face we looked to see
 That great black cloud of our calamity
 On the side nearest heaven, and marked her rise
 In stature, calm to meet her sacrifice :
 As one with faith to feel Death's darkness brings
 Almighty Love on overshadowing wings.

True love is not the incense that will rise
 Up from the heart to dim a lover's eyes,
 But, such a light as gives the jewel-spark
 To meanest things it looks on in their dark,—
 A flood of heaven welling warm to bless
 And sanctify each grain of earthiness.
 True love will make true life, and glorify
 Ye very proudly in the nation's eye.
 Ah, Prince, a many hopes up-fold the wing
 Within the Marriage-nest to which ye bring
 Your Bride, the life ye live there will be rolled
 Through endless echoes. mirrored manifold.

We charge you, when you look on your young Wife,
 And watch the ascending brightness of new life
 In the sweet eyes that double the sweet soul,
 That ye forget not others' dearth and dole.

Just now, the wind it wails

As though the cold were crying
 Over the hills and over the dales,
 And sinking hearts know well what ails
 The sound of the wintry sighing :

It bears the moan of the dying ;
 Dying down in the starving Shires,
 Without food, and without fires.
 The bitter nights are cruel cold,

One cannot help but wake, and think
 Of the poor milk-lams of the human fold
 That have no milk to drink.

A Royal Worker to his grave went down
 A little year ago, without his crown.
 He dreamed the time would come when Rich and
 Poor

Might shake hands, and he strove to open a door,
 And tried to till the waste-land,—sought to see
 It glad in good, the stern world Poverty.

His was a heart that only beat to bless
 And heaved with double-breasted bounteousness
 Like any woman's. But, 'tis ever so ;
 He's gone where all our golden sunsets go ;
 Gone from us ! Yet his memory makes a light,
 Enriching life with tints of pictured bloom,
 Like firelight warm upon the walls of night,
 An inner glow against the outer gloom.
 Do thou but live, and work as Albert willed,
 And he shall smile in heaven to see his dream
 fulfilled.

Heroic deeds of toil are to be done,
 And lofty palms of peace are to be won.
 Life may be followed by a fame that rings
 With nobler music than the Battle sings,
 When Death, astride the black Guns, laughs to see
 That flashing out of souls, and grins triumphantly.

Love England, Prince ; whatever else ye be,
 Keep true to her, the glorious, great, and free !
 Bear high the banner of her peerless fame,
 And let the evil-doers fear her name.
 We joy to serve her, least of all the race ;
 Yours is the prize to fill her foremost place.

Like some great River, stretching forth before ye
 Through all the land, your widening way doth lie,
 Brimming and blessing as it rolls in glory,
 Broadening and brightening till it reach the sky.
 A splendid Vision ! the green corn looks gay ;
 The Bird of Happiness sings overhead :
 And may the sunny uplands far away
 To heaven lift up the Harvest ripe in evening red.

God's blessing on ye, may you walk together
 Like Strength and Sweetness through the merry
 May-weather ;

Wed in that sweet for ever of love's kiss,
 Like two rich notes made one in wedded bliss.
 And may you face the Winter, when 'tis here,
 With hearts that keep their May-dance all the year.
 May the life-leaves turn over as ye go,
 Quietly, with the softest breath of love ;
 And when the book is closed here below,
 May it be read with glistening eyes above !

A SUMMER IN THE PROVINCE OF NICE.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR LEE.

WHILE the city of Nice is one of the best-known places in Europe, the province to which it gives its name, and of which it is the capital, is seldom visited, and is little known. So much is this the case, that, having been advised to spend the summer in the interior of the province, we found it impossible, even in the city of Nice itself, to obtain complete or even accurate information regarding the country and the climate. It may therefore prove interesting and useful to persons situated as we were three years ago—desiring to reach a good summer residence without a long and fatiguing journey—to learn what our experiences were during an abode of three months in that part of *Sardinia*, as it was then, of France with which it has since unhappily been incorporated, and of which it now forms the south-eastern frontier.

This ignorance of the Niçois themselves is explained by their singularly unacquisitive and *stay-at-home* character. The travels of even the wealthier classes among them seldom extend beyond their annual migrations from their country villas—which they universally let to strangers in winter—to *apartments*, often of a very humble character, in town, and back again, when the returning sun drives the wealthier visitors to cooler regions. In the middle of June, the heat and its accompaniment, the mosquito, having now rendered not only the town but the neighbourhood of Nice, intolerable, we set out on the great road to Turin, intending to halt at St. Dalmas; and if we found this place unsuitable, to proceed as far as the Grande Chartreuse, or whatever other place we might hear of that appeared favourable. After travelling ten or twelve miles, we began to ascend the lower ridges of the Maritime Alps. The country becomes beautiful, and the situation of some of the towns, as for example *Scarena*, is so picturesque and peculiar, that to see them would richly reward a tour. The tradition is that the towns were perched upon those almost inaccessible elevations, as a protection against the Saracens, by whom, in the middle ages, these parts of Western Italy were devastated. Certainly convenience had nothing to do with the selection of such sites, especially the grand convenience of obtaining water, the want of which has caused some of those old towns to be finally deserted within very recent times. The passing of those *cols*, of which there is a regular succession, formed a very difficult enterprise; but the splendour of the scenery when the summit was at last reached, always proved a rich reward. The road on the side of these *cols* zig-zags so much, that in some cases, as above *Sospello*, a distance of three miles, as the crow flies, requires one to travel twelve miles of

road; and looking from below, these roads, constructed with incredible labour, have the appearance of an enormous fortification, rising wall above wall for miles together. The road, in ascending the *Col di Tenda*, which is beyond St. Dalmas, makes no fewer than 82 turns; and it is amusing to watch the curious positions into which the surrounding mountains and valleys are successively thrown by those incessant turnings. It would be perhaps difficult to find anywhere a more splendid panorama than one beholds from the top of the *col* above *Giandola*; which is itself a singularly curious-looking and picturesque little place, unlike anything we have ever seen elsewhere. Surrounded with mountains to the south, west, and north, it stands upon the west bank of the *Roya*, now forming the boundary between France and Italy. This rapid river flows here under the nearly perpendicular face of a mountain, which rises to a great height on the east of the river and of the little village, as if nature had intended one little spot of earth at least to be secured from the possibility of being touched by that scourge of all living things, the east wind. *Giandola* is remarkable as being the point where one takes leave, without regret, of the mosquitos. We had much of their company, and suffered greatly from their attentions, the night we remained there—not to speak of other uninvited visitors; and we never met them again till, on our return three months' after, we slept, or tried to sleep, in the same place. Along with the virtues which the Italians have begun to display, all travellers will sincerely hope they may acquire that half-virtue of cleanliness, as Aristotle calls it, without which the others don't render man's abode quite *comfortable* upon the earth.

A small incident which occurred at *Giandola* brought to our minds a common saying everywhere, but which has no force in cold climates. We met a girl with a basket of fine figs, some of which we attempted to purchase, when her father came up, and insisted on our taking as many as we wanted, scouting the idea of any one taking money *for figs*. The proverb, "Not worth a fig," is evidently imported from the south. At *Giandola*, which, from its low and sheltered situation, is very warm, figs are abundant and excellent.

Taking leave of *Giandola* and the mosquitos together, the road follows the course of the *Roya* through a deep and wild ravine, which the torrent has cut for itself, and which presents striking and often very grand scenery all the way to St. Dalmas. The mountains go down in most places sheer into the river, so that the road is generally cut out of the rock, which in many places overhangs it; and here, though it looks more dangerous, it is indeed safer

than where there is sufficient space for the road between the river and the mountains, for upon these parts of the road rocks and avalanches of earth and stones frequently descend, rendering it often impassable, and always dangerous.

The Roya, which is very rapid, and carries down a great quantity of water, is dotted all through its course with logs of wood. These, as we afterwards learned, are on their way from the mountains around St. Dalmas to Ventimiglia, where the Roya falls into the sea. The timber is cut, and rolled into the stream, and though stranded hundreds of times in its passage, finds its way at last, by the help of floods and of gangs of peasants with long poles, to its ultimate destination. Besides the tediousness of this process, the timber is much injured by it, and, by the enormous friction during so long a time, is even greatly reduced in size.

The situation of St. Dalmas (properly St. Dalmas di Tenda) is striking and picturesque. The gorge here expands into a valley, surrounded with mountains, rugged and bare at their summits, cultivated wherever cultivation is possible, and in many places where, to foreign eyes, it appears impossible; and clothed towards their base with forests of magnificent chestnut trees, which we saw in all their glory. These grand productions of nature are, indeed, a feature of the landscape here, and add much, not only to its beauty, but to its agreeableness and salubrity. They formed our grand resource during the heat of summer. To them we retired as to our study, reading-room, club, drawing-room, and general refuge from the heat and glare of the sun,—to ruminate, peruse the newspapers, and discuss their contents, hold long communings, and sometimes keen debates, and sigh for our homes, which, like other blessings, we seldom value till we feel their loss. Many of these trees still retain marks of cannon-shot lodged in their trunks during the wars of the French Revolution, when this country was invaded by the armies of the Republic, and valiantly and obstinately defended. The final success of the French, as tradition says, was due to a traitor belonging to the neighbouring little town of Briga, who discovered to the invaders a pass, by which they were enabled to take the patriots in the rear. In contrast to the wild grandeur of the hills, the valley is covered with fields of the richest pasture, as intensely green as any which Devonshire or the Emerald Isle itself can show, and incomparably more productive; for every month during the summer they carry off a crop of grass from these meadows. This is owing to the abundance of water, unsparingly and skilfully applied to irrigation; so that, amid these wild mountain passes and secluded glens, a fertility is produced, the charm of which is heightened by contrast with the scenery around. No less than three torrents, at the bottom of as many gorges, meet in this valley, each of considerable volume, so that the

sound of rushing waters is never out of your ears by night or day, making you feel that you should be cool if you are not. In fact, so large a body of water, at a low temperature, constantly rushing down from the mountains has a considerable effect in cooling the atmosphere, as also in counteracting its extreme dryness. Nervous people, however, are apt to be afflicted with the unceasing roar of the torrents. St. Dalmas reminds one of some spots in the Highlands of Scotland; but the climate and the light, and the *feeling* which these produce, are quite a contrast; as are also the rich fertility and splendid vegetation in immediate proximity to the wild sublimity of nature.

These mountain sides and valleys exhibit the bold industry of the Piedmontese in a very striking light. Wherever soil exists or can be collected, stone terraces are built, on which grow grass (in shaded situations), chestnuts, olives, corn, potatoes, etc. The fruit of the chestnut is ground, and the pigs, donkeys, and mules consume it for the most part. In former times, it was commonly made into bread, and eaten by the people. This *terracing* of the hill-sides could only have been effected where labour was incredibly cheap. According to the opinion of a well-informed resident, the great mass of the work was done by men who did not receive for their toil more than threepence a day; and he thought, in most cases, the work would not have been worth doing at a dearer rate. It is amazing that men should ever have attempted to cultivate places so unpromising, consisting of such narrow strips of land, and many of them so lofty and inaccessible, and even so dangerous to approach. But they and their donkeys have learned to do marvels in the way of climbing; and hunger is a powerful stimulant to industry, daring, and ingenuity. From what has now been said, the reader will understand the curious contrast which presents itself according as one regards the country from the heights, or from the valley: in the one case, one sees nothing but gardens; in the other, nothing but a succession of stone walls; so that it is not easy to believe it is the same country one is looking at in the two cases. By the way, it may be not amiss to state, for the benefit of future travellers in such regions, that persons of *moderate weight*, and especially ladies, are almost always safer in climbing those mountain roads upon donkeys than on their own feet, provided the donkeys be good, *i.e.*, of *sufficient age and experience*; for, as a general rule, the older they are, they are the stronger and the safer. A lady of our party met with a rather bad accident going down on her feet a very steep and rough part of the path, over which she and her husband imagined it impossible that her donkey could carry her safely: however, the other donkeys, with their living burdens, all performed the feat with ease, while the poor unbelieving lady, though zealously assisted by her equally unbelieving husband, fell and received a painful injury.

ST. DALMAS AS A SUMMER RESIDENCE FOR
INVALIDS.

St. Dalmas di Tenda was, before the French Revolution, a convent of the Augustinians, dependent upon a greater establishment of the same name farther north. It is beautifully situated at the mouths of two of the glens or gorges which here unite their waters; and is square in form, as the houses of that order generally are, with a quadrangle in the centre, having piazzas on three sides. It is upon the whole in good repair, and was, at the time of our visit, clean and orderly. At the period of the French Revolution it was seized, like other ecclesiastical property, and sold. The grandfather of the present proprietor purchased it, with some appendages, for a very small sum, and it is now used in summer as a *pension* and hydropathic establishment, for which purpose it is admirably adapted, on account of the abundant supply of excellent water. The church of the convent is now used as a stable and hay-loft; the dormitories of the monks are now the sleeping chambers of the inmates of the Pension, or boarding-house. We enjoyed the distinction of occupying four apartments, *en suite*, on the south side, which are much more ornamental and comfortable than the rest, having belonged to the prior or abbot; and the refectory still serves the same use as of old, being the *salle-à-manger* of the establishment, in which good viands are washed down with excellent appetite and copious libations of cold water, the wine being generally unpopular, because of its too close affinity with vinegar. Experience, however, seems to prove that, mixed with water, it is the most wholesome beverage to be found in these regions to the *generality of people*. When we were there in 1859, the Pension was kept by M. Escoffier, the well-known restaurateur from Nice, who, with the efficient aid of his wife, managed matters very well upon the whole, and succeeded, as far perhaps as any one can, in satisfying such restless, exacting, and discontented people as the occupants of such places commonly are. Of all nations, we think the English a shade or two the worst in these respects. The walls and ceilings of this old convent are, like all houses in Italy, however humble, ornamented with frescoes tolerably executed. So common is the talent for this kind of work, and so cheap a luxury is it, that we were informed such ornamentation, and even better, is executed by artists who think themselves well paid with two or three shillings a day. This brought to our remembrance the remark of a very eminent Scotch artist, with whom, some years ago, we found ourselves alone, before dinner, in an elegant drawing-room in Edinburgh. "We are still barbarians," he said; "a white roof over our heads, and a splendid carpet beneath our feet!" No doubt this is a solecism in taste which the Italians have long escaped, though their climate may have suggested one-half of the lesson; but perhaps the thoughtful reader may

think it a parable which carries a deeper meaning. The climate of St. Dalmas is dry and bracing. The temperature, during the summer months, is wonderfully equable. From the middle of June till the 10th September, the thermometer never fell below 70° Fahr. during the day, nor ever rose above 80°, except two or three days in the end of July, when it rose in the heat of the day to 82° or 83°. We had no record of the lowest temperature during the night, as we had no self-registering thermometer; but our feelings assured us that the nights were always warm; a single sheet and a light cotton counterpane being all the bed-clothes that were supplied,—the latter being generally dispensed with. We felt it pleasant to sleep with our windows open,—though the natives do not approve of this practice, and its propriety in those climates may well be questioned. At sunset, of course, everybody kept within doors; an hour after, everybody went outside, when it was pleasant, and reckoned safe to stroll or sit as long as any one chose. Early in the morning, the eastern hills afford shade for those who choose to walk,—though even then it is warm; but by eight o'clock the sun is too powerful. Between ten and eleven A.M., the breeze begins to blow up the valley from the sea, and grows stronger till about two P.M., when it gradually dies away. This is the history of the weather during three months; without any observable variation, except on three days, which were exceptions, but which exactly resembled each other. On these, the only days, as far as memory serves, on which we saw clouds, a thick mist was discerned about eleven A.M., filling the narrow pass in the under part of the valley. This gradually travelled up the pass, and ascended the hills, till it covered all the heights surrounding: at the same hour, about half-past one P.M., on each occasion, a tremendous thunder-storm occurred, accompanied with such torrents of rain, that in a short time every place was flooded, and the Briga river, which was nearly dry before, descended with a stream probably a yard deep in front, and in an hour it ran at the speed of a mill-race six feet deep. Before four o'clock all was over, and by five o'clock, the sun was shining in all his splendour upon the glancing mountains, the drenched earth, and the roaring floods. Except on those three occasions, the weather was uniformly bright and warm; the heavens without a cloud, so that we soon took it as a matter of course, and nobody either spoke or apparently thought of the weather. Thus was cut off, by the hand of Providence, one of the staple articles of our British conversation. After July, the evening and morning became sensibly cooler; and in the last month of our sojourn, the afternoons were delightful; and driving and riding became a real luxury for those whose strength did not permit them to enjoy the greater luxury of walking. This last, however, is here a luxury, or even a possibility, only to such as have active limbs and

sound wind, as there is very little level ground, and the finest views are to be reached only by paths that are both rough and steep. For persons of light weight, the donkey is equal to anything; the mules are not more safe, and far less pleasant; indeed, they are seldom found good in this locality. A new road to Briga supplies the only level drive in the neighbourhood; that up the valley by Tenda, or down the gorge to Fontana, is more beautiful and picturesque.

We could not obtain accurate information as to the elevation of St. Dalmas. Probably it is nearly 2000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. We shall not detain our readers with detailing the grounds of this conclusion, which, however, cannot be very far from the truth. Now that it is in possession of the French, the country will, no doubt, be soon accurately surveyed, and all such details will become accessible. Upon the whole, St. Dalmas furnishes a desirable summer residence for such invalids as are wishful to remain during summer within reach of the coast, and to whom a dry, bracing, and moderately warm climate is beneficial. That the country here is healthy upon the whole there cannot (we believe) be any doubt. The situation of the Pension, though pretty, is not the best that the locality affords; a noble one is only a furlong south upon a small hill in the chestnut forest. But the great objection to the present situation is the nearness and roar of the stream, and the nearness of irrigated meadows. A spirited capitalist, who should erect a large house in a proper situation at St. Dalmas, could hardly fail to meet with abundant encouragement, as supplying a want which is very frequently and painfully felt.

THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY.

The people who inhabit this region are in many respects worthy of study. Their moral and social, no less than their physical features, are pretty distinctly marked. There can be little doubt that they are Celts by race; less mixed, perhaps, than anywhere else upon the Continent. What traces of this derivation their language may bear, we cannot say; but their features and general appearance so much resemble those of the Irish, that, meeting with a company of them anywhere in Great Britain, in the month of July or August, one would pronounce them Irish reapers without a moment's hesitation. Some of them look the very originals from which Erskine Nicol painted his highly characteristic pictures. Nor need we wonder at this; remembering that this country was included in Cisalpine Gaul, and was even in the classical Roman age inhabited by Celts. Their *patois*, which sounds bold and nervous, has evidently a great deal of Latin in it, as might be expected; and, besides, is said to be compounded of Celtic, Greek, Spanish, and Saracenic, with some French words. The common people do not understand Italian, and hardly a word of French; among

the upper classes both these languages, as well as the *patois*, are generally spoken, though, before the annexation, Italian was the fashionable language which the patriots also affected. Of course that is changed now. The priests, who perform the Mass in Latin, everywhere, in the country, employ the *patois* in preaching. In some respects, whatever their resemblance in others may be, they are a striking contrast to the Irish; they are never, even the poorest of them, seen in rags; their garments, often patched and clouted to the last extremity, with no squeamish regard to harmony of colours, are always whole; none of them appear to be idle; the women in their daily journeys to and from the fields, are always found knitting stockings as they walk; and though numbers are poor, beggary may be said to be unknown. These people are eminently industrious, indeed hard working; and their habits being simple and their wants few, they appear to be not ill off, according to their own standard. Indeed, we were told that there is a good deal of wealth among some of them; they are often what the Scotch call *bein* bodies. Their manner of life is very primitive. Their regular dwellings are always in small towns, the chief of which are Tenda and Briga, each about two miles distant from St. Dalmas; though they have lodges or sheds upon their fields among the mountains, where they occasionally remain. From their homes they go forth in the morning as soon as it is day—father, mother, children, mules, and donkeys, often including the cow, which supplies the family with milk. They remain at their work all day upon these mountain farms (for the whole country is mountainous), living upon bread, milk, sometimes a little olive-oil, or an onion; till the evening, when you see them returning home again, often a distance of several miles, much like a gipsy-camp, the cow leading the way, the mules or donkeys following laden with wood, hay, corn, or other produce, and the sunburnt and toil-worn human beings bringing up the rear, the mother carrying her baby, strapped in a cradle, upon her head; yet knitting with indomitable industry. A mode of life so primitive and simple strikes the imagination of a stranger.

The common dress of the men on holidays consists of a black hat with broad brim and red bow, blue waistcoat and knee breeches, white stockings and shirt: a jacket is added in cold weather, but in summer it is commonly carried over the shoulder, or left at home. The women wear a brown-coloured bodice, with a blue petticoat, and a kerchief over the head. On the whole, the costume of the women is neither beautiful nor picturesque, though it is convenient; and the large size of the feet, or at least of the shoes, both of men and women, gives them (perhaps to our sophisticated perceptions) an ungainly air. Every woman, they say in Italy, has at least three attractions—fine hair, fine eyes, and fine teeth. The last, however, disappear at an early age. The

natives of this country, especially the women, are martyrs to toothache; and it is rare to see a woman of five-and-twenty who does not want half her teeth.

The priests do not use the costume of their French brethren; they wear a black surtout reaching down to the knees, with black breeches and stockings, and a very large-brimmed hat, cocked on one side, which for ugliness cannot be surpassed. It is curious that almost all the priests we have seen in this country are tall, stately men, far above the average of the peasantry. Early toil stunts the growth of the latter. The priests go continually about among their flocks, and evidently live on very intimate terms with them. An English lady, long resident in this country, informed us that the people, those of them especially who are in more easy circumstances, have the same ambition to have one member of the family raised to the dignity of the priesthood, which the Scotch peasantry have long shown "to see their bairn wag his pow in a pu'pit."

We were anxious to form some estimate, approaching to correctness, of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of this primitive and, as they proved to us, interesting people; but the *unknown tongue* presented a formidable difficulty. In some respects, indeed, their character needed no words to interpret or expound it: their quiet, and orderly, and decent habits, their sobriety and honesty, spoke to the eye, and needed no explanation or demonstration. In the Pension, where was a multitude of servants, no one locked up anything,—jewels, money, all were left open; and no one was aware that he lost anything. In the district, people did not lock their doors, and a great proportion of the houses had no locks. There are some people who occasionally take too much wine; but drunkenness, in the sense in which we use the word, may be said to be unknown; the climate and the nature of their potations render this almost impossible. The bulk of the adult peasantry are not educated,—that is, they cannot write or read; but the Sardinian Government, under the direction of Count Cavour, was exerting itself to promote education. For this purpose, free instruction was provided for those who could not afford to pay for it; and Government inspectors traversed the country to see that the teachers did their duty. In this and many other respects, the new political arrangements will prove a great loss to this country; for no government so much influenced by priests as the French is, can ever heartily promote popular education. It was interesting to observe in the churches that an elderly peasant never had a book, whereas all the children, and many of the younger men and women, had books and could read.

The people are very religious; they attend mass very regularly, and all the *men* confess twice a year. We went early in the morning, on the Feast of St. Peter, to the little town of Briga. It was a

high festival. We found the whole population arrayed in holiday attire, engaged in their religious ceremonies, before eight o'clock in the morning. A crowd was hearing mass in the large parish church; and in the adjoining church, or chapel, a numerous congregation was singing with great zeal and earnestness and tolerable execution some good music of great length,—a capital organ, very well played, occasionally bearing a part; the solo parts being sung by peasants who stood up voluntarily in the body of the church. What appeared curious was, that no priest was present during this long performance. In the parish church of Briga are some good old paintings, not well kept, and in need of cleaning. Upon the whole, the inhabitants seemed zealous in performing the offices of their religion. From all we could learn, the Piedmontese in general are sincere but not bigoted Romanists; the upper classes appeared to us much less inclined to Protestantism than opposed to Catholicism; they are to a man dissatisfied with the temporal power of the Pope, with the confessional, and the numbers of the monks and clergy. All we conversed with expressed the desire that the Church of Rome might be reformed; but none of them thought there was any probability of the Italians embracing the Protestant tenets. Some of the more ardent patriots hoped that the Court of Rome might prove impracticable, and so drive the Italians into absolute rebellion against the Church; but these aspirations seemed to be merely political.

A few days after the Festa di S. Pietro, a party of us went to Briga, when we were told we should see the whole population of the *Mandamento*, as well as of the town assembled. It was one of the numerous fêtes connected with the B. V. M. (if I remember rightly). The Sardinian government had abolished the great mass of the fête-days, which proved a serious inconvenience to industrial pursuits, leaving, however, a small number as days of recreation, of which this was one. There are now four days in the year, besides Sundays, on which the newspapers are not published; a significant indication that in Sardinia the king had supplanted the priest. We found, as we approached the town, the whole population turned out, all in their gala dresses; and in their relaxation, as well as in their toil, they appeared a comfortable, happy, and well-conditioned population. The juniors were eagerly occupied in dancing, which was of the most primitive description, and kept up with incredible perseverance, considering the heat; the music being as rustic as the dancing. It was the etiquette for each lad to promenade along the road with the partner he had just danced with. This is evidently the recognised opportunity of love-making; more safe and decorous than that secret *courting* over night which has so long and disastrously prevailed in some other countries. The older people looked on apparently with interest and pleasure, and one of the priests

passed through the crowd of merrymakers, and seemed as pleased as they were. This appeared to us a scene of very innocent mirth, without any mixture whatever of profaneness, indecency, or drunkenness. The younger members of our party went afterwards with the family of an Italian Count, who resides in summer in Briga, to a large hall near the market-place, which was the principal scene of dancing and merriment. The Count's family and the people appeared to be upon the most easy terms with each other, and nothing could exceed the good breeding and manly respectfulness with which the people behaved. Our party were filled with surprise and admiration, not without many reflections, on the contrast which would have been exhibited at an English or a Scotch fair; swearing, intemperance, and black-guardism, all were unknown among these primitive mountaineers. It was impossible not to feel both gratified with such a sight, and also painfully humbled. What we witnessed on this occasion, and indeed daily during our three months' sojourn at St. Dalmas, prepared us for what we learned from the best authority to which we could obtain access, or is to be found. The inhabitants of this town—and the same holds, though not so generally regarding the two others mentioned before—are a large proportion of them peasant proprietors, who cultivate with their own labour little mountain farms, which they have inherited from their ancestors, and which, while they preserve them above want, render it impossible that they should be either idle or rich, in our sense of the word. Industry, frugality, temperance, and forethought, thus become conditions of their very existence, and at last hereditary virtues. Accordingly, as was said before, there are no rags to be seen, and no beggars, and, what is more wonderful, there are no paupers. The following statements we found it hard to believe, though they were made by a gentleman resident in the country, a considerable proprietor, and, so far as we could judge, a man of accuracy, who also referred us to the magistrate of Briga, and by him the account was literally confirmed:—It is this, that in this Mandamento, containing upwards of four thousand souls, there have been but three illegitimate births within the last forty-one years; and that among the peasants, illicit intercourse may be said to be unknown; and that there is not a woman of loose character in the whole country, nor would be suf-

fered to live in it. Also, that in the Mandamento of St. Remo, upon the coast, containing a population of about 14,000 souls, there is no memory or record of a murder having ever been committed. This information we mentioned with incredulity to an intelligent physician resident at St. Remo, whom we met at St. Dalmas. He said he believed the information was perfectly correct.

Should more minute investigations prove that there is some exaggeration in these accounts—and notwithstanding our anxiety to reach the truth, we should not feel surprised to find that there is—still the general purity of the people's manners being remarkable to admit of such exaggerations being current and universally credited among themselves, as they undoubtedly are. The facts also are capable of an easy explanation. Their mode of life and their peculiar customs shelter them from many of the most powerful temptations to which young persons are exposed elsewhere. They are constantly employed as families, young and old together, apart from other families. The youth of both sexes spend their lives under the eye of their parents; even in their sports and amusements the older people and the priests are present and look on. They are very industrious; they are sparingly fed, and almost exclusively on vegetable diet; and they marry young. The parents also, though less learned in politics and in religious dogmas than some other populations, and though for the most part they are not able to read, and are little addicted to theological disputation, yet seem both to understand and practise some religious and moral duties better than others who have enjoyed greater advantages. They seem to take greater care of their children, and to exercise a far more vigilant inspection of their conduct than is common among the peasantry of other countries; who often abandon them, when they have reached the age of temptation, very much to their own guidance, and permit or perhaps encourage secret meetings over night, which not only result in immorality, but show that feelings of delicacy, if not of virtue, in these respects, are already well-nigh dead, both among old and young; till at last results appear which fill us with surprise and shame. Among the simple *paysans* of that secluded country, we could discover no trace of that depraved moral sense which teaches parents not to blush at their daughters' shame, or to call the loss of their virtue by the name of "a misfortune."

PETER BAREND'S: THE MAN WHO GAINED BY LOSING.

BY THE REV. JOHN DE LIEFDE.

THOUGH Eliphaz the Temanite was a miserable comforter, yet he was not an altogether incapable preacher. It was a true saying of his, *that God disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise*. At least, this was the experience of Peter Barends, the fore-

man of Mr. Kolman's large bedding and mattress manufactory.

Mr. Kolman's extensive premises were situated in one of the densely-populated suburbs of the metropolis. There also was situated Peter's snug little house, which looked as clean outside and in-

side as a Swiss toy under a glass shade. And no wonder, for his excellent, active, and indefatigable wife brushed and scrubbed the two parlours and the attic and the little cellar every day, and squirted a deluge of water upon the outside walls twice every week.

"When I am dead," she used to say, "I cannot help going to the dust; but as long as I live the dust shall not come to me." And Peter quite agreed with her there, and thought there was not a cleverer wife within ten miles round.

Nor was Mr. Kolman less pleased with Peter. He had enjoyed his honest and valuable service for upwards of twenty-one years. During that period the small six-windowed factory had grown into the gigantic edifice which lifts its five-storeyed frame as high above the surrounding houses as the elephant, with its uplifted trunk, must have figured above the beasts that crowded the ark of Noah. Everybody, from the first feather-cleaner down to the assistant-ticking-seamstress, agreed, that but for Peter's able and faithful management, the building would never have got beyond its old six windows. Nor did Mr. Kolman deny it altogether, though he always tried to make the people understand that Peter had acquired all his knowledge and ability under his mastership; which, of course, Peter, in his turn, never denied. His wife, however, would sometimes remark, that if Peter and his master had an equal share in the praise bestowed upon the excellent beds, it might be understood in this way: that whereas Peter made them during the day, up even till eleven o'clock at night, his master tried them during the night, up even till eleven o'clock in the day. If, however, Peter kept the works going till such a late hour at night, it was well known that he often remonstrated with his master about this disproportionate division of labour and rest; and the people were not unconscious that they were indebted to him for the higher wage which at length they received for their over-work. Thus, though he would sometimes give a well-deserved ear-box to a boy, or turn out a dirty-looking seamstress with the threat that he would throw a pail of water over her if she ventured to come again in that state, yet he was liked by his people as the beasts in the Zoological Gardens like the keeper who brings them their food. In fact, Mr. Kolman's works exhibited a remarkable similarity to a menagerie. There was the clumsy white bear, and the roaring lion, and the malignant tiger, and the irritable wild-dog, and the always-laughing monkey, and the never-smiling ospray. And all this tribe was kept in order by Peter. When he but lifted the latch of the door, the noisiest humming and babblement immediately changed to perfect silence, just as at a railway station the ear-deafening hissing of the engine at once ceases when the engineer turns the hauld.

There was one lamb, but only one lamb, in this human menagerie. Jane Moling, the ticking-seamstress, was a good, quiet, kind girl, and a zealous,

clever worker at the same time. Whatever came from her hands might be examined with a loup; no sewing-machine could sew more regular stitches. Yet Peter always felt puzzled with her. She was the only one among the crowd whom he felt a certain dread of. Whenever he entered the seaming-room in his usual rough, imperious manner, the look of that girl's eyes at once disarmed him. Especially when he allowed himself to strengthen his rebukes by an oath or two, or by threatening the people with the condemnation of God and the fire of hell if they did not work better,—at such times he felt ashamed of himself if his eyes met those of Jane, and he would leave the room with a blush.

"There is something queer about that Jane Moling," he one day said to the first seamstress, when paying her her wages. "I don't understand what it can be. Do you know anything about her, Mrs. Steen?"

"Ah! she is a saint, sir. She is one of the elect, you know. I mean in this way:"

With these words Mrs. Steen turned up the white of her eyes towards the ceiling, and drew down her face to something like three-quarters more than its usual length.

"Ah!" replied Peter, "that's it, is it? We poor sinners can't come up to that. But how do you know it is so?"

"I know, sir," answered Mrs. Steen, "she regularly attends the meeting of that Methodist preacher, Mr. Stalman, twice a week. I suppose you have heard of him? He turns the people regularly mad with his preaching. Many of them come three or four miles, and return home in the dead of night. Jane leaves her cottage at six, though the preacher does not commence till eight, and she returns about eleven, which is shameful conduct in a young girl, in my opinion, sir."

"Certainly it is, Mrs. Steen," replied Peter. "She had better keep at her work. She loses a shilling a week at any rate by her nonsense. I now understand why she earns less than she should do, for she is a clever and quick seamstress, and no mistake. However, she is old enough to mind her own business; but it is great folly in her; and if any other of the girls follow her example, I will put a stop to it at once. You may tell them that."

Mrs. Steen dropt her courtesy and went off.

"I wish," murmured Peter between his teeth, "I wish I could sew up that preacher in a mattress and send him to the South Seas. The natives would then have bed and breakfast in one parcel."

A few weeks after this conversation, Mrs. Steen one morning came up to Peter, and told him that Mr. Stalman was likely to hold a regular evening meeting in the neighbourhood.

"Do you know where it is to be?" asked Peter, somewhat in a voice of alarm.

"Yes, sir; it is to be at Govert the joiner's. He has a large shed, as you know. I am told he lets it at two shillings an evening."

"Very well. Has Mr. Kolman come down yet?"

"Yes; he is in the office. I saw him come up the yard a minute or two ago."

Away went Peter to the office.

"Sir, if you want the people not to stop work at six you must at once hire the joiner's shed near he bridge."

"The joiner's shed?" asked Mr. Kolman, rubbing his eyes. "You don't mean to try to join mattresses with nails, and to stuff them with shavings?"

"No, sir; but the Methodist preacher is about to hold evening meetings there, and you may be sure he will make a complete mess of the whole district and of our works."

"Confound the fellow!" cried Mr. Kolman. Of course we must steal a march upon him. But what are we to do with the shed?"

"I hear," replied Peter, "that the owner only lets it for two evenings in the week. It occurred to me we might as well adapt it as a sewing-school for the little girls. Mrs. Steen may easily spare a couple of evenings to give them a lesson. We'll get excellent seamstresses after some time by that means."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Kolman. "That will shut the humbug out. But, I'll tell you what, Peter, hire the shed in your own name. Of course I will give you the money. You understand me. It must appear as a private affair of your own. You see it would not do for one of my standing in society to enter into an open war with that sort of common-class people."

That same day it was known throughout the whole neighbourhood that Peter Barends, the foreman, had overreached Mr. Stalman, and taken the joiner's shed. Mr. Stalman did not trouble himself to look after another place, for he knew that though poor Peter was the foreman, yet rich Mr. Kolman was the rearman. Besides, the district only contained small labourers' cottages; the joiner's shed was the only suitable room in the neighbourhood.

Matters now kept quiet for some time, and Peter enjoyed his success amazingly. He every now and then paid a visit to the little school, and so did his wife. Having no family of her own, she soon became a regular visitor, to talk with the little things, to tell them the stories of "Tom Thumb" and "Puss in Boots," and to treat them to apples or walnuts. She also taught them to sing songs, as,—

"There was a little devil,
His tail was two yards long," etc.;

or,—

"John gave his wife a beating,
She beat him in her turn," etc.

"How nice, Mrs. Barends!" Mrs. Steen would often remark. "You are a perfect schoolmistress, ma'am. Pity you have no children of your own. How nicely they would be trained!"

"Ay, Mrs. Steen," would she reply, "you see I have not forgotten the lessons I learnt at school. Poor little things! Let them have a little bit of

fun. It's a great deal better than that Methodist cant and bawling psalms, with faces drawn down to the third button-hole of the jacket."

"It is indeed, ma'am. And the girls at the factory all keep at their work, except Jane Moling, of course, the foolish creature."

"By the by, Mrs. Steen, where does that girl live? Is she the tall, slender person with the red chequered apron?"

"Not at all, ma'am. Why, don't you know her? She wears a white apron and a muslin bonnet. She lives next to the grocer's, over the bridge."

"Well, I think I must go and see her some day. I must know what there is under that going to the meeting, wet or dry. I'm sure there's a love story lying at the bottom."

Mrs. Barends was quite right there. It was a love story, but one of an infinitely higher nature than she conceived of.

But Mrs. Barends was too much engaged to think about such abstract things as love and faith and eternity and the like. True, she had no family to look after, nor had she to attend to her husband, for he was at his business all the day, and only peeped in at noon for his dinner, which was too plain to require much cooking or baking. Yet Mrs. Barends' time was so dreadfully taken up that she could not possibly think of looking even for one moment into her Bible, which, with gilded edges and silver clasp, neatly bound in brown morocco, was lying in the corner of the uppermost drawer of her chestnut bureau, bounded on one side by a carved ivory fan, and on its other side by a pair of gloves carefully spread out, so that thumbs and fingers perfectly covered one another. For there was so much to clean and to wipe and to wash and to rub and to scour and to brush every day, that even Sunday morning was often called into service to make up for what its preceding six sisters had left undone. "Doing one's duty and caring for one's household is religion, quite as much as church-going," she would often say. "It is better not to go to church and to mend one's stockings or to wash one's apron, than to go to worship with heels peeping through, or with an apron upon which the tea and the coffee pot have done their best to draw the map of the world." Besides, economy also was to be attended to. "Spending a farthing that might have been saved," she would observe, "was quite as much a sin as being drunk or beating one's neighbour. Many wives tell their husbands a great deal about their love and affection, and smoothe their hair and kiss their cheeks, but at the same time indulge in such extravagant expenditure as compels these husbands every day to perspire a pint more than was meant when it was said to them that they should earn their bread in the sweat of their brow." She, on the contrary, was of opinion that wives would show more true love if they kissed a little less and saved a little more, and instead of driving perspiration out of their husbands' skin, got a portion of

the inevitable sweat to moisten their own brow. She at least did not neglect carefully to inquire where the best coffee and the best butter could be got at the lowest price; and if she learnt that she could buy a pound of candles or a pound of soap at two miles' distance a farthing cheaper than next door, she at once put on her boots and walked all the way there and back, carrying home ten pounds of one article and twenty of another. Of course she did not like her neighbours to see her carrying parcels, as if she were a porter's wife, and consequently she generally set out on dark nights, when all cats are grey, and a piebald cow is just like a black one.

Mrs. Barends was one dark Saturday evening returning home from a distant grocer's, carrying a pot of treacle in one hand, and a bag of tea and coffee and sugar and several other articles in the other. Those articles, you must know, she had, with frowning and smiling, prevailed upon the grocer to give her so cheap, that she was sure she could bake two pancakes with bacon for her husband out of the saving, and buy a nice piece of lace for her bonnet besides. But under the influence of this blissful prospect, while prevailing upon the stubborn grocer to give her twenty pounds of coffee for eight shillings, since he refused to give her ten for four, she had increased the weight of the bag so much, that she was perfectly at a loss how to get home with it, and might as well have eaten the pancakes and bacon first to obtain strength for the labour. By dint of passing the pot into her right hand, and the bag into her left, and *vice versa* every now and then, and standing still every five minutes or so to draw breath, she had succeeded in gaining a lonely avenue, which formed the entrance to the suburb in which she resided. Here she seated herself on the grass.

The glimmer of a distant gas-lamp spread enough of light on the darkness to enable her to notice a female coming up the avenue in the direction of her house. Mrs. Barends lacked courage to call her to her assistance, as her dress seemed to betoken a respectable girl, to whom she could not offer a penny without insulting her. Yet trying to appeal to sympathy where she could not appeal to self-interest, she uttered a sort of painful cough to attract the stranger's attention. Nor did this measure prove fruitless. The girl, who otherwise would have passed her unnoticed, stopped, and casting an anxious look down to the spot where Mrs. Barends was sitting, soon discovered a well-dressed woman seated upon the grass.

"Can I be of any use to you, ma'am?" asked she in a kind voice, supposing that perhaps some indisposition had befallen the unknown woman.

"Thank you, dear Miss—yes, you may—if you would be kind enough—beg your pardon for asking—to carry this pot. I have to carry this bag besides, which is rather heavy, and, as you are going the same way, you would greatly oblige"—

"Oh, gladly, ma'am," rejoined the girl, at the same time stooping down and taking the bag. "Just let me take this. You appear to have carried it a long way already, and it is no matter to me."

Mrs. Barends tried to lay hold of the bag, and to persuade her to take the pot; but the girl, with gentle obstinacy, refused to let the bag go, and walking away a few steps, compelled its owner to rise and to join her with her pot.

"It is very kind of you, indeed," said Mrs. Barends, taking her place by her side, and walking along. "That nasty bag is so dreadfully heavy."

"Never mind," replied the girl; "I am but too happy to be of any service to you, ma'am, as I know from experience what a benefit it is, when carrying a heavy burden, to meet with anybody who is able and willing to take it off the shoulders."

"So you are accustomed to carrying?" answered Mrs. Barends, trying to make out, as far as the darkness permitted, what sort of girl was walking by her side. She did not look like a porter's daughter, though.

"Yes, I am," resumed the girl. "I know what it is, ma'am. I have for years been in the service of a hard master, who compelled me to carry a burden which was too heavy for me, and threatened to crush me to death. But, thank God, I am relieved of it now."

"Indeed!" answered Mrs. Barends, in a voice of curiosity. "I suppose you have now found employment with another master, who treats you better!"

"You are quite right," replied the girl joyfully. "My present Master is the kindest and most loving one can imagine. He never puts a burden upon one's shoulder without giving strength to carry it."

Mrs. Barends was silent. There was something enigmatical in the girl's last words.

"It may truly be said," continued the girl after a pause, "that my Master's 'yoke is easy, and his burden is light.' And since he has dealt so kindly with me, it is right that I should be kind to my neighbours, for his commandment is—'Bear ye one another's burdens.'"

[It may be as well to interpolate here, that by one of those coincidences which we are accustomed to call strange, but which are of common occurrence in life, this speaker had been listening for the last hour or more to an earnest discourse on the text: "Come unto me, all ye who labour," etc. Her mind was full of the subject; hence the turn which she naturally enough gives to the conversation.]

Though Mrs. Barends had not looked into her Bible for some years, yet she recollected enough of its phraseology to understand that the girl spoke of another Master than an earthly one, and meant a different burden from what she had understood. Thus, finding herself at once transferred into a sphere with which she was little familiar, and fearing lest the girl might carry her away to thoughts

which she did not want to think, she kept silent for a minute or two; then at once opening a fresh vein of conversation, she said—

"What a dark night this is! When you put your hand before you, you can hardly see it."

"Very dark, indeed," said the girl. "What a blessing it is to know that there is a sun to dispel it! Suppose we were continually to carry a heavy burden in darkness like this, ma'am, without any hope or certainty of a happy change, how wretched we should be!"

"I quite agree with you," answered Mrs. Barends; "but, thank God, I shall be home soon, and a new day will soon dawn."

"A great blessing that," resumed the girl; "but it is better still if we can say the same thing at the end of our life."

"The end of our life!" repeated Mrs. Barends, in a light tone. "Ah! that's far away yet, we hope. You are not much above twenty, I should guess, and I am not yet an old crone either."

"Yet I may die to-night, and so may you," answered the girl in a serious voice.

Mrs. Barends again kept silent, and again tried to turn the conversation into another channel; but not being able to catch a suitable opportunity, she walked along not unlike a spinster who keeps on treading her wheel while her thread is broken.

"Whenever I carry a heavy burden," the girl began again, after a pause, "I cannot help remembering that sweet invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' What an amiable Being he must be, ma'am, who thus addresses the weary!"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Barends, too polite to say nothing, and too timid to say more.

"How different His heart is from ours!" continued the girl. "He came to take our burden off our shoulders, and to lay it on his own—that very heavy burden of the Cross, with all the weight of its pain, and shame, and death. What an unspeakable love there must dwell in the heart of Him, ma'am, who, even for His enemies' sake, did all this!"

"You surprise me," replied Mrs. Barends, this time in a voice of concern. She could not help acknowledging that there was something attractive in the girl's words; for Mrs. Barends was a kind-hearted woman, wanting to be loved, and ready to love in her turn.

"I like your talk very much, Miss," said she. "You don't speak as many other people do, who always come forward with hell in one hand, and eternal punishment in the other. But you don't believe in such horrible things, I suppose? Do you?"

"So it is your opinion that there is nothing but a happy heaven in eternity?" asked the girl.

"Yes, I should think so," answered Mrs. Barends.

"Then, of course, you are quite sure you will be happy after death?"

"I hope so," answered Mrs. Barends, a little hesitatingly.

"But are you quite sure of it?" said the girl, putting stress upon the "sure."

"Sure! Quite sure!" repeated Mrs. Barends. "Why, I cannot say that. I don't think anybody is."

"But how is that possible, if you really believe that there is nothing but a happy heaven in eternity?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Barends, a little perplexed, replied, "Why, I don't know. You see, Miss, we have all of us our defects, and come short a great deal."

"True," answered the girl, "but that does not matter at all, ma'am, if there is only a happy heaven and nothing besides. According to your opinion there is no unhappy place at all. So you ought to be sure of your future happiness, it appears to me."

"Yes, I ought," replied Mrs. Barends, slowly, "but, candidly speaking, I am not."

"Dear ma'am," said the girl, in a kind but serious tone, "it appears to me that, if you examine the bottom of your heart, you will find that you, as well as I, believe in a place of unhappiness and pain. But for that, you could not be so uncertain about your future state."

While the girl was saying these words they had reached Mrs. Barends' home.

"This is the end of my walk," said Mrs. Barends, taking the bag from the girl's shoulder. "I thank you very much for your kindness, Miss. You have rendered a great service to me. Please to come to-morrow, and take a cup of coffee with us. You will be heartily welcome."

"Very gladly," replied the girl. "But as for acquaintanceship," added she, with a smile, "I'm glad to say that Mr. Barends and I have been acquaintances for many years past."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Barends. "So you know my husband? And what is your name, if I may take leave to ask?"

"My name is Jane Moling. Good-bye, ma'am. Good-night."

"Why—Jane Moling!" cried Mrs. Barends, surprised as if the moon had dropt down at her feet. "Are you?"—But the girl was out of hearing.

Mrs. Barends did not sleep much that night. The words of Jane Moling had made a deeper impression upon her mind than she had shown. "Is that Jane Moling?" said she to herself; "Is that Jane, that fanatic Methodist! Why, I wish all the people round about were as amiable, as kind, as sensible, as decent. And is that her religion? Why, there is nothing horrible in it. She only spoke of love and salvation; salvation, of course, from a fearful danger, but salvation after all. And she herself appeared so perfectly happy, so calm, so sure of her peace. I hope she will come to-morrow. I must learn more about her and her religion. It will not do me any harm, at any rate."

And Jane Moling did come the next day, and she spoke to Peter and his wife; and the good girl pleased them so much that she had to come as often as she could. She showed them—her open Bible before her—a great many most important and delightful things which poor Peter never had heard of before, and which he now saw were quite unmistakably written in the “good Book.”

“We have been wrong altogether,” he said one day to his wife, “and Jane is right. I am sure we must walk in her way now, if we don’t want to ruin ourselves.”

“Well, Mrs. Steen, how are you getting on?” said Mr. Kolman one day as he was coming up the yard, and met the first seamstress. “Are matters going on well in the sewing-room?”

“Pretty well, sir,” answered Mrs. Steen, dropping a courtesy; “at least as well as could be expected.”

Here Mrs. Steen heaved a deep sigh, and cast down her eyes, as if some heavy weight were pressing upon her soul.

“What is the matter?” asked Mr. Kolman in a curious voice. “Can’t you manage the girls?”

“Oh yes, I can, sir, but it is not the same sort of thing now that it was before.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mr. Kolman.

“Why, sir, since nearly half the girls take to singing psalms during their work, all the fun and pleasure is away.”

“What! Do they sing psalms? How is that?”

“Why, sir, we shall soon be a set of Methodists altogether. Every morning, half-an-hour before the work begins, there is a prayer-meeting in the store-room, and Philip the feather-cleaner conducts it just like a minister.”

“What in all the world is up!” exclaimed Mr. Kolman. “Does Mr. Barends know it?”

“Pooh! Mr. Barends, sir; why, he is at the head of them. He has turned a regular Methodist.”

—“Not possible!”

“Yes it is, sir. He regularly attends Mr. Stalman, the Methodist preacher’s meetings, and so does his wife. And many of our people stay away after seven twice a week, as they of course go where Mr. Barends goes.”

“Confound them all!” muttered Mr. Kolman between his teeth.

He went to his office, and immediately ordered Peter to be called down.

“Is it true, Peter, that you have become a Methodist?”

“I have become a Christian, sir,” answered Peter in a calm voice.

“A Christian!” repeated Mr. Kolman, laughing.

“So you were not a Christian before?”

“In name I was, sir, but in nothing else. I did not love Christ; but I love Him now as my Saviour.”

“Indeed!” said Mr. Kolman sneeringly. “And

is it true that you hold prayer-meetings at the store-room every morning?”

“I beg your pardon, sir; I only attend them. I have not the talent of conducting such meetings, but Philip has.”

“Now I tell you,” said Mr. Kolman in an angry voice, “that I will not have this.”

“I can only say,” answered Peter, “that those meetings do not at all interfere with the work. They are held half-an-hour before it commences, and only those attend who wish it.”

“Well, but I won’t have it in my premises,” cried Mr. Kolman.

“But, dear sir”—

“Not a single word, I tell you. Henceforth there shall be nothing more of that sort of cant on my works. You understand?”

The next morning there was no prayer-meeting at the store-room, but there was one at the shed of Govert the joiner, who had no objection to allowing the use of his place for such a purpose.

Mr. Kolman bit his lips when hearing it. “Confound them,” muttered he; “I’ll match Peter some day; I shall.”

A few days later, Mrs. Barends went as usual to the school at the joiner’s to speak to the children, and, as usual, Jane Moling was with her. It was a crowded school now, for since Mrs. Barends, notwithstanding Mrs. Steen’s opposition, had introduced the practice of opening with prayer and singing, and of speaking to the children from the Bible, and of teaching them texts and hymns, all the mothers of the neighbourhood had sent their little girls, and it was a real luxury to see how happy the little things were. Prayer was just offered when the door was opened, and in came a gentleman in black with a white neck-tie.

“Ah! Mr. Stalman,” cried Mrs. Barends, “I am very glad you have come. You must see our work at this place.”

“I am quite delighted to see this good work going on,” said he to Mrs. Barends, “but the real object of my coming just now is to look at the room. You use it every Monday and Thursday. Do you think I might get it on Friday for an evening meeting?”

“Oh, readily!” said Mrs. Barends. “Govert will be glad to let it to you, I’m sure.”

“Then, what do you think the rent will be?” asked Mr. Stalman.

“Oh, never mind,” replied Mrs. Barends, “we shall settle that with Govert. If you will kindly come and preach, all will be right.”

Mr. Kolman was quite enraged when he heard the next week that the school was turned into a Methodist meeting-place; and he actually grew fierce when, some weeks later, he was informed that the meeting was crowded, and that a great number of his work-people absented themselves to be present.

“Peter,” he said one morning, “I won’t pay another farthing for that school.”

"I am sorry to hear it, sir. It is such a useful school. I wish you would come and see it."

"Come and see it!" cried Mr. Kolman. "I wish I hadn't been such a fool as to allow you to hire the place in your name. If it were hired in mine, you may rest assured I would take measures so that you should never see it again."

Peter told his wife what Mr. Kolman had said.

"Never mind, dear," said she, "we will be enabled, under Providence, to continue it, even if we stint ourselves for it."

It was soon known throughout the whole works that there was an open war between Mr. Kolman and the foreman. The report was generally believed that Mr. Barends would soon get his dismissal, as it was evident that matters could not possibly continue very long in that way. Indeed, Mr. Kolman would gladly have realized this prediction at once, but for two reasons. The one was the difficulty of finding a successor to a man of so much honesty and experience; the other was the absence of any reasonable ground for his dismissal. Though Mr. Kolman, with the unjust judge in the parable, might say within himself, "I fear not God;" yet he dared not go so far as to add, "I regard no man." Public opinion was everything to Mr. Kolman, and his obeisance to that idol was the main cause of his not turning Peter off at once.

The former of the two obstacles was removed sooner than Mr. Kolman had expected. Several applications came in from time to time, nearly all of them beginning with the formula:—"Sir,—Having been informed that you are in search of a foreman, I take the liberty," etc. Among these there was one which, upon further inquiry, seemed to contain everything that could be desired. The applicant was a young Belgian who, from his childhood, had been engaged in the bedding trade, and during three years superintended one of the largest concerns at Paris.

If the other difficulty could now be removed, Mr. Kolman would soon get rid of his "Methodistical nuisance." An opportunity was soon found, because eagerly sought for. The evil spirit, as well as the good, whispers to its followers: "Seek, and ye shall find."

Mr. Dorenbos, a small tradesman in the bedding and mattress line, had, about this time, accepted a lucrative contract with one of the shipping companies for the supply of a considerable number of mattresses and blankets within a certain date. He was a good man, who worked hard day and night to support his large family, and was highly thought of by his customers. Sickness in his household, however, had, during the last twelve months, caused a constant drain on his purse, so that he was not able to pay Mr. Kolman's last account. He rejoiced, therefore, at the prospect of making such a profit out of this contract as would enable him to settle Mr. Kolman's bill, and to have a little sum left for himself. He required some goods to be able to carry out the contract, and Peter, to

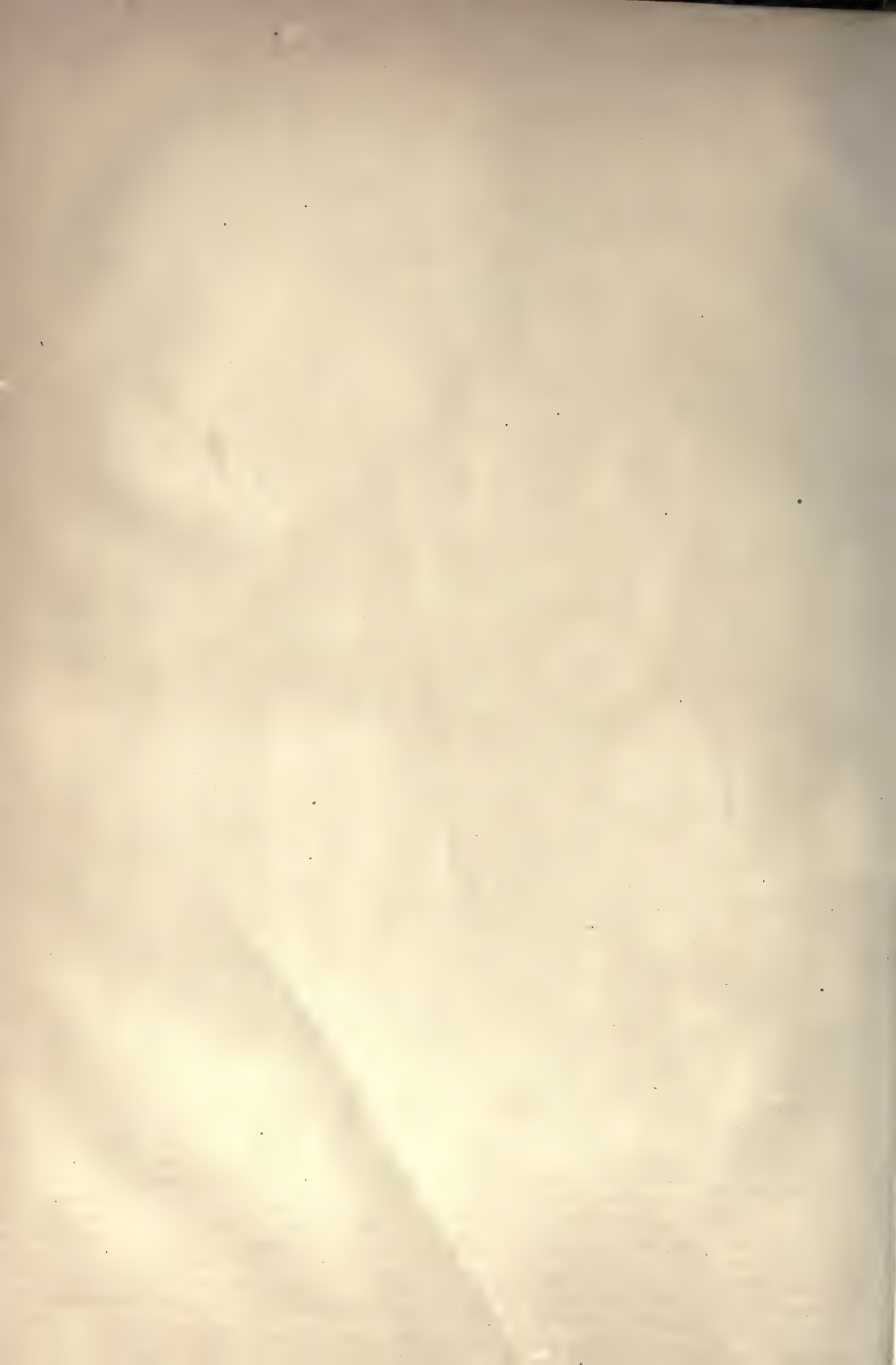
whom Mr. Kolman always left the business of settling with customers, had gladly granted an extension of credit, as he knew all the circumstances, and liked Mr. Dorenbos as an honest Christian. It so happened, however, that Mr. Kolman, learning from one of the members of the shipping company what a profitable order for goods Mr. Dorenbos had been favoured with, allowed jealousy and covetousness to creep into his heart. He resolved to endeavour to get the order for himself. So he immediately forbade Peter to supply poor Dorenbos, and at the same time ordered him to send that struggling man a threatening letter for the payment of his bill. Peter most earnestly besought him to abstain from such cruelty, asserting that he had already given his word to Mr. Dorenbos for the supply of his order. Upon Mr. Kolman's remaining obdurate, however, and, in an angry voice, requiring that his wishes should be at once carried out, Peter reminded him of the story of Ahab and Naboth, and entreated him not to heap this load of guilt upon his soul. But this was enough to make Mr. Kolman's anger run over. He scolded Peter for an impostor, who tried to enrich the "Methodist rabble" at his master's expense. This was too much for a man who for upwards of twenty-two years had served his master day and night as an honest and faithful servant, changing his master's humble cottage into a palace, his scanty dinner into a banquet, and his empty cellar into a store-house of the choicest wines. Indignation loosened his tongue. He told Mr. Kolman in a civil but decided tone, truths which made that man's bad conscience rebound and his knees tremble as a reed. Speechless from shame and wrath, the cowardly man stole himself away. But that same evening Peter received intimation from him in writing that he was not to return to the works any more—that he was dismissed at once and for ever. Next morning Mr. Dorenbos was alarmed beyond description, for, instead of the expected goods, he received a summons for payment within eight days.

The impression which Peter's misfortune produced upon the neighbours and work-people was very various. Many who, though disapproving his "extravagant religious opinions," liked him on account of his manly and honest character, cordially pitied him; while others rejoiced that that man "who deemed himself better than other people, and expected a private chair in heaven," at length had got "a cold bath to cool his hot imagination."

"Of course," said Mr. David Twinkelbank, the grocer, to Mrs. Snaterwell, who came for a half-penny worth of mustard and half-an-hour's length of gossip; "of course, ma'am, nothing short of that could be the end of it. I am not a prophet, you know, but this much I could foresee, when looking along my nose, that it must come to that with Peter Barends. I always knew Mr. Kolman as a man of order and rule. I have for years supplied coffee and chicory to his work-people, and he never failed to pay my account every Saturday. I



"INDIGNATION LOOSENED PETER'S TONGUE."



understand that a man like that cannot in the long run permit such a nuisance to continue in his premises as playing at church in his store-room, or singing psalms over a heap of feathers. Everything must have its place, and there must be a place for everything, according to my opinion, ma'am, and I think I am right; don't you think so, ma'am?"

"To be sure," Mrs. Snaterwell would reply; "to be sure, Mr. Twinkelbank. You have a wonderful talent for seeing things in the right light, sir. Those people always have their mouth full of the Lord their God, and of conversion, and all that sort of thing, which such simple people as myself and others know nothing about. I won't have you think, sir, that I don't care for religion. I was brought up in an orderly way, you must know. My father was a respectable man, and my mother was a decent woman, such as there are but few of now-a-days, sir. They always got me to say the Lord's Prayer before I went to bed. I had also to repeat the Ten Commandments every Sunday afternoon. So you see I am quite as well taught as anybody else, that everything, of course, must come from the highest Being in heaven. But such people as Barends and his friends think that we are only fit for fuel; and as for themselves, they think that even if the devil would rain fire upon them, the Almighty would turn it to water before it reached their heads. Now, what I want to see is, if that is true. Mr. Barends has got into a hot fire now. Whether the devil has kindled it, or somebody else, I won't say, but I am told that he has already carried nearly all his furniture to the Jews, and his clothes to the pawnbroker's; and if matters do not change soon, we'll be seeing him going about with a barrel-organ before him, and his wife behind him, singing psalms, with one eye turned upwards to heaven, and the other turned downwards to people's pockets."

So much for the gossip in the shops and at the doors of the houses where the talkative women used to group like the street dogs round a bone. There was some percentage of truth in this lump of slander and talebearing. Peter, indeed, had been compelled once or twice to sell a piece of furniture. Perhaps he might have prevented this predicament, had he followed up the advice which some of his neighbours gave him. Some wanted him to canvass the richest customers of his late master, to persuade them to favour him with their orders in a private way. Others suggested that he might apply to some capitalists to start an opposition bedding manufactory. Peter declined every such proposal. "My friends," he would say, "I am taught to love my enemies. But I feel I could not follow up your advices without hating Mr. Kolman."

The making of beds and mattresses being the only trade he was acquainted with, Peter began to take to that business as far as his means permitted. While he cleaned the feathers and the

hair, his wife sewed the ticking, and thus they were enabled to sell beds and mattresses from their window at a moderate price. Their profit, however, was very small—far less than was required to live comfortably upon. Meanwhile, Mrs. Barends continued to conduct her sewing-school at the joiner's, and Mr. Stalman's evening meetings were not less crowded than before.

Thus matters continued for a couple of years. Mr. Kolman was quite sure he had gained the day; Mr. Twinkelbank boasted of his correct prophecy; and Mrs. Snaterwell, taking for granted that the fire was not turned to water, looked out for the barrel-organ and the psalm-singing. Indeed, but for the paternal care of a loving God, poor Peter and his wife would have come to something like that. They often ate potatoes on one day, and potato-skins on the next. Sometimes they went to bed without a supper; sometimes they commenced their day's labour without a breakfast. Yet things were never so bad as to compel them to call in the assistance of other people. It is true Mrs. Barends often found a silver coin on the book shelf, wondering how it got there; and often, when entering her little kitchen, she was surprised to discover a heap of potatoes or apples, or a little bag of coffee in the chimney-corner; and it struck her that she always found those objects after a visit of Jane Moling. Her husband protested his innocence in the matter by declaring that he never had asked anything from Jane or anybody else; and as to herself, she was conscious of her having told her wants to none but her invisible Friend in heaven. At length, however, their position became so trying, that Mrs. Barends often was tempted to exclaim: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious!" Peter took ill, and thus the only source of their scanty income was entirely dried up. Every piece of dress or furniture not absolutely indispensable was sold or pawned, and when, after some weeks, the poor invalid recovered so far as to be able to walk from his bed to his chair, he found that there was room enough for exercise, since his little parlour was as void of furniture as his pocket was of money. In this dismal condition Peter was one day visited by a relative who managed a little farm in the country near the pretty village of D—, at about eighty miles' distance from the city. This relative invited Peter and his wife to stay with him for a few weeks. "Perhaps," he said, "you will find some employment in my neighbourhood, as there is an urgent demand for labourers just now." This proposal was too fair not to be accepted with gratitude. Indeed their friend's supposition soon proved well founded. In the rural districts there are a great many small jobs, which turn up every day and every hour, and for which it is difficult to find a suitable person, as everybody is engaged in his own pursuits. Peter, who had no business of his own, was favoured with the work which nobody else had time or inclination for. Sometimes he was employed as a messenger

to take an errand to the neighbouring town ; sometimes as a collector to gather subscriptions for some charitable object. The postmaster often required him as a letter-carrier, the tax-gatherer as a clerk, the farmer as an overseer of his labourers in the field. His wife, too, was often called in to help in cases of washing, nursing, etc. In short, Peter and his wife became the indispensable complements of social life in the district.

While they were thus spending their days far away from their friends in a remote and forgotten corner of the world, some events took place at Mr. Kolman's works which caused changes as great as they were unexpected in the state of that unhappy man's affairs. Mr. Maelinx, his new foreman, proved an able, honest, and active man, who, his shorter experience excepted, might fairly be called equal to his predecessor. But Mr. Maelinx's character was not at all similar to that of his master. He soon looked through the whole of that selfish man's plans and proceedings, and formed a very low estimate of him. His situation became a most unpleasant one, and he soon determined to make a change. Not being bound to Mr. Kolman by any ties or associations like his predecessor, he set about making arrangements for commencing business on his own account.

One can hardly picture to one's-self Mr. Kolman's amazement, when one morning his foreman gave notice to leave within three months ; nor can one imagine Mr. Kolman's alarm upon learning a few days later that a site for a large building was bought by his own servant. Before twelve months elapsed the new manufactory lifted up its lofty chimney even above that of the old one. The greater part of Mr. Kolman's work-people, glad to be able to exchange a bad master for a good one, went over to the new works ; and Mr. Dorenbos, who, since his ruin through Mr. Kolman's jealousy, had borne his heavy cross with patience, was appointed as foreman in Mr. Maelinx's establishment.

But among the few seamstresses who refused to join the new master was one whom Mr. Maelinx eagerly desired to engage, and to whom he in vain offered one of the most profitable situations. This obstinate person was Jane Moling. Her obstinacy proceeded not from any feeling of attachment to her master ; nor did it proceed from indifference with regard to a more prosperous position in life, for she had not forgotten her friends at D—. No, Jane was stirred by nobler principles. She had discovered that Mr. Maelinx entertained an affection towards her, which she felt she could not possibly return. It is true he had never spoken out his mind to her ; he had only now and then favoured her with a kind smile, a kind nodding of the head, a kind pressure of the hand upon her shoulder, when he entered the sewing-room to examine the seamstresses' labour. But she had observed that she was the only one of the girls whom he favoured with these tokens of his satisfaction ; and when she lifted up her eyes to his, she read enough in his

beaming looks to apprehend the flame that glowed in his bosom. And perhaps Mr. Maelinx read the same sort of thing in her eyes, notwithstanding the shy quickness with which she would cast them down. But Jane, through thick and thin, contended with herself that she felt nothing at all for Mr. Maelinx, handsome and winning as he was. At any rate, she could not possibly think of it, now that he had become a gentleman of high standing. So to protect herself from becoming his sweetheart, she refused to become his servant.

Mr. Maelinx thus finding himself deprived of every opportunity of meeting Jane, only loved her the more, the more he experienced her opposition. I am not in a position to delineate the course of this true love, but I can say that if it did not run smooth, it certainly ended well. Yes ; after some time, Jane Moling became the happy wife of the young and prosperous manufacturer. Many of Mr. Maelinx's friends frowned on the unequal match, but his customers continued to smile on his goods. "Whatever his wife may or may not be," they said, "his beds are downy and his mattresses soft, and that's all *we* have to care about."

Meanwhile, Mr. Kolman's business fell off rapidly. He had engaged three foremen successively, but all of them turned out unsuitable, and the last absconded with a large sum. Now the poor man remembered his faithful but ill-treated servant of old. He felt that Peter alone could rescue him, and however unpleasant the pill was he had to swallow, he resolved to apologize and to entreat Peter to return.

He took a place on the stage coach and proceeded to the village of D—. It was the afternoon when he reached the nearest station to the place. Having to walk a couple of miles, and not knowing the way, he took a guide. They had scarcely gone half a mile when a pretty large manufactory, which was in course of building, attracted his attention.

"What works are those ?" asked Mr. Kolman, stopping to take a sight of the erection.

"The bedding and mattress works of Mr. Peter Barends," replied the guide.

"Why, of Peter Barends !" exclaimed Mr. Kolman, quite amazed. "I thought he was a poor man, scarcely able to get daily bread."

"Yes, so he was," replied the guide, "but it seems he has rich friends who have money like water. At least, a nice house is already built for him a little way farther on. But here comes the architect, he will be able to tell all about it."

The architect kindly gave every information Mr. Kolman desired. He explained that Peter had got a share in Mr. Maelinx's business, and was about to start a second establishment for the firm at this place.

"I think I will not go farther," said Mr. Kolman to the guide. "I feel rather tired and unwell. Let us return to the inn, and I will pay you."

Indeed, Mr. Kolman felt far from well, and was soon prostrated on his bed. A few days later, Peter Barends and his wife were standing at the bedside of the dying man.

"Have you really forgiven me?" asked he with a feeble voice, casting a supplicating look at them.

"We have, we have, with all our heart," answered Peter, pressing his dying hand. "But can you also believe that God has forgiven you?"

"My sins are too great!" replied the invalid with a scarcely audible voice.

"Look to Jesus," said Mrs. Barends. "He is willing to save you even now."

"Jesus!" whispered he; and with this word on his lips, his eyes closed, and he breathed his last.

"Poor, poor man," said Peter, laying his hand upon the deceased's clammy forehead; "what a bitter cup sin gave you to swallow! Your boast of gaining the day has come to nothing here. May it be better yonder!"

Eliphaz the Temanite was a miserable comforter, but he was not an altogether incapable preacher. "God," he said, "disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise." And the truth of this saying has been confirmed by the experience of many a child of God, as well as by that of Peter Barends.

THE SONGS OF ISRAEL.

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I. THE LAMENT OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THERE are scattered throughout the Old Testament, songs, or fragments of songs, which can hardly be called Psalms. They rather correspond to what we should now call "ballads," "lays," "battle-songs," composed by the Hebrew poets at different periods of the national existence; and which, though belonging to secular occasions, have been incorporated, for our instruction, into the present Sacred Books.

Of these the most remarkable are (1) The Song against Amalek, Ex. xvii. 16; (2) The Songs of the Encampment, Num. x. 35, 36; (3) The Song of the Well, Num. xxi. 16, 17, 18; (4) The Songs of the Wars of Moab, Num. xxi. 14, 15, 27, 28, 29, 30; (5) The Song of the victory of Beth-horon, Josh. x. 12, 13, 14; (6) The Nuptial Song of Ruth, Ruth iv. 11, 12; (7) The Song of the Hebrew Women over Saul and David, 1 Sam. xviii. 6; (8) The Lament of David over Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 18-27; (9) The Lament of David over Abner, 2 Sam. iii. 23, 24; (10) "The last words of David," 2 Sam. xxiii. 1-7; (11) The Fragments contained in Ps. lxxviii. 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 14.

To these might also be added, although they are more regularly interwoven with the Sacred narrative, and are of a more solemn character, (1) The Blessing of Jacob, Gen. xlix. 1-28; (2) The Song of Moses and Miriam, Ex. xv. 1-19, 21; (3) The Song of Moses, Deut. xxxii. 1-43; (4) The Blessing of Moses, Deut. xxxiii. 1-29; (5) The Song of Deborah, Judges v. 1-31; (6) The Song of Hannah, 1 Sam. ii. 1-11; (7) The Song of David on his escape from all his enemies, 2 Sam. xxii. 1-51; (8) "The Lamentations of Jeremiah." Each of these has its own peculiar interest; and we may perhaps allude to them hereafter.

But we are now to speak of only one of these—the Lament of David over Saul and Jonathan—preserved to us by the author of the Books of Samuel. In the Book of Jasher—"the Book of

the Just," according to the most probable explanation of the word—he found a song, which he transferred to his own work. The Book of Jasher was still extant in his time. "Behold," he says, that is, "look, refer for yourselves;" "it is written in the Book of Jasher." That book is now lost; and we can only conjecture its contents from this and from one other allusion to it,—the poetical fragment which is quoted from it in the account of the battle of Beth-horon, in Joshua x. 12, 13, 14. From these two extracts, we may infer that it contained poetic remains of earlier times, relating, as the title would imply, to the "Just" or "Upright" of Israel.

Confining ourselves to that of which we are now to speak, there is enough said to tell us how the Lament was composed, and how it was preserved.

It was after the fatal battle of Gilboa, when David was reposing from the expedition against the Amalekites, in the extreme south of Palestine, that, on the morning of the third day, there came a messenger, with the marks of distress and dismay—dust and clay smeared over his face, and his clothes torn—to announce the tidings of the defeat, and to show the crown and the bracelet of the fallen King. There were only two in that great slaughter concerning whose fate David was eager to know the truth,—his enemy and his friend. "How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead?" When the news was fully established, he immediately went through all the signs of violent Eastern grief. He and his six hundred heroes sat, with their clothes rent, uttering the loud Oriental wail, observing the rigid Eastern fast, until the sunset of the fatal day released them. Then David roused himself to action. The first vent to his grief was in the stern exaction of the life of the unhappy messenger, according to the hard temper of those fierce times. The second vent was in the touching dirge, which, according to the tender spirit of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, he poured forth over the two departed chiefs.

"David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son" (2 Sam. i. 17). It was a "lamentation" (the word is the same) like to that with which he lamented over the grave of Abner (2 Sam. iii. 23, 24), and with which Jeremiah lamented over the grave of Josiah (2 Chron. xxxv. 25). Such funeral dirges, it seems, were common. But of these two others, only a fragment of one, and of the other nothing has been left. It would appear that this one owes its preservation to a singular circumstance, which adds another stroke of pathos even to the dirge itself. Jonathan, for whom especially the lament was intended, was distinguished amongst the warriors of Israel as the mighty archer. The tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, was emphatically a tribe of archers (1 Chron. xii. 2), and amongst those Jonathan was chief. By his bow and his sling he won his first great victory at Michmash (1 Sam. xiv. 13). By his bow and arrow, he was always accompanied in his father's court, as Saul by his spear (1 Sam. xviii. 4; xx. 35). By his bow he was celebrated in the battles of Israel even to the fatal close (2 Sam. i. 22). To introduce this favourite weapon of his friend into his own less apt tribe of Judah, was David's tribute to Jonathan's memory. "Also he bade them teach the children of Judah the bow," or "the use of the bow;" and whilst they were so taught (so we must infer from the context), they sang "the song of the bow," the song which had been handed down to tell them how he had fallen, whose "bow never turned back from the slain." Whether we listen to the first burst of poetic grief from David's own lips, as he roused himself from his fast at Ziklag, and addressed the daughters of Israel who should have welcomed back the returning heroes, but now were to join in the funeral wail; or whether we hear the young artillerymen (if we may so call them) of the tribe of Judah reciting the verses of their royal kinsman over the fall of the founder of this branch of the military service, let us first read the words themselves, and then explain their full meaning:—

The wild roe, O Israel, on thy high places is slain:

How are the mighty fallen!

Tell ye it not in Gath: proclaim it not in the hamlets of Askelon;

Lest there be rejoicing for the daughters of the Philistines;

Lest there be triumph for the daughters of the uncircumcised.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, nor rain upon you,

Nor fields of offerings:

For there was the shield of the mighty vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, not anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back;
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

* The order of the original words is kept as nearly as possible, and in a few places, the Authorized Version has been corrected according to the best modern scholars.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,

And in their death they were not divided.

Than eagles they were swifter, than lions more strong.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,

Who clothed you in scarlet, with delight,

Who put ornaments of gold on your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

O Jonathan, on thy high places thou wast slain.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:

Pleasant hast thou been to me exceedingly:

Wonderful was thy love to me, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen,

And perished the weapons of war!

There is one burden that runs through the whole song: "How are the mighty—how are the heroes fallen!" But there is also a separate stanza or strophe given to each part of the disaster.

I. The first describes the battle itself, and its fatal consequences.

The King or his son (we cannot distinctly say which; perhaps David himself wished to leave it in doubt), is represented under the figure of the "gazelle" or "wild roe" of Israel (such at least seems the most probable rendering of the word, which in this place is translated in the Authorized Version "beauty," but which in 2 Sam. ii. 18 is translated "wild roe"). The stately, towering form of the King (1 Sam. x. 24), the activity of the Prince (1 Sam. xiv. 13), the swiftness of both (2 Sam. i. 23), would well agree with this emblem. Either, or both together, might well be represented as the gazelle of Israel, standing perched aloft on the cliff of the pomegranate tree (1 Sam. xiii. 2), or on the pointed crag of Michmash (1 Sam. xiv. 14), or on the rocks of En-gedi (1 Sam. xxiv. 1, 4). Asahel, (2 Sam. ii. 18), the adventurous Gadites (1 Chron. xii. 8), David himself (Ps. xviii. 33; xlii. 1), were in like manner compared to this fleet wanderer over the hills of Palestine. No wonder that King Saul and his son, the last relics of an age in which strength, activity, and beauty, more strongly than in later times, were regarded as the tokens of Divine favour, should be so designated.

This "Pride of Israel" had fallen (so it is pathetically described and twice repeated), on the high places of Israel. Not on the level plains where defeat from the chariots and horses of the enemy might have been expected, and had been before encountered, but on "the high places" where victory seemed the rightful prize of the mountain chiefs and indomitable infantry of the Israelitish host—on the heights of Gilboa, which stretches its bare ridge above the valley of Jezreel. On these bare heights King David prays that no rain or dew may now descend, so that their barrenness may seem to perpetuate the curse that had lighted upon them. No, nor even on the green strip of verdure which runs along the side of the hill, and on which per-

haps the last fatal encounter took place. On that green field, filled as it might seem to be with fruits and corn for offering, the Mourner hopes, in the bitterness of his soul that no blessing may ever descend.* For "there the shield" of the first King of Israel—"the shield or light buckler† which he always carried with him—was cast away in the battle,‡ as though it was a defiled, polluted thing, stained with blood, and begrimed with filth,—neither it nor its royal master was ever to shine again, as in former days, with the polish of the consecrated oil.§

And this defeat, so terrible and so disastrous, David, rival as he was to the fallen king, and himself sheltered under the friendly power of the Philistines, and at that very moment in their territory at Ziklag, entreats that it may "not be told or joyfully proclaimed," "neither in Gath," the capital, "nor yet" in the hamlets of the south, where his own settlement lay,—the rude villages|| which, though under the jurisdiction "of Ascalon," harboured the ancient aboriginal inhabitants, the Avites. "Let it not be told, lest the daughters of the Philistines,"—of those who are separated even from the Canaanites by their rejection of the ancient, sacred rite of circumcision,—should burst forth into the loud triumphant songs, with which, throughout the East at that time, the women received back their victorious chiefs.

II. In the second stanza, the Mourner fixes his attention entirely on the two heroes themselves. He thinks of them only as he had seen them in life. There was Jonathan, with the famous bow of his archer tribe, such as he had himself given to David as the pledge of his love. There was Saul, with the huge sword, which David had in vain assayed to gird on his own diminutive frame (1 Sam. xvii. 39), and on which the King had at last thrown himself in the despair of shame and defeat (1 Sam. xxxi. 4.) These mighty weapons up to this time had been never disgraced; they had never turned back from their work. The sharp arrows of Jonathan, the flashing sword of Saul had drunk their fill of "the blood of the slain," had sunk deep, as the dagger of Ehud, into the huge "fat" frames of their gigantic enemies. And not their warlike weapons, or their warlike deeds only, return upon the memory of David. He remembers them as they stood together in camp or field (1 Sam. xiii. 16,

* This meaning would be true, whether we take the words to signify "Let there be no fields of offering on the mountain," or "Let there be no dew on the fields of offering."

† So the word *magan* distinguishes it from the *Tzinneh* the larger shield, used only for protection of the whole person, and carried by the armour-bearer.

‡ This is the force of the words "vilely cast away."

§ This would be the meaning whether we take the words "not anointed with oil" to apply to the shield or to Saul.

|| The word used is "Hazerim," the same that is used to describe the habitations of the Avites in Deut. ii. 23.

22), or sat at the royal table (1 Sam. xx. 25), whilst they still were in kindly intercourse with him. The same words describe them both—"lovely and pleasant;" "swifter" in their rapid movements than the eagles which wheeled round the mountain-tops; "stronger" in their giant strength than the lions which lurked in the mountain caves. Each was bound to each in the firmest love: "My father will do nothing great or small, but he will show it unto me" (1 Sam. xx. 2). To Jonathan, if to any one, the wild frenzy of Saul was amenable: "Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan" (1 Sam. xix. 6). He cast his lot with his father's decline, not with his friend's rise, "and in death they were not divided." Side by side their corpses lay on Mount Gilboa, and shared the same cruel fate (1 Sam. xxxi. 2, 8).

III. The third and fourth stanzas divide the stream of sorrow, which, down to this point, has been united. In the third, the Mourner turns away from himself to the Israelite maidens, such as had in former days celebrated the thousands slain by Saul, and the ten thousands slain by David (2 Sam. xviii.), and bids them break into a funeral wail over the depth of their disaster. They, like the mother and ladies of Siserah (Judges v. 29, 30), like Deborah herself, like the great company of the Hebrew women who tarried at home to divide the spoil (Ps. lxxviii. 11, 12), had been wont to expect the return of Saul, laden with the rich apparel so grateful to all Orientals, especially Oriental women. He had brought for them "scarlet or crimson robes," and "ornaments of gold to be worked upon their robes," such as formed the pride of Israelite beauty. "Thou clothest thyself with crimson" (the same word), "thou deckest thee with ornaments of gold" (Jer. iv. 30). These will now all cease, for Saul is dead. He has "fallen in the midst of the battle."

IV. The fourth stanza is the climax of the whole. There the national, general sorrow merges itself in the lament of the Friend for his friend. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul" (1 Sam. xviii. 1).

"On those high places," which were "his" and Israel's own, "Jonathan was slain." The heart of the Mourner was pressed, constrained, narrowed with grief, for the death, he will not say, of a friend, but of "a brother." Again he repeats that word of endearment which before had been used in common for both. "Pleasant;" the delightful epithet of a beloved maiden (Cant. vii. 6), of a beautiful place (Gen. xlix. 18); the word which Naomi could not bear to hear, because it reminded her of happier days—"Call me not Naomi ('pleasant'), but Mara" (Ruth i. 20, 21),—this was what Jonathan was to David in the intensest degree—"exceedingly." And in that love which he had borne towards him there was something "separate from all beside," "miraculous, like a special work of God" (this is the force

of the world), more singular, undivided, and devoted even than the love of women—even of Michal, of Abinoam, of Abigail. And once again he utters the burden of his lament: "How are the heroes fallen! how vanished are they that alone could carry on this mortal conflict!"

We have said thus much to enable our readers to enter into every word of the Lament. We would now ask them to read it over once again, and then consider the general reflections which it suggests.

1. It is, as we noticed at the outset, an example, if anything can be, of a Lay, a Ballad, a Dirge, a Battle-song, such as we meet in our own early literature. The compiler, whoever he was, that snatched this inestimable fragment from oblivion, was the precursor, by direct anticipation, of Bishop Percy, when he collected the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, of Walter Scott, when he treasured up the remains of his own Border Minstrelsy. In the sacredness which we attach to this first known attempt to recover and preserve these and like remnants of the past, we may fairly claim a blessing on those who, in our own times, and in humbler fields, have achieved the same charitable and excellent work. It is a war-song which sums up the national feelings of every age over the graves of its departed warriors. Over the tomb of the Cid, near Burgos in Spain, there is written what every one feels to be the most appropriate of all inscriptions. It is the last verse of David's lament: "Quomodo cecidere robusti et periere arma belli." And if Sir Philip Sidney could say that he "never could hear the old song of Percy and Douglas, that he found not his heart moved more than with a trumpet," so we, as we read this sacred dirge of Saul and Jonathan, may well feel our hearts moved more than with a trumpet, because with the notes of the trumpet are mingled strains from the harp of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, more moving even than the lament over the fall of Douglas.

2. It is an example of pure poetic inspiration. We can hardly call it "religious poetry;" it is not a "psalm" or "hymn;" the name of God never occurs in it. But it shows us that such secular poetry is not unlawful, is not unworthy of being treasured up in the Sacred Books which "were written aforetime for our instruction." It is a good instance of the judgment which we ought to form of poetical language, whether in the Bible or out of it, and of the mistakes into which we fall if we measure it by the common rules of prose. That pathetic curse which David invoked on the mountains of Gilboa, was by the simple pilgrims who first visited Palestine understood as if it was common prose; and accordingly when the Crusaders passed by Mount Gilboa, they were surprised to find that there was dew and rain to be found where the Royal Prophet had declared that there should be none. In this instance we are able to see the ground of their mistake. But it is one which we are often liable to commit, sometimes in our inter-

pretation of the Bible, sometimes in our interpretation of one another's conduct. Let us take warning, by the nonsense into which the old pilgrims would, by such a mode of misunderstanding, have turned this beautiful song, to beware of similar misapprehensions elsewhere. Poetry is poetry, and prose is prose. Each must be valued, honoured, and interpreted, both in the Bible and in human character, by the light of its own sphere, and by the measure of its own requirements.

3. It is an example of the long perpetuation of a devoted attachment. In this age of hurry and confusion, the memory of the dead, of former times, of past friendships and love, is thrust aside in the eager competition of the present; and we are wont to regard with impatience any attempt to keep before our eyes and thoughts the recollections of the dead past, which has come and gone. But now and then, even in modern times, that long unbroken devotion still may be found. One such instance is the volume devoted by our chief living poet—"To the memory" ("*In Memoriam*") of his lost early friend. Other instances in other spheres will occur to every one. It is a satisfaction to reflect that such a poem, "*In Memoriam*," was this of David over Jonathan. It was to David, as to those who have mourned like David, his one expression of consolation on the night of the dreadful tidings. He still went about his great public duties as if nothing had befallen him. He was still the wise king, the active soldier, the sweet Psalmist of his people, full of cheering strains of faith and hope. But he never lost the memory of the faithful friend and counsellor of his youth. He perpetuated the recollection of his love and of his grief in the institution, if we may so say, of "teaching the use of the bow," which he founded to commemorate the princely archer of the first royal tribe. By those young soldiers of Judah, the "*Song of the Bow*," "*The Lament over Jonathan*," was learned and sung from generation to generation, till by this means it was landed safe at last in the sacred historical books of the Kings of Judah, where it will remain enshrined for ever as the memorial of the friendship of David and Jonathan.

4. There is one more lesson, of a wider and deeper character, to be learned from this lament. Saul had died by his own hand, in wild and black despair. By theologians it has often been asserted that his soul was lost for ever. Such is not the verdict of the man after God's own heart. He, who had been hunted by Saul like a partridge on the mountains, who had known him in his dark moods of madness and hatred, he pronounces no judgment upon the fate of his enemy; he recurs not to the misdeeds of Saul's life, or the misery of his death; he dwells only on the noble and heroic qualities of better and happier days. Two things we may learn from this. First, it is strongly characteristic of David's chivalrous and generous temper. There is none of the bitterness of the

persecuted against the persecutor, such as has disfigured the records of confessors and martyrs from the first ages down to our own Scottish Covenanters. There is none of the disparagement of predecessors by successors, which creeps out even in many a good heart and noble mind of every time. He makes the best and not the worst of his enemy, and perpetuates that "best" in a record which will last as long as the Bible itself. And, secondly, it is a sanction of the general instinct of humanity which says, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" "Speak of the dead only that which is good." When the human soul passes into the other world, we feel that we may fairly and safely leave it to the judgment of Him who judges not

as we judge. We need not pronounce indiscriminate and fulsome eulogies over the dead. But, if we follow the example of David, we may, at least for the moment, be silent respecting the faults which can now no longer be corrected; we may look on the redeeming qualities which even in the worst of men are cheering and instructive; we may express that charitable hope with which the funeral services of Christendom commit the remains of the departed to the grave, and commend their spirits into the hands of an All-wise and All-gracious Father, in the assurance that He knows what is the best for them and for us. "I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee."

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE TROPHY TELESCOPE OF THE FIRST EXHIBITION.

I.—ITS EARLIEST APPEARANCE.

It was not only the giant size of the telescope itself, the evident perfection of its mechanical fittings, and the colossal massiveness of the iron pillar supporting them,—but it was also, the free and unimpeded manner in which that entire astronomical structure stood forth in the midst of the long, long nave of the British portion of the ever-memorable Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, the International Exhibition of 1851,—which pleased us so much at the time. By virtue, indeed, of such comparative isolation it came that we were enabled to walk around and about its base; and gaze upwards, now from one direction and now from another, not only at the well-turned limbs, as it were, of the instrument,—but at the picturesquely composing angles which were made by the axes of motion, on which it was mounted, with the vertical and horizontal lines of the building. The *polar* axis at the angle of the pole of the sky, at some happy place, yet unknown, where the instrument was destined to be erected; and the *declination*, or cross, axis at right angles thereto; assuming, as viewed from different positions, many varying inclinations; but pictorially effective all of them, and suggestive too, as those angles of slope of the great pyramid of Gizeh itself, on which the learned world has already spent so much lucubration.

But all that was in the happy days of the Palace of 1851, when every one was pleased, everything went right, all faults of management were condoned, and the only real difficulty was—how to dispose of the surplus profits. We did, indeed, rather complain to a friend of the darkness and dinginess of the so-called "courts" under the galleries; and the trouble of seeking out in their mazes, and then studying in their crowded confusion, some striking speciality of industrial art; but our friend immediately corrected us, though in the kindly frame of mind so prevalent at that golden period. "It is quite true," said he, "that there is more satisfaction in looking at the separate

objects in the open nave; and that it would have been desirable, therefore, to have had more navespace in the building, or more objects arranged in that prominent manner; but then you must remember that this is the first Crystal Palace ever erected; and without doubt, all those improvements you suggest, will be duly attended to on a second occasion."

Well, eleven years passed away; the second Exhibition building reared its domes of glass; and then the failings, if really any, of the first Exhibition were cured with a vengeance: at least so far as that separate and independent exhibition of special objects in the nave, might be concerned: for they were now exceedingly multiplied; and, when so placed, called "trophies;" so that on the opening day, when the nations poured in to behold, lo, it was trophies here, and trophies there, and trophies everywhere! The trophies were indeed so numerous in the intended open, nave-like space, that they filled it up; and objects, in themselves often of small size or little import, were heaped up in mere brute number and mass, by "trophy-architects," until they formed almost hills, and were actual impediments to vision and progress.

So then it was seen that the trophy-notion, in the second Exhibition, had been carried too far; and all the public was delighted when the Royal Commissioners ordered the greater part of these accumulations to be removed altogether, or reduced to more moderate proportions. Some persons even ventured to hint, that both the nomenclature and intention of the exhibitors in those cases were essentially wrong; and entirely at variance with that grand spirit of religious humility and thankfulness in which the whole Exhibition project had been conceived in the mind of the great Prince who was gone, and who had inscribed so many of his sentiments on the walls of the building. "A trophy," said they, "is a monument of victory, a collection of the arms of the vanquished, a reminder of death-strug-

gles against injustice and oppression, tyranny, and the sword of evil-doers; the term 'trophy,' therefore, can never properly typify the gifts of God, through bountiful nature, to man. By the grace of God, man is what he is, and finds himself in a world stored with elements unnumbered, lying ready almost to his hand; and when he, man, weak man, the orphan of the universe but the well-cared-for child of God, has gathered of such gifts manifold, and exhibits the products to his fellow-men, there should be no pride of the warrior, no idea of spoils rent from the hand of an oppressive enemy in savage conflict, no boasting sense of his own power."

Yet despite this philosophy, the word *trophy* remains; and despite the order to dismantle, many great telescopes were found rearing their huge forms on high, up to the very close of the Exhibition. They, however, could not be reduced; size, and a presence of every part uniting to form one grand and united whole, being a necessary feature of any efficient astronomical instrument; or of any at all calculated to be of real service in promoting the advanced astronomy of the present day. Hence, it was in no vaunting style that *they* were exhibited there. Symbols, rather, they might be considered to stand, of the continual prosecution by man of that sublime science of the stars; the oldest of the sciences, and yet enjoying a perpetual youth; and still, even in these latter times, rewarding those who cultivate it in a meek and humble, but earnest and inquiring, spirit, with as many discoveries as fell to the lot of the first explorers in the earlier days of Egyptians or Greeks.

In such case, though, no doubt those telescopes of the second Exhibition should have been regarded, then and there, only as hopeful for what they might yield in the future; not as triumphant reminders of the past. For their useful history has still to be written, or rather, to be entered on: and whenever that actual time of trial, or career of work, does begin, we may be sure that it will find them removed far from the pomps and glitter, or the fashion and turmoil of the splendid, but unquiet, and over-turmed scene where they have been figuring so long.

Such certainly has been the fate of that other great telescope, the trophy—as we have attempted to describe it, before the word came into use for such a purpose—of the first Exhibition. We had seen the noble instrument there, and admired it amidst the din of a more than Babylonian city; but we have lately seen it again, and admired it far more, in the quiet retirement of a country abode; and amid all the comparative solitude which alike befits the study of science, and is friendly to man's confession of his own weakness, and the greatness and glory of God.

II.—ITS SECOND LOCATION.

In the north of Scotland there is a river, a rapid river, which gathers strength from a hundred hills,

and then with impetuous force rushes along over a rocky bed, and spreads in a broad clear tide to the sea; through a valley which for ages has been famous for its soldiers and for song. On its banks are hanging woods of larch and the graceful indigenous birch-tree with its silver stems; heather and wild roses combine together to form the underwood; the rowan-tree, too, there glows again with its scarlet berries, and venerable old oaks are found in the dark dells; while ever and anon comes wafted on the wind the sound of the river below, eternally contending with its rocks. Occasionally these woodland wilds are varied by breadths of improved agriculture, or by the modernized castles, in which now dwell peacefully enough, the descendants of rival chieftains of old; ever mindful of, but not rancorous over, their traditions of the past. Away back from the river roll gentle slopes and purple-tinted undulations, from whose windings might again start up, at the call, and for the defence, of their native land, the sturdy peasantry, whose cottages are there concealed and secure; while round and about on almost every side in the far distance the blue granite mountains, capped with mist, close in the scene; and assist with their lasting presence in forming the minds of the inhabitants, to energy, to indomitable resolve, and to appreciation of the high, the great, the solemn, the mysterious, and the good.

There also, after noble, though peaceful, services performed for his country in foreign climes—after no less than forty-four years continued residence in Bengal—has returned one of the sons of the valley, rich in years and honours; in the peace of a religious and philosophic mind, and the calm of a well-spent life. And no sooner was he returned to the dearly-remembered scene, with official duties no longer harassing him, than he determined again to prosecute that study of the starry heavens, which he had already commenced with much success, though inferior instrumental means, in the brilliant climate of India. At his maturer order, therefore, it was, and to subserve his future astronomical pursuits on the old patrimonial estate, that that giant telescope, the trophy *now*, it may fairly be claimed, of the Exhibition of 1851, had grown into existence; for, though then hardly known to scientific circles, he understood the majesty of the science he was approaching; and, though all untitled amidst a rich landed aristocracy, there was no one whose ideas were more thoroughly grand, and worthy of all that one is inclined to respect among the leaders of men.

Some mere ordinary people, such as inspectors of roads and conservators of bridges, made objections to the ponderous masses of cast-iron which formed the supporting pier of the great telescope, being brought down from the "world's fair" in the south to their quiet regions, on wagons of uncouth build and most portentous weight; but our friend, as firm in a good cause as modest before society, was not to be deterred from his purpose. They threat-

ened, that he would have to accept the responsibility of each bridge in the line of traction, breaking down under the unaccustomed load. He did accept it all; but not one bridge broke down; and, piece by piece, each part of the telescope arrived in safety on his ancestral hill. Then and there, on a soft green lawn, with protecting trees around, a white-stone building, with a revolving roof and opening sky-shutters, of excellent construction, was soon erected for the instrument's domicile; and the whole assumed the well-known form, though on a scale never seen before or since in Scotland, of an "extra-meridian observatory." That is, an observatory containing a large telescope mounted "parallactically;" or, with its principal axis parallel to that of the earth, so as to be capable of following its diurnal motion, as reflected in the paths described by the orbs of heaven; and expressly intended to allow of the most accurate measures, as well as the best telescopic views, of stars, large and small, and even those quite invisible to the naked eye, being obtained.

These large parallactic, or, as they are sometimes called, equatorial telescopes, are a comparatively new feature in practical astronomy, and a remarkable convenience to amateurs. In the more ancient method of mounting optic tubes, on axes either vertical or horizontal, and still more if they are confined to the plane of the meridian, a vast number of most inconvenient obstacles are thrown in the way of the would-be observer. He wishes, perhaps, only to learn something about the nature of the stars; and he finds, as soon as he has got them into the field of the telescope, that they are continually slipping away from him,—by reason of the earth's motion on its axis carrying the telescope's line of direction away from the star. And even if he overcomes this difficulty, and actually makes it subservient to his purposes, as in the transit instrument, and "right ascension" observations, where the very motion of the stars in the act of thus slipping away is made to register their places in the sky,—he only meets with a further set of difficulties, of a very similar nature in principle, but of a higher order.

The earth's axis, for instance, about which its daily revolution is performed, instead of remaining absolutely constant in direction, is always undergoing a minute series of disturbances, which affect apparently the places of all the stars; giving rise to the phenomena known as precession of the equinoxes, and solar and lunar nutation: and requiring, that the quantities of them be exactly calculated and applied to every observation, before any deduction be attempted as to the real nature and movements of any one star in the whole heaven. In fact, when meridian astronomy is pursued to any degree of exactness, its every step is so strewn with difficult calculations, that most amateurs withdraw in dismay; for that was not the sort of occupation which they wanted at all.

Most conveniently to them, therefore, appears

the modern equatorial, an instrument carrying as large a telescope as the owner can afford, and furnished generally with an *object-glass*, rather than a *speculum of metal* as in reflecting telescopes. But with this further and capital feature, viz., that whereas the axes being parallactic and at right angles thereto, admit of the application to them of circles, graduated similarly with the astronomical circles of reference in the heavens,—the telescope can, by these circles, be first pointed easily and accurately to the place of any star as recorded in the catalogues; and then, by means of a little piece of machinery usually known as an "equatorial driving clock,"—can be kept slowly turning round at the same rate as the earth itself, but just in the opposite direction, so as to eliminate that difficulty of the moving terrestrial platform of the observer, and enable him to contemplate the stars at perfect relative rest. Seated then at the end of his telescope, and adjusting his eye insensibly to the extremely slow movement of the eye-piece (for it is only once round in a small circle in the course of twenty-four hours), he can remain there and gaze uninterruptedly for half an hour or an hour at a time; untroubled by the movements in "semi-diurnal arcs;" and unpuzzled by corrections for aberration of light, or nutation of the earth's axis; and thinking only, and ascertaining too by actual micrometrical measure, if need so require, how much "one star differeth from another in glory."

This differential method of observing with equatorials may indeed be considered to be founded on whatever is excellent and practical in the old-fashioned, yet still adhered to, method of arranging the principal stars in constellations. Often and often has modern science rebelled against the fishes and uncouth bears, the winding snakes and monstrous dogs with which the shepherds of old filled the nocturnal sky; but whenever she has since attempted to arrange the stars into groups or regions bounded by definite, scientifically conceived lines and arcs of circles,—these lines and circles were found to be endued with slow, celestial movements upon the stars; causing thereby the bright star of one such scientific section in one age, to pass into and belong to another section after the lapse of perhaps only a moderate number of years. But the ancient constellations, depending on no such earth-drawn lines, but resting only on the mutual configuration of the stars *amongst each other*, know of no sensible change or alteration to the naked eye, even after ages of ages; and speaking generally, we still see every constellation with the same brightest star, and the same outlying fainter ones now, that it had in the days of the Chaldeans, and even of the patriarch Job himself. Hence, then, at least so far as the principal visible stars are concerned, modern astronomers have not been able to shake themselves free of those ancient constellational names; and for this good reason, that they have not been able to invent any better or any more able to maintain themselves through time.

Yet though to the ordinary spectator, hardly any change relatively to one another, occurs amongst the stars, which such a person therefore calls fixed—and we are excluding now sun, moon, and planets from the question—yet, to a powerful telescope, the scene appears far different, especially if it (the telescope) be mounted, as above, “equatorially.” For, precisely by eliminating with extreme exactness all the *apparent* movements, large and small, caused by the phenomena of the earth

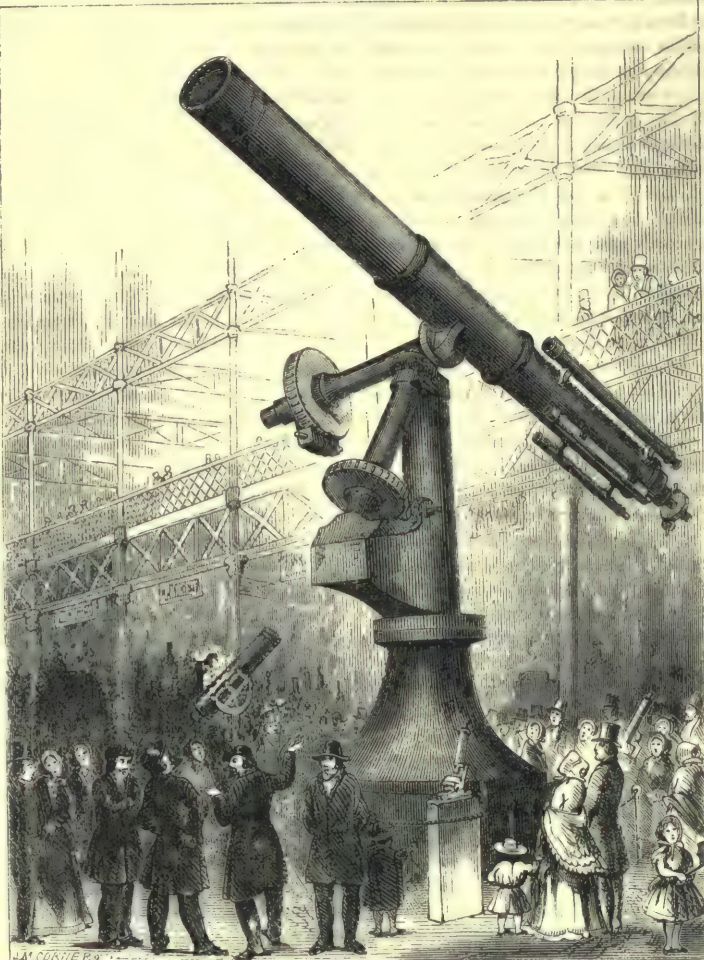
in its rotation upon its axis and orbit around the sun—do the very small *proper* movements, or real changes amongst the stars themselves, become more conspicuously manifest. And as our trophy telescope of 1851 has an object-glass of no less than eleven inches in diameter; of exquisite quality, so as to enable very high magnifying powers to be employed; and furnished with all instrumental appliances to render those optical qualities effective,—let us see what it can show us amongst the stars in our day: as well

amongst the oldest and those which have been fondly and wistfully gazed at by man, ever since he was first placed by his great Creator on earth,—as amongst the newer discoveries of recent times. Seeing too, that we have at the present moment before us, three weeks of observations made with this instrument during last September, we shall be able to bring our “Good Words” news from the sidereal heavens, down to a very late date indeed.

III.—THE EMPLOYMENT OF IT FOR ITS ULTIMATE OBJECTS.

Now we do trust, before entering upon this third section of our subject, that none of our readers can deem the looking through a large telescope for astronomical purposes, to be either an easy or a trifling occupation; or a means whereby, without any trouble, you can instantly make important astronomical discoveries. You may indeed look

into the greatest telescope that ever was made, and yet not see anything that strikes you as particularly different from what you have seen elsewhere, if you look in merely in a cursory manner, and without trying hard to study what you see there, with your mind as well as your eyes. For, a known star visible to the naked eye will of course appear, in such an instrument, much *brighter* than in a smaller one; but that by itself would constitute no discovery. And again, many small stars may and will appear in



It's earliest appearance.

such a telescope, which no human eye unassisted could ever appreciate, but that would be no proof that yours was the first human eye which had observed them telescopically. While, even if it were so, another and another single small star added to the almost infinite number of small stars already recognised in the sky, and where all that is wanting to discover myriads more is simply increase of telescopic power, would be an addition to knowledge which few persons would thank us for; and not even astronomers be much interested to hear about.

"What then would astronomers care for, as a discovery," do you ask? Why, thereto we reply, that, true to the derivation of his name, an astronomer would prize exceedingly any steps towards ascertaining the laws to which the stars are subject; those laws of force and motion, light, heat, and electricity, which the omnipotent Creator of the universe has set them to obey; and which they follow implicitly in letter and spirit, and in the very essence of perfect obedience, with every infinitesimal particle of

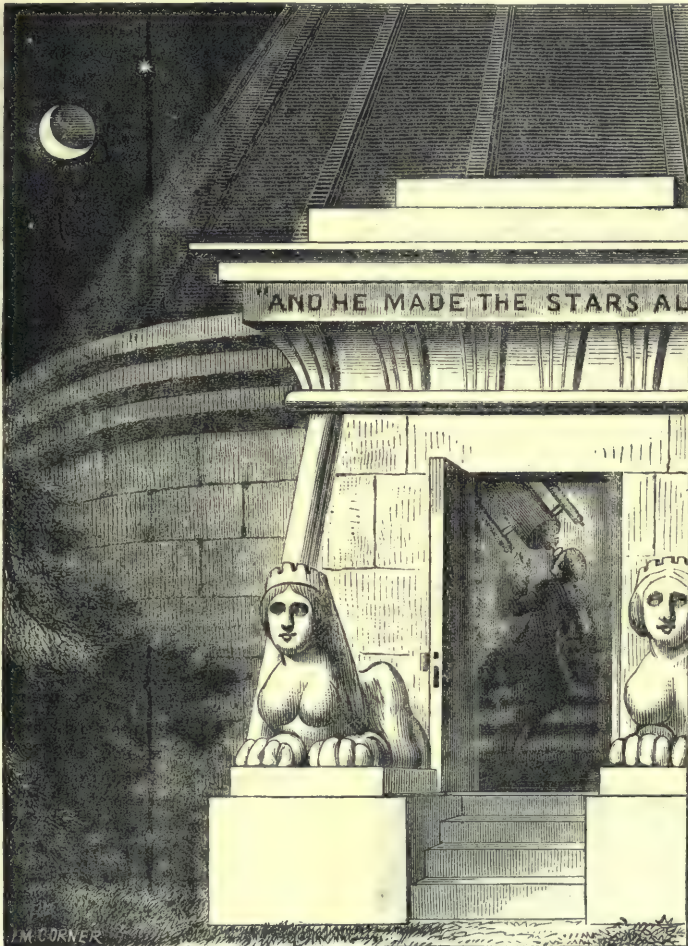
their being. Now the nature of those laws is only to be gathered from the results of their action; and these results, though always absolutely true and consistent, may nevertheless be barely if at all visible to us, by reason of the transcending distance from us at which they are enacted in their stellar spheres. Hence, then, why astronomers are always labouring to employ both the highest magnifying power on their telescopes; and, even more important still, the most accurate means

of "micrometer" measurement, so that they may become aware of the first symptom of any real visible change amongst any of the stars; and then, having discovered that, to watch the course such changes may pursue from year to year and from generation to generation; gradually making out their order; and finally, perhaps, in a reverent spirit approximating to their cause, and learning to look through Nature up to Nature's God.

Let us then, on this understanding, begin with some of the simpler stellar observations, by turn-

ing the telescope to that bright orb "Vega," or "a Lyrae;" the second brightest orb of the northern hemisphere, and rising in our latitudes so nearly to the very zenith, that we see it in this country in its fullest earthly effulgence. What does the telescope show? It shows a star extraordinarily brilliant, but yet very small. There is a hard intense little knot, as it were, of bright light in the middle, and all around are rays and rings of tremulous splendour, like a diamond glory,

these large surroundings are, however, merely the disturbances or imperfections of the atmosphere and telescope, acting on that central little disc of concentrated light; for there lies the whole star. That disc is perhaps only one second in breadth; but the greater part even of that, as to size, is a spurious enlargement of the telescope; for not the best ever made by man, can concentrate the excessive brilliancy and abundance of the rays emitted by the star, and showered into the object-glass like



Its second location.

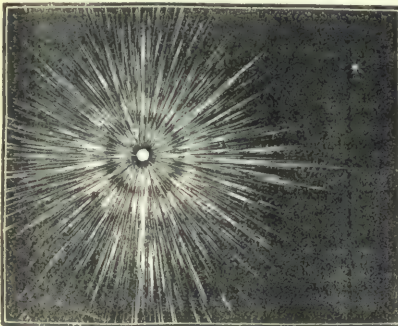
a faint sheet of sunshine, into the really small point only from which they appear to emanate. And whereas this star *a Lyrae*, is one of the very few whose distance from the earth has been measured (of which we may have something more to say on another occasion), we can compute with certainty, though the distance be something exceeding great,* that our sun, stupendous in actual

* About 860,000 times the earth's distance from the sun; and that being 95,000,000 of miles, the whole

size though it be (or, 800,000 miles in diameter), yet, if removed to the same distance, would offer an angular breadth of only *two thousandths* of a second; and, as it has also been demonstrated by refined observation and calculation, our noble sun would then afford only one-eighth part of the light which is now shed by a Lyræ. Plainly, then, this star is a sun also, and even more than a sun, in size and brilliance; while every observation that is made on other stars tells that they also, if not always intrinsically quite so large or bright, yet invariably bear in those respects far more analogy to our sun, than to the earth or any other planet that we are acquainted with.

Telescopically however only, and as they, at their immense distances, appear to us here, have we to deal with the stars now; and as such, one of the leading features to be observed by any man who may be placed for the time at the end of the telescope, is, if they are "single" or "double;" the term double implying, that the telescope often discloses that which no naked eye could ever have found out, viz., that there is another, and generally a smaller, star more or less close, and sometimes exceedingly close, to the large star. When such "duplicitly" has been ascertained, the next step is to discover whether it be an *optical* double star; i. e., merely seen in the same direction through the transparent realms of space, but with one of the orbs situated really so far beyond the other, as to be practically out of all reach of its attraction and influence; or, a *physical* double star, where the two component stars are at the same distance from the earth; are really, as well as apparently, close together; and so acting and reacting on each other by mutual gravitation and original impulse, as to become a *binary* system, with a slow revolution of each orb, probably in many years, round their common centre of gravity, much as with a satellite circulating round a planet.

Now a Lyræ has one of these companion stars; an exceedingly small star too, which it requires a



a Lyræ, an Optical Double Star.

good telescope to show at all; but happily the "trophy" of 1851 shows it so well, as to allow of

amounts to so many, that light, travelling at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time, would take thirteen years to accomplish the distance.

good micrometer measures being taken, of the exact apparent distance at which the small star is at present from the large one, and the direction, as seen from the earth, in September 1862. These measures, therefore, having been made, computed, and compared with the results of previous observers, as the Herschels, the Struves, and other great astronomers, confirm and extend their ideas of this being an *optical* double star only; and a case where one of the components, the large star, is endowed with a certain anomalous motion of its own, relative to all other stars, whereby it is found to alter its distance every year by about half a second from its apparently little, and really excessively distant, optical companion; and to be travelling along in nearly a straight line: the apparent straightness being, however, merely an indication of the vastness of the radius of the curve which the star must be describing about some unknown controlling centre.

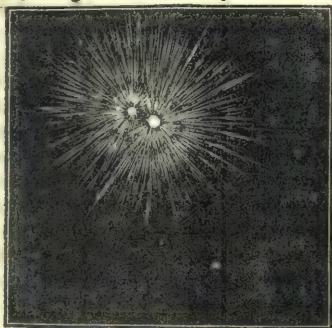
The bright star in the constellation of the eagle, "a Aquilæ," is another similar optical double star, where the principal member is also influenced by "proper motion;" and where the trophy telescope proved that movement to be still ceaselessly at work, in its microscopic quantity, but changeless direction; symptomatic of the greatness of its cycle of years and path. Altogether, out of twenty-nine double stars observed, four of them were found similar in character to the above, but with different amounts and directions of the "proper" movement; amounts always so small that many thousands of years must occur before the arrangement of the stars in any constellation is by them altered to a casual beholder; but always so well certified to a good telescopic observer, and proved so sure, so measured, and so constant that they may well raise man's highest speculations as to their cause. Especially so, when our own sun has been proved to be in motion also amongst the stars, a star amongst the stars; and part of the apparent movements, therefore, observed in the closer of these, may be only the relative effects of our own change of place, as we are carried along with the sun through the starry universe at a rate, it is believed, of 422,000 miles per day.

Again, when we came to examine further, our observations of the twenty-nine double stars with the "trophy" telescope,—some of them proved to be *physical* double stars, the class first discovered and proved to exist by Sir William Herschel. In these, the modern observation compared with those more ancient, showed a telescopic amount of movement in the interval, of one star relatively to the other; but instead of being in nearly a straight line, as in the former examples, it was in a small curve of one star round the other.

In such case, the distance hardly varies, only the direction in which the one star bears from the other, technically called the "position angle," at different epochs; and there are cases in which, since their first discovery by that colossal observer,

Sir William, the small star has moved round more than once, through a whole revolution. Generally, only a few degrees of this change can be perceived after an interval of many years; and thus we found it with that conspicuous example of the class, " α Geminorum."

This fine bright star, the northern of the two Twins, and known also as "Castor," though to the naked eye a single star of about the second magnitude, yet appears most conspicuously in every telescope of anything more than very moderate power,



α Geminorum, a Physical Double Star.

to be composed of two members, *i. e.*, of two stars of nearly equal magnitude, and very close together compared with the instances just described. Each star is of about the third magnitude, and their distance asunder nearly five seconds at this present time; forming, as Sir John Herschel has written years ago, "the largest and finest of all the double stars in our hemisphere, and that whose unequivocal angular motion first impressed on my father's mind a full conviction of the reality of his long-cherished views on the subject of binary stars."

That angular motion in the "position angle," is certainly very remarkable, for while the distance apart of the two stars has barely altered,—their direction, which was, according to Sir William Herschel, 293° in the year 1784, had decreased to 273° in 1814, according to the Russian astronomer Struve; to 270° in 1817, according to Sir John Herschel; to 255° in 1837, according to Admiral Smyth; and to 241° in last September, according to our trophy-telescope in its country retreat. And upon these numbers is now being founded a calculation, not only to ascertain how long one star takes to revolve about the other, but the exact form of the orbit; and whether it is performed under the same influence of gravitation which retains the earth in its path round the sun, and causes a stone, let fall from our hand, to pass through sixteen feet in the first second of time.

Again, some of these *physical* double stars have their orbits laid out so nearly in the plane of view in which we see them, that their truly circular motions are converted into backward and forward movements almost in a straight line; and when that is the case, there is very little change of that element of the direction, or "angle of position," except when they, the two stars, are just passing

each other. Other pairs, again, are found to move in very eccentric orbits, almost like those of comets: and then a very similar effect to what we have just described, but for a different reason, may take place. For when the small star is in the more distant part of its orbit (and the reader will bear in mind that all these distances, great and small, are comprised within a little portion of space quite invisible to the naked eye, and dependent entirely on telescopic magnifying power to make them at all evident to us) it, the small star, moves very slowly; but as it approaches its primary its speed accelerates; and at last, when it is just in the act of turning the corner, as it were—or, as with comets, rushing round through their perihelion passage, with all the energy accumulated in their long descent from their aphelion—then the so-called "fixed star" of the vulgar, shows a rapidity of change which is indeed most startling, and instructive too to the attentive mind.

The star, or more strictly the two neighbouring stars, known as " 70 Ophiuchi," is a good example of one of the *physical* double stars with a very eccentric orbit. Its position-angle in last September was found 108° ; agreeing very well with the continued decrease noted by former observers, as 122° in 1842, and 136° in 1831; but then its distance was found only six seconds; whereas in 1842 it had been almost seven, and had been regularly increasing there up to, from five seconds in 1830, and three seconds in 1804. What was the reason, then, of this apparent discordance in one element only, of the star's description by observation? Could the trophy-telescope have erred by so much as a single second, in the distance apart of two little stars? No! we were sure that was impossible; and then examining the orbit of the star, as computed approximately some years ago by eminent astronomers, found that the greatest distance of the one star from the other was expected, or should have been reached, in 1847; and that ever since then, it should have been approaching its primary, now too, with even a sensibly accelerated rate. But its utmost velocity is reserved for its nearest approach, or the *periastral* passage, which is to occur about 1887; and then will be the time to make crucial observations on the actual facts, which shall test to the uttermost the best of human theories. Whence we may fairly expect that, little as this comparatively small star-group (one of the stars is of the fourth magnitude, the other of the seventh) is known at present to the world at large, it will be exciting immense interest a few years hence, and form the interesting central point towards which the optic axes of all astronomers' telescopes will be converging month after month, and night after night.

Thus far we have dealt only with the *movements* of the stars, as influenced by gravitation, or other attractive and mechanical agents to motion; but there is far more in them than that alone to study. Their light at once tells us this; and

when we turn to our own earth, and see how intimately every form of life, and even every elemental motion, as of the winds of the air and the waves of the sea, the evaporation of water and the descent of rain, everything, in fact, which is necessary to the existence of organized beings, depends entirely on the sun, and on the exact amount of light and heat which he throws out for the time being; when we further look to the sun with telescopes, and note the ceaseless activity of the heat-throes on his surface, each one of which produces its corresponding effect on the climate of the earth; and when we further find that these variations of the sun's intensity of light and heat, although apparently at each moment the result of small accidents and chance explosions, are yet amenable to laws and cycles; some of a few regularly recurring years; but some, of ages yet untold, and leading irresistibly to dire extremities of cold and heat that at present we entirely wot not of,—we can but come to the inevitable conclusion that the abode of man, as well as man himself, is fearfully and wonderfully made.

But the fearfulness of the Christian man on such an occasion is that which partakes of reverence, of admiration, of adoration, and of love for the God who has created all, and is in all, and through all: a God who has manifested his surpassing regard for man, in that he sent down his Son from heaven to become the Saviour of even a rebellious race.

The devout physical inquirer, therefore, will not have any of that sinful fear which seeks safety in flight, but will rather draw near, if so be that he may be permitted to behold more of the manifold works of God. To such an one, consequently, the periodical and secular changes of the sun's lustre form an object of interest rather than of dread; and he will even follow them in their resemblances or contrarieties through all the other suns, our stars, of the sky,—seeking still, through those slow steps but sure, viz., the gathering of facts, to arrive at their governing laws; for those laws he knows were the production of infinite wisdom.

Now, it is precisely by studying the innumerable instances of more or less variability of light amongst the stars, that we may arrive more speedily at a knowledge of the laws or ranges of the variations which may pervade the phenomena of our own sun; for amongst the stars are to be found here and there, in time as well as in space, cases of such rapid and intense change, that the cycles of our own sun, which occupy probably myriads of years, seem there condensed into a few months, and occasionally even days; allowing thereby the whole beginning, end, and duration of the luminous phenomenon to be watched by one telescope and one observer, over and over again. Most curious are some of the results which then disclose themselves; especially as certain of them are of an entirely different order to what the observer had expected to find.

Thus there is a well-known star, by designation "o Ceti," which may often be seen as a large star of the second magnitude, exceedingly conspicuous therefore to the naked eye; yet five months after, so far as mere optical examination with good telescopes can show, its place knows it no more, and it is gone as completely as though it had been blotted out of creation! When this phenomenon was first witnessed and recognised, by Fabricius in 1596, the mental effect must have been startling; and equally so, but in a more grateful manner, when, after another five months, the star reappeared. What could be the reason of all this, was then asked by mankind.

The first hypothesis, of a motion of the star to and from the earth in an elongated orbit, was soon disproved by observation and calculation; so the next one suggested, that this distant sun might be a body of an irregular figure or varied surface, and that by revolving slowly on its axis, and therefore showing us sometimes one side and sometimes another, would appear thereby to us, though not to all nature, or in actual fact, to vary in brightness. But then, if that had been the true explanation, the intervals between every successive maximum of light should have always remained sensibly equal; for there is nothing known, mechanical or physical, so extraordinarily uniform as the continued rate of rotation of a heavy body isolated in ethereal space. The intervals of o Ceti's changes are, however, not only not equal, but they show rates of regularly recurring accelerations for certain periods, and of retardations in others, that pretty plainly point to the revolution of a large dark planet round that distant sun, and in an elliptical orbit, in perfect accordance with the laws of our planetary revolutions in our own solar system.

Others, again, of the variable stars are not to be so explained, and do indicate an actual increase and decrease of the total light shed out by them. Few, indeed, of the stars, when questioned closely, are found to be quite constant in this respect. So at least our trophy telescope seemed to indicate; and continued observation is at present our sole resource for information.

Seeing, then, how the skies teem every day with new phenomena, and we are elsewhere informed that they show forth the glory of God, let us hope that men will not pass them idly by, like the beasts that perish; but that, amongst many others, the huge telescopes, somewhat vainly and of a certainty rather prematurely exhibited as "trophies" at the *second* Exhibition, may,—like our present example from the *first* World's Fair,—be adopted by noble men with pious and earnest souls; and be similarly found, when the third Exhibition shall have arrived, in some retired corner of the land, steadily employed in learning and teaching the laws of the starry heavens.

C. PIAZZI SMYTH.

THE FEMALE DIACONATE IN THE EARLY CHURCH.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

MUCH has been written and said of late years on the subject of "Deaconesses," of "Sisterhoods," in the Protestant Churches. The "Blue Flag of Kaiserswerth" has had its history recorded ere this in the pages of *Good Words*. There is a growing knowledge of the fact that "Deaconesses" formed part of the economy of the early Church; that "sisterhoods" have done much of the good that has been done by the Church of Rome. Yet few people perhaps have asked themselves whether the female diaconate of the early Church, the Sisterhood of the Roman Catholic, the Deaconesses' Institute of the Protestant, represent the same or different ideas; in what they agree, in what they differ; what may be the outcome of each. The subject is one which has long been of deep interest to me; and perhaps the following pages, taken from notes gathered many years since, may at this time prove to be of some interest.

"I commend unto you Phœbe our sister, which is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea" (Rom. xvi. 1). If the Greek word here translated "servant," had been rendered as in the 6th chapter of Acts, the 3d of the 1st Epistle to Timothy, and in many other passages of the apostolical writings, the verse would have run thus: "I commend unto you Phœbe our sister, which is a *deacon* of the church which is at Cenchrea." Reserving therefore all questions as respects the functions of the persons whom the word designates, but adhering to the form which is nearest to the Greek, we may say that undeniably there is mention of female "deacons" in the New Testament. The deacon Phœbe must moreover have been a person of some consideration. St. Paul begins with her name the list of his personal recommendations or salutations to the Roman Church, and recommends her at greater length than any other person. "That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also." Evidently this "servant of the church," this "succourer" of apostles, could have been no mere pew-opener, no filler of a purely menial office.

Turn now to the 3d chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, where the apostle gives successively those noble pictures of the Christian bishop, of the Christian deacon. "A bishop," he says, "must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; . . . one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." Proceeding next to the deacons: "Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre.

. . . Even so must *their wives*" (so says our translation) "be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things. Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own house."

Many no doubt will have been struck by the circumstance, that whilst the deacons' wives are mentioned in the above passage, there is no parallel injunction as to the wives of bishops, although the former are treated obviously as married men and fathers of families, in precisely similar terms; whereas if the example of a deacon's wife be of sufficient moment to deserve a special apostolic exhortation, that of a bishop's wife must need it far more. Accordingly, Calvin and some others have held that the word rendered "their wives" means the wives of the bishops as well as of the deacons,—an interpretation which would itself do violence to our text, and which certainly accuses St. Paul of hasty and slovenly writing. For, if he had meant this, surely he would more naturally have inserted the verse at the end of the whole exhortation, after the present ver. 13, than have "thrown in"—to use an expression of Chrysostom's in a comment to be presently referred to—something about bishops' as well as deacons' wives at once in a passage referring to deacons, both before and after. This interpretation, at all events, seems to have been entirely foreign to the early church. Two meanings only appear to have been put upon the passage till the Reformation: one which referred it to women generally; the other, which referred it to the female diaconate.

Both these senses rest indeed upon the literal text. It will be observed that the word "their," in ver. 11, is printed in italics, indicating insertion at the hands of our translators. The Greek word, on the other hand, translated "wives," signifies primarily "women." Literally, therefore, the verse might run thus: "Even so must *women* be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." Accordingly, the Latin Vulgate translates by the equivalent for "women," not for "wives;" our own Wycliffe following in its wake, and writing, "also *st* bihoveth *wymmen* to be chast," etc. Upon this construction Chrysostom, in his homilies on this epistle (the 11th), observes as follows:—"Some say that this is spoken of women generally; but it is not so. For why should he have thrown in something about women amongst the things which he has been saying? But he speaks of those that have the dignity of the diaconate." If, therefore, "*women-deacons*" are meant, the sense is plain. Just as the men-deacons must be grave, not double-tongued, etc., even so must the women-deacons be grave, not slanderous, etc. Thus, to sum up the argument, if the wives of the deacons be intended,

the omission of all mention of bishops' wives seems unaccountable; if the wives of bishops and deacons alike are meant, the reference to the former is strangely thrown in amidst injunctions specially referring to the diaconal office; if women generally, the injunction is thrown in still more strangely; but if "women-deacons" be really meant, instead of either an unaccountable omission or an illogical insertion, we have a command strictly sufficient, strictly logical, and in strict accordance, as I shall presently show, with the facts of Church history.*

One great cause of the obscurity in which the history of the female diaconate has been involved has been the existence in the early Church, from the apostolic age, of another class of women in later times frequently confounded with female deacons. "Honour widows that are widows indeed," says St. Paul (1 Tim. v. 3, *et seq.*); "but if any widow have children or nephews, let them learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents, for that is good and acceptable before God. Now she that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayers night and day. . . . Let not a widow be taken into the number under threescore years old, having been the wife of one man, well reported of for good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work. . . . If any man or woman that believeth hath widows, let them relieve them, and let not the church be charged, that it may relieve them that are widows indeed."

What does the picture here given amount to? Surely it is that of the *almswomen* of the primitive Church; persons free from all family ties ("if any widow have children or nephews"), and at the same time destitute of all family support ("she that is a widow indeed, and desolate" . . . "if any man or woman that believeth hath widows, let them relieve them"), who, after a life of Christian usefulness ("well reported of for good works," etc.), were thought worthy of being provided for by the Church ("let not the church be charged, that it may relieve them that are widows indeed") in their old age ("let not a widow be taken into the number under threescore years"), being released from all duties of active benevolence ("she that is a widow indeed . . . continueth in supplications and prayers night and day"). Now, the details of this picture are very much the reverse of what is implied in the word *deacon*, *i.e.*, man or maid-ser-

vant. As the primary function of the deacon was one of a purely ministerial nature, to "serve tables"—and let it be remembered that the very necessity for the office arose from the neglect of the Greek "widows" in the "daily ministrations" (the original Greek word is "diaconate")—so we may at once assume that the female deacon's duties must have been active ones. We can hardly suppose, for instance, that a widow of sixty, such as St. Paul describes, would, like the deacon Phoebe, have undertaken a long journey under all the difficulties of ancient navigation, charged, if a tradition accepted by our translators speaks true, with the care of the epistle in which she is mentioned. And shall we be far from the truth if, judging from St. Paul's commendation of Phoebe, we conjecture that the female deacon was what the widow had been, a bringer-up of children, a lodger of strangers, a reliever of the afflicted, a diligent follower of every good work? If so, it would easily follow that aged female deacons would be adopted into the class of widows; that women who had actively ministered to the Church during the working-time of their lives should in turn be ministered to by the Church in their old days, and allowed to devote themselves to prayer and contemplation. And thus the two ideas might in time run into one.

Not only the Church widows, however, but a class of persons dating from a scarcely later age, and who may be considered to have grown up out of a forced application of 1 Cor. vii. 25, the Church virgins, as well as the female elders or presbyters of some schismatical churches, and a class of "sister-women," a mere corruption of later days, have more or less been confounded with the female deacons at some time or other by the views or practice of particular churches, and the so-called labours of commentators; and the history of the true female diaconate has to be disentangled from a mass of misconceptions and misapplications of texts, wilful, stupid, or ignorant, filling the pages of the best books of reference, repeated without inquiry from author to author, till they seem to borrow something of the weight of each, almost incredible to any one who has not traced passage after passage to its source. And I here warn any student who should wish to examine the subject for himself, never to allow the most appalling array of modern names, with or without Latin endings, to have any influence with him against one single text of Scripture, or of an early authority.

Let us now turn to a work of which many varying judgments have been held by men of learning and weight—for some a clumsy forgery, for others a precious and genuine relic—the so-called "Apostolical Canons" or "Constitutions." Observe that, if they be forgeries, they are forgeries of an early age, and as such, possessed of real historical value. For every literary forgery must bear the impress of the time at which it was got up; it must look backward always, never forward;

* Several modern critics, especially German, infer from Tit. ii. 3, the existence of a class of female presbyters, invested with a sort of magisterial functions,—a class of persons of which some traces, indeed, are to be found later in schismatical bodies, but never in the Church. I cannot say how strongly I feel that our translators are upon this point entirely in the right, and that the apostle has simply in view a contrast of age between "aged men" and "aged women" on the one hand and "young men" and "young women" on the other.

some vestiges of past reality must linger in it, and by those vestiges we may often complete a subsisting fragment of reality itself. Now, in the "Apostolical Constitutions," the female Deacon or Deaconess, the Widow, the Virgin, all come before us as distinct types; the first as invested with an office; the second as the object of affectionate regard and support; the third of religious commendation. Of the Deaconess (as I shall call her henceforth) it is provided, that she shall be "a pure virgin," or otherwise "a widow once married, faithful and worthy;" a very natural provision, since the cares of a family would prevent a married woman from concentrating her whole energies on her diaconal functions. At service, whilst the "door-keeper" was to stand and watch at the men's entrance to the church, the deaconess was in like manner to stand at the women's entrance (a function which indeed, in a constitution of the eighth and latest book, is ascribed to the sub-deacon), and was, moreover, to act in the same manner as the male deacon with respect to placing females in the congregation, whether poor or rich. She was also to fulfil the duties of a male deacon in those cases where "a man-deacon cannot be sent to some houses towards women on account of unbelievers," *i.e.*, to prevent scandal. Lastly, her most important offices were those relating to the baptizing of women, the necessity for which has been obviated in later times by the discontinuance of the practice of baptism by immersion, or the practice of immersion under a form which the early Church would not have recognised as valid. It is even provided that "no woman shall approach the deacon or the bishop without the deaconess." And it is said generally, in a constitution concerning the deacons, that "the woman" (an expression strongly recalling 1 Tim. ii. 11, and affording additional ground for construing it as relating to the deaconesses) "should be zealous to serve women;" whilst "to both pertain messages, journeys to foreign parts, ministrations, services." The traditional journey of Phœbe to Rome with St. Paul's Epistle would thus be strictly within the limits of her functions.

Towards fulfilling these duties, the deaconess is represented as receiving an ordination from the bishop, under a simple and beautiful form of service attributed to the Apostle Bartholomew:—

"Touching the deaconess, I Bartholomew do thus ordain: O bishop, thou shalt lay on her thy hands, in the presence of the presbytery, of the deacons, and of the deaconesses, and thou shalt say:—

"O everlasting God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Creator of man and woman, who didst fill with Thy Spirit Mary and Deborah, and Hannah and Hulda: who didst not disdain to cause Thine only-begotten Son to be born of a woman; who didst admit into the tabernacle of the testimony and into the temple the women guardians of Thy holy gates: Thyself look down even now upon

Thy servant now admitted into the diaconate, and give to her Thy Holy Spirit, and cleanse her from all pollution of the flesh and spirit, that she may worthily fulfil Thy work thus intrusted to her, to Thy glory, and to the praise of Thy Christ, with whom to Thee be glory and worship, and to the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen."

Some may feel shocked at the idea of the ordination of a woman, of the Holy Ghost being invoked upon her. A distinction has even been made by some Protestant, as well as Romish writers, between the imposition of hands as a ceremonial benediction and a real ordination. The original word certainly affords not the slightest ground for such a distinction, which other writers, like Bingham, wholly repudiate. But it seems to me that the laying on of hands upon a deaconess was eminently characteristic of the faith of early times. It was because men felt still that the Holy Ghost alone could give power to do any work to God's glory, that they deemed themselves constrained to ask such power of Him, in setting a woman to do church work. Nor did such ordination in the least interfere with any needful distinctions of office. "The deaconess," it is said, "does not give the blessing, nor does she fulfil any of the functions of the presbyters or of the deacons, beyond the guarding of doors, and the supplying the place of the presbyters in the baptizing of women." In other words, she was ordained not to preach, not to bless, exactly as others were ordained to preach and to bless. From other provisions, it may be seen that the deaconess ranked after the presbyter and deacon, and at least on a par with, if not before, the sub-deacon. Very different is the language of these Constitutions respecting widows, of whom it is said expressly in one place: "The widows should be grave, obedient to the bishops, to the presbyters, and to the deacons, and also to the deaconesses;" and it is specifically stated, in a constitution attributed to Lebbeus son of Thaddeus, that "the widow is not ordained." Of the Church virgin (who is, however, now treated as having dedicated *herself*, not as having been dedicated by others—as in 1 Cor. vii.—to Christ) it is specifically stated that she is "not ordained." The contrast between the ordained deaconess and the non-ordained widows and virgins, illustrates well the typical, universal character which belongs to the offices of the Christian Church. Deaconesses were ordained, because the Diaconate was the type of that universal duty of serving one another, which our Lord so specially inculcated in the washing of His disciples' feet. Widows were not ordained, because widowhood and virginity are not offices, but mere conditions of life; because they have nothing of a universal character, but are merely exceptional in their nature. The teachings of the Apostolical Constitutions on this subject, I must say, appear to me quite in accordance with the view now perhaps most generally entertained.

that they represent the condition of the Greek Church at some period of the second century.*

Except in the Apostolical Constitutions, up to the latter end of the fourth century, there is little of real moment, less of real interest, to be found in Eastern Church writers respecting our subject, although *Hermas*, as once mentioned by Principal Tulloch in *Good Words*, indicates the existence of women who seem to have had authority over the widows and orphans. The epistles falsely attributed to Ignatius, whilst referring to the deaconesses as "keepers of the holy gates," bear witness of their later date, by the far greater prominence they give to virgins,—treating them as "priestesses of Christ,"—holding them up to veneration,—and confounding them, according to one text at least, with the widows. Not to speak of a doubtful passage in Clement of Alexandria, writing towards the end of the second or beginning of the third century, Origen, an Egyptian writer of slightly later date (184-253), in commenting on Phœbe and her mission, speaks of the ministry of women in the Church as both existing and necessary.

If we turn now to the Western Church,—a remarkable passage from the letters of the Younger Pliny, writing for advice to Trajan, how to deal with the Christians, shows that it was upon two deaconesses that the elegant letter-writer—the Chesterfield of antiquity—sought to prove by torture the truth of those strange confessions of the Christians, "that they were wont on a stated day to meet before dawn, and repeat among themselves in alternate measure a song addressed to Christ, as to a God; and by their vow to bind themselves, not to the committing of any crime, but against theft, and robbery, and adultery, and breach of faith, and denial of trust, after which it was their custom to depart, and again to meet for the purpose of taking food." In the Latin Church, however, the distinction between the deaconess and the church-widow, and between the latter and the church-virgin, appears to have become early obliterated. Neander, indeed, shows well that the more stringent separation of the sexes in the Eastern Church created a more permanent necessity there for the peculiar services of the deaconess, whilst more exalted notions of priestly privileges tended in the West to impart a something offensive to her position as a recognised member of the ordained clergy. Tertullian (150-226, or there-

abouts) supplies us with the first Western instance of growing confusions; inveighing indeed against that between the widow and the virgin, but in terms which indicate the presence in his mind of a feeling that the widow, whilst receiving maintenance from the Church, is one engaged in the active duties of religion, and holding a place of actual honour. Another passage of his, however, which has been relied on as a staple authority for the identity of the two characters of deaconess and widow, if interpreted by earlier records, will be found, on the contrary, to bear an exactly opposite construction.

A century later, a canon of the Nicene Council (326) bears witness to the existence of an ordained female diaconate amongst the Paulianist heretics, and by implication also in the Church itself, although it has been strangely interpreted to forbid altogether the ordination of deaconesses. A canon of the Council of Laodicea (360 to 370) has been still more strongly pressed into this service, although it only forbids the appointment of female elders in the Church. In the Fourth Synod or Council of Carthage (whose canons have been considered to be, in fact, a collection of those of many African Councils) we find, again, passages which have been used, without the slightest testing of their weight, as authorities in treating of the female diaconate, whilst in fact they only show us widows and consecrated virgins invested with some of the functions of the deaconess. By the end of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, however, references to the female diaconate, and notices of individual deaconesses, become frequent in the writings of the leading Greek fathers.

Theodoret tells of a deaconess in the time of Julian, how she "evangelized" the son of a heathen priest, encouraged him to stand fast under persecution, sheltered him from his father's wrath. He subsequently gives a chapter to the story of "Publia the deaconess, and her godly boldness;" who "being with the choir of the perpetual virgins," and "the Emperor chancing one day to pass, they began more lustily with one accord to sing forth, deeming the wretch worthy of all contempt and ridicule; and chiefly they sang those psalms which deride the impotence of idols. . . . The Emperor, hearing these songs, and being thereby stung to the quick, bade them be silent while he passed. But she, holding cheap his commands, filled the choir with greater boldness, and again, as he passed by, bade them sing, 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered.' When he, bitterly wroth, bade the mistress of the choir be brought before him, . . . and showing neither pity for her grey hairs, nor respect for her virtue, ordered one of his guards to strike her on both cheeks, covering his hands with her blood. But she, taking this shame for sovran honour, withdrew into her cell, and still continually pursued him with her spiritual songs," as David was wont to still the evil spirit of Saul, adds the author; av

* I have not space here to dwell on the confused and discrepant passages on the same subject which are to be found in another collection of "Apostolical Constitutions," to which the late Baron Bunsen, in his *Hippolytus*, has ascribed a higher authority than to the Greek—the Coptic, edited and translated a few years since by Archdeacon Tattam. My own opinion, I must say, is that the Coptic collection, in its present shape, whatever early fragments may be imbedded in it, is, on the contrary, later than the Greek. The passages in question show at least that the Coptic Church, like the Greek, deemed the appointment of ministering women an essential feature in the organization of the Church.

odd comparison, seeing that, by his own account, *Publia* irritated *Julian's* evil passions instead of soothing them. The function of the deaconess, as head of the church-virgins, is referred to in other contemporary authorities.

Not to dwell on *Epiphanius*, who in two separate passages sets forth specifically (in general accordance with the Apostolical Constitutions) the institution and certain of the principal functions of the deaconesses, taking at the same time occasion to point out that the Church "never established elderesses or priestesses," the history of *Chrysostom* is essentially interwoven with that of the female diaconate, through the names of several deaconesses, his devoted followers.

Olympias, the most prominent of all, was an orphan of good birth, who had been married when young, but whose husband had died twenty months after, and whom the emperor *Theodosius* had sought in vain to marry a second time to one of his own kinsmen. She was, when still young in widowhood, ordained a deaconess. Her unbounded liberalities drew upon her the reproof of *Chrysostom*, who exhorted her to moderate her alms; and this counsel is assigned as one of the motives of the deep hatred borne to *Chrysostom* by the greedy priesthood of the metropolis. Of her stanch adherence to *Chrysostom* on his expulsion from the episcopate, her "manly" conduct under persecution, as well as of that of the deaconess *Pertadia*, who "knew nothing but the Church and her room," details will be found in *Sozomen*. The relation of *Chrysostom* to *Olympias* was peculiarly intimate, so that she looked after his daily food when he was in Constantinople. Eighteen of his letters are addressed to "My Lady the Deaconess *Olympias*, most worthy and beloved of God."

After saying that he will not dwell on her almsgiving, "whereof thou holdest the sceptres, and didst bind on the crown of old," he proceeds: "For who should tell thy varied, manifold, and many-sided endurance, and what speech should be sufficient for us, what measure for our history, if one should enumerate thy sufferings from thy earliest age until now: those from members of thy household, those from strangers, those from friends, those from enemies, those from persons connected with thee by blood, those from persons in nowise connected with thee, those from men in power, those from the prosperous, those from the rulers, those from the common people, those from men reckoned in the clergy. . . . But if one should turn also to the other forms of this virtue, and should go through no more thy sufferings received from others, but those which thou hast contrived for thyself,—what stone, what iron, what adamant shall he not find conquered by thee? For having received a flesh so tender and delicate, and nourished up in all kinds of luxury, thou hast so conquered it by various sufferings, that it lies no better than slain, and thou hast brought upon thyself such a swarm of diseases as to confound the physician's

skill, and the power of medicine, . . . and to live in perpetual fellowship with pain.

"For thy self-control as respects the table, and thy continence, and thy steadfastness in night-watchings, if any should choose to set it forth at length, how many words will he need! Rather we must seek out some other much greater name for these virtues. For we call that man continent and self-controlled, when he is pressed by some desire and conquers it; but thou hast not what thou mayest conquer; for having blown from the first with great vehemence upon the flesh, thou hast extinguished all its desires. . . . Insensibility alone remains to thee. . . . Thou hast taught thy stomach to be content with so much food and drink as not to perish. . . . That desire being quenched, the desire to sleep was quenched with it; for food is the nourishment of sleep. And indeed thou didst also destroy sleep in another way, having from the beginning done violence to thy nature, and spending whole nights without sleep; latterly, by constant custom, making a nature of the habit. For as sleep is natural to others, so is watching to thee. . . . But if any should examine the time, and how these things took place in unripe age, and the want of teachers, and the many that laid stumbling-blocks, and that from an ungodly house thou hast come now of thyself to the truth in thy soul, and that thine was a woman's body, and one delicate through the nobility and luxury of thy ancestors, how many seas of wonders will he find opening out at every point! . . . Willingly would I tarry over these words, and sail over a boundless sea, or seas rather, following the many-branched tracks of each virtue of thine, whereof each track should bring forth a sea again, if I were to dwell on thy patience, and thy humility, and thy many-shaped almsgiving, which has stretched to the very ends of the world, and on thy charity, that hath outdone ten thousand furnaces, and on thy boundless prudence, full of grace, and surpassing the measures of nature. . . . But I will endeavour to show the lion by his claw, by saying a few words of thy dress, of the garments that hang simply and at haphazard around thee. This indeed seems a lesser achievement than others; but if any should view it diligently, he will find it very great, and needing a philosophic soul, which tramples upon all the things of life, and takes flight to the very heaven. . . . For I do not only marvel at the unspeakable coarseness of thy attire, surpassing that of the very beggars, but above all at the shapelessness, the carelessness of thy garments, of thy shoes, of thy walk; all which things are virtue's colours."

He then says that his object has not been to praise, but to console her, in order that, "ceasing to consider this man's sin and that man's fault, thou mayest bear in mind perpetually the struggles of thy endurance, thy patience, thy abstinence, thy prayers, thy holy night-long watches, thy continence, thine almsgiving, thy hospitality, thy mani-

fold and difficult and frequent trials. Reflect how from thy first age until the present day, thou hast not ceased to feed Christ when a-hungred, to give Him drink when thirsty, to clothe Him when naked, to take Him in when a stranger, to visit Him when sick, to go unto Him when bound. . . . Be proud, and rejoice in the hope of these crowns and of these rewards."

I do not wish to soften one line of this most painful picture, which might be developed to almost any extent, as the "sea" of Chrysostom's panegyric, to use his own favourite image, flowed again and again. The days are gone when Phoebe travelled forth from land to land in charge of an apostle's letters. The days are gone when the deaconess went from house to house, carrying the good tidings into the seclusion of the women's apartments. The demon of ascetic self-righteousness has entered in, and is fostered by the preachings even of one of the greatest men, the most exemplary prelates of the age. The deaconesses, we are told, do not "depart from the Church." Profuse in almsgiving they may be, but how little can they be effectual "succourers of many," when by their austerities they ruin their health, when it is one of the features of Chrysostom's panegyric of Olympias, that she has brought upon her such a swarm of diseases as to defy all means of cure? No wonder that Epiphanius, Chrysostom's contemporary, mainly dwells upon that one duty of theirs, of assisting in the baptizing of women. Such easy, stay-at-home functions were the only ones now fit for them. No wonder that he adds a third to the classes from which the deaconesses are to be selected. They are to be, he says, either continent, by which he means virgin-wives, once-married, or once-married widows, or perpetual virgins. The Apostolical Constitutions know of no such monstrosity as voluntary virgin-wives. They do not say that the "pure virgins" who may be made deaconesses are to be perpetual ones.

There has grown up, moreover, a real analogy of character, if not of position, between the deaconess and the apostolical widow. I say the apostolical widow; not by any means the person known by that name in the age of Chrysostom, one of whose achievements was the reform of the Church-widows, and from whose writings it is palpable that this class, instead of having been raised to the level of the deaconesses, had, on the contrary, fallen far below its own original station; that the respectable almswoman had degenerated into the clamorous prayer; nay, that the still greater abuse had crept in of allowing the young and well-to-do to usurp the place of the aged and the destitute. The true pattern at this period of the apostolical widow, continuing in supplications and prayers day and night, was obviously exhibited by deaconesses such as Olympias or Pertadia. Nothing was more natural than that the laity at least should confound the two, and should endeavour to impose upon the

latter all the restrictions—as to age for instance—which St. Paul laid down for the former. A struggle for this purpose now takes place between the State and the Church; the State (in the Theodosian Code, 438) seeking to subject the institution to the disabilities of actual monachism. On the other hand, a canon of the Convent of Chalcedon, almost contemporary with the promulgation of the Theodosian Code (451), enacts, that "the deaconess shall not be ordained before her 40th year, and this with the utmost deliberation; but if, receiving the imposition of hands, and remaining some time in the ministry, she gives herself over to marriage, doing despite to the grace of God, let her be accursed, together with her paramour." By the time of Justinian, the State, after endeavouring for awhile to split the difference (at 50) as to the age of ordination of the deaconess, finally gives in. The distinction between widows and deaconesses is recognised; the number of deaconesses in the church of St. Sophia is fixed by law (80, to 100 male deacons). If the deaconess leave the ministry to enter into marriage, or choose any other mode of life, she is made subject to the penalty of death, as well as her husband or seducer, with confiscation of property for both. These are but a few instances out of many which occur in Justinian's legislation referring to the institution.

At this period, therefore (first half of the sixth century), the office of deaconess in the Eastern Church has become purely sacerdotal, forming a sort of connecting link between the secular and the regular clergy. She is even included, in the heading of one law, under a name (*sanctimonialis*) which in later days is synonymous with "nun." So nearly does her condition approach to that of actual monachism, that the punishment, as we have seen, for the marriage of a deaconess is death against both parties, the legislator not being ashamed to quote as an authority the Pagan one of the Vestal Virgins,—though indeed the repeated provisions on this head seem to show that there was considerable difficulty in enforcing these ascetic rules on the deaconesses. There are now, moreover, two classes of deaconesses, those residing in convents or asceteries (the "skeets" of contemporary Russia), and those attached to churches and living alone. The former must obviously have become almost identified with the nuns among whom they lived; the latter alone could have answered in some wise still to the old Church deaconess, "servant" of the Church.

From this period I am aware of but two or three scattered notices as to the female diaconate in the East. The last occurs in Balsamon, a writer of the twelfth century, as quoted by Suicèr, who treats the office as nearly extinct. No deaconesses, he says, are now ordained, though some of the "ascetes" may be improperly so termed. And the way in which he speaks of them shows that the institution had become lost and stifled in female monachism. "As virgins," he writes,

"they were received by the Church, and guarded according to the command of the bishop, as consecrated to God, except that they wore the garb of the laity, . . . and at forty years old they received ordination as deaconesses, being found qualified in all respects." Among the Jacobites, however, the institution seems to have lingered till a still later period.

If we turn now back from the Eastern to the Western Church, a curious feature presents itself. Ignored by the great Latin Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries—Jerome, for instance—who yet treat widows, as unmistakably as Chrysostom himself, as objects of charity only, the female diaconate, confounded with Church widowship, suddenly makes its appearance under its own name in the decrees of Gaulish Councils of the fifth and sixth centuries, but invariably to be denounced and prohibited. Thus the Synod of Orange, 441; the Synod of Epaône, 517, absolutely forbid the ordination of "widows who are called deaconesses," says the latter. The Synod of Orleans, 533, enacts the excommunication of "any woman who, having received hitherto the blessing of the diaconate against the interdicts of the canons, shall have married again;" a text which shows that, in spite of previous prohibitions, the practice of ordaining deaconesses still existed. The explanation of this prominence in Gaul of the female diaconate in the fifth century I take to be this. Southern Gaul was always one of the great battle-fields between Eastern and Western feelings. Massilia-Marseilles was an old Greek colony; the relations between "the Province" and Greece, intimate in the days of Caesar, were intimate still in the early days of the Christian Church. Irenæus, one of the earliest Greek fathers, was Bishop of Lyons in the second century. New relations were opened between the two countries in the fifth century, through the settlement in Provence of the Basilian monks, and the foundation of the great monasteries of Southern Gaul. Now the fifth century, as we have seen, was, in point of honour, the golden age of the female diaconate in the Eastern Church; and it would be almost unaccountable if, amidst the new tide of Greek influence brought in at this period into Southern Gaul, the female diaconate, in its then half-monastic state, should not have been sought to be revived or re-introduced.

At any rate, it is about this period, and even later than the last interdiction of the female diaconate, that we meet with the most interesting incident connected with it to be found in the annals of the Western Church. It occurs in the story of St. Radegund, a Thuringian princess, wife of the Merovingian Chlothar I. of Neustria, forming the fifth narrative in that most delightful of histories, most truthful of tale-books, Augustin Thierry's *Narratives of Merovingian Times*. After a long period of domestic wretchedness by the side of a brutal husband, and after seeing at last her

only surviving brother, a hostage at Chlothar's court, put to death by his orders, the queen fled to St. Médard, bishop of Noyon. As he was in his church officiating at the altar, "Most holy priest," she cried, "I must leave the world, and change my garments; I entreat thee, most holy priest, do thou consecrate me to the Lord." The bishop hesitated. He was called upon "to dissolve a royal marriage, contracted according to the Salic law, and in conformity with Germanic customs, which the Church, while detesting them, was yet constrained to tolerate. . . . The Frankish lords and warriors who had followed the queen began to surround him, and to cry aloud, with threatening gestures, 'Beware how thou givest the veil to a woman who is married to the king! priest, refrain from robbing the prince of his solemnly-wedded queen!' The most furious among them, throwing hands upon him, dragged him violently from the altar-steps into the nave of the church, whilst the queen, affrighted with the tumult, was seeking with her women a refuge in the vestry. But here, collecting herself, . . . she threw a nun's dress over her regal garments, and thus disguised, proceeded towards the sanctuary where St. Médard was sitting. . . . 'If thou shouldst delay consecrating me,' said she with a firm voice, 'and shouldst fear men more than God, thou wilt have to render thy account, and the Shepherd shall require of thee the soul of His sheep.' . . . He ceased to hesitate, and of his own authority dissolved Radegund's marriage, by consecrating her a deaconess through the laying on of hands. The Frankish lords and vassals, carried away in their turn by the same feelings, durst no more take forcibly back to the royal residence one who in their eyes bore from henceforth the twofold character of a queen and of a woman consecrated to God's service." She subsequently formed a sort of free convent, where the pleasures of literary society, even with men, were combined with devotional exercises and good works. The above narrative points us to a startling fact, which has no parallel in Eastern annals, that ordination to the female diaconate in the West was by this time considered equivalent to divorce.

In spite of all prohibitions, indeed, the idea of a female diaconate seems to have lingered nearly as long, within a century or two, in the West as in the East. The canons of the Council of Worms in the ninth century repeat an earlier canon against the re-marriage of deaconesses. In the Roman Ordinal, and other rituals in use about the ninth century, will be found, it is said, a service for the ordination of a deaconess. This is especially to be remarked, as otherwise, in some of the latest mentions of deaconesses, the word might be taken to be used, as Bingham shows it to have been by one Gaulish Council, in the sense of wife of a deacon. The extinction of the office in the West must thus have nearly coincided with that great victory of the Romish system in the eleventh century, when

God's order of the family was finally expelled from the ministry of His Church. Still, a French author, writing on the Councils of the Church a few years before the outbreak of the great French Revolution, notices some vestiges of the office then yet subsisting in France.

There is surely a lesson for us in this history. Of what the female diaconate did, we know little. But knowing so little, it is sufficiently wonderful that we should find traces of its existence, both in the East and West, for from nine to twelve centuries—about two-thirds, in fact, of the Christian era. This strange obscure persistency indicates, either that it did far more work than is recorded of it, and lived thereby, or that its title to existence was in itself so unquestionable that even its own impotency barely sufficed to extinguish it.

Why did it perish? Evidently through the growth in the Church of the false ascetic principle, and in particular of the practice of religious celibacy, to which, according to its original constitution, it must have been a serious obstacle, by which it suffered itself to be overlaid. The scope of the female diaconate in the primitive Church was, as we have seen, to afford a full development to female energies for religious purposes; to associate women, as far as possible, in rank and practices with men, while preserving to each sex its distinct sphere of activity; to the one the supremacy of the head, to the other that of the heart; to the one power, to the other influence; to the one the office of public preaching, exhortation, relief, to the other that of private exhortation, consolation, helpfulness; yet each acting under the inspiration of that Holy Spirit who was invoked alike over the head of deacon and deaconess at their ordination. True in this was the Church to the laws of man's being, as displayed progressively throughout Holy Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation. By a pre-ordained and eternal marriage, man and woman must be one, in order to fulfil the great destinies of humanity. Genesis shows us how it is not good for man to be alone, how woman is made a help-meet for him. The New Testament discovers to us the deep spiritual ground of this

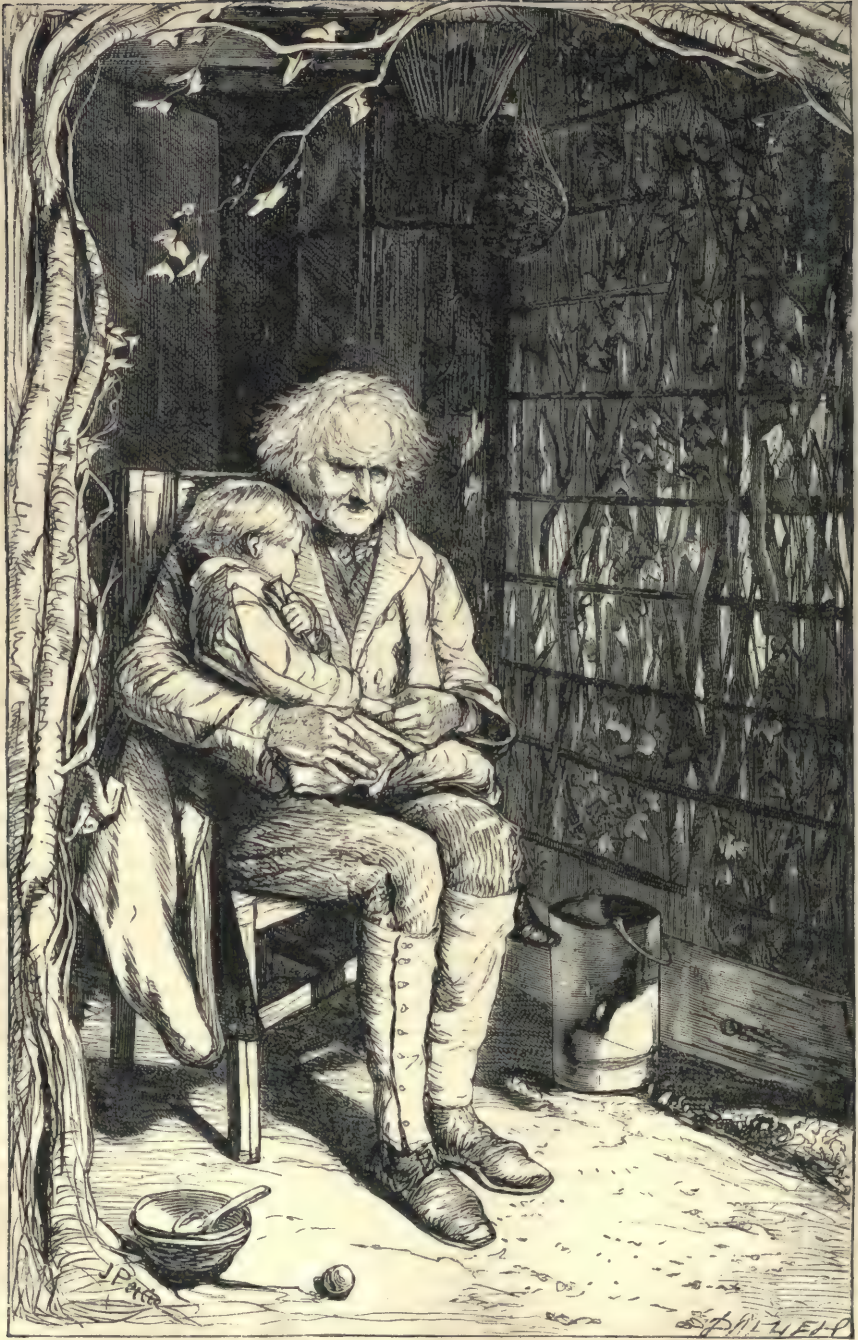
relation, by showing us Christ as the Holy Bridegroom of his hallowed Bride the Church. History confirms the lesson from age to age, from country to country, by showing how, if you deprive either sex of its free action, of its free influence over the other, the result is national sterility; the man a savage, the woman a fool. Restore Eastern women to their rights, and the whole Eastern world will rise up new-born.

Now, there is one most subtle way of sterilizing that eternal wedding. It is, without wholly debasing either sex in the other's eyes, to teach them to live apart, think apart, love apart, for the greater glory of God and of themselves,—as if they were different species of one genus, the union of which could produce nothing but hybrids. Where thus marriage assumes in the eyes of the candidate for superhuman sanctity the shape of a fleshly pollution,—where woman ceases to be man's earthly help-meet,—where it becomes good for man to live alone,—the familiar mingling of the sexes in the active ministrations of religion, unfettered and untrammelled, is impossible. The deaconess should be free as the deacon himself to leave her home at any time for those ministrations; she should be in constant communication with her brethren of the clergy. But place her under a vow of celibacy, every fellow-man becomes to her a tempter whom she must flee from. Hence the high walls of the nunnery, in which eventually we find her confined; hence the vanishing away of her office itself into monachism.

The details above given are sufficient, I think, to show that there is a wide difference between the Deaconesses' Institute of our days and what is recorded of the early female diaconate. That was essentially individual; and the only analogy to it lies in the "parish-deaconess," who goes forth from Kaiserswerth, or elsewhere, to devote herself to a particular congregation; although even she is far from holding that position as a member of the clergy (*cleros*) which is assigned to her by the records of Church history.

In the gap between the two lies the "sisterhood" of later times.





"THE PASSION FLOWERS OF LIFE"

THE PASSION-FLOWERS OF LIFE.

THE setting sun was sinking fast
Behind the heath-clad moor,
And as he fell, his rays he threw
Upon a cottage door.

An *old, old* man sat in the porch,
His grey head moving round,
For eighty years had round it wreathed
Their coronal of snow.

A grandeur to his aged locks
By the bright sun was given,
Shedding a halo on his head
As if 'twere ripe for heaven.

Upon his knee, by boisterous play,
To slumber deep beguiled,
There slept a flower of God's own land,—
A darling little child:

A little tiny velvet hand
Within his own was pressed ;

A little tiny golden head
Lay nestling on his breast.

The old, old man with trembling lip
A blessing breathed of love ;
And sure am I that old man's prayer
Recorded stands above.

Though "Time the Reaper" on his brow
His silver stamp had set ;
And heaven called one link of gold
Bound earth to heaven yet.

Of gold ! yes, even *angels* bow
Before that influence mild,
God's dearest, purest gift to man,
A loving little child.

And thus the buds of childhood's love
Amid our daily strife,
Bloom ever in their tenderness,
The Passion-flowers of Life !

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

ON THE HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOS.

BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BART.

THE first great earthquake of which any very distinct knowledge has reached us is that which occurred in the year 63 after our Saviour, which produced great destruction in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and shattered the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum upon the Bay of Naples, though it did not destroy them. This earthquake is chiefly remarkable as having been the forerunner and the warning (if that warning could have been understood) of the first eruption of Vesuvius on record, which followed sixteen years afterwards in the year 79. Before that time none of the ancients had any notion of its being a volcano, though Pompeii itself is paved with its lava. The crater was probably filled, or at least the bottom occupied by a lake ; and we read of it as the stronghold of the rebel chief Spartacus, who, when lured there by the Roman army, escaped with his followers by clambering up the steep sides by the help of the wild vines that festooned them. The ground since the first earthquake in 63 had often been shaken by slight shocks, when at length, in August 79, they became more numerous and violent, and, on the night preceding the eruption, so tremendous as to threaten everything with destruction. A morning of comparative repose succeeded, and the terrified inhabitants of those devoted towns no doubt breathed more freely, and hoped the worst was over ; when, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Elder Pliny, who was stationed in command of the Roman fleet at Misenum in full view of Vesuvius, beheld a huge

black cloud rising from the mountain, which, "rising slowly always higher," at last spread out aloft like the head of one of those picturesque flat-topped pines which form such an ornament of the Italian landscape. The meaning of such a phenomenon was to Pliny and to every one a mystery. We know now too well what it imports, and they were not long left in doubt. From that cloud descended stones, ashes, and pumice ; and the cloud itself lowered down upon the surrounding country, involving land and sea in profound darkness, pierced by flashes of fire more vivid than lightning. These, with the volumes of ashes that began to encumber the soil, and which covered the sea with floating pumice-stone, the constant heaving of the ground, and the sudden recoil of the sea, form a picture which is wonderfully well described by the Younger Pliny. His uncle, animated by an eager desire to know what was going on, and to afford aid to the inhabitants of the towns, made sail for the nearest point of the coast and landed ; but was instantly enveloped in the dense sulphureous vapour that swept down from the mountain, and perished miserably.

It does not seem that any *lava* flowed on that occasion. Pompeii was buried under the ashes ; Herculaneum by a torrent of mud, probably the contents of the crater, ejected at the first explosion. This was most fortunate. We owe to it the preservation of some of the most wonderful remains of antiquity. For it is not yet much more than a century ago that, in digging a well at

Portici near Naples, the Theatre of Herculaneum was discovered, some sixty feet under ground,—then houses, baths, statues, and, most interesting of all, a library, full of books, and those books still legible, and among them the writings of some ancient authors which had never before been met with, but which have now been read, copied, and published, while hundreds and hundreds, I am sorry to say, still remain unopened. Pompeii was not buried so deep; the walls of some of the buildings appeared among the modern vineyards, and led to excavations, which were easy, the ashes being light and loose. And there you now may walk through the streets, enter the houses, and find the skeletons of their inmates, some in the very act of trying to escape. Nothing can be more strange and striking.

Since that time Vesuvius has been frequently but very irregularly in eruption. The next after Pompeii was in the year 202, under Severus; and in 472 occurred an eruption so tremendous that all Europe was covered by the ashes, and even Constantinople thrown into alarm. This may seem to savour of the marvellous, but before I have done, I hope to show that it is not beyond what we know of the power of existing volcanos.

I shall not, of course, occupy attention with a history of Vesuvius, but pass at once to the eruption of 1779,—one of the most interesting on record, from the excellent account given of it by Sir William Hamilton, who was then resident at Naples as our Minister, and watched it throughout with the eye of an artist as well as the scrutiny of a philosopher.

In 1767, there had been a considerable eruption, during which Pliny's account of the great pine-like, flat-topped, spreading mass of smoke had been superbly seen, extending over the Island of Capri, which is twenty-eight miles from Vesuvius. The showers of ashes, the lava currents, the lightnings, thunderings, and earthquakes were very dreadful; but they were at once brought to a close when the mob insisted that the head of St. Januarius should be brought out and shown to the mountain, and when this was done, all the uproar ceased on the instant, and Vesuvius became as quiet as a lamb!!

He did not continue so, however, and it would have been well for Naples if the good Saint's head could have been permanently fixed in some conspicuous place in sight of the hill—for from that time till the year 1779 it never was quiet. In the spring of that year it began to pour out lava; and on one occasion, when Sir William Hamilton approached too near, the running stream was on the point of surrounding him, and the sulphureous vapour cut off his retreat, so that his only mode of escape was to walk across the lava, which, to his astonishment, and, no doubt, to his great joy, he found accompanied with no difficulty, and with no more inconvenience than what proceeded from the radiation of heat, on his legs and feet from the scoræ and cinders with which the external crust of the lava

was loaded, and which in great measure intercepted and confined the glowing heat of the ignited mass below.

In such cases, and when cooled down to a certain point, the motion of the lava-stream is slow and creeping; rather rolling over itself than flowing like a river, the top becoming the bottom, owing to the toughness of the half-congealed crust. When it issues, however, from any accessible vent, it is described as perfectly liquid, of an intense white heat, and spouting or welling forth with extreme rapidity. So Sir Humphry Davy described it in an eruption at which he was present; and so Sir William Hamilton, in the eruption we are now concerned with, saw it, "bubbling up violently" from one of its fountains on the slope of the volcano, "with a hissing and crackling noise, like that of an artificial firework, and forming, by the continual splashing up of the vitrified matter, a sort of dome or arch over the crevice from which it issued," which was all, internally, "red-hot like a heated oven."

However, as time went on, this quiet mode of getting rid of its contents would no longer suffice, and the usual symptoms of more violent action—rumbling noises and explosions within the mountain, puffs of smoke from its crater, and jets of red-hot stones and ashes—continued till the end of July, when they increased to such a degree as to exhibit at night the most beautiful firework imaginable. The eruption came to its climax from the 5th to the 10th of August, on the former of which days, after the ejection of an enormous volume of white clouds, piled like bales of the whitest cotton, in a mass exceeding four times the height and size of the mountain itself, the lava began to overflow the rim of the crater, and stream in torrents down the steep slope of the cone. This was continued till the 8th, when the great mass of the lava would seem to have been evacuated, and no longer repressing by its weight the free discharge of the imprisoned gases, allowed what remained to be ejected in fountains of fire, carried up to an immense height in the air. The description of one of these I must give in the picturesque and vivid words of Sir William Hamilton himself. "About nine o'clock," he says, on Sunday the 8th of August, "there was a loud report, which shook the houses at Portici and its neighbourhood to such a degree, as to alarm the inhabitants and drive them out into the streets. Many windows were broken, and as I have since seen, walls cracked by the concussion of the air from that explosion. . . . In one instant a fountain of liquid transparent fire began to rise, and gradually increasing, arrived at so amazing a height, as to strike every one who beheld it with the most awful astonishment. I shall scarcely be credited when I assure you that, to the best of my judgment, the height of this stupendous column of fire could not be less than three times that of Vesuvius itself, which, you know, rises perpendicularly near 3700 feet above the level

of the sea." (The height by my own measurement in 1824 is 3920 feet.) "Puffs of smoke, as black as can possibly be imagined, succeeded one another hastily, and accompanied the red-hot, transparent, and liquid lava, interrupting its splendid brightness here and there by patches of the darkest hue. Within these puffs of smoke at the very moment of their emission from the crater, I could perceive a bright but pale electrical fire playing about in zigzag lines. The liquid lava, mixed with scoriæ and stones, after having mounted, I verily believe at least 10,000 feet, falling perpendicularly on Vesuvius, covered its whole cone, part of that of Somma, and the valley between them. The falling matter being nearly as vivid and inflamed as that which was continually issuing fresh from the crater, formed with it one complete body of fire, which could not be less than two miles and a half in breadth, and of the extraordinary height above mentioned, casting a heat to the distance of at least six miles around it. The brushwood of the mountain of Somma was soon in a flame, which being of a different tint from the deep red of the matter thrown out from the volcano, and from the silvery blue of the electrical fire, still added to the contrast of this most extraordinary scene. After the column of fire had continued in full force for near half an hour, the eruption ceased at once, and Vesuvius remained sullen and silent."

The lightnings here described arose evidently in part from the chemical activity of gaseous decompositions going forward, in part to the friction of steam, and in part from the still more intense friction of the dust, stones, and ashes encountering one another in the air, in analogy to the electric manifestations which accompany the dust storms in India.

To give an idea of the state of the inhabitants of the country when an explosion is going on, I will make one other extract:—"The mountain of Somma, at the foot of which Ottaiano is situated, hides Vesuvius from its sight, so that till the eruption became considerable it was not visible to them. On Sunday night, when the noise increased, and the fire began to appear above the mountain of Somma, many of the inhabitants of the town flew to the churches, and others were preparing to quit the town, when a sudden violent report was heard, soon after which they found themselves involved in a thick cloud of smoke and minute ashes: a horrid clashing noise was heard in the air, and presently fell a deluge of stones and large scoriæ, some of which scoriæ were of the diameter of seven or eight feet, and must have weighed more than one hundred pounds before they were broken by their falls, as some of the fragments of them which I picked up in the streets, still weighed upwards of sixty pounds. When these large vitrified masses either struck against each other in the air or fell on the ground they broke in many pieces, and covered a large space around them with vivid sparks of fire, which communicated their heat to everything

that was combustible. In an instant the town and country about it was on fire in many parts; for in the vineyards there were several straw-huts, which had been erected for the watchmen of the grapes, all of which were burnt. A great magazine of wood in the heart of the town was all in a blaze, and had there been much wind, the flames must have spread universally, and all the inhabitants would have infallibly been burnt in their houses, for it was impossible for them to stir out. Some who attempted it with pillows, tables, chairs, tops of wine casks, etc., on their heads, were either knocked down or driven back to their close quarters, under arches and in the cellars of the houses. Many were wounded, but only two persons have died of the wounds they received from this dreadful volcanic shower. To add to the horror of the scene, incessant volcanic lightning was writhing about the black cloud that surrounded them, and the sulphureous smell and heat would scarcely allow them to draw their breath."

The next volcano I shall introduce is *Ætna*, the grandest of all our European volcanos. I ascended it in 1824, and found its height by a very careful barometric measurement to be 10,772 feet above the sea, which, by the way, agrees within some eight or ten feet with Admiral Smyth's measurement.

The scenery of *Ætna* is on the grandest scale. Ascending from Catania you skirt the stream of lava which destroyed a large part of that city in 1669, and which ran into the sea, forming a jetty or breakwater that now gives Catania what it never had before, the advantage of a harbour. There it lies as hard, rugged, barren, and fresh-looking as if it had flowed but yesterday. In many places it is full of huge caverns, great air-bubbles, into which one may ride on horseback (at least large enough) and which communicate, in a succession of horrible vaults, where one might wander and lose one's-self without hopes of escape. Higher up, near Nicolosi, is the spot from which that lava flowed. It is marked by two volcanic cones, each of them a considerable mountain, called the *Monti Rossi*, rising 300 feet above the slope of the hill, and which were thrown up on that occasion. Indeed one of the most remarkable features of *Ætna* is that of its flanks bristling over with innumerable smaller volcanos. For the height is so great that the lava now scarcely ever rises to the top of the crater, for before that its immense weight breaks through at the sides. In one of the eruptions that happened in the early part of this century, I forget the date, but I think it was in 1819, and which was described to me on the spot by an eye-witness—the Old Man of the Mountain, Mario Gemellaro—the side of *Ætna* was rent by a great fissure or crack, beginning near the top, and throwing out jets of lava from openings fourteen or fifteen in number all the way down so as to form a row of fiery fountains, rising from different levels, and all

ascending nearly to the same height, and thereby proving them all to have originated in the great internal cistern as it were, the crater being filled up to the top level.

From the summit of *Ætna* extends a view of extraordinary magnificence. The whole of Sicily lies at your feet, and far beyond it are seen a string of lesser volcanos, the Lipari Islands, between Sicily and the Italian coast, one of which, *Stromboli*, is always in eruption, unceasingly throwing up ashes, smoke, and liquid fire.

But I must not linger on the summit of *Ætna*. We will now take a flight thence, all across Europe, to Iceland—a wonderful land of frost and fire. It is full of volcanos, one of which, *HECLA*, has been twenty-two times in eruption within the last 800 years. Besides *Hecla*, there are five others, from which in the same period twenty eruptions have burst forth, making about one every twenty years. The most formidable of these was that which happened in 1783, a year also memorable as that of the terrible earthquake in Calabria. In May of that year, a bluish fog was observed over the mountain called *Skaptar Jokul*, and the neighbourhood was shaken by earthquakes. After a while a great pillar of smoke was observed to ascend from it, which darkened the whole surrounding district, and which descended in a whirlwind of ashes. On the 10th of May, innumerable fountains of fire were seen shooting up through the ice and snow which covered the mountain; and the principal river, called the *Skapta*, after rolling down a flood of foul and poisonous water, disappeared. Two days after a torrent of lava poured down into the bed which the river had deserted. The river had run in a deep ravine, 600 feet deep and 200 broad. This the lava entirely filled; and not only so, but it overflowed over the surrounding country, and ran into a great lake, from which it instantly expelled the water in an explosion of steam. When the lake was fairly filled, the lava again overflowed and divided into two streams, one of which covered some ancient lava fields; the other re-entered the bed of the *Shapta* lower down, and presented the astounding sight of a cataract of liquid fire pouring over what was formerly the waterfall of *Stapafoss*. This was the greatest eruption on record in Europe. It lasted in its violence till the end of August, and closed with a violent earthquake; but for nearly the whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island; the *Faroe* Islands, nay even *Shetland* and the *Orkneys*, were deluged with the ashes, and volcanic dust and a preternatural smoke which obscured the sun, covered all Europe as far as the Alps, over which it could not rise. I have little doubt that the great Fire-ball of August 18, 1783, which traversed all England and the Continent, from the North Sea to Rome, by far the greatest ever known (for it was more than half a mile in diameter) was somehow connected with the electric excitement of the upper atmosphere pro-

duced by this enormous discharge of smoke and ashes. The destruction of life in Iceland was frightful: 9000 men, 11,000 cattle, 28,000 horses, and 190,000 sheep perished; mostly by suffocation. The lava ejected has been computed to have amounted in volume to more than twenty cubic miles.

We shall now proceed to still more remote regions, and describe, in as few words as may be, two immense eruptions,—one in Mexico in the year 1759, the other in the island of *Sumbawa* in the Eastern Archipelago, in 1815.

I ought to mention, by way of preliminary, that almost the whole line of coast of South and Central America, from Mexico southwards as far as *Valparaiso*—that is to say, nearly the whole chain of the *Andes*—is one mass of volcanos. In Mexico and Central America, there are two and twenty, and in *Quito*, *Peru*, and *Chili*, six and twenty more, in activity; and nearly as many more extinct ones, any one of which may at any moment break out afresh. This does not prevent the country from being inhabited, fertile, and well cultivated. Well, in a district of Mexico celebrated for the growth of the finest cotton, between two streams called *Cuitimba* and *San Pedro*, which furnished water for irrigation, lay the farm and homestead of *Don Pedro de Jurullo*, one of the richest and most fertile properties in that country. He was a thriving man, and lived in comfort as a large proprietor, little expecting the mischief that was to befall him. In June 1759, however, a subterranean noise was heard in this peaceful region. Hollow sounds of the most alarming nature were succeeded by frequent earthquakes, succeeding one another for fifty or sixty days; but they died away, and in the beginning of September everything seemed to have returned to its usual state of tranquillity. Suddenly, on the night of the 28th of September, the horrible noises recommenced. All the inhabitants fled in terror; and the whole tract of ground, from three to four square miles in extent, rose up in the form of a bladder to a height of upwards of 500 feet! Flames broke forth over a surface of more than half a square league, and through a thick cloud of ashes illuminated by this ghastly light, the refugees, who had ascended a mountain at some distance, could see the ground as if softened by the heat, and swelling and sinking like an agitated sea. Vast rents opened in the earth, into which the two rivers I mentioned precipitated themselves, but so far from quenching the fires, only seemed to make them more furious. Finally, the whole plain became covered with an immense torrent of boiling mud, out of which sprang thousands of little volcanic cones called *Hornitos*, or ovens. But the most astonishing part of the whole was the opening of a chasm vomiting out fire, and red-hot stones, and ashes, which accumulated so as to form “a range of six large mountain masses, one of which is upwards of 1600 feet in height above

the old level, and which is now known as the volcano of Jorullo. It is continually burning; and for a whole year continued to throw up an immense quantity of ashes, lava, and fragments of rock. The roofs of houses at the town or village of Queretaro, upwards of 140 miles distant, were covered with the ashes. The two rivers have again appeared, issuing at some distance from among the hornitos, but no longer as sources of wealth and fertility, for they are scalding hot, or at least were so when Baron Humboldt visited them several years after the event. The ground even then retained a violent heat, and the hornitos were pouring forth columns of steam twenty or thirty feet high, with a rumbling noise like that of a steam-boiler.

The Island of Sumbawa is one of that curious line of islands which links on Australia to the south-easterly corner of Asia. It forms, with one or two smaller volcanic islands a prolongation of Java, at that time, in 1815, a British possession, and under the government of Sir Stamford Raffles, to whom we owe the account of the eruption, and who took a great deal of pains to ascertain all the particulars. Java itself, I should observe, is one rookery of volcanos, and so are all the adjoining islands in that long crescent-shaped line I refer to.

On the Island of Sumbawa is the volcano of Tomboro, which broke out into eruption on the 5th of April in that year; and I can hardly do better than quote the account of it in Sir Stamford Raffles' own words:—

“Almost every one,” says this writer, “is acquainted with the intermitting convulsions of Etna and Vesuvius as they appear in the descriptions of the poet, and the authentic accounts of the naturalist; but the most extraordinary of them can bear no comparison, in point of duration and force, with that of Mount Tomboro in the island of Sumbawa. This eruption extended perceptible evidences of its existence over the whole of the Molucca Islands, over Java, a considerable portion of the Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of 1000 statute miles from its centre” (i.e., to 1000 miles' distance), “by tremulous motions and the report of explosions. In a short time the whole mountain near the Sang'ir appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction. The fire and columns of flame continued to rage with unabated fury, until the darkness, caused by the quantity of falling matter, obscured it at about eight P.M. Stones at this time fell very thick at Sang'ir, some of them as large as two fists, but generally not larger than walnuts. Between nine and ten P.M., ashes began to fall, and soon after a violent whirlwind ensued, which blew down nearly every house of Sang'ir, carrying the roofs and light parts away with it. In the port of Sang'ir, adjoining Sumbawa, its effects were much more violent, tearing up by the roots the largest trees, and carrying them into the air, together with men, horses, cattle, and whatsoever came

within its influence. This will account for the immense number of floating trees seen at sea. The sea rose nearly twelve feet higher than it had ever been known to do before, and completely spoiled the only small spots of rice land in Sang'ir, sweeping away houses and everything within its reach. The whirlwind lasted about an hour. No explosions were heard till the whirlwind had ceased at about eleven A.M. From midnight till the evening of the 11th, they continued without intermission; after that time their violence moderated, and they were heard only at intervals; but the explosions did not cease entirely until the 15th of July. Of all the villages round Tomboro, Tempo, containing about forty inhabitants, is the only one remaining. In Pekaté no vestige of a house is left; twenty-six of the people, who were at Sumbawa at the time, are the whole of the population who have escaped. From the best inquiries, there were certainly not fewer than 12,000 individuals in Tomboro and Pekaté at the time of the eruption, of whom five or six survive. The trees and herbage of every description, along the whole of the north and west of the peninsula, have been completely destroyed, with the exception of a high point of land near the spot where the village of Tomboro stood. At Sang'ir, it is added, the famine occasioned by this event was so extreme, that one of the rajah's own daughters died of starvation.”

I have seen it computed that the quantity of ashes and lava vomited forth in this awful eruption would have formed three mountains the size of Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps; and if spread over the surface of Germany, would have covered the whole of it two feet deep! The ashes did actually cover the whole island of Tombock, more than 100 miles distant, to that depth, and 44,000 persons there perished by starvation, from the total destruction of all vegetation.

The mountain Kirauiah in the Island of Owyhee, one of the Sandwich Isles, exhibits the remarkable phenomenon of a lake of molten and very liquid lava *always* filling the bottom of the crater, and always in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows—yet with this it is content, for it would seem that at least for a long time past there has been no violent outbreak so as to make what is generally understood by a volcanic eruption. Volcanic eruptions are almost always preceded by earthquakes, by which the beds of rock, that overlie and keep down the struggling powers beneath, are dislocated and cracked, till at last they give way, and the strain is immediately relieved. It is chiefly when this does not happen, when the force below is sufficient to heave up and shake the earth, but not to burst open the crust, and give vent to the lava and gases, that the most destructive effects are produced. The great earthquake of November 1, 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, was an instance of this kind, and was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest on

record ; for the concussion extended over all Spain and Portugal—indeed over all Europe, and even into Scotland—over North Africa, where in one town in Morocco 8000 or 10,000 people perished. Nay, its effects extended even across the Atlantic to Madeira, where it was very violent, and to the West Indies. The most striking feature about this earthquake was its extreme suddenness. All was going on quite as usual in Lisbon the morning of that memorable day, the weather fine and clear, and nothing whatever to give the population of that great capital the least suspicion of mischief. All at once, at twenty minutes before ten A.M., a noise was heard like the rumbling of carriages under ground ; it increased rapidly and became a succession of deafening explosions like the loudest cannon. Then a shock, which, as described by one writing from the spot, seemed to last but the tenth part of a minute, and down came tumbling palaces, churches, theatres, and every large public edifice, and about a third or a fourth part of the dwelling-houses. More shocks followed in rapid succession, and in six minutes from the commencement 60,000 persons were crushed in the ruins ! Here are the simple but expressive words of one J. Latham, who writes to his uncle in London. "I was on the river with one of my customers going to a village three miles off. Presently the boat made a noise as if on the shore or landing, though then in the middle of the water. I asked my companion if he knew what was the matter. He stared at me, and looking at Lisbon, we saw the houses falling, which made him say, 'God bless us, it is an earthquake !' About four or five minutes after the boat made a noise as before, and we saw the houses tumble down on both sides of the river." They then landed and made for a hill ; thence they beheld the sea (which had at first receded and laid a great tract dry) come rolling in, in a vast mountain wave fifty or sixty feet high, on the land, and sweeping all before it. Three thousand people had taken refuge on a new stone quay or jetty just completed at great expense. In an instant it was turned topsy-turvy ; and the whole quay, and every person on it, with all the vessels moored to it, disappeared, and not a vestige of them ever appeared again. Where that quay stood, was afterwards found a depth of 100 fathoms (600 feet) water. It happened to be a religious festival, and most of the population were assembled in the churches, which fell and crushed them. That no horror might be wanting, fires broke out in innumerable houses where the wood-work had fallen on the fires, and much that the earthquake had spared was destroyed by fire. And then too broke forth that worst of all scourges, a lawless ruffian-like mob who plundered, burned, and murdered in the midst of all that desolation and horror. The huge wave I have spoken of swept the whole coast of Spain and Portugal. Its swell and fall was ten or twelve feet at Madeira. It swept quite across the Atlantic, and broke on

the shores of the West Indies. Every lake and firth in England and Scotland was dashed for a moment out of its bed, the water not partaking of the sudden *shove* given to the land, just as when you splash a flat saucerful of water, the water dashes over on the side *from* which the shock is given.

One of the most curious incidents in this earthquake was its effect on ships far out at sea, which would lead us to suppose that the immediate impulse was in the nature of a violent blow or thrust upwards, under the bed of the ocean. Thus it is recorded that this upward shock was so sudden and violent on a ship, at that time forty leagues from Cape St. Vincent, that the sailors on deck were tossed up into the air to a height of eighteen inches. A British ship eleven miles from land near the Philippine Islands in 1796 was struck upwards from below with such force as to unship and split up the main-mast.

The same kind of upward bounding movement took place at Riobamba in Quito in the great earthquake of February 4, 1797, which was connected with an eruption of the volcano of Tunguragua. That earthquake extended in its greatest intensity over an oval space of 120 miles from south to north, and 60 from east to west, within which space every town and village was levelled with the ground ; but the total extent of surface shaken was upwards of 500 miles in one direction (from Puna to Popayan), and 400 in the other. Quero, Riobamba, and several other towns, were buried under fallen mountains, and in a very few minutes 30,000 persons were destroyed. At Riobamba, however, after the earthquake, a great number of corpses were found to have been tossed across a river, and scattered over the side of a sloping hill on the other side.

The frequency of these South American earthquakes is not more extraordinary than the duration of the shocks. Humboldt relates that on one occasion, when travelling on mule-back with his companion Bonpland, they were obliged to dismount in a dense forest, and throw themselves on the ground, the earth being shaken uninterruptedly for upwards of a quarter of an hour with such violence that they could not keep their legs.

One of the most circumstantially described earthquakes on record is that which happened in Calabria on the 5th of February 1783, I should say began then, for it may be said to have lasted four years. In the year 1783, for instance, 949 shocks took place, of which 501 were great ones, and in 1784, 151 shocks were felt, 98 of which were violent. The centre of action seemed to be under the towns of Monteleone and Oppido. In a circle twenty-two miles in radius round Oppido every town and village was destroyed within two minutes by the first shock, and within one of 70 miles' radius all were seriously shaken and much damage done. The whole of Calabria was affected, and even across the sea Messina was shaken, and a great part of Sicily.

There is no end of the capricious and out-of-the-way accidents and movements recorded in this Calabrian earthquake. The ground undulated like a ship at sea, people became actually sea-sick, and to give an idea of the undulation (just as it happens at sea), the scud of the clouds before the wind seemed to be fitfully arrested during the pitching movement when it took place in the same direction, and to redouble its speed in the reverse movement. At Oppido many houses were swallowed up bodily. Loose objects were tossed up several yards into the air. The flagstones in some places were found after a severe shock all turned bottom upwards. Great fissures opened in the earth, and at Terra Nova a mass of rock 200 feet high and 400 in diameter travelled four miles down a ravine. All landmarks were removed, and the land itself, in some instances, with trees and hedges growing on it, carried bodily away and set down in another place. Altogether about 40,000 people perished by the earthquakes, and some 20,000 more of the epidemic diseases produced by want and the effluvia of the dead bodies.

Volcanoes occasionally break forth at the bottom of the sea, and, when this is the case, the result is usually the production of a new island. This, in many cases, disappears soon after its formation, being composed of loose and incoherent materials, which easily yield to the destructive power of the waves. Such was the case with the Island of Sabrina, thrown up, in 1811, off St. Michaels, in the Azores, which disappeared almost as soon as formed, and in that of Pantellaria, on the Sicilian coast, which resisted longer, but was gradually washed into a shoal, and at length has, we believe, completely disappeared. In numerous other instances, the cones of cinders and scorïæ, once raised, have become compacted and bound together by the effusion of lava, hardening into solid stone, and thus, becoming habitual volcanic vents, they continue to increase in height and diameter, and assume the importance of permanent volcanic islands. Such has been, doubtless, the history of those numerous insular volcanoes which dot the ocean in so many parts of the world, such as Teneriffe, the Azores, Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan d'Aumbra, etc. In some cases the process has been witnessed from its commencement, as in that of two islands which arose in the Aleutian group, connecting Kamtschatka with North America, the one in 1796, the other in 1814, and which both attained the elevation of 3000 feet.

Besides these evident instances of eruptive action, there is every reason to believe that enormous floods of lava have been, at various remote periods in the earth's history, poured forth at the bottom of seas so deep as to repress, by the mere weight of water, all outbreak of steam, gas, or ashes; and reposing perhaps for ages in a liquid state, protected from the cooling action of the water on their upper surface by a thick crust of congealed stony matter, to have assumed a perfect level, and, at

length, by slow cooling, taken on that peculiar columnar structure which we see produced in miniature in starch by the contraction or shrinkage, and consequent splitting, of the material in drying; and resulting in those picturesque and singular landscape-features called basaltic colonnades, when brought up to day by sudden or gradual upheaval, and broken into cliffs and terraces by the action of waves, torrents, or weather. Those grand specimens of such colonnades which Britain possesses in the Giant's Causeway of Antrim, and the Cave of Fingal in Staffa, for instance, are no doubt extreme outstanding portions of such a vast submarine lava-flood which at some inconceivably remote epoch occupied the whole intermediate space, affording the same kind of evidence of a former connexion of the coasts of Scotland and Ireland as do the opposing chalk cliffs of Dover and Boulogne of the ancient connexion of France with Britain. Here and there a small basaltic island, such as that of Rathlin, remains to attest this former continuity, and to recall to the contemplative mind that sublime antagonism between sudden violence and persevering effort, which the study of geology impresses in every form of repetition.

There exists a very general impression that earthquakes are preceded and ushered in by some kind of preternatural, and, as it were, expectant calm in the elements, as if to make the confusion and desolation they create the more impressive. The records of such visitations which we possess, however striking some particular cases of this kind may appear, by no means bear out this as a general fact, or go to indicate any particular phase of weather as preferentially accompanying their occurrence. This does not prevent, however, certain conjunctures of atmospheric or other circumstances from exercising a determining influence on the times of their occurrence. According to the view we have taken of their origin (viz., the displacement of pressure, resulting in a state of strain in the strata at certain points, gradually increasing to the maximum they can bear without disruption), it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back. Great barometrical fluctuation, accumulating atmospheric pressure for a time over the sea, and relieving it over the land; an unusually high tide, aided by long-continued and powerful winds, heaping up the water; nay, even the tidal action of the sun and moon on the *solid* portion of the earth's crust,—all these causes, for the moment combining, may very well suffice to determine the instant of fracture, when the balance between the opposing forces is on the eve of subversion. The last-mentioned cause may need a few words of explanation. The action of the sun and moon, though it cannot produce a tide in the solid crust of the earth, *tends* to do so, and, were it fluid, *would* produce it. It therefore, in point of fact, does bring the solid portions of the earth's surface into a state alternately of strain and compression. The effective part of their force, in the present case, is not that which

aids to *lift* or to *press* the superficial matter (for *that*, acting alike on the continents and on the bed of the sea, would have no influence), but that which tends to produce lateral displacement; or what geometers call the *tangential force*. This of necessity brings the whole ring of the earth's surface, which at any instant has the acting luminary on its

horizon, into a state of strain; and the whole area over which it is nearly vertical, into one of compression. We leave this point to be further followed out, but we cannot forbear remarking, that the great volcanic chains of the world have, in point of fact, a direction which this cause of disruption would tend rather to favour than to contravene.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.—THE MANSE.

"SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—

Among the happiest-looking homes of men
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy uplands, and by forest-rills,
And o'er wide plains, whereon the sky distils
Her lark's loved warblings—does aught meet your
ken

More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the abode
Of the good Priest: who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers?"

WORDSWORTH.

THERE lived in the Island of Skye, more than a century ago, a small farmer or "gentleman tacksman." Some of his admirably-written letters are now before me; but I know little of his history beyond the fact revealed in his correspondence, and preserved in the affectionate traditions of his descendants, that he was "a good man," and the first within the district where he lived who introduced the worship of God in his family.

One great object of his ambition was to give his sons the best education that could be obtained for them, and in particular to train his first-born for the ministry of the Established Church of Scotland. His wishes were fully realized, for the noble institution of the parochial school provided in the remotest districts of Scotland teaching of a very high order, and produced admirable classical scholars—such as even Dr. Johnson talks of with respect.

Besides the schools, there was an excellent custom then existing among the tenantry in Skye, of associating themselves to obtain a good tutor for their sons. The tutor resided alternately at different farms, and the boys from the other farms in the neighbourhood came daily to him. In this way the burden of supporting the teacher, and the difficulties of travelling on the part of the boys, were divided among the several families in the district. In autumn the tutor, accompanied by his more advanced pupils, journeyed on foot to Aberdeen to attend the University. He superintended their studies during the winter, and returned in spring

with them to their Highland homes to pursue the same routine. The then Laird of Macleod was one who took a pride in being surrounded by a tenantry who possessed so much culture. It was his custom to introduce all the sons of his tenants who were studying in Aberdeen to their respective professors, and to entertain both professors and students in his house. On one such occasion, when a professor remarked with surprise, "Why, sir, these are all gentlemen!" Macleod replied, "Gentlemen I found them, as gentlemen I wish to see them educated, and as gentlemen I hope to leave them behind me."*

The "gentleman tacksman's" eldest son acted as a tutor for some time, and then became minister of "the Highland Parish." It was said of him that "a finer-looking or prettier man never left his native island." He was upwards of six feet in height, with a noble countenance which age only made nobler. He was accompanied from Skye by a servant-lad, whom he had known from his boyhood, called "Ruari Beg," or little Rory. Rory was rather a contrast to his master in outward appearance. One eye was blind, but the other seemed to have robbed the sight from its extinguished neighbour to intensify its own. That grey eye gleamed and scintillated with the peculiar sagacity and reflection which one sees in the eye of a Skye terrier, but with such intervals of feeling as human love of the most genuine kind could alone have expressed. One leg, too, was slightly shorter than the other, and the manner in which Rory rose on the longer or sunk on the shorter, and the frequency or rapidity with which those alternate ups and downs in his life were practised, became a telegraph of Rory's thoughts when no words, out of respect to his master, were spoken. "So you don't agree with me, Rory?" "What's wrong?" "You think it dangerous to put to sea to-day?" "Yes; the mountain-pass also would be dangerous? Exactly so. Then we must con-

* "At dinner I expressed to Macleod the joy which I had in seeing him on such cordial feelings with his clan. 'Government,' said he, 'has deprived us of our ancient power; but it cannot deprive us of our domestic satisfactions. I would rather drink punch in one of their houses (meaning the houses of the people), than be enabled by their hardships to have claret in my own.'" —Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. iv. p. 275.

sider what is to be done." These were the sort of remarks which a series of slow or rapid movements of Rory's limbs often drew forth from his master, though no other token was afforded of his inner doubt or opposition. A better boatman, a truer genius at the helm, never took a tiller in his hand; a more enduring traveller never "gaed ower the moor among the heather;" a better singer of a boat-song never cheered the rowers, nor kept them as one man to their stroke; a more devoted, loyal, and affectionate "minister's man" and friend never lived than Rory—first called "Little Rory," but as long as I can remember, "Old Rory." But more of him anon. The minister and his servant arrived in the Highland Parish nearly ninety years ago, almost total strangers to its inhabitants, and alone they entered the manse to see what it was like.

I ought to inform my readers in the south, some of whom—can they pardon the suspicion if it is unjust?—are more ignorant of Scotland and its Church than they are of France or Italy and the Church of Rome,—I ought to inform them that the Presbyterian Church is established in Scotland, and that the landed proprietors in each parish are bound by law to build and keep in repair a church, suitable school, and parsonage or "manse," and also to secure a portion of land, or "glebe," for the minister. Both the manses and churches have of late years immensely improved in Scotland, so that in many cases they are now far superior to those in some of the rural parishes of England. Much still remains to be accomplished in this department of architecture and taste! Yet even at the time I speak of, the manse was in its structure rather above than below the houses occupied by the ordinary gentry, with the exception of "the big house" of the Laird. It has been succeeded by one more worthy of the times; but the old manse was nevertheless respectable, as the accompanying sketch of it showeth. [See p. 152.]

The glebe was the glory of the manse! It was the largest in the county, consisting of about sixty acres, and containing a wonderful combination of Highland beauty. It was bounded on one side by a "burn," whose torrent rushed far down between lofty steep banks clothed with natural wood, ash, birch, hazel, oak, and rowan-tree, and poured its dark moss-water over a series of falls, and through deep pools, "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim." It was never tracked along its margin by any human being, except herd-boys and their companions, who swam the pools and clambered up the banks, holding by the roots of trees, starting the kingfisher from his rock, or the wild cat from his den. On the other side of the glebe was the sea, with here a sandy beach, and there steep rocks and deep water; small grey islets beyond; with many birds, curlews, cranes, divers, and gulls of all sorts, giving life to the rocks and shore. Along the margin of the sea

there stretched such a flat of green grass as suggested the name which it bore, of "the Duke of Argyle's walk." And pacing along that green margin at evening, what sounds and wild cries were heard of piping sea-birds, chafing waves, the roll of oars, and the song from fishing-boats, which told of their return home. The green terrace-walk which fringed the sea, was but the outer border of a flat that was hemmed in by the low precipice of the old up-raised beach of Scotland. Higher still was a second storey of green fields and emerald pastures, broken by a lovely rocky knoll, called Fingal's hill, whose grey head, rising out of green grass, bent towards the burn, and looked down into its own image reflected in the deep pools which slept at its feet. On that upper table-land, and beside a clear stream, stood the manse and garden sheltered by trees. Beyond the glebe began the dark moor, which swept higher and higher, until crowned by the mountain-top of which I have already spoken, which looked away to the Western Islands and to the peaks of Skye.*

The minister, like most of his brethren, soon took to himself a wife, the daughter of a neighbouring "gentleman tacksman," and the granddaughter of a minister, well born, and well bred; and never did man find a help more meet for him. In that manse they both lived for nearly fifty years, and his wife bore him sixteen children; yet neither father nor mother could ever lay their hand on a child of theirs and say, "We wish this one had not been." They were all a source of unmingled joy to them.

A small farm was added to the glebe, for it was

* I must here correct two mistakes which have crept into Chapter I. The first is in the motto, in which the fine Homeric hexameters of Clough have been misprinted. They should read thus:—

"There, westward away, where roads are unknown †
Loch Nevish,
And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the
westernmost islands."

The other mistake is the transference of a paragraph about the many churches built by our ecclesiastical ancestors as contrasted with the large parishes and poorer churches of more modern times. The said paragraph, instead of having been introduced where the large size of "the Highland parish" is alluded to, was by some inadvertence brought into the description of the view from the mountain top—from which no ruins of churches can be seen. Since writing this paper, I have been struck by a sarcastic and pithy remark in Dr. Johnson's tour:—"It has been, for many years, popular to talk of the lazy devotion of the Romish clergy, and the sleepy laziness of men that erected churches. We may indulge our superiority with a new triumph by comparing it with the fervid activity of those who suffer them to fall." A great change has happily come over the Highlands since the time when those words were written, a period when, as the Doctor informs us, there were some parishes in the far north without churches—for what reason we know not—and the people assembled in private houses for worship. No such cases can be found now.

found that the machinery required to work sixty acres of arable and pasture land could work more with the same expense. Besides, John Duke of Argyle made it a rule at that time to give farms at less than their value to the ministers on his estates; and why, therefore, should not our minister, with his sensible, active, thrifty wife, and growing sons and daughters, have a small one, and thus secure for his large household abundance of food, including milk and butter, cheese, potatoes, meal, with the excellent addition of mutton, and sometimes beef too? And the good man did not attend to his parish worse when his living was thus bettered; nor was he less cheerful or earnest in duty when in his house "there was bread enough and to spare."

The manse and glebe of that Highland parish were a colony which ever preached sermons, on week days as well as on Sundays, of industry and frugality, of a courteous hospitality and a bountiful charity, and the domestic peace, contentment, and cheerfulness of a holy Christian home. Several cottages were built by the minister and clustered in sheltered nooks near his dwelling. One or two were inhabited by labourers and shepherds; another by the weaver, who made all the carpets, blankets, plaids, and finer webs of linen and woollen cloths required for the household; and another by old Jenny, the hen-wife, herself like an old hen, waddling about and *chucking* among her numerous family of poultry. Old Rory, with his wife and family, was located near the shore, to attend at spare hours to fishing, as well as to be ready with the boat for the use of the minister in his pastoral work. Two or three cottages besides these were inhabited by objects of charity, whose claims upon the family it was difficult to trace. An old sailor had settled down in one, but no person could tell anything about him, except that he had been born in Skye, had served in the navy, had fought at the Nile, had no end of stories for winter evenings, and spinned yarns about the wars and "foreign parts." He had come long ago in distress to the manse, from whence he had passed after a time into the cottage, and there lived a dependant on the family until he died twenty years afterwards. A poor decayed gentlewoman, connected with one of the old families of the county, and a tenth cousin of the minister's wife, had also cast herself in her utter loneliness, like a broken wave, on the glebe. She had only intended to remain a few days—she did not like to be troublesome—but she knew how she could rely on a blood relation, and she found it hard to leave, for whither could she go? And those who had taken her in never thought of bidding this sister "depart in peace, saying Be ye clothed;" and so she became a neighbour to the sailor, and was always called "Mrs." Stewart, and was treated with the utmost delicacy and respect, being fed, clothed, and warmed in her cottage with the best which the manse could

afford; and when she died, she was dressed in a shroud fit for a lady, and tall candles, made for the occasion according to the old custom, were kept lighted round her body. Her funeral was becoming the gentle blood that flowed in her veins; and no one was glad in their heart when she departed, but they sincerely wept, and thanked God she had lived in plenty and had died in peace.

Within the manse the large family of sons and daughters managed, somehow or other, to accommodate not only themselves, but to find permanent room also for a tutor and governess; and such a thing as turning any one away from want of room was never dreamt of. When hospitality demanded such a small sacrifice, the boys would all go to the barn, and the girls to the chairs and sofas of parlour and dining-room, with fun and laughter, joke and song, rather than not make the friend or stranger welcome. And seldom was the house without either. The "kitchen end," or lower house, with all its indoor crannies of closets and lofts, and outdoor additions of cottages, barns, and stables, was a little world of its own, to which wandering pipers, parish fools, the parish post, beggars, with all sorts of odd-and-end characters came, and where they ate, drank, and rested. As a matter of course, the "upper house" had its own set of guests to attend to. The traveller by sea, whom adverse winds and tides drove into the harbour for refuge; or the traveller by land; or any minister passing that way; or friends on a visit; or, lastly and but rarely, some foreign "Sassanach" from the Lowlands of Scotland or England, who dared then to explore the unknown and remote Highlands as one now does Montenegro or the Ural Mountains—all these found a hearty reception.

One of the most welcome visitors was the pack-man. His arrival was eagerly longed for by all, except the minister, who trembled for his small purse in presence of the prolific pack. For this same pack often required a horse for its conveyance. It contained a choice selection of everything which a family was likely to require from the lowland shops. The haberdasher and linen-draper, the watchmaker and jeweller, the cutler and hair-dresser, with sundry other crafts in the useful and fancy line, were all fully represented in the endless repositories of the pack. What a solemn affair was the opening up of that peripatetic warehouse! It took a few days to gratify the inhabitants of manse and glebe, and to enable them to decide how their money should be invested. The boys held sundry councils about knives, and the men about razors, silk handkerchiefs, or, it may be, about the final choice of a silver watch. The servants were in nervous agitation about some bit of dress. Ribbons, like rainbows, were unrolled; prints held up in graceful folds before the light; cheap shawls were displayed on the back of some handsome lass, who served as a model. There never was seen such new fashions or such cheap bargains! And then how "dear

papa" was coaxed by mamma; and mamma again by her daughters. Everything was so beautiful, so tempting, and was discovered to be so necessary! All this time the packman, who was often of the stamp of him whom Wordsworth has made illustrious, was treated as a friend; while the news, gathered on his travels, was as welcome to the minister as his goods were to his family. No one in the upper house was so vulgar as to screw him down, but felt it due to his respectability to give him his own price, which, in justice to those worthy old merchants, I should state was always reasonable.

The manse was the grand centre to which all the inhabitants of the parish gravitated for help and comfort. Medicines for the sick were weighed out from the chest yearly replenished in Glasgow. They were not given in Homœopathic doses, for Highlanders, accustomed to things on a large scale, would have had no faith in globules, and faith was half their cure. Common sense and common medicines were found helpful to health. The poor, as a matter of course, visited the manse, not for an order on public charity, but for aid from private charity, and it was never refused in *kind*, such as meal, wool, or potatoes. As there were no lawyers in the parish, lawsuits were adjusted in the manse; and so were marriages not a few. The distressed came there for comfort, and the perplexed for advice; and there was always something material as well as spiritual to share with them all. No one went away empty in body or soul. Yet the barrel of meal was never empty, nor the cruise of oil extinguished. A "wise" neighbour once remarked, "that minister with his large family will ruin himself, and if he dies they will be beggars." Yet there has never been a beggar among them to the fourth generation. No "saying" was more common in the mouth of this servant than the saying of his Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

One characteristic of that manse life was its constant cheerfulness. One cottager could play the bagpipe, another the violin. The minister was an excellent performer on the violin, and a dance in the evening by his children was his delight. If strangers were present, so much the better. He had not an atom of that proud fanaticism which connects virtue with suffering, as suffering, apart from its cause.*

Here is an extract from a letter written by the minister in his old age, some fifty years ago, which gives a very beautiful picture of the secluded manse

* A minister in a remote island parish once informed me that, "on religious grounds," he had broken the only fiddle in the island! His notion of religion, we fear, is not rare among his brethren in the far west and north. We are informed by Mr. Campbell, in his admirable volumes on the Tales of the Highlands, that the old songs and tales are also being put under the clerical ban in some districts, as being too secular and profane for their pious inhabitants. What next? Are the singing-birds to be shot by the kirk-sessions?

and its ongoing. It is written at the beginning of a new year, in reply to one which he had received from his first-born son, then a minister of the Church:—

"What you say about the beginning of another year is quite true. But, after all, may not the same observations apply equally well to every new day? Ought not daily mercies to be acknowledged, and God's favour and protection asked for every new day? and are we not as ignorant of what a new day as of what a new year may bring forth? There is nothing in nature to make this day in itself more worthy of attention than any other. The sun rises and sets on it as on other days, and the sea ebbs and flows. Some come into the world and some leave it, as they did yesterday and will do to-morrow. On what day may not one say I am a year older than I was this day last year? Still I must own that the first of the year speaks to me in a more commanding and serious language than any other common day; and the great clock of time, which announced the first hour of this year, did not strike unnoticed by us.

"The sound was too loud to be unheard, and too solemn to pass away unheeded. '*Non obtusa adio gestamus Pectora boni.*' We in the manse did not mark the day by any unreasonable merriment. We were alone, and did eat and drink with our usual innocent and cheerful moderation. I began the year by gathering all in the house and on the glebe to prayer. Our souls were stirred up to bless and to praise the Lord: for what more reasonable, what more delightful duty than to show forth our gratitude and thankfulness to that great and bountiful God from whom we have our years, and days, and all our comforts and enjoyments. Our lives have been spared till now; our state and conditions in life have been blessed; our temporal concerns have been favoured; the blessing of God co-operated with our honest industry; our spiritual advantages have been great and numberless; we have had the means of grace and the hope of glory; in a word, we have had all that was requisite for the good of our body and soul; and shall not our souls and all that is within us, all our powers and faculties, be stirred up to bless and praise his name!

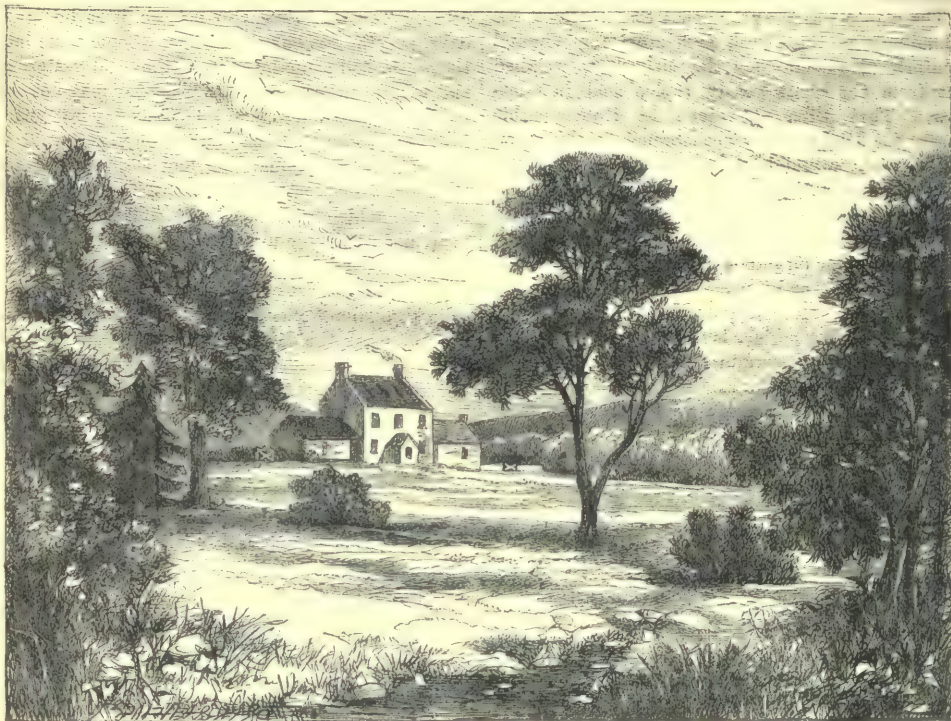
"But to return. This pleasant duty being gone through, refreshments were brought in, and had any of your clergy seen the crowd (say thirty, great and small, besides the family of the manse) they would pity the man who, under God, had to support them all! This little congregation being dismissed, they went to enjoy themselves. They entertained each other by turns. In the evening, I gave them one end of the house, while they danced and sang with great glee and good manners till near day. We enjoyed ourselves in a different manner in the other end. Had you popped in unnoticed, you would see us all grave, quiet, and studious. You would see your father reading *The Seasons*; your mother, *Porteous' Lectures*; your

sister Anne, The Lady of the Lake; and Archy, Tom Thumb!

"Your wee son was a new and great treat to you in those bonny days of rational mirth and joy, but not a whit more so than you were to me at his time of life, nor can he be more so during the years to come. May the young gentleman long live to bless and comfort you! May he be to you what you have been and are to me! I am the last that can honestly recommend to you not to allow him get too strong a hold of your heart, or rather not to allow yourself *doat too much* upon him. This

was a peculiar weakness of my own, and of which I had cause more than once to repent with much grief and sore affliction. But your mother's creed always was (*and truly she has acted up to it*) to enjoy and delight in the blessings of the Almighty while they were spared to her with a thankful and grateful heart, and to part with them when it was the will of the gracious Giver to remove them, with humble submission and meek resignation."

We will have something more to say in a coming chapter about this pastor and his work in the parish.



THE MANSE.

CHAPTER III.—THE BOYS OF THE MANSE AND THEIR EDUCATION.

"Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah! woful when?"

COLERIDGE.

THE old minister had no money to leave his boys when he died, and so he wisely determined to give them, while he lived, the treasure of the best education in his power. The first thing necessary for the accomplishment of his object, was to obtain a good tutor, and a good tutor was not difficult to get.

James, as we shall call the tutor of the manse boys, was a laborious student, with a most creditable amount of knowledge of the elements of Greek and Latin. When at college he was

obliged to live in the top storey of a high house in a murky street, breathing an atmosphere of smoke, fog, and gas; cribled in a hot, close room; feeding on ill-cooked meat (fortunately in small quantities); drinking "coffee" half water, half chicory; sitting up long after midnight writing essays or manufacturing exercises, until at last dyspepsia depressed his spirits and blanched his visage except where it was coloured by a hectic flush, which deepened after a fit of coughing. When he returned home after having carried off prizes in the Greek or Latin classes, what cared his mother for all these honours? No doubt she was "proud o' oor James," but yet she could hardly know her boy, he had become so pale, so haggard, and so unlike "himsel'." What a blessing for James to get off to the Highlands! He there breathed such air, and drank such water as made him

wonder at the bounty of creation without taxation. He climbed the hills and dived into the glens, and rolled himself on the heather; visited old castles, learned to fish, and perhaps to shoot, shutting both eyes at first when he pulled the trigger. He began to write verses, and to fall in love with one or all of the young ladies. That was the sort of life which Tom Campbell the poet passed when sojourning in the West Highlands; ay, for a time in this very parish too, where the lovely spot is yet pointed out as the scene of his solitary musings. James had a great delight not only in imparting the rudiments of language, but also in opening up various high roads and outlying fields of knowledge. The intellectual exercise braced himself, and delighted his pupils.

If ever "muscular Christianity" was taught to the rising generation, the Highland manse of these days was its gymnasium. After school hours, and on "play-days" and Saturdays, there was no want of employment calculated to develop physical energy. The glebe and farm made a constant demand for labour which it was joy to the boys to afford. Every season brought its own appropriate and interesting work. But sheep-clipping, the reaping and ingathering of the crops, with now and then the extra glory of a country market for the purchase and sale of cattle; with tents, games, gingerbread, horse jockeys, and English cattle dealers,—these were their great annual feasts.

The grander branches of education were fishing, sailing, shooting—game-laws being then unknown—and also what was called "hunting." The fishing I speak of was not with line and fly on river or lake, though that was in abundance; but it was sea-fishing with rod and white fly for "Saith" and mackerel in their season. It was delightful towards evening to pull for miles to the fishing-ground in company with other boats. A race was sure to be kept up both going and returning, while songs arose from all hands and from every boat, intensifying the energy of the rowers. Then there was the excitement of getting among a great play of fish, which made the water foam for half a mile round, and attracted flocks of screaming birds who seemed mad with gluttony, while six or seven rods had all at the same time their lines tight, and their ends bent to cracking with the sport, keeping every fisher hard at work pulling in the fine lithe creatures, until the bottom of the boat was filled with scores. Sometimes the sport was so good as to induce a number of boats' crews to remain all night on a distant island, which had only a few sheep, and a tiny spring of water. The boats were made fast on the lee side, and their crews landed to wait for daybreak. Then began the fun and frolic!—"sky-larking," as the sailors call it, among the rocks—pelting one another with clods and wrack, or any harmless substance which could be collected for the battle, amidst shouts of laughter, until they were wearied, and lay down to sleep in a sheltered

nook, and all was silent but the beating wave, the "eerie" cries of birds, and the splash of some sea-monster in pursuit of its prey. What glorious reminiscences have I, too, of those scenes, and specially of early morn, as watched from those green islands! It seems to me as if I had never beheld a true sunrise since; yet how many have I witnessed! I left the sleeping crews, and ascended the top of the rock, immediately before day-break, and what a sight it was, to behold the golden crowns which the sun placed on the brows of the mountain-monarchs who first did him homage; what heavenly dawns of light on peak and scaur, contrasted with the darkness of the lower valleys; what gems of glory in the eastern sky, changing the cold, grey clouds of early morning into bars of gold and radiant gems of beauty; and what a flood of light suddenly burst upon the dancing waves, as the sun rose above the horizon, and revealed the silent sails of passing ships; and what delight to see and hear the first break of the fish on the waters! With what pleasure I descended, and gave the cheer which made every sleeper awake, and scramble to their boats, and in a few minutes resume the work of hauling in our dozens! Then home with a will for breakfast—each striving to be first on the sandy shore!

Fishing at night with the drag-net was a sport which cannot be omitted in recording the enjoyments of the manse-boys. The spot selected was a rocky bay, or embouchure of a small stream. The night was generally dark and calm. The pleasure of the occupation was made up of the pull, often a long one, within the shadow of the rocky shore, with the calm sea reflecting the stars in the sky, and then the slow approach, with gently-moving oars, towards the beach, in order not to disturb the fish; the wading up to the middle to draw in the net when it had encircled its prey; and the excitement as it was brought into shallow water, the fish shining with their phosphoric light; until, at last, a grand haul of salmon-trout, flounders, small cod, and lythe, lay wallowing in the folds of the net upon the sandy beach.

Those fishing excursions, full of incident as they were, did not fully test or develop the powers of the boys. But others were afforded capable of doing so. It was their delight to accompany their father on any boating-journey which the discharge of his pastoral duties required. In favourable weather, they had often to manage the boat themselves without any assistance. When the sky was gloomy, old Rory took the command. Such of my readers as have had the happiness—or the horror, as their respective tastes may determine—to have sailed among the Hebrides in an open boat, will be disposed to admit that it is a rare school for disciplining its pupils when patient and conscientious to habits of endurance, foresight, courage, decision, and calm self-possession. The minister's boat was about eighteen feet keel, undecked, and rigged fore and aft. There were few days in

which the little "Row" would not venture out, with Rory at the helm; and with no other person would his master divide the honour of being the most famous steersman in those waters. But to navigate her across the wild seas of that stormy coast demanded "a fine hand" which could only be acquired after years of constant practice, such as a rider for the Derby prides in, or a whipper-in during a long run across a stiff country. If Rory would have made a poor jockey, what jockey would have steered the "Row" in a gale of wind? I can assure the reader it was a solemn business, and solemnly was it gone about! What care in seeing the ropes in order; the sails reefed; the boys in their right place at the fore and stern sheets; and everything made snug. And what a sight it was to see that old man when the storm was fiercest, with his one eye, under its shaggy grey brow, looking to windward, sharp, calm, and luminous as a spark; his hand clutching the tiller—never speaking a word, and displeased if any other broke the silence, except the minister who sat beside him, assigning this post of honour as a great favour to Rory, during the trying hour. That hour was generally when wind and tide met, and "gurlly grew the sea," whose green waves rose with crested heads, hanging against the cloud-rack, and sometimes concealing the land; while black sudden squalls, rushing down from the glens, struck the foaming billows in fury, and smote the boat, threatening, with a sharp scream, to tear the tiny sail in tatters, break the mast, or blow out of the water the small dark speck that carried the manse treasures. There was one moment of peculiar difficulty and concentrated danger when the hand of a master was needed to save them. The boat has entered the worst part of the tideway. How ugly it looks! Three seas higher than the rest are coming; and you can see the squall blowing their white crests into smoke. In a few minutes they will be down on the "Row." "Look out, Ruari!" whispers the minister. "Stand by the sheets!" cries Rory to the boys, who, seated on the ballast, gaze on him like statues, watching his face, and eagerly listening in silence. "Ready!" is their only reply. Down come the seas rolling, rising, breaking; falling, rising again, and looking higher and fiercer than ever. The tide is running like a race-horse, and the gale meets it; and these three seas appear now to rise like huge pyramids of green water, dashing their foam up into the sky. The first may be encountered and overcome, for the boat has good way upon her; but the others will rapidly follow up the thundering charge and shock, and a single false movement of the helm by a hair's-breadth will bring down a cataract like Niagara that would shake a frigate, and sink the "Row" into the depths like a stone. The boat meets the first wave, and rises dry over it. "Slack out the main sheet, quick, and hold hard; there—steady!" commands Rory in a low firm voice, and the huge back

of the second wave is seen breaking to leeward. "Haul in, boys, and belay!" Quick as lightning the little craft, having again gathered way, is up in the teeth of the wind, and soon is spinning over the third topper, not a drop of water having come over the lee gunwale. "Nobly done, Rory!" exclaims the minister, as he looks back to the fierce tideway which they have passed. Rory smiles with satisfaction at his own skill, and quietly remarks of the big waves, "They have *their* road, and I have mine!" "Hurrah for the old boat!" exclaims one of the boys. Rory repeats his favourite aphorism—yet never taking his eye off the sea and sky—"Depend on it, my lads, it is not boats that drown the men, but men the boats!" I take it that the old "Row" was no bad school for boys who had to battle with the storms and tides of life. I have heard one of those boys tell, when old and greyheaded, and after having encountered many a life storm, how much he had owed to those habits of mind which had been strengthened by his sea life with old Rory.

The "hunting" I have alluded to as affording another branch of out-door schooling, was very different from what goes under that sporting term in the south. It was confined chiefly to wild cats and otters. The animals employed in this work were terriers. The two terriers of the manse were "Gasgach" or "Hero," and "Cuilag" or "Fly." They differed very considerably in character: Gasgach was a large terrier with wiry black and grey hairs; Cuilag was of a dusky brown, and so small that she could be carried in the pocket of a shooting jacket. Gasgach presumed not to enter the parlour, or to mingle with genteel society; Cuilag always did so, and lay upon the hearth-rug, where she basked and reposed in state. Gasgach was a sagacious, prudent, honest police sergeant, who watched the house day and night, and kept the farm-dogs in awe, and at their respective posts. He was also a wonderful detective of all beggars, rats, fumarts, wild cats, and vermin of every kind, smelling afar off the battle with man or beast. Cuilag was full of *reticence*, and seemed to think of nothing or do nothing until *seriously* wanted; and then indomitable courage started from every hair in her body. Both had seen constant service since their puppyhood, and were covered with honourable scars from the nose to the tip of the tail; each cut being the record of a battle, and the subject of a story by the boys.

The otters in the parish were both numerous, large, and fierce. There was one famous den called "Clachoran," or the otter's stone, composed of huge rocks, from which the sea wholly receded during spring-tides. Then was the time to search for its inhabitants. This was done by the terriers driving the otter out, that he might be shot while making his way across a few yards of stone and tangle to the sea. I have known nine killed in this one den during a single year. But sometimes the otter occupied a den a few hundred yards

inland, where a desperate fight ensued between him and the dogs. Long before the den was reached, the dogs became nervous and impatient, whining, and glancing up to the face of their master, and, with anxious look, springing up and licking his hands. To let them off until quite close to the den was sure to destroy the sport, as the otter would, on hearing them bark, make at once for the sea. Gasgach could, without difficulty, be kept in the rear, but little Cuilag, conscious of her moral weakness to resist temptation, begged to be carried. Though she made no struggle to escape, yet she trembled with eagerness, as, with cocked ears and low cry, she looked out for the spot where she and Gasgach would be set at liberty. That spot reached—what a hurry-scurry, as off they rushed to the den, and sprang in! Gasgach's short bark was a certain sign that the enemy was there; it was the first shot in the battle. If Cuilag followed, the battle had begun. One of the last great battles fought by Cuilag was in that inland den. On gazing down between two rocks which below met at an angle, there, amidst fierce barkings and the muffled sound of a fierce combat, Cuilag's head and the head of a huge otter, were seen alternately appearing, as the one tried to seize the throat, and the other to inflict a wound on his little antagonist. At last Cuilag made a spring, and seized hold of the otter about the nose or lip. A shepherd who was present, fearing the dog would be cut to pieces, since the den was too narrow to admit Gasgach (who seemed half apoplectic with passion and inability to force his way in), managed, by a great effort, to get hold of the otter's tail, and to drag him upwards through a hole like a chimney. The shepherd was terrified that the otter, when it got its head out, would turn upon him and bite him,—and such a bite as those beautiful teeth can give!—but to his astonishment, the brute appeared with Cuilag hanging to the upper lip. Both being flung on the grass, Gasgach came to the rescue, and very soon, with some aid from the boys, the animal of fish and fur was killed and brought in triumph to the manse.

There is a true story about Cuilag which is worth recording. The minister, accompanied by Cuilag, went to visit a friend, who lived sixty miles off in a direct line from the manse. To reach him he had to cross several wild hills, and five arms of the sea or freshwater lochs stretching for miles. The dog, on arriving at her destination, took her place, according to custom, on the friend's hearthrug, from which, however, she was ignominiously driven by a servant, and sent to the kitchen. She disappeared, and left no trace of her whereabouts. One evening, about a fortnight afterwards, little Cuilag entered the manse parlour, worn down to a skeleton, her paws cut and swollen, and she hardly able to crawl to her master, or to express her joy at meeting all her dear old friends once more. Strange to say, she was accompanied into the room by Gasgach, who, after frolicking

about, seemed to apologize for the liberty he took, and bolted out to bark over the glebe, and tell the other dogs who had gathered round what had happened. How did Cuilag discover the way home since she had never visited that part of the country before? How did she go round the right ends of the lochs, which had been all crossed by boat on their journey, and then recover her track, travelling twice or thrice sixty miles? How did she live? These were questions which no one could answer, seeing Cuilag was silent. She never, however, recovered that two weeks' wilderness journey. Her speed was ever after less swift, and her gripe less firm.

The games of the boys were all athletic,—throwing the hammer, putting the stone, leaping, and the like. Perhaps the most favourite game was the "shinty," called *hockey*, I believe, in England. This is played by any number of persons, 100 often engaging in it. Each has a stick bent at the end, and made short or long, as it is to be used by one or both hands. The largest and smoothest field that can be found is selected for the game. The combat lies in the attempt of each party to knock a small wooden ball beyond a certain boundary in his opponent's ground. The ball is struck by any one on either side who can get at it. Few games are more exciting, or demand more physical exertion than a good shinty match.

I have said nothing regarding a matter of more importance than anything touched upon in this chapter, and that is the *religious* education of the manse boys. But there was nothing so peculiar about it as to demand special notice. It was very real and genuine; and perhaps its most distinguishing feature was, that instead of its being confined to "tasks," and hard, dry, starched Sundays only, it was spread over all the week, and consisted chiefly in developing the domestic affections by a frank, loving, sympathizing intercourse between parents and children; by making home happy to the "bairns;" by training them up wisely and with *tact*, to reverence *truth*,—truth in word, deed, and manner; and to practise *unselfishness* and courteous considerateness towards the wants and feelings of others. These and many other minor lessons were never separated from Jesus Christ, the source of all life. They were taught to know him as the Saviour, through whose atonement their sins were pardoned, and through whose grace alone, obtained daily in prayer, they could be made like himself. The teaching was *real*, and was felt by the boys to be like sunshine on dew, warming, refreshing, and quickening their young hearts; and not like a something forced into the mind, with which it had no sympathy, as a leaden ball is rammed down into a gun-barrel. Once I heard an elderly Highland gentleman say that the first impression he ever received of the reality of religion was in connexion with the first death which occurred among the manse boys.

Need I add, in conclusion, that the manse

was a perfect paradise for a boy during his holidays! Oh, let no anxious mother interfere at such times with loving grandmother and loving aunts or uncles! No doubt there is a danger that the boy may be "spoilt." In spite of the Latin or Greek lesson which his grandpapa or the tutor delights to give him in the morning, his excellent parents write to say that "too much idleness may injure him." Not a bit! The boy is drinking in love with every drink of warm milk given him by the Highland dairymaid, and with every look, and kiss, and gentle hug given him by his dear grannie or aunts. Education, if it is worth anything, *draws out* as much as it puts in; and this sort of education will strengthen his brain and brace his nerves for the work of the town grammar-school, to which he must soon return. "It does not do to pamper him too much, it may make him selfish," also write his parents. Quite true as an educational axiom; but his grandmother denies—bless her for it, dear, good woman!—that giving him milk or cream *ad libitum*, with "scones"

and cheese at all hours, is pampering him. And his aunts take him on their knee, and fondle him, and tell him stories, and sit beside him when he is in bed, and sing songs to him; and there is not a herd or shepherd but wishes to make him happy; and old Rory has him always beside him in the boat, and gives him the helm, and, in spite of the old hand holding the tiller behind the young one, persuades his "darling," as he calls him, that it is he, the boy, who steers the boat. Oh! sunshine of youth, let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates; pour thyself down without stint into the young heart; make his days of boyhood happy, for other days must come of labour and of sorrow, when the memory of those dear eyes, and clasping hands, and sweet caressings, will, next to the love of God from whence they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in his memory when driven forth into the wilderness of life!

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

II.—COVETOUSNESS A MISDIRECTED WORSHIP.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

THE prevalence of error is often to be traced to the latent love of truth, and in sinful excess may not seldom be discerned the aberration of a nature by its original structure designed for good. In almost all wide-spread misbelief careful reflection will discover a disguised or distorted basis of truth, and in men's darling vices the counterfeit of pure and noble objects of desire to which their fascination is to be ascribed. For just as forged money could never gain currency if men set no value on the genuine coin, and as spurious wares impose on the undiscerning only because of the desire for those things of which they are the worthless imitation, so falsehood and sin would have no universal attraction, even for man's fallen nature, if they bore no deceitful semblance of that truth and goodness from which he has wandered. The popularity of the false is thus often a silent homage to the true, and the avidity of desire for evil an unconscious tribute to the beauty and nobleness of good. The best way, therefore, to expose any popular error, is to extricate the latent truth which it pretends to be; and the true way to disengage our affection from any sinful object of desire is—not to declaim against it, and denounce all sorts of penalties against him who persists in his devotion to it—but rather to seek out and place side by side with it that true and genuine good, the admiration due to which it has borrowed. Confront the fictitious with the true, the caricature with the reality; set beside the base and showy jewel the pearl of great price, or by the meretricious, painted face of vice unveil the sweet, calm, holy form of goodness

beaming with heavenly beauty upon us, and you have taken the sure way to divest evil of its charms. Provide, in other words, the true satisfaction for man's deep and universal desires, and he will turn with distaste from that which only pretends to please. Let him find at last the substance after which he has been blindly groping, and he will grasp no more at shadows.

Now it is this thought which lends peculiar force to certain expressions of Scripture with reference to the vice of covetousness. The expressions to which we refer are to be found in such passages as the following:—"Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength; but trusted in the abundance of his riches."¹ "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."² "Nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God."³ "Covetousness, which is idolatry."⁴ "No covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God."⁵ In these, and other passages which might be adduced, two states of mind, two affections of man's nature, are contrasted, viz., devotion to money, and devotion to God. And the idea which runs through them all seems to be that the latter of these stands to the former in the relation of the genuine to the counterfeit, the true to the fictitious, the reality to the unsubstantial but showy and imposing imitation. In the restless and insatiable craving for wealth there may be detected, it seems to be intimated, the aberration of a nature that was made

¹ Psalm lii. 7.

² Matt. vi. 24.

³ 1 Tim. vi. 17.

⁴ Col. iii. 5.

⁵ Eph. v. 5.

for God, and is still unconsciously seeking after him. The passionate self-surrender with which so many give themselves to the pursuit of riches, is but the diseased action of a being formed for self-sacrifice to an infinite object, of which riches is the base, indeed, and miserable, yet, in many respects, most deceptive imitation. The love of money, if we may so express the thought, is but the love of God run wild. If money did not present to the heart's deep yet unconscious longings and aspirations some shadow or substance of that of which it is in quest, it would not call forth such an ardour and intensity of devotion. But it does make believe to give what can truly be found in God alone. And it is because it does so; because it presents a false copy of infinitude to the soul that it becomes the object of a morbid craving, an attachment extravagantly disproportionate to its real worth. Let me try, in further prosecution of this train of thought, to indicate one or two features in which this illusive resemblance between money and God, as objects of human desire and devotion, may be traced, and then to show that it is an illusive resemblance, a likeness fatal to all who are beguiled by it.

I. The soul of man was made for God, and can never find true rest or happiness till it confide itself to Him. But in its restless pursuit of happiness, it often mistakes the true object of which it is in quest; and there are qualities common to that Divine object and riches which, unconsciously to the mind itself, constitute the attraction of the latter. There are superficial similarities which secretly persuade the heart, that that divinity of which it is in search it will find in wealth. What are these? If we try to think how money is like God, may it not be said to possess a certain shadowy semblance of His omnipotence; a strange mimicry of His omnipresence, His boundless beneficence, His providence, His power over the future, His capacity, not only to procure for us an endless variety of blessings, to give us all that our hearts can desire, but also to become, in and for Himself, apart from all that He can give or get for us, an object of independent delight; so that it is happiness to possess Him, to enjoy Him, to make Him our portion, to know and feel that He is ours.

Take, for a moment, any of these qualities or attributes, and you will see that the resemblance of which we speak is not a fanciful one. There is in money, for instance, a shadow of the Divine *omnipotence*. Weak and helpless in God's world, as man feels himself to be, his unconscious longing is for some power of succour and defence in which to confide. I want, in my conscious helplessness, something to stand between me and danger—some presence ever near me to which I can repair, in want for sustenance, in weakness for strength, in danger for protection. I require some Being or Power that will give me calmness, reliance, security, and make me feel that I have at hand a friend in need,—that whatever betide me, I have a solace

for my sorrows, a secure rock and refuge amidst the fluctuations of circumstance, and the unknown cares and troubles and emergencies of life.

Now, for this deep and universal craving, there is no true response but in Him, who is the One omnipotent Friend, the rock and refuge of his people in all generations. But the heart that has turned away from Him finds in Money a strange semblance of His omnipotence. Whether for the supply of present needs, or as a provision against future emergencies, does not Money seem to many a mind that which can give it a solid sense of security? With a mimic almightiness and omnipresence it rules the world. Make it your friend, and it will summon from every region of the globe whatever can contribute to your use and enjoyment. At its all-potent touch your board will be spread, your person clothed, your senses gratified, your eye fed with beauty, your ear ravished with melody, your mind furnished with the richest results of human thought. At its bidding, the earth will yield the fruits that grow upon its surface, and the minerals that are hidden in its depths; the East will send you its silks and spices, the South the produce of its vineyards, and the West of its plantations. It will command the lower creatures to give their strength and their fleetness to minister to man's uses, and their beauty to his pleasure, and their very life to his support. Men, too, at its resistless summons, will hasten to work for you; and not only those around you, but thousands whom you have never seen, in every land and clime under heaven, will contribute, for your gratification, the highest products of their toil. Day and night, for you, the husbandman and the artisan, on the field, in the quarry, at the mill, and the loom, and the anvil, and the manufactory, will labour on; for you the sailor will risk his life on the sea, and the soldier on the field of battle, and the miner in the bowels of the earth. For you, at the omnific word of this all-controlling master, the rarest powers of the most gifted minds will be exerted. The most curious contrivances, the most exquisite inventions, will be placed at your service. For you the poet will sing, and the artist paint, and the historian and philosopher and scholar will produce the long results of thought and toil. The lawyer will give you the sharpest of his wits and the profoundest of his learning, the physician exert all the skill which, by study and observation of the human frame, he has gained, to mitigate your ailments or cure your diseases; and even the divine, for you, will ransack the treasures of sacred lore, and the preacher, for your instruction, preach his best. What wonder that a power that can achieve all this, borrows, to man's fallen imagination, the very sceptre of Omnipotence, and that the heart that knows no other Divinity, confides in it as a God! And add to this, that not only does money seem to exert an almost universal dominion over the present, but that it possesses a mysterious power, to the worldly imagination, to

secure it against the chances and changes of the future. It represents, by its silent presence, to him who has amassed a fortune, the supplies of long years to come. It is his security against a thousand evils with which the future may be fraught. It contains in it the virtual promise, that, as long as life shall last, his wants shall be satisfied, his pleasures provided, his difficulties smoothed, and if not his sorrows and trials averted, yet a thousand solacements procured to lighten them. It places in fancy its votary above the fear of coming ills, and enables him to look calmly around, and say, "I need fear no evil." What wonder then, I repeat, that that which can do all this comes to be regarded with an almost slavish dependence; that it gathers round it the feelings of abject homage and respect, and that the irreligious mind yields to it the very sentiments of trust and confidence due from man to his God!

Another attribute of Divinity which money may be said to borrow, is the *capacity to become an object of desire and delight in and for itself*. That which is the object of man's worship must constitute, in itself, the Supreme Good of the soul. It must be contemplated, not as a means but as an end, not as the condition of achieving some ulterior gain or advantage, but as containing in itself all the gain we seek, and capable, in the mere fact of possessing it, of bestowing perfect satisfaction on the possessor. The highest experience of the devout heart is to rest in God as its final portion and joy. To seek an interest in God's favour merely because the divine patronage is necessary to our safety and happiness, is not true religion, but only religious selfishness; and he who loves God only for His gifts, loves really the gifts, not God. Let him have the benefits, and he could do without the Bestower. Whilst, therefore, there may have been, in the experience of many a pious mind, a preparatory discipline of gratitude or fear, an earlier stage of its moral history in which God was regarded chiefly as the Dispenser of favours, or the Deliverer from penalties; yet then only does the soul reach that attitude towards God which can be rightly designated religious, when all self-regardful thoughts and feelings are eliminated, and God Himself becomes the desire and delight of the heart. When hope and fear are lost in love, when it is perfect bliss simply to love and to be loved by God, and the sincere utterance of the heart is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire besides thee,"—then only does the object of worship become our Supreme Good—our God.

Now, in this respect too, may it not be said that Money is the counterfeit of Deity, and covetousness a distorted faith? It is true, indeed, that money is but the conventional representative of other objects of desire, and may be prized simply because we look at the things we like through money,—caring not for the medium, save for the sake of that which by its aid we contemplate beyond it. The love of money is always at first,

often never more than, the love of meat and drink and dress, of the pleasures of the table, of luxurious living, of power, of applause, of books or art—of that, in short, which meets some natural desire or propensity. But, as we all know, money may become, and often does become, more than this. Intercepting the feelings of which it has been the medium, it begins to be loved, not as a means, but as an end. The heart learns more and more to rest in it, all ulterior objects forgotten. All the scattered rays of desire, to which it was for a while transparent, become concentrated on it. All the streams of passion, the inclinations, wishes, hopes, delights, that went forth formerly to their proper objects, now flow into this channel, and lend their combined force to the intensity of this one passion. The heart, ever craving after that for which, by its original structure, it was made,—some one object to which all its manifold energies may be devoted, and in which it may find satisfaction and rest, learns more and more to rest in money as its end. The sense of possession is its bliss, and all the bliss it seeks. To have money, to know and feel that it is mine, to commune with it, think about it, plan how to get more of it, and enjoy the success of getting it; to be content never to part from it, or give it up for the sake of anything that could be exchanged for it,—this becomes the sovereign good, the happiness, the heaven of many a human spirit. There have been those who, if they could give expression to their unconscious feelings, might almost travesty the language of devotion, and say of wealth, "What have I on earth but thee, and there is no heaven that I desire besides thee!" And though it may be true that the cases are rare in which the passion of covetousness reaches this height of extravagance, yet, in as far as any man approximates to this state of thought and feeling, in so far as he is wandering, objectless desires fastening on Money as the Divinity they are in search of, and he is transferring to money that confidence which is due to God alone.

I will only adduce one other quality of the divine object of trust which money mimics—His *infinitude*.

That which constitutes the highest good of man, the object of his profoundest desire and delight, must be not only good independently, but also good inexhaustibly. We cannot rest in that which is limited. To be satisfied with what he has got, is not possible for man. Weariness soon creeps over the familiar joy; and if it is to continue to attract us, it must grow with the desire it gratifies; it must expand with the ever-expanding appetite. If you could leave out from a man's mental structure the elements of hope, of aspiration, of imagination, then might he find rest for his soul in that which is bounded, without one sigh of satiety, without the consciousness of one wistful glance into the future and the ideal. But it is not so. God has not made us for that which is finite. We cannot stop. We cannot allay the heart's

quenchless thirst. The eye cannot be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Gazing on the most glorious scenes of this world's loveliness, listening to the strains of its most voluptuous melody, surrounded by every element of material and temporal happiness, the unconscious cry of the heart is—"More, more still, more than that; I am not satisfied, I am not at rest!" Only in the contemplation of that Beauty which eye hath not seen, in hearkening with ever-growing, ever-gratified yearning to that Melody which ear hath not heard, in beholding in beatific vision that Mind from the depths of which ever new and more ravishing revelations of unearthly splendour are breaking on the pure in heart—only, in one word, in the enjoyment of God, is there rest for that nature which has in it the boundlessness of its object.

Now, it is just because it puts on a faint mimicry of this illimitableness, that wealth presents to many a hapless mind so potent, so resistless an attraction. The desire for money grows with what it feeds upon. When once it has taken firm hold of a man's nature, it is its notorious characteristic to be ever unsatisfied with past acquisitions, ever conceiving and contriving how to get more. And ever at each fresh accession there seems to open up and stretch away before the imagination an endless possibility of future gain. Men may talk of the irrationality of such a passion. Its folly may point the homily of the moralist and the epigram of the poet; it may be the theme of a thousand formal denunciations and warnings from the pulpit;—still covetousness laughs at them all. It will not yield to satire or solemnity. It will not be dislodged by human reasoning. Nothing but the entrance into the heart of that holy love,—that high, pure and heavenly principle of which it is the mocking make-believe, can ever extrude it, forasmuch as it borrows in man's heart the strength and intensity of that boundless devotion that is due to God alone.

II. Such, then, are some out of many points in which this shadowy resemblance between money and God as objects of desire and dependence may be traced. That it is a shadowy and deceptive resemblance, and that the trust in riches, therefore, is a misplaced devotion, it will need few words to show. In this, as in many of our commonest experiences, we do not know our own meaning. The lover of money does not understand himself; he is not reflectively conscious of what it is which he is in quest of. There is a deep, inextinguishable need of God within him; but, as often happens, the desire becomes creative. It fastens upon an object beneath itself, gilds it with imaginary beauty and attractiveness; and then the mind fancies that it sees in the object those qualities with which its own wistful imagination has endowed it. The wish becomes father to the thought. The faint outline is filled up by the busy, eager, shaping fancy, till it attains a visionary completeness; and often it is only the bitter experience of disappoint-

ment—of wasted affections, misplaced confidence, and ruined hopes—that at length undeceives us.

And such must ever be the final disenchantment of him who unconsciously idealizes wealth into the Supreme Good of the soul; who fashions, in other words, money into a mimic God. For, whatever semblance of divinity it may assume, money lacks all those elements that are necessary to constitute any object the Supreme Good of man. It is *material* and *outward*, and nothing can be the final joy and rest of the soul which is not inward and spiritual; it is *limited*, and the Supreme Good of man must be inexhaustible; it is *perishable*; and that can only be our highest object of reliance—our God, which abideth for ever.

Not in the *outward* can man rest. That which constitutes the first, last joy and satisfaction of a human spirit, must be Spirit too. You can no more satisfy the soul's hunger with that which is material than the bodily appetite with that which is mental. Fine thoughts will not feed starving bodies, nor flowing fancies quench a raging thirst. And neither will money, or any material good, allay the craving of a spirit for the bread and water of life. Weigh thought in scales, measure the height of desires and hopes by square and compass, test by the thermometer the intensity of love, sound by line and plummet the depths of a human heart,—then will you be able by material satisfaction to fill the void in a spirit that is crying out for God, for the living God. Money can do much. It can avert and alleviate many ills, procure innumerable and unmistakable enjoyments. Declamation against wealth and luxury is often little better than sounding commonplace. But, all mere conventional moralizing apart, there are few whom sad experience has not taught that there are ills, and these the heaviest that can befall us, which money cannot cure; and one lesson which, sooner or later, most men learn is that the real happiness of life is altogether independent of it. Money cannot always avert even temporal calamities, and there are deep inward woes which it can do nothing to heal. Pain and disease often baffle all the expedients which wealth can purchase; and still more impossible is it for money to minister to a mind diseased. Stretched upon the bed of hopeless sickness, tortured by constitutional and incurable maladies, what would many a possessor of wealth not gladly surrender for the peace of health, one hour of which countless treasures could not buy? Money cannot delay the rapid course of life, nor arrest the progress of decay. It cannot restore the buoyancy of youth to the old, nor buy back fair fame to the dishonoured, nor bring again around the bereaved and lonely the forms and faces that smile on him no more. And for the deeper ills of the spirit,—the sense of guilt, the anguish of remorse, the self-tormenting power of an awakened conscience, or, again, the wretchedness of an impure or selfish, or unquiet and ill-regulated mind, for the pangs of jealousy or envy,

of ungratified hatred or balked revenge—for all these, and similar ills, the most fatal to man's happiness, the world's wealth were all in vain to compensate. Money, with all its fancied omnipotence, fails to reach the seat of man's deepest joys and sorrows. Invoked by its most abject worshippers, like Baal of old, it hears not, interposes not, in the hour of their sorest need. Trust in it, and it proves, when wanted most, a weak and treacherous divinity. The other two elements necessary to constitute any being or object the supreme good of man, are, as I have said, *inexhaustibleness* and *perpetuity*. It is obvious, to speak only of the latter, that that cannot be man's trust and rest, man's highest Good, the duration of which is not co-extensive with his own. The joy on which I mainly depend must not only reach the deepest region of my nature, but it must last. Nothing that does not abide can be a god to man. The very sweetness of any source of delight would make it the spring of the direst ill, if it fostered the craving in us for a while, and then, when it became necessary to our happiness, suddenly ceased to flow. Better no staff than one that breaks when our weakness needs most its support. Better no lamp than one that burns only in the daylight, and goes out as the shadows fall fast and thick around us. Better no protector than one in whom we have learned to confide, and who deserts us as the foe draws near. But that which renders the condition of him who lives for money the most pitiable, is just this, that he is learning more and more to identify his happiness with that which cannot last, with that which will belie his confidence in the hour of his greatest need. Money, and the pleasures, comforts, luxuries which money can procure, are good and desirable enough in themselves. It were the grossest affectation to pretend to despise them. But give your whole heart to them, make them your chief delight, live for them till they become necessary to your happiness, and they are indeed the things which, if they render life dear, render also death terrible. The fall from wealth to poverty is often a dreadful calamity in this world. Poverty is no such ill to the born pauper as to him to whom life-long habit has rendered those things necessities which to others are luxuries and rare indulgences. Penal servitude, whatever it may be to the felon in low life, is an incalculably more terrible punishment when it falls, as sometimes it does, on the man whose life has been one of affluence and ease. And so, hard though it be at the best to part with sweet life, it is hardest of all to him whom death tears from all he loves and cares for in the universe—from the softness and ease and sunny brightness of a rich man's lot on earth—and sends out, in darkness and loneliness, to meet his fate. It is godless wealth, even more than guilt, that makes men cowards in the face of death. Let money be the great good of life, the divinity to whom you offer up the de-

votion of your heart and the labour of your hand, and it is a god who may reward your devotion for a while with no slight or stinted returns. The joys of appetite and sense, rich and graceful attire, the pleasures of the table, gaiety, good fellowship, a luxurious home, walls resplendent with the rarest products of art, and rooms crowded with articles of *vertu*, a position of influence in the community, the attention of equals, the obsequious respect of inferiors—these and the like are the boons which often on its votary this god bestows. But, alas! his gifts are fatal, disastrous benefactions, if they foster in their possessor an effeminate attachment to life, if they make the sensuous pleasantness of a soft, bright, sunny existence all too dear to us, if they shut out from our view that awful other world to which we haste.

Yield then your heart's love, the reliance of your deepest nature, not to money or any finite object. God, and God alone, is sufficient for the happiness of the spirit which in His own image He has made. He is the supreme and all satisfying Good. He is not only the possessor of the resources of the universe, but He is, in Himself, better than all His gifts. He contains in Himself all that is necessary to our happiness in time and eternity. While all besides is outward and limited and perishable, He is spiritual, infinite, enduring for ever. He has access to the inmost recesses of the human heart. He can hold immediate communion with us, not as when hand touches hand, but by the ineffable fellowship of spirit with spirit. He can come into contact with the soul, and by His blessed presence with it, calm all its perturbations, heal all its wounds, cleanse away all its stains of guilt, let in the sweet light of hope on its darkness, and infuse into its weakness the very strength of Omnipotence. Possessed of Him the believer can say, "My mind to me a kingdom is." Stript of all else the world holds dear, in Him the soul has that which can compensate for every privation—in outer darkness, an inner sunshine; in poverty, a hidden treasure of priceless wealth; in pain, a secret bliss that makes even suffering sweet; in death, a life that can never die. While life lasts, His love alone can enable us to extract the deepest enjoyment out of its blessings; and in the hour when life and all its possessions pass from us, when the rich man is as the poorest, and the loftiest reduced to the level of the lowest, when deaf becomes the ear to all earthly voices, and dark the eye to the dearest earthly faces, when humanity is reduced to utter loneliness, and nakedness, and weakness,—oh, thrice happy he who can say, "Perish all else, God is with me still! I go, I know not whither, into regions and worlds unknown; but this I know, that neither life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ, my Lord."



THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

III.—THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

LUKE XV. 11-32.

YEARS ago, a traveller found himself in a fishing town, where he intended to pass the night. The sun had gone down on a sea of glass; but, as the night fell, the wind began to moan, and ere long a glaring flash and rattling peal announced the storm that broke out over sea and land with tremendous fury. By and bye, the voices of men and women were heard in the streets—mingling with the roar of the tempest. There was none to answer his call; and surprised to find himself the only tenant of the inn, he sallied forth to join the crowd, which, seized with a terrible alarm, and consisting chiefly of old men, women, mothers, and little children, was hurrying to the shore. Their fathers, children, husbands, brothers, had gone off to the fishing; and must now be running for the haven through that black night and roaring sea. There, drenched with rain and the salt spray, clinging to wall, rock, and each other, a crowd was gathered, over which, as they stood, some looking seaward, and some in silent prayer to heaven, a blazing fire, kindled at the pier-end, threw fitful and ruddy gleams. Another light, gleaming like a star over the waves, with which it rose and sank, shone from a life-boat that gallant hands had rowed out to the tail of a reef, between which and the pier the boats must run to make the harbour's mouth. Could they live in such a sea? If they did, could they, guided by these lights, dash through between the shore on this side and the reef on that? Some hoping, some despairing, but all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom, two hours of terrible suspense drag on; at length a faint cheer is raised, as, dimly seen, the headmost boat is descried running for the harbour. They hold their breath—prayers are on their lips, and lives are in that helmsman's hand. Lying on the rudder, he steers her aright. She clears the point of danger; and, as the forms of the boat's crew flash by in the gleam of the pine-wood fire, there is a scream—a voice cries, "It is he! it is he! he's safe!"—and a woman, who had caught sight of her husband in the boat, fell fainting, for very joy, into an old man's arms.

No wonder the stranger, careless of the tempest, mingled with that eager crowd; for, where such a scene was transacting, and men's lives were in the greatest jeopardy, and human bosoms were agitated by as great a tumult as roared above in

the stormy skies, and in the waves of that foaming sea, who could sit to enjoy the comforts of a bright fireside and curtained room? Where men's lives, their souls, or great interests are in danger, nothing is so exciting as to watch the uncertain issue; or more gratifying than to see life saved—the dead alive, the lost found. To such stirring sights men and women crowd; to such tales old age, as well as childhood, turns with ear intent.

To this, in part, the parable of the Prodigal, with its strong lights and shadows, of the wickedness of the son, and the father's kindness, forgiveness, and touching joy over one who had been lost and was found, owes the universal interest with which it is read; and the garland with which men have agreed to crown it as, both for the beauty of its story, and the importance of its truths, the finest of all the parables.

THE OCCASION OF THE PARABLE.

The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come—so said the dying Jacob. In accordance with that old prophecy, the Jewish State, at Christ's advent, merged into the Roman Empire; and was, in consequence, taxed to maintain a foreign, a heathen government. The parties employed in raising this public revenue, and who were therefore called publicans, were obnoxious to every pious and patriotic Jew. Some were heathens; and such as were not, being regarded as traitors, were held in double abhorrence—the very beggars refused their charity. With few exceptions, no man of character would accept the office. Excluded from the ranks of respectable society, the publicans acquired the habits of the dregs amongst which they sank; and associated in fact, as well as in common speech, with fallen women, they became notorious for their vices.

Orpheus is said to have drawn savage beasts around him by the charms of music; but our Lord so charmed the world by his preaching, that he drew to him, in publicans and sinners, multitudes more brutal than the beasts. Finding in him a Jew who did not hate but love them, despise but pity them, trample them beneath his feet but stooped to raise them, as if each was a diamond sparkling in the mud, they gathered

in crowds to hear him, and listen to one who offered mercy, and held out the flag of hope even to publicans and sinners. The Pharisee, as he swept in full sail to the Temple to thank God that he was not as these, dreading their touch, said, Stand aside; I am holier than thou! Not so Jesus Christ—abhorrent to his holy nature as was their impiety and impurity! Passing like a sunbeam through the foulest atmosphere without pollution, touching pitch and not defiled, breathing infected air but proof against contagion, he rather sought than shunned the company of publicans and sinners. Where should he be found, who came to save, but in the thick of the lost? The selfish, bigoted, narrow-minded Jew, who would have none saved but himself, took offence at this: This man, they said, "receiveth sinners and eateth with them;" and, by way of reproach, they called him "a friend of publicans and sinners."

We accept the picture. Each time heaven's gate is thrown open, he receiveth a sinner; and what keeps our hopes alive, and in the solemn prospect of death or judgment inspires us with any degree of fortitude, but that we shall fall into the hands of him who is "the friend of sinners?" These Pharisees did not understand Jesus Christ any more than vice understands virtue, or blindness colours. Ignorant of his mission, they could not comprehend how one who was holy should rather seek than avoid the lost and reprobate. And it was to reveal the riches of gospel grace, God's purpose of mercy, and the delight he has in converting and saving the greatest sinners, that, with the other parables of this chapter, Jesus told the story of the prodigal.

Regarding the son here as a type of man, and the father as a type of God; as he is seen in his Son and set forth in the gospel, let us now study these, the two prominent figures in this beautiful parable—beginning with the Prodigal.

HIS CONDUCT.

In the case of entailed estates, and in every case where a man in our country dies without leaving a will, the heritable property, according to what is called feudal law, belongs to the eldest son. By the udal law, as in Norway, the whole estate is divided equally among the members of the family. The Jewish law, as appears by the book of Deuteronomy, held a middle course between these two. If a man had two sons, as was the case here, his goods were divided into three parts—two of them falling to the eldest; but to his effects as thus divided, the children did not succeed till the father died.

Tired waiting in his father's death for an event which some sons have hastened, and impatient to possess the means of indulging vices into which we have seen others leave a father's grave to plunge, carelessly scattering what he had too carefully gathered, this youth requests, or rather demands, such share of the property as would by

law fall to him at the father's death. Fancy this father's case yours; your feelings at such unnatural and insolent conduct! What a shock to him to find that in his son's heart all home affections were dead, and that he himself was no longer regarded with love, or his grey hairs with respect! The father's presence, and the virtuous habits of a pious home, have become an irksome restraint. This youth would be his own master—rid of his father's strict, pious, and old-fashioned ways of keeping God's law and day; and so, type of man whose heart sin has estranged from God, so soon as his request is granted, he turns his back on home, and takes his departure to a far country.

The father did not compel his son to remain; nor does God us, or indeed any of his creatures. In Eden he left our first parents to the freedom of their own will. There man sought to be independent of God; and here, in the condition of the prodigal, we have a picture of the misery into which sin, having estranged us from our heavenly Father, has plunged its wretched votaries. Devoured by harlots, the portion was soon spent. Want followed on the heels of waste. Driven by hard necessity to become a swineherd, he accepted the meanest, and to a Jew the most degrading employment. A stranger in a strange land; cast away as an orange when men have sucked it; turned off, as I have seen a poor, ragged wretch, from the drinking-shop where he had wasted his means; neglected by old associates; laughed at as a fool by many, and pitied by none, he is reduced to the direst extremity. None offering him better fare, he tries to satisfy his hunger with swine-husks. Type of the sinner who departs from God, and a beacon to such as feel irksome under the restraints of a pious home, he seeks happiness to find only misery—ambitious of an unhallowed liberty, he sinks into the condition of the basest slave.

HIS CHANGE OF MIND.

The words, "He came to himself," here employed to describe the change on the prodigal, imply that he had been beside himself—acting the part of a madman or a fool.

He had the best of fathers; and was not he a fool to leave him?—as if among these vile women and boon companions there were any to love him as his father had done! In a home where he had rings and robes, servants to attend and fatted calves to feed him, music and dancing, when he was sad, to cheer him, was not he a fool to leave it?—as if in a far country, and in the haunts of vice, he would find any place like home. When, from the last height that commanded a view of home, he looked back, casting a lingering look behind, was not he a fool, as he suppressed the rising of old affections, and the fancy that he heard the voice of his dead mother calling him back, to dash the tear from his eye, and rush, like a war-horse plunging into the battle, headlong on a course of dissipation—blind

to the wretchedness which ever terminates a career of vice ?

"The path of transgressors is hard"—to this, God, using his sufferings for the purpose, was pleased to open his eyes. Saved beside the swine-troughs, his sorest misery, as in other cases, proved his greatest mercy. Left to chew the cud of bitter reflection, sitting where all his bones through his rags did look and stare on him, the past, with its sin and folly, rose up before his eyes. Oh, what a fool he had been ! He was convinced of that ; and of this also, that to remain there was to die—that it were better to return, and cast himself on his father's pity ; better to be his servant than the drudge and slave he was ; better to go and unburden his conscience, and acknowledge his wickedness, though he should die at his father's feet. Feeling thus, humbled and penitent, prepared to accept thankfully the smallest favour, and if he is forgiven to be content even with a servant's place, he is now like a maniac restored to reason ; as is said, "He came to himself." Happy all of whom the same can be said !

Sin is represented here as a madness ; and who acts so contrary to sound reason, his own interests, and the reality of things, as a sinner ? Transport yourself to such scenes as Hogarth painted. Here is a man in a damp, dark cell, seated on a heap of straw, and chained like a wild beast to the wall. Does he weep ? Is he haunted by recollections of a happy home ? Does he, as you look through the bars, entreat you to take pity on him, to loose his fetters, and let him go free ? No. He smiles, sings, laughs—the straw is a throne ; this bare cell, a palace ; these rough keepers, obsequious courtiers ; and he himself, a monarch, the happiest of mortals, an object of envy to crowned kings. Strange and sad delusion ! Yet, is that man not more beside himself who, with a soul formed for the purest enjoyments, delights in the lowest pleasures ; who, content with this poor world, rejects the heaven in his offer ; who, surest sign of insanity, hates in a heavenly Father and his Saviour, those who love him ; who, in love with sin, hugs his chains ; lying under the wrath of God, is merry ; sings, and dances on the thin crust that, ever and anon breaking beneath the feet of others, is all that separates him from an abyss of fire ? The spectacle recalls the words of Solomon : "I said of laughter, it is madness ; of mirth, what doth it ?" Happy, such as, through the Spirit of God, working by whatever means, have come to themselves, like the prodigal ; and are seated, like the maniac who dwelt among the tombs, at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind !

HIS DISTRESS.

"I perish, he said, with hunger. Dreadful fate !—a death attended with pangs that have turned the softest hearts to stone, and even women into savage beasts. Maddened by hunger, the mother has forgot her sucking child, that she should not

have compassion on the fruit of her womb. But how much worse the condition of him of whom the wretched prodigal is a type ? The pleasures of sin can never satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul—far less save it. The pangs of the body, besides, come to an end ; in the grave, that poor, emaciated form hungers no more, and thirsts no more, and shivers no more—but the wrath of God abideth for ever. "Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." Awful words !—made more awful by the circumstance that they came from the lips of a tender and compassionate Redeemer ; and were by him repeated thrice—hammered, if I may say so, into the mind, as a nail is driven to the head by successive blows. Besides, if a man is dying of hunger, he feels it, or of thirst, he feels it ; but the misery of a sinner is not to know his misery. Here the type of the prodigal fails. I offer a man the bread of life, and he tells me he is not hungry ; living water, and he puts aside the cup, saying, I am not thirsty ; I find him stricken down with a mortal disease, but, on bringing a physician to his bed-side, he bids us go, and not disturb him, but leave him to sleep, for he feels no pain. Insensibility to pain is his worst symptom, fatal proof that mortification has begun, and that, unless it can be arrested, all is over—you may go, make his coffin, and dig him a grave. But let sensibility return, so that on pressure being applied to the seat of disease, he shrinks and shrieks out with pain ; alarmed and ignorant, his attendants may imagine that now his last hour is come, but the man of skill knows better. There is life in that cry—it proves that the tide has turned, that he shall live. Sign as blessed, when brought to a sense of his sins, a man feels himself perishing ; cries with Peter, sinking among the waves of Galilee, I perish ; with the prodigal, sitting by the swine-troughs, I perish ; with the jailer, at midnight in the prison, What shall I do to be saved ? Have we ever felt thus ? A most important question ! For unless we have felt ourselves lost, we have not yet been saved, and have yet to be converted. Happy such as are so ! And as to those who are still far from God, let them arise, with the prodigal, and go to their Father. He waits for them. I promise them the kindest welcome—in his heart there is love, and in his house "bread enough, and to spare."

HIS BELIEF.

"I perish ! cried the poor prodigal. Why should I ? Behind yonder blue hills, away in the dim distance, lies my father's house—a house of many mansions and such full supplies that the servants, even the hired servants, have bread enough, and to spare.

Is there in Jesus Christ a provision as ample for our wants—for the wants of every humble, returning, believing penitent ? I might reply by asking, who ever sat at God's table without finding not only bread enough, but to spare ? Go back to the days

when Israel was in the wilderness. The camp is astir with early dawn. Men, women, and little children troop forth, in the grey morning, to gather the manna that, type of the blessings of salvation, has dropped from bountiful skies on the desert sands. And, when these millions are supplied, there is bread to spare, more meat than mouths—the sun, shooting up, shines on the gleanings of the harvest, as on the hoar-frost of a grassy lawn. Or look at another feast, where five thousand guests are met on a mountain-side, with its green sward for their carpet, the azure sky for a canopy, the twelve apostles for attendants, and Jesus Christ for their host, and master of the feast! In three loaves and some small fishes, the provision does not look Godlike—the counterpart of the desert's daily banquet. The disciples are ashamed; the guests astonished. But our Lord stands up unabashed, and calm in conscious power up to the blue heavens he turns his eyes; and, his voice sounding clear over silent thousands, he asks a blessing on the scanty meal. Again there is bread enough, and to spare—and these few loaves and fishes, after feeding five thousand hungry guests, fill twelve baskets with their fragments.

In their divine fulness, the desert manna, the mountain fare, were substantial symbols of the mercy, pardon, peace, holiness, and happiness stored up in Christ. Yes. We also can say, there is enough and to spare—for my needs, grace enough; for my sorrows, comfort enough; for my nakedness, raiment enough, and to spare; in that fountain filled from Immanuel's veins, blood enough to wash away my sins, and the sins of the whole world, would the world come to Jesus—but listen to the voice of babes, as they sweetly sing—

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus;
He will save you, he will save you
Just now.

"O believe him, O believe him,
O believe him, O believe him,
Just now."

HIS RESOLUTION.

I will arise, said the prodigal, and go to my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee! He might well say so. I can detect in him no redeeming trait but one. When he had brought himself to poverty, he had—the fruit of early training—too much honour to beg, and too much honesty to steal, and independence enough to be willing to earn his own bread by stooping to the humblest employment. Better a hard bed, humble fare, and rags that are our own, than to live preying on others, or shining with borrowed splendour!

View it, however, in what light you may, his conduct had been atrociously bad. He preferred the company of harlots to his father's society, and songs of lewd revelry to the melody of his father's worship; a thorn in the old man's side, he had well nigh broken his loving heart, and brought

down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. There are more dreadful sights than that which filled Jacob with horror when, spreading out the blood-stained garment, Joseph's brothers said, Is this thy son's coat, or no? A dissipated son is a greater trial than a dead one; and more bitter the tears shed over the wreck of such an one's character than those which bedew the coffin where his dead brother lies. Such were the tears this father shed, as with many a bitter thought and agonizing prayer he followed the wanderer, whose name he never mentioned but in secret to his God.

Remove the prodigal, and setting Conscience on the bench, let us take his place! As sinners against our heavenly Father, who is not as bad as he? Be not offended, or mistake my meaning! We may never have proved thorns in a father's flesh, cost his eye one tear, or a mother's heart a groan—giving them occasion to wish that, lifted from a cradle to a coffin, we had been buried in an early grave. Still, no prodigal ever sinned against an earthly, as we have done against our heavenly Father.

I can measure parental love—how broad, and long, and strong, and deep it is. It is a sea—a deep sea, which mothers and fathers only can fathom. But the love displayed on yonder hill and bloody cross where God's own Son is perishing for us, nor man nor angel has a line to measure. The circumference of the earth, the altitude of the sun, the distance of the planets—these have been determined; but the height, depth, breadth, and length of the love of God passeth knowledge. Such is the Father against whom all of us have sinned, a thousand and a thousand times! Walk the shore when ocean sleeps in the summer calm, or, lashed into fury by the winter tempest, is thundering on her sands; and when you have numbered the drops of her waves, the sands on her sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your own sins. Well, therefore, may we go to him with the contrition of the prodigal in our hearts, and his confession on our lips—Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. The Spirit of God helping us thus to go to God, be assured that the father, who, seeing his son afar off, ran to meet him, fell on his neck, and kissed him, was but an image of Him, who, not sparing his own Son, but giving him up to death, that we might live, invites and now waits your coming.

THE FATHER.

The representations of God the Father in the most splendid paintings of the ancient masters are worse than in bad taste. His Son assumed the human form; and far short as the highest art comes of expressing the love and mildness and majesty that beamed in the face of Jesus, we are not offended by its efforts. Though they may not satisfy, they do not shock us. But to set forth

the invisible God, in the character of the "Ancient of Days" as an old man, or even in the noblest aspects of humanity, is an irreverence—offensive and revolting.

Yet there have been representations of our heavenly Father more revolting. He has suffered less injustice from painters than from preachers. Thundering out the terrors of the law, armed with bolts of vengeance, and scowling down from pulpits, they have stood there as unlike as possible to him who wept over Jerusalem, and when he saw the multitudes had compassion on them. By representing God in dark and gloomy colours, with an expression on his countenance of stern severity, and as more prone to punish than to pardon, the preacher's offence is greater than the painter's. He may quench a sinner's hopes, extinguish the light that is dawning on a darkened soul, and repel a poor prodigal whose steps are turning homeward to his father's house. A physician who kills the patient he should have cured, such a man is practically the enemy of souls; to use Paul's words, he destroys him for whom Christ died.

To such false and forbidding representations of the Father, what a contrast, the beautiful, most touching, affecting, winning portrait which we have here, from one who knows him well—from the hand of his own Son. This picture might kindle hope in the bosom of despair. Some have been afraid to present God in such a gracious light, lest men, taking encouragement to plunge headlong into sin, should, like this prodigal, depart from the living God. Depart from the living God? Ah, that is not to do! Like lost sheep we have all gone astray—all departed from him. But for one person who, abusing the grace of God, takes occasion from this parable to go on in sin, with the intention, when the worst comes to the worst, of returning to the arms of an indulgent Father, thousands have been saved by it from sinking into despair, and plunging into deeper guilt. Inspiring them with hope, it has raised many a poor wretch from the swine-troughs, and brought them home. Followers of the prodigal, they have gone in to sit down in the kingdom of heaven—the angels who rejoiced over them, now rejoicing with them. In contemplating this picture, see

HOW THE FATHER RECEIVED HIS SON.

When he was yet a great way off, it is said, his father saw him. How did that happen? I knew a sailor's widow who had parted with her husband after some brief, bright days of marriage. He went to sea and never came back; his ship, probably foundering with all her crew, was never more heard of. When the time expired for her return, but no ship came, this woman would repair to a rocky headland, and, looking out, watch every sail on the wide ocean in the hope, as some ever and anon made for the harbour, that each was his—bringing the lost one home. And at night, on

her lone bed, she used to lie awake, listening to the footsteps of belated travellers, fancying that she recognised his step—but only, as the sound passed her door, to weep over her disappointment; and long after hope had died in the breasts of others, on rocky cliff or lonely bed she waited his coming who never never came home.

Such love, I can fancy, often led this father's steps to some rising ground, where, others knowing his purpose but appearing not to notice him, he repaired; and, with a heart yearning for his son, turned his eyes in the direction the prodigal went off, hoping to see him return. One day when on his watch-post, he descries a new object in the distance. He watches it. It moves; it advances; it is not a beast, prowling lion, or hungry wolf; it is a man; it may be his son. His heart beats quick. One long, earnest, steadfast gaze, and, joy of joys, happy hour, often prayed for and come at last, the keen eye of love recognises it—it is the prodigal come back! Painfully, for he was footsore and weary; slowly, for he bent under a load of guilt; sadly, for the scene around reminded him of departed joys and blighted innocence, his mother mouldering in her grave, and his father with grey hairs he had almost, perhaps, brought down to his; tremblingly, for he was in doubt of his reception—with head hung down, and slow, halting, hesitating step, the prodigal comes on. Like one agitated by contending emotions, uncertain how to act, with what measure of indulgence to temper severity, does the father wait his son's approach? No. He does not stand on his dignity; nor say, Let him make the first advances, and ask forgiveness. His one thought is, This is my son, my poor son; his one feeling a gush of love; his only impulse to throw his arms around his child, and clasp him to a bosom that has never ceased to love and hope for his return. As soon, therefore, as the wanderer is recognised, on flying feet the old man runs to meet him; and ere the son has time to speak a word, the father has him in his arms, presses him to his bosom, and, covering his cheek with passionate kisses, lifts up his voice and weeps for joy.

And this is God! the God whom we preach, as he is drawn by the hand and seen in the face of Him whom he sent to seek and save us, to bring us back, to open a way of reconciliation—the God whose Spirit inspires us with our first feeble desires to return—the God who, unwilling that any should perish, invites and waits our coming. "Therefore," like that father, often looking out for his son, "will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore," as was fulfilled by Jesus on his cross, "will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you. Blessed are all they that wait for him: The people shall dwell in Zion; thou shalt weep no more. He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry: when he shall hear it, he will answer thee."

HOW HIS FATHER TREATED THE PRODIGAL.

"The king kissed Absalom"—an act that here as there expressed more than mere affection. As in David's palace, where Absalom was brought back after years of banishment, and his crimes were forgiven by a father who, all the time his face was turned from his wicked son, had, as Joab perceived and the Bible says, his heart toward him, the kiss here is a sign of reconciliation—a pledge that the past is all forgiven. Forgiven, but deeply penitent; sorrowful, yet rejoicing; happy with his father, but more than ever vexed with himself that he should have wronged and injured him, the prodigal is conducted home. The tidings spread like wild-fire; the house is moved; the servants hurry to the scene; and the joyful father issues orders that teach them, and reassure his son, that the long-lost one is to be reinstated in all the privileges which his crimes had forfeited.

Bring forth the fairest robe and put it on him, says the father. It is done, and the rags of the swine-herd stript off, the best robe in the house is thrown over his naked shoulders, and flows in rich beauty to his bleeding feet; and there now he stands—a beautiful type of the investiture of a sinner in the righteousness and imputed merits of the Saviour—that best robe in God's own house, a garment

"Fairer than ever angel wore."

Put a ring, says the father next, on his finger. And what to him was an unexpected honour, is to us, since rings were used of old as seals, a type of those graces whereby the Holy Spirit seals believers unto the day of redemption. That ring, as the diamond on its golden hoop flashes with many colours, may have other meanings; signifying here the espousals between Christ and his Church, it may be the token of her marriage, the passport of those who are blessed to go in to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Put shoes on his feet, says the father next,—a command that indicates more than a tender regard for him, whose bare, bleeding feet touch his father's heart. In these days, the servants and slaves wore no shoes, and were thus distinguished from the members of the family. The naked foot was a sign of servitude. This order, meant for more than his son's comfort and a covering to those way-worn feet, was therefore tantamount to a declaration from the father's lips that the prodigal was not to be regarded as a servant, but as a son; that to him belonged all the privileges and possessions of sonship; that he who had never lost his place in the father's heart, was now to resume it at his table and in his house.

Nor is this all—"Kill the fatted calf, and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." He shall be feasted. As these hollow eyes and sunken cheeks and wasted form bear witness, he has starved long; but he shall be filled now. So the

board is spread, the wine-cup circles, joy abounds, pleasure beams from every face, music shakes the air, and dancers' feet the floor; and there is more joy in that house over the lost one than over the one that was never lost. Poor prodigal! he needed it—"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts." Thus some of the greatest sinners, on being converted, have experienced a joy and peace and sense of divine love with which others were never blessed—even as a poor child, that has been brought down to the gates of death, receives the richest food, the sweetest cordials, and the tenderest nursing; hence the prayer which God delights to answer—

"According as the days have been
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do thou make us glad."

And this is God, Christ's Father and ours! Who, says David, shall not fear thee, O Lord! How may we, as we contemplate this picture, alter the words, saying, Who will not love thee, O Lord?—all the more when we remember, that while it cost that father nothing to save and receive his son, we were bought with a price. With what a price! The story of redemption is written in blood; God having sent his only begotten and beloved Son to the far country, to become a bondsman to set us free—to suffer and to die for us. Ring and robe, feast and fatted calf, the sound of music, and the sight of dancers, as the scene swims before the prodigal's eyes, convey to him the happy assurance of a father's love; yet how far inferior that evidence to the bleeding form that hung and groaned and died on Calvary! Love beyond parables and all images to express, God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life!

HOW HIS FATHER REJOICED OVER THE PRODIGAL.

In Iceland are some springs called Geysers. Hot, and rising from basin-shaped fountains, they present very remarkable appearances. Like the tides of ocean, they have their ebb and flow. The water now flies from the spectator; and shunning the light, leaves its basin to bury itself in the bowels of the earth—nor gives any intimation of its existence but an occasional groan, a low, deep moaning. At the flow, which alternates with the ebb, it rises in its funnel, overflows its margin, and, with noises like salvos of artillery, sends up, amid clouds of snow-white vapour, a flashing, liquid column as high as a hundred feet.

So act the passions of joy and sorrow. Grief retires from observation. Hiding herself, she conceals rather than proclaims the sorrows that she feeds on; and as the stricken deer leaves the herd, the bereaved court retirement that they may weep in secret over their bleeding wounds. It is otherwise with joy. The Greek, on making a discovery,

of which he had long been in pursuit, was so transported, as to rush naked into the street, and, leading the people to believe him mad, cry, Eureka, Eureka—I have found it, I have found it! Joy must have vent. A fountain which not only flows but overflows, it bursts up and out, seeking to communicate its own happiness to others.

Thus some have been moved to proclaim their conversion, and tell others of the peace which they enjoyed in believing. 'Come all ye that fear the Lord, says the Psalmist, and I will tell what he hath done for my soul; and it is just as natural for a heart full of happiness and God's love to do that, as for a thrush, perched in a summer evening on the top of a cherry-tree, to pour out the joy that fills its little breast in strains of melody. It is the great President Edwards, I think, who relates how, on one occasion, he had such a sense of God's love, that he could hardly resist telling it to the woods, the flowers beneath his feet, and the skies above his head. No wonder, therefore, that when the pure and powerful joys of salvation are poured into a heart which sin had weakened, and never satisfied, the new wine should burst the old bottle,—flowing forth in what seems to those who know no better, but ostentation and parade. It is not so. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

In this parable, so true in all its parts to Nature, this feature of joy stands beautifully out. To these servants the father had never told his grief; but now the prodigal is come back, and his heart is bursting with joy, he tells them of it. He cannot conceal it; he does not seek to conceal it. He says, let us eat and be merry—I am so happy myself, I wish all others to be happy. Banish all care; drop your toils; let the shepherd come from the hill, the ploughman from the furrow, the herd from the pastures, the meanest servant come; and all wearing smiles and joining in the song, hold holiday with my heart. My son that was dead is alive again; that was lost, is found. And this happiest of fathers rejoicing over the returned prodigal, blotting out of memory all his offences, doating on him, drawing him to his side, clasping him in his arms, ever and anon bending on him looks of deepest love, pleading his cause with his unamiable brother, saying, It was meet that we should be merry,—is Christ's picture of his Father!—so he rejoices over every repenting, returning sinner.

Who that elder brother stands for, it is not so easy to settle—whether for Jews jealous of the Gentiles receiving an equal share with them of the blessings of grace; or, still more likely, for the Pharisees, who, proud of their ceremonial righteousness, regarded themselves as injured by the favour shown to publicans and sinners. Proud and boastful, heartless, selfish and sulky, he makes an excellent background to the picture—bringing out

into striking prominence the kindness of the father's heart. That is man's heart—turned by sin and selfishness into a stone; this is God's. Is there no kind Christian father or mother, did they, on a wild winter night, when the heavens were black with drift, and flocks were perishing on the hill, and ships were sinking in the sea, and travellers were lost on the pathless moor, hear a prodigal child knocking at their door, and with wailing, sinking, dying voice, crying, Open and let me in! but would rise—ay, would spring to the call? They know how ready God is to receive every poor sinner to his mercy, and poor penitent to his bosom. He rejoices in his ransomed; let them rejoice in him! Rejoice in the Lord, says Paul, always, and again I say, rejoice. The sun that shines on you shall set, and summer streams shall freeze, and deepest wells go dry—but not his love. His love is a stream that never freezes, a fountain that never fails, a sun that never sets in night, a shield that never breaks in fight; whom he loveth, he loveth to the end.

Are any alarmed lest such a picture of God as we have attempted to draw from this parable, should lead penitents to think lightly of sin? There is no ground for alarm. God forgives offences; but the forgiven never forget them. Does the prodigal forget his sins so soon as they are forgiven—freely, readily, kindly forgiven? No. On the contrary, though now, assured of his father's love, he drops out all mention of a servant's place, he confesses and deplors his sins—does that when he knows them to be forgiven. A sense of God's kindness is the spring of deepest sorrow; and the repentance that succeeds forgiveness is truer and deeper than any which precedes it. Therefore when God says, "I will establish with thee an everlasting covenant," he adds, "then shalt thou remember thy ways, and be ashamed." It was when Jesus, whom Peter had denied, turned a look of love and pity on him, that Simon, pierced to the heart, went out to weep bitterly. The repentance that needeth not to be repented of, has its truest emblem in the rivers that, lending flowers and emerald verdure to their banks, wind through the valleys of the Alps. It is not when stern winter howls, but in spring, and the sweet summertime, when birds are singing, and flowers are breathing odours, and the sun, from azure skies, pours down his beams on the icy bosoms of the mountains, that the rivers, fed by melted snows, rising and overflowing all their banks, roll their mightiest torrents to the lakes. And so it is when a sense of God's love, and peace, and forgiveness is poured into our hearts, that they thaw, and soften, and melt into streams of fullest sorrow. "They shall look on him whom they have pierced; and mourn as one mourneth for an only son, and be in bitterness, as one is in bitterness for a first-born."

CONCERNING RESIGNATION.

You know how a little child of three or four years old kicks and howls if it do not get its own way. You know how quietly a grown-up man takes it, when ordinary things fall out otherwise than he wished. A letter, a newspaper, a magazine, does not arrive by the post on the morning on which it had been particularly wished for, and counted on with certainty. The day proves rainy, when a fine day was specially desirable. The grown-up man is disappointed: but he soon gets reconciled to the existing state of facts. He did not much expect that things would turn out as he wished them. Yes: there is nothing like the habit of being disappointed, to make a man resigned when disappointment comes, and to enable him to take it quietly. And a habit of practical resignation grows upon most men, as they advance through life.

You have often seen a poor beggar, most probably an old man, with some lingering remains of respectability in his faded appearance, half ask an alms of a passer-by: and you have seen him, at a word of repulse, or even on finding no notice taken of his request, meekly turn away: too beaten and sick at heart for energy: drilled into a dreary resignation by the long custom of finding everything go against him in this world. You may have known a poor cripple, who sits all day by the side of the pavement of a certain street, with a little bundle of tracts in his hand, watching those who pass by, in the hope that they may give him something. I wonder, indeed, how the police suffer him to be there: for though ostensibly selling the tracts, he is really begging. Hundreds of times in the long day, he must see people approaching; and hope that they may spare him a halfpenny; and find ninety-nine out of each hundred pass without noticing him. It must be a hard school of Resignation. Disappointments without number have subdued that poor creature into bearing one disappointment more with scarce an appreciable stir of heart. But on the other hand, kings, great nobles, and the like, have been known, even to the close of life, to violently curse and swear if things went against them; going the length of stamping and blaspheming even at rain and wind, and branches of trees and plashes of mud, which were of course guiltless of any design of giving offence to these eminent individuals. There was a great monarch, who when any little cross-accident befell him, was wont to fling himself upon the floor; and there to kick and scream and tear his hair. And around him, meanwhile, stood his awe-stricken attendants: all doubtless ready to assure him that there was something noble and graceful in his kicking and screaming: and that no human being had ever before with such dignity and magnanimity torn his hair. My friend Mr. Smith tells me that in his early youth he had a (very slight) acquaintance with a great Prince, of

elevated rank and of vast estates. That great Prince came very early to his greatness; and no one had ever ventured, since he could remember, to tell him he had ever said or done wrong. Accordingly, the Prince had never learned to control himself; nor grown accustomed to bear quietly what he did not like. And when any one, in conversation, related to him something which he disapproved, he used to start from his chair, and rush up and down the apartment, furiously flapping his hands together, till he had thus blown off the steam produced by the irritation of his nervous system. That Prince was a good man: and so aware was he of his infirmity, that when in these fits of passion, he never suffered himself to say a single word: being aware that he might say what he would afterwards regret. And though he could not wholly restrain himself, the entire wrath he felt passed off in flapping. And after flapping for a few minutes, he sat down again, a reasonable man once more. All honour to him! For my friend Smith tells me that that Prince was surrounded by toadies, who were ready to praise everything he might do; even to his flapping. And in particular, there was one humble retainer, who whenever his master flapped, was wont to hold up his hands in an ecstasy of admiration: exclaiming, "It is the flapping of a god, and not of a man!"

Now all this lack of Resignation on the part of princes and kings comes of the fact, that they are so far like children, that they have not become accustomed to be resisted; and to be obliged to forego what they would like. Resignation comes by the habit of being disappointed; and of finding things go against you. It is, in the case of ordinary human beings, just what they expect. Of course, you remember the adage: "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." I have a good deal to say about that adage. Reasonableness of expectation is a great and good thing: despondency is a thing to be discouraged and put down as far as may be. But meanwhile let me say, that the corollary drawn from that dismal beatitude seems to me unfounded in fact. I should say just the contrary. I should say, "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he will very likely be disappointed." You know, my reader, whether things do not generally happen the opposite way from that which you expected. Did you ever try to keep off an evil you dreaded, by interposing this buffer? Did you ever think you might perhaps prevent a trouble from coming, by constantly anticipating it: keeping meanwhile an under-thought that things rarely happened as you anticipate them: and thus that your anticipation of the thing might possibly keep it away? Of course you have: for you are a human being. And in all common cases, a watch might

as well think to keep a skilful watchmaker in ignorance of the way in which its movements are produced, as a human being think to prevent another human being from knowing exactly how he will think and feel in given circumstances. We have watched the working of our own watches far too closely and long, my friends, to have the least difficulty in understanding the great principles upon which the watches of other men go. I cannot look inside your breast, my reader : and see the machinery that is working there : I mean the machinery of thought and feeling. But I know exactly how it works, nevertheless : for I have long watched a machinery precisely like it.

There are a great many people in this world who feel that things are all wrong : that they have missed stays in life : that they are beaten : and yet who don't much mind. They are indurated by long use. They do not try to disguise from themselves the facts. There are some men who diligently try to disguise the facts : and who in some measure succeed in doing so. I have known a self-sufficient and disagreeable clergyman who had a church in a large city. Five-sixths of the seats in the church were quite empty : yet the clergyman often talked of what a good congregation he had, with a confidence which would have deceived any one who had not seen it. I have known a church where it was agony to any one with an ear to listen to the noise produced when the people were singing : yet the clergyman often talked of what splendid music he had. I have known an entirely briefless barrister, whose friends gave out that the sole reason why he had no briefs was that he did not want any. I have known students who did not get the prizes for which they competed : but who declared that the reason of their failure was, that though they competed for the prizes, they did not wish to get them. I have known a fast young woman, after many engagements made and broken, marry as the last resort a brainless and penniless blackguard : yet all her family talk in big terms of what a delightful connexion she was making. Now, where all that self-deception is genuine, let us be glad to see it : and let us not, like Mr. Snarling, take a spiteful pleasure in undeceiving those who are so happy to be deceived. In most cases, indeed, such trickery deceives nobody. But where it truly deceives those who practise it, even if it deceive nobody else, you see there is no true Resignation. A man who has made a mess of life, has no need to be resigned, if he fancies he has succeeded splendidly. But I look with great interest, and often with deep respect, at the man or woman who feels that life has been a failure : a failure, that is, as regards *this* world : and yet who is quite resigned. Yes : whether it be the unsoured old maid, sweet-tempered, sympathetic in others' joys, God's kind angel in the house of sorrow : or the unappreciated genius, quiet, subdued, pleased to meet even one who understands him amid a community which

does not : or the kind-hearted clever man to whom eminent success has come too late, when those were gone whom it would have made happy : I reverence and love, more than I can express, the beautiful natures I have known thus subdued and resigned !

Yes : human beings get indurated. When you come to know well the history of a great many people, you will find that it is wonderful what they have passed through. Most people have suffered a very great deal, since they came into this world. Yet, in their appearance, there is no particular trace of it all. You would not guess, from looking at them, how hard and how various their lot has been. I once knew a woman, rather more than middle-aged. I knew her well, and saw her almost every day, for several years, before I learned that the homely Scotchwoman had seen distant lands, and had passed through very strange ups and downs, before she settled into the quiet orderly life in which I knew her. Yet when spoken to kindly, by one who expressed surprise that all these trials had left so little trace, the inward feeling, commonly suppressed, burst bitterly out : and she exclaimed, "It's a wonder that I'm living at all !" And it is a wonder that a great many people are living, and looking so cheerful and so well as they do : when you think what fiery passion, what crushing sorrow, what terrible losses, what bitter disappointments, what hard and protracted work, they have gone through. Doubtless, great good comes of it. All wisdom, all experience, comes of suffering. I should not care much for the counsel of the man whose life had been one long sunshiny holiday. There is greater depth in the philosophy of Mr. Dickens, than a great portion of his readers discern. You are ready to smile at the singular way in which Captain Cuttle commended his friend Jack Bunsby as a man of extraordinary wisdom ; whose advice on any point was of inestimable value. "Here's a man," said Captain Cuttle, "who has been more beaten about the head than any other living man !" I hail the words as the recognition of a great principle. To Mr. Bunsby, it befell in a literal sense : but we have all been (in a moral sense) a good deal beaten about both the head and the heart before we grew good for much. Out of the travail of his nature : out of the sorrowful history of his past life : the poet or the moralist draws the deep thought and feeling which find so straight a way to the hearts of other men. Do you think Mr. Tennyson would ever have been the great poet he is, if he had not passed through that season of great grief which has left its noble record in *In Memoriam* ? And a youthful preacher, of vivid imagination and keen feeling, little fettered by anything in the nature of good taste, may by strong statements and a fiery manner draw a mob of unthinking hearers : but thoughtful men and women will not find anything in all *that*, that awakens the response of their inner nature in its truest

depths : they must have religious instruction into which real experience has been transfused : and the worth of the instruction will be in direct proportion to the amount of real experience which is embodied in it. And after all, it is better to be wise and good, than to be gay and happy ; if we must choose between the two things : and it is worth while to be severely beaten about the head, if *that* is the condition on which alone we can gain true wisdom. True wisdom is cheap at almost any price. But it does not follow at all that you will be happy (in the vulgar sense) in direct proportion as you are wise. I suppose most middle-aged people, when they receive the ordinary kind wish at New-year's time of a Happy New-Year, feel that *happy* is not quite the word : and feel *that*, too, though well aware that they have abundant reason for gratitude to a kind Providence. It is not *here* that we shall ever be happy : that is, completely and perfectly happy. Something will always be coming to worry and distress. And a hundred sad possibilities hang over us : some of them only too certainly and quickly drawing near. Yet people are content, in a kind of way. They have learnt the great lesson of Resignation.

There are many worthy people who would be quite fevered and flurried by good-fortune, if it were to come to any very great degree. It would injure their heart. As for bad fortune, they can stand it nicely. They have been accustomed to it so long. I have known a very hard-wrought man, who had passed, rather early in life, through very heavy and protracted trials. I have heard him say, that if any malicious enemy wished to kill him, the course would be to make sure that tidings of some signal piece of prosperity should arrive by post on each of six or seven successive days. It would quite un hinge and unsettle him, he said. His heart would go : his nervous system would break down. People to whom pieces of good-luck come rare and small, have a great curiosity to know how a man feels when he is suddenly told that he has drawn one of the greatest prizes in the lottery of life. The kind of feeling, of course, will depend entirely on the kind of man. Yet very great prizes, in the way of dignity and duty, do for the most part fall to men who in some measure deserve them : or who at least are not conspicuously undeserving of them and unfit for them. So that it is almost impossible that the great news should elicit merely some unworthy explosion of gratified self-conceit. The feeling would in almost every case be deeper, and worthier. One would like to be sitting at breakfast with a truly good man, when the letter from the Prime Minister comes in, offering him the Archbishopric of Canterbury. One would like to see how he would take it. Quietly, I have no doubt. Long preparation has fitted the man who reaches that position for taking it quietly. A recent Chancellor publicly stated how *he* felt when offered the

Great Seal. His first feeling, that good man said, was of gratification that he had fairly reached the highest reward of the profession to which he had given his life : but the feeling which speedily supplanted *that*, was an overwhelming sense of his responsibility and a grave doubt as to his qualifications. I have always believed, and sometimes said, that good-fortune ; not so great or so sudden as to injure one's nerves or heart : but kindly and equable ; has a most wholesome effect upon human character. I believe that the happier a man is, the better and kinder he will be. The greater part of unamiability, ill-temper, impatience, bitterness, and uncharitableness, comes out of unhappiness. It is because a man is so miserable, that he is such a sour, suspicious, fractious, petted creature. I was amused, this morning, to read in the newspaper an account of a very small incident which befell the new Primate of England on his journey back to London after being enthroned at Canterbury. The reporter of that small incident takes occasion to record that the Archbishop had quite charmed his travelling companions in the railway carriage by the geniality and kindness of his manner. I have no doubt he did. I am sure he is a truly good Christian man. But think of what a splendid training for producing geniality and kindness he has been going through for a great number of years. Think of the moral influences which have been bearing on him for the last few weeks. We should all be kindly and genial if we had the same chance of being so. But if Dr. Longley had a living of a hundred pounds a year : a fretful ailing wife : a number of half-fed and half-educated little children : a dirty miserable house : a bleak country round : and a set of wrongheaded and insolent parishioners to keep straight : I venture to say he would have looked, and been, a very different man, in that railway carriage running up to London. Instead of the genial smiles that delighted his fellow-travellers (according to the newspaper story), his face would have been sour and his speech would have been snappish : he would have leant back in the corner of a second-class carriage, sadly calculating the cost of his journey ; and how part of it might be saved by going without any dinner. Oh, if I found a four-leaved shamrock, I would undertake to make a mighty deal of certain people I know ! I would put an end to their weary schemings to make the ends meet. I would cut off all those wretched cares which jar miserably on the shaken nerves. I know the burst of thankfulness and joy that would come, if some dismal load, never to be cast off, were taken away. And I would take it off. I would clear up the horrible muddle. I would make them happy : and in doing *that*, I know that I should make them good !

But I have sought the four-leaved shamrock for a long time, and never have found it : and so I am growing subdued to the conviction that I never

will. Let us go back to the matter of Resignation; and think a little longer about *that*.

Resignation, in any human being, means that things are not as you would wish; and yet that you are content. Who has all he wishes? There are many houses in this world in which Resignation is the best thing that can be felt, any more. The bitter blow has fallen: the break has been made: the empty chair is left (perhaps a very little chair): and never more, while Time goes on, can things be as they were fondly wished and hoped. Resignation would need to be cultivated by human beings: for, all round us, there is a multitude of things very different from what we would wish. Not in your house, not in your family, not in your street, not in your parish, not in your country, and least of all in yourself; can you have things as you would wish. And you have your choice of two alternatives. You must either fret yourself into a nervous fever; or you must cultivate the habit of Resignation. And very often, Resignation does not mean that you are at all reconciled to a thing; but just that you feel you can do nothing to mend it. Some friend, to whom you are really attached, and whom you often see, vexes and worries you by some silly and disagreeable habit: some habit which it is impossible you should ever like, or ever even overlook: yet you try to make up your mind to it; because it cannot be helped; and you would rather submit to it than lose your friend. You hate the East wind: it withers and pinches you, in body and soul: yet you cannot live in a certain beautiful city without feeling the East wind many days in the year. And that city's advantages and attractions are so many and great, that no sane man, with sound lungs, would abandon the city merely to escape the East wind. Yet though resigned to the East wind, you are anything but reconciled to it.

Resignation is not always a good thing. Sometimes it is a very bad thing. You should never be resigned to things continuing wrong, when you may rise and set them right. I daresay, in the Romish Church, there were good men before Luther, who were keenly alive to the errors and evils that had crept into it: but who, in despair of making things better, tried sadly to fix their thoughts upon other subjects: who took to illuminating missals, or constructing systems of logic, or cultivating vegetables in the garden of the monastery, or improving the music in the chapel: quietly resigned to evils they judged irremediable. Great reformers have not been resigned men. Luther was not resigned: Howard was not resigned: Powell Buxton was not resigned: George Stephenson was not resigned. And there is hardly a nobler sight, than that of a man who determines that he will not make up his mind to the continuance of some great evil: who determines that he will give his life to battling with that evil to the last: who determines that either that evil shall extinguish

him, or he shall extinguish it! I reverence the strong, sanguine mind, that resolves to work a revolution to better things; and that is not afraid to hope it *can* work a revolution! And perhaps, my reader, we should both reverence it all the more that we find in ourselves very little like it. It is a curious thing, and a sad thing, to remark in how many people there is too much resignation. It kills out energy. It is a weak, fretful, unhappy thing. People are reconciled, in a sad sort of way, to the fashion in which things go on. You have seen a poor, slatternly mother, in a wayside cottage, who has observed her little children carrying in the road before it, in the way of passing carriages; angrily ordering the little things to come away from their dangerous and dirty play: yet when the children disobey her, and remain where they were, just saying no more; making no farther effort. You have known a master tell his man-servant to do something about stable or garden: yet when the servant does not do it, taking no notice: seeing that he has been disobeyed, yet wearily resigned: feeling that there is no use in always fighting. And I do not speak of the not unfrequent cases in which the master, after giving his orders, comes to discover that it is best they should not be carried out, and is very glad to see them disregarded: I mean when he is dissatisfied that what he has directed is not done, and wishes that it were done, and feels worried by the whole affair: yet is so devoid of energy as to rest in a fretful resignation. Sometimes there is a sort of sense as if one had discharged his conscience by making a weak effort in the direction of doing a thing: an effort which had not the slightest chance of being successful. When I was a little boy, many years since, I used to think this: and I was led to thinking it by remarking a singular characteristic in the conduct of a school companion. In those days, if you were chasing some other boy who had injured or offended you, with the design of retaliation; if you found you could not catch him, by reason of his superior speed; you would have recourse to the following expedient. If your companion was within a little space of you, though a space you felt you could not make less: you would suddenly stick out one of your feet, which would hook round his: and he, stumbling over it, would fall. I trust I am not suggesting a mischievous and dangerous trick to any boy of the present generation. Indeed, I have the firmest belief that existing boys know all we used to know, and possibly more. All this is by way of rendering intelligible what I have to say of my old companion. He was not a good runner. And when another boy gave him a sudden flick with a knotted handkerchief, or the like; he had little chance of catching that other boy. Yet I have often seen him, when chasing another, before finally abandoning the pursuit, stick out his foot in the regular way, though the boy he was chasing was yards beyond his reach. Often did the present writer meditate on that phenomenon, in the days

of his boyhood. It appeared curious that it should afford some comfort to the evaded pursuer, to make an offer at upsetting the escaping youth,—an offer which could not possibly be successful. But very often, in after life, have I beheld in the conduct of grown up men and women, the moral likeness of that futile sticking out of the foot. I have beheld human beings who lived in houses always untidy and disorderly: or whose affairs were in a horrible confusion and entanglement: who now and then seemed roused to a feeling that this would not do: who querulously bemoaned their miserable lot; and made some faint and futile attempt to set things right: attempts which never had a chance to succeed, and which ended in nothing. Yet it seemed somehow to pacify the querulous heart. I have known a clergyman in a parish with a bad population, seem suddenly to waken up to a conviction that he must do something to mend matters: and set agoing some weak little machinery, which could produce no appreciable result, and which came to a stop in a few weeks. Yet that faint offer appeared to discharge the claims of conscience: and after it the clergyman remained long time in a comatose state of unhealthy Resignation. But it is a miserable and a wrong kind of Resignation which dwells in that man, who sinks down, beaten and hopeless, in the presence of a recognised evil. Such a man may be, in a sense, resigned: but he cannot possibly be content.

If you should ever, when you have reached middle age, turn over the diary or the letters you wrote in the hopeful though foolish days when you were eighteen or twenty, you will be aware how quietly and gradually the lesson of Resignation has been taught you. You would have got into a terrible state of excitement if any one had told you then that you would have to forego your most cherished hopes and wishes of that time: and it would have tried you even more severely to be assured that, in not many years, you would not care a single straw for the things and the persons who were then uppermost in your mind and heart. What an entirely new set of friends and interests is that which now surrounds you: and how completely the old ones are gone! Gone, like the sunsets you remember in the summers of your childhood: gone, like the primroses that grew in the woods where you wandered as a boy. Said my friend Smith to me, a few days ago: "You remember Miss Jones, and all about that? I met her yesterday, after ten years. She is a fat, middle-aged, ordinary-looking woman. What a terrific fool I was!" Smith spoke to me in the confidence of friendship: yet I think he was a little mortified at the heartiness with which I agreed with him on the subject of his former folly. He had got over it completely: and in seeing that he was (at a certain period) a fool, he had come to discern that of which his friends had always been aware. Of course, early interests do not always die out. You remember Dr. Chalmers: and the

ridiculous exhibition about the wretched little likeness of an early sweetheart, not seen for forty years, and long since in her grave. You remember the singular way in which he signified his remembrance of her, in his famous and honoured age. I don't mean the crying: nor the walking up and down the garden walk calling her by fine names. I mean the taking out his card: not his *carte*; you could understand *that*: but his visiting-card bearing his name; and sticking it behind the portrait with two wafers. Probably it pleased him to do so: and assuredly it did harm to no one else. And we have all heard of the like things. Early affections are sometimes, doubtless, cherished in the memory of the old. But still, more material interests come in: and the old affection is crowded out of its old place in the heart. And so, those comparatively fanciful disappointments sit lightly. The romance is gone. The mid-day sun beats down: and *there* lies the dusty way. When the cantankerous and unamiable mother of Christopher North stopped his marriage with a person at least as respectable as herself, on the ground that the person was not good enough, we are told that the future professor nearly went mad; and that he never quite got over it. But really, judging from his writings and his biography, he bore up under it, after a little, wonderfully well.

But looking back to the days which the old yellow letters bring back, you will think to yourself, Where are the hopes and anticipations of that time? You expected to be a great man, no doubt. Well, you know you are not. You are a small man: and never will be anything else: yet you are quite resigned. If there be an argument which stirs me to indignation at its futility; and to wonder that any mortal ever regarded it as of the slightest force: it is that which is set out in the famous soliloquy in *Cato*, as to the Immortality of the Soul. Will any sane man say, that if in this world you wish for a thing very much, and anticipate it very clearly and confidently, you are therefore sure to get it? If that were so, many a little schoolboy would end by driving his carriage and four, who ends by driving no carriage at all. I have heard of a man whose private papers were found after his death all written over with his signature as he expected it would be when he became Lord Chancellor. Let us say his peerage was to be as Lord Smith. There it was, SMITH, C., SMITH, C., written in every conceivable fashion: so that the signature, when needed, might be easy and imposing. That man had very vividly anticipated the woollen sack, the gold robe, and all the rest. It need hardly be said he attained none of these. The famous argument, you know of course, is that man has a great longing to be immortal; and that therefore he is sure to be immortal. Rubbish! It is not true that any longing after immortality exists in the heart of a hundredth portion of the race. And if it were true, it would prove immortality no more, than the manifold signatures

of SMITH, C., proved that Smith was indeed to be Chancellor. No: we cling to the doctrine of a Future Life: we could not live without it: but we believe it, not because of undefined longings within ourselves, not because of reviving plants and flowers, not because of the chrysalis and the butterfly: but because "our Saviour, Jesus Christ, hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel!"

There is something very curious, and very touching, in thinking how clear and distinct, and how often recurring, were our early anticipations of things that were never to be. In this world, the fact is for the most part the opposite of what it should be to give force to Plato's (or Cato's) argument: the thing you vividly anticipate is the thing that is least likely to come. The thing you don't much care for: the thing you don't expect: is the likeliest. And even if the event prove what you anticipated; the circumstances, and the feeling of it, will be quite different from what you anticipated. A certain little girl three years old was told that in a little while she was to go with her parents to a certain city, a hundred miles off: a city which may be called Altenburg as well as anything else. It was a great delight to her to anticipate that journey, and to anticipate it very circumstantially. It was a delight to her to sit down at evening on her father's knee: and to tell him all about how it would be in going to Altenburg. It was always the same thing. Always, first, how sandwiches would be made: how they would all get into the carriage (which would come round to the door), and drive away to a certain railway station: how they would get their tickets; and the train would come up; and they would all get into a carriage together, and lean back in corners, and eat the sandwiches, and look out of the windows: and so on. But when the journey was actually made, every single circumstance in

the little girl's anticipations proved wrong. Of course, they were not intentionally made wrong. Her parents would have carried out to the letter, if they could, what the little thing had so clearly pictured and so often repeated. But it proved to be needful to go by an entirely different way and in an entirely different fashion. All those little details, dwelt on so much, and with so much interest, were things never to be. It is even so with the anticipations of larger and older children. How distinctly, how fully, my friend, we have pictured out to our minds a mode of life, a home and the country round it, and the multitude of little things which make up the habitude of being: which we long since resigned ourselves to knowing could never prove realities! No doubt, it is all right and well. Even St. Paul, with all his gift of prophecy, was not allowed to foresee what was to happen to himself. You know how he wrote that he would do a certain thing, "as soon as I shall see how it will go with me!"

But our times are in the Best Hand. And the one thing about our lot, my reader, that we may think of with perfect contentment, is that they are so. I know nothing more admirable in spirit, and few things more charmingly expressed, than that little poem by Mrs. Waring which sets out that comfortable thought. You know it, of course. You should have it in your memory; and let it be one of the first things your children learn by heart. It may well come next after *O God of Bethel*: it breathes the self-same tone. And let me close these thoughts with one of its verses:

There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care:
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer:
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere!

A. K. H. B.

THE NIGHT-WALK OVER THE MILL STREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

I.—THE LADY KATHERINE'S WISH.

THE red light of the setting sun shone full on the windows of a farm-house, standing amidst its own lands; shone into a chamber which faced the west. On the bed lay the mistress of the house, suffering from some sudden attack, which caused intense inward agony.

A woman-servant, who had been standing at the window, turned round, her face brightening with satisfaction. "There, there, don't take on so, missis! He is coming in at the gate. It will be all right now."

The moans from the bed ceased; but, nevertheless, a more troubled expression arose to the face, lying there. It was as though the bodily pain had given place to mental.

The servant left the room. A couple of minutes, and she returned, showing in a gentleman. A tall, fine, gentlemanly man of thirty years, with a pleasing countenance. His large, earnest grey eyes were bent with sympathy on the bed, as he advanced to it, and took the patient's hand.

"Nancy says you have been ill these several days past, Mrs. Key," he said. "Why did you not send for me before?"

"I was ashamed to send for you now," she murmured. "I feel ashamed to see you, Mr. Olliver. Indeed it has not been our fault. We would have found the money to pay you if it had been in our power."

His lips parted with a sweet smile, reassuring in its brightness. Her husband, who was a hard-

working farmer, had fallen into misfortunes ; had been obliged to wipe off his debts with a sponge. A heavy account, long due to Mr. Olliver for medicine and attendance, had been thus cancelled. They were not willing debtors, and Mrs. Key felt it keenly ; felt, as she had thus expressed it, ashamed to see him once more at her bedside.

"Were I never paid in any coin but money," he said in a gentle tone, "I should deem myself poorly remunerated. The pleasure of alleviating suffering, looking for no recompense, is one of the green spots in the desert of a doctor's life. And now tell me what is the matter," he continued, drawing a chair to the bedside. "It is the old enemy in the side, I presume?"

"Yes ; but worse than I have ever experienced it. I never had an attack such as this. As Nancy has told you, I have been suffering for some days past ; but this morning the pain grew into agony. I thought I should have died with it."

"You have been fretting lately, I fear," observed Mr. Olliver.

"True," she answered. "How am I to help it?"

How, indeed ! The surgeon knew, as well as she did, that for the suffering brought on by trouble there is no help. Half the world have a daily fight with it. He prescribed his remedies, said he would send some medicine immediately, and sat chatting soothingly for a few minutes. None, save the sick, know the comfort a sympathizing doctor brings to the bedside. By the time he rose to go, Mrs. Key felt better.

"I shall not be able to see you to-morrow, or for a week or ten days subsequent to it. You know why," he added, a smile illumining his features. "But you will receive every attention from Mr. Hill. And I will come up again this evening."

"No, sir, not again. Do not take the trouble to come again. I could not think of it. I shall do well now."

"We will see," he answered, leaving it an open question, as he shook her hand to depart.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon when he quitted the house, but clouds of purple and crimson lingered in the sky. It was a fine, clear evening at the end of October ; clearer and finer than they had had it latterly. Before him at a short distance lay the village of Hilton-Coombe, and Mr. Olliver hesitated which way he should return to it. By the roadway, bearing to the right, it would take him about twenty minutes to get to his own residence in it ; if he cut across the fields opposite to him, and crossed the mill stream, he might gain it in little more than ten. But it was the crossing of this mill stream which caused him to hesitate, for the floods had been out lately—as the phraseology ran in the neighbourhood—and the path might be dangerous.

Being pressed for time, he turned to it. A stream, narrow in that part, and only to be crossed by an unprotected wooden bridge. It was little more,

in fact, than a plank, and two persons could not stand abreast on it. Mr. Olliver found the water very high, nearly reaching to it ; but he had a steady eye and step, and traversed it in safety. Immediately before him, at only a field's distance, was the church of Hilton-Coombe, its large graveyard surrounding it, and its spire stretching up against the sky. As he gazed at it, a soft colour flushed his face, akin to that in the crimson sky ; a quicker motion arose in his beating heart ; for in that church on the morrow, the last day of October, he would receive the hand of one who was dearer to him than his own life. It would be his wedding-day.

The field path took him direct to the little gate of the churchyard. Passing through it, he crossed the path which wound round by the church door, and emerged on the high road. The village lay on his right, and he turned to it. It was a large village, containing a great many gentlemen's houses, and but a small proportion of poor.

The first house he came to was the rectory. It was not close to the church ; one side of the churchyard, and a field in which the rector kept his cows, intervened. A low house it was, old-fashioned and commodious, built of greystone, lying back from the road, and half-hidden from the gaze of passers-by, by the trees crowding its garden. Mr. Olliver cast an eager glance to it in spite of the trees : it might be, that he should catch a glimpse of a beloved face at one of its windows, many of which were bright with firelight. The only daughter of that rectory, Annis Dudley, was she who would become on the morrow Annis Olliver.

He did not see her, and he walked on with a fleet foot. Under an engagement to dine there that evening, he was hastening home first to despatch medicines to Mrs. Key, and to make some slight alteration in his dress. A carriage passed him and drew up to the rectory gate. He turned and looked after it, for he had no doubt it contained Miss Bellassys.

It did contain Miss Bellassys, a little lady with grey hair, who walked lame as she traversed the winding path through the garden to the rectory door. A fair girl came hastening into the hall to meet her ; one with a gentle face and a soft dark eye. She wore a shaded silk dress of a delicate colour, quiet and lady-like as she was.

"Can this be Annis ?" asked the visitor. "My dear child, you have grown into a woman !"

Annis blushed and smiled. "It is six years since you saw me, Aunt Ruth, and I am twenty-one."

"Ay, time flies. I wish I could come to you less rarely, but you know how I am chained to home. I put off coming now until the last moment. My dear Katherine !"

The servant had thrown open the door of a drawing-room on the right of the hall, and the last words were addressed to a lady who was sitting by

its fire. She was middle-aged now, but must have been handsome in her day; she would have been more so now, but for the coldness of her blue eyes, and the haughty cast of her aquiline features. She wore a rich dress of blue watered silk, and gold ornaments.

"Mamma, it is Aunt Ruth."

The two ladies met and clasped hands. They were first cousins. The rector's wife was the first to speak. "Never to come to us until this evening, Ruth! You might almost as well not have come at all. Jacob, where is your master?"

The servant, who had been closing the door, opened it again. "I think he is in his room, my lady."

"Inform him that Miss Bellassys is here."

But before Jacob could depart, he found himself put aside by his master, the Reverend William Dudley, a man of simple manners, and a calm, good face. A stranger need not have been told that he and Annis were father and daughter; the likeness between them would have proclaimed it.

"And so you are going to lose Annis!" exclaimed Miss Bellassys, sadness mingling with her tone.

A strangely frigid expression settled on the face of Lady Katherine Dudley. She made no rejoinder; it appeared that she would not make one.

"Not quite to lose her," said the rector cheerfully, a happy light shining in his soft dark eyes, so like his daughter's. "It might have been worse, Ruth; she goes away from us but a stone's-throw."

"But is it a desirable connexion for Annis?" doubtfully resumed Miss Bellassys.

"Wait until you see him," said Mr. Dudley. But the Lady Katherine formed her lips into a "No," and lifted her head with a defiant gesture.

For the approaching union with Mr. Olliver did not give pleasure to Lady Katherine Dudley. She had married the rector of Hilton-Coombe in early life, when she was plain Miss Bellassys, plain in station, poor in pocket, and she had deemed it an excellent settlement. But through the death of several intervening heirs, her father succeeded to an earldom and she to a title, and then she began to find the quiet rectory of Hilton-Coombe, with its five hundred a year, all told, somewhat unsuited to her degree. For herself, she could not change it; no money had accrued to her with her title; she must continue to live the quiet life, and not escape from it, and she was content enough to do so, but she began to cherish dreams of ambition for her only child. Annis should marry well; should soar into the rank to which, as her daughter, she was entitled; should become noble and wealthy. Great dreams! cherished by many a mother, and by many found to be vain ones: as they were so found by Lady Katherine Dudley. For Annis marred the whole scheme by falling in love with the plain village surgeon, Thomas Olliver.

It may be a question, though, whether Mr. Olliver did not fall first in love with her. However it may have been, the mischief was done. The rector viewed it favourably. He knew the man's worth. He knew that his practice was a lucrative one; that he could keep Annis just as comfortably as she had been kept; and dreams of greatness for her did not trouble him. He gave his consent heartily to the marriage. Lady Katherine did not refuse hers, but she made it into a grievance, and very much enjoyed dilating upon it. She had been given all her life to make things into grievances and dilate upon them; so much so, that the effect upon the rector's mind had worn away. To use a familiar phrase, her grumblings went in at one ear and out at the other; but she sometimes said things in her hasty spirit for which even she would be sorry afterwards. She despised Annis's want of taste almost as much as she deplored it. That dashing young officer of dragoons, and her relative, the Honourable Captain Bellassys, had come on a visit to Hilton-Coombe rectory, and before he left it he laid himself and his two thousand a year patrimony at the feet of Annis. Annis only shook her head at him: he was not Thomas Olliver. Little wonder that my lady was put out by a taste so plebeian!

"Child!" said Miss Bellassys, as she stood in the bedroom to which she had been shown, and clasped the hands of Annis in hers, "do you love him, this Thomas Olliver?"

The hot crimson rushed to Annis's cheeks, and the tears glistened on her eyelashes. But, save a smile which hovered on her lips, there came no other answer. It was not needed.

"I see," said Miss Bellassys. "And your father says he is good,—worthy,—noble. May God bless the union!"

Mr. Olliver was in the drawing-room when they returned to it. He had but then entered, and was bending over Lady Katherine, whose hand he had taken in greeting. Lady Katherine had a pleasanter look upon her face as it was raised to him. In spite of her prejudices against his position, she liked the *man*; and could she have forgotten that outer, far-away, high-sounding place, called the great world, she might have been fully content with Thomas Olliver.

Miss Bellassys scanned him keenly. She was a reader of character in the human countenance. He turned to her with a frank smile, and her heart went bounding out to him, for Annis's sake. A good, noble face; one that could not belie itself. Had Annis been her daughter, she would have given her to him fearlessly, although all the honourables in the peerage had been arrayed against it.

The dinner was announced. The rector crossed the hall with Miss Bellassys, Mr. Olliver took Lady Katherine. Annis walked alone, and Mr. Olliver whispered something to her as they sat down, which called forth a smile. They were dining

alone, but several friends were expected to drop in later in the evening. The conversation naturally fell upon the wedding and its preparations, and an allusion was made to the decorating of the church, which Miss Bellassys did not understand. She said she did not.

"Nor anybody else," cried the rector, half crossly, half lovingly, as he glanced at Annis. "Perhaps that young lady will explain it to you, Ruth."

She lifted her bright cheeks to her father. "Papa, it is not my fault. It was not my proposal that it should be done."

"Of course not," said Mr. Dudley. "It was nobody's fault, was it? The fact is, Ruth,"—turning to his guest,—“they have wormed a consent out of me to allow the church to be set off with evergreens for this grand ceremony to-morrow."

"Set off in what manner?" asked Miss Bellassys.

"Oh, you must ask them about that. They are to be strewn up the path, I believe, that my young lady's shoes, there, may not come in contact with the stones. Are you afraid of your boots, Mr. Olliver?"

"No, sir."

"The placing evergreens in the church has my full approbation," spoke Lady Katherine with emphasis, from her seat at the table's head. "As Annis is to be married, I deem it well that the attendant circumstances should be of distinctive mark: as befits her position as my daughter. The evergreens will not hurt the church, Mr. Dudley."

"My dear, I did not say they would. They can be there if you like: I conclude they will be there. I only think they will look a little foolish. Mr. Olliver I believe to be perfectly innocent in the matter; but for Annis—she no doubt considers the branches and boughs indispensable adjuncts to the binding of the ceremony."

Annis laughed, and slightly shook her head as she glanced at Mr. Dudley. In point of fact, the evergreens had been settled without her knowledge. Some young ladies of Hilton-Coombe (who would have the pleasure of walking over the evergreens themselves as bridesmaids) had suggested it to Lady Katherine, and she had caught at it.

"They are to be placed in the church this evening, Aunt Ruth," said Annis. "We are going down presently, a good many of us; and old John will be there with a truck load."

"Who is old John?" asked Miss Bellassys.

"Papa's clerk. Have you forgotten him? He will be seventy-seven next January, but is hale and hearty as ever."

"And old John is like a child with a new toy over this evergreen business," returned the rector. "He has been stripping the best shrubs in my garden this afternoon before my face. 'You'll spoil them, John,' I said to him. 'Eh, sir, what

of that?' said he. 'It is for Miss Annis's wedding.' You are in his good books," added Mr. Dudley, looking at the surgeon.

Mr. Olliver laughed. "Am I, sir? I am glad to hear it. Better be in people's good books than in their bad ones."

"Pray, are you going to assist at this rush strewing?"

"Oh, papa! *rush* strewing!" interposed Annis. But she looked at Mr. Olliver somewhat anxiously for his answer.

"I cannot," he replied to the rector. "I have to go as far as the Brook farm. Mrs. Key is very ill."

Annis glanced round at him timidly, and a shade of disappointment was perceptible in her voice as she spoke. "You will be in again this evening?"

"Of course. I have but to go to the Brook farm. By the time your party returns from the church, I daresay I shall be home again."

"How are the Keys doing now?" inquired Lady Katherine of Mr. Olliver.

"Not very great things, I fear," he replied. "I am sure it is anxiety that makes her ill. It brings on the old complaint in her side."

Barely was the cloth removed when Mr. Olliver asked if they would excuse him. He would prefer to go to Mrs. Key's at once: he might have medicine to send down after his return, he said, possibly some few other things to do at home, and the sooner he got off, the sooner he should be at liberty to come back to the rectory. Mr. Dudley rose at the same time. He wished to call on a parishioner at the other end of the village, and would walk so far with him.

They went out. Lady Katherine turned to the fire with a pettish movement. "You see what you must expect, Annis, in this marriage. A doctor cannot sit even to his meals."

"How much I like him!" warmly exclaimed Miss Bellassys. "If he cannot boast of rank, Katherine, he can boast of something better. He is a true gentleman."

"Annis! Annis!" impulsively interrupted Lady Katherine. "Do run after your papa. Ask him if he will call in at Jones's. It will save my sending, and the servants are so busy to-night."

Annis ran off as impulsively as her mother spoke. She caught them in the dark winding path, midway between the house and the gate.

"Call at Jones's?" repeated the rector, as she delivered the message. "What for?"

"To remind them to send in time, I suppose, papa," replied Annis. "I don't know what else mamma means."

"I had better ask and make sure," said he to himself. "Wait an instant for me, Mr. Olliver."

Annis did not turn to the house with her papa; she walked slowly by Mr. Olliver's side to the entrance-gate, and they stood there together. The moon was very bright, showing out the features of

the landscape all clear and distinct; the tinkling of a sheep-bell, near, was heard on the quiet air. Mr. Olliver drew Annis to his side, and stood with his arm round her.

"How beautiful the night is!" she exclaimed. "So calm and peaceful."

"May it be an earnest of the peace of our future, Annis," he earnestly said. And her heart responded, Amen.

The steps of the rector were heard leaving the house again. Mr. Olliver bent his face upon hers.

"I will say good-bye to you now, my darling."

"Not good-bye! not good-bye!" she hastily answered, some feeling, which she could not account for, then or afterwards, seeming to rise up against the words. Could it be a foreshadowing of evil? "It sounds as if you were never coming back again."

"What am I to say?" he rejoined in a laughing mood. "Borrow a phrase from our continental neighbours, and say *au revoir*?"

Annis appeared unusually serious. "Are you obliged to go to Mrs. Key's to-night, Thomas?"

"Not perhaps obliged; but I wish to do so. I shall soon be back again."

No, not obliged. But the very fact of his not having been paid by Mrs. Key, rendered the surgeon more anxious to give her every attention. Of a benevolent, generous nature, refined and considerate, he would rather have slighted all his rich patients put together than poor Mrs. Key. He had not been paid for his past attendance; he did not suppose he should be paid for the present; but in his creed that was no reason why he should refuse his services.

Mr. Dudley linked his arm within his, and they walked through the village together. About midway in it was situated the house of the surgeon; a handsome residence, the surgery being detached. "I must call in for one moment," said Mr. Olliver, as they came to it.

The rector entered with him. Mr. Olliver's business was to ascertain whether any message had come for him, demanding him professionally. Mr. Hill, his qualified assistant, who was in the surgery, replied that there had been none.

"I shall soon be back, then," he observed to the rector, as they continued their way towards the end of the village. There they parted; and Mr. Olliver branched off on the road leading to the Brook farm.

Meanwhile, Annis had re-entered the dining-room. And she found her mother's mood changed. When in the actual company of Mr. Olliver, whom she really liked, Lady Katherine was apt to forget her prejudices: it was as though the presence of the man imparted its own charm. But no sooner had he departed than the charm was broken, and up came the prejudices again.

It happened that Miss Bellassys had laid on the table a copy of the *Morning Post* newspaper for that day, and Lady Katherine took it up. The

first paragraph her eye rested on was a glowing account of a "Marriage in high life," the young lady being a connexion of the Bellassys family. It was quite enough for Lady Katherine Dudley.

She flung the newspaper on the table as Annis entered, and turned to her angrily: "You might have done as well had you chosen," she cried in a bitter tone.

Annis was surprised. "Dear mamma, what is the matter?" she asked, wonderingly.

"The matter! Read that."

She pushed the journal towards Annis, and the latter ran her eyes over the indicated part. Then she looked up brightly, a smile upon her face.

"I am very glad not to do as well as that, mamma. I should make a poor wife for a nobleman. Better as it is."

"Yes, better," added Miss Bellassys emphatically. "A man whose days are spent in the fulfilment of duties, in the benefiting his fellow-creatures, is more to be honoured than one who leads a useless life. You may wish now, Katherine, that Annis had married differently, but you will not wish it long. As we draw nearer to the other world, the great truth impresses itself more and more forcibly upon us, that it is not what we are in the scale of rank that will help us on the road to heaven; but what we do with the time, the talents, the opportunities bestowed upon us by God. The day will come, rely upon it, when you will have no other wish than that she had chosen Mr. Olliver."

"I wish he was dead!" was the intemperate rejoinder of Lady Katherine.

Annis glanced up with a shiver. Accustomed, though she was, to her mother's thoughtless remarks; knowing, as she did, that they meant nothing, and that Lady Katherine was generally the first to feel sorry for them, the words yet seemed to strike on her heart with a chill.

II.—DECORATING THE CHURCH.

Merry tongues, merry laughter resounded on the night air. A gay party, most of them gleeful girls, stood in the porch of the church. The clerk, old John, had forgotten to get the keys from the rectory, and he was now gone for them. A load of evergreens in a truck rested outside, and the bright leaves of the laurel quite shone in the moonlight.

Two of the young ladies, Georgina and Mary Balme, were more impatient than the rest. Intimate at the rectory almost as Annis herself was, loving her much, this wedding was a great event to them. They might not have entered into its preparations so blithely, had they been going to lose Annis; had she chosen to marry that young dragoon officer, for instance, and thereby have abandoned Hilton-Coombe for a distant home. But she was going to remain amongst them, to be their friend as she had been, and they aided the wedding on with all their hearts.

One of them went beyond the porch to watch for the clerk's return. It was Georgina. "Annis, don't you think old John's getting beyond his work?" she asked.

"Not at all," replied Annis. "Papa was saying only to-day how strong and well he kept."

"At any rate, one would think his memory was failing. It must be very stupid of him to forget the keys."

"He may have thought that I should bring them," returned Annis. "In fact, I ought to have done so. The forgetfulness lies with me."

"Here he is," interrupted Mary Balme. "I can hear his footsteps. Now, who will do the most work?"

Old John came up, opened the doors, and went forward to light one or two of the lamps in the church. To do this, he had to get a match from near the vestry. The outer door of the edifice opened to a somewhat large vestibule—if the word may be applied to a consecrated building. It was square, and paved with stone. On the right hand, a door in the wall led to the belfry; on the left, a similar door opened to a small room, little better in fact than a passage, which, in its turn, opened to the vestry. The folding-doors opposite the entrance led at once into the church. It was an old-fashioned, low church, with high windows, and a smell of damp.

They were not long over their work. The boughs had been prepared beforehand, only small branches, fit for strewing on the floor, having been brought into the church. "I wish we might decorate it elaborately, as we do for Christmas," earnestly exclaimed Mary Balme.

"Mr. Dudley said he would not agree to it," returned Georgina. "I asked him."

"I know. He calls this nonsense that we are doing now. Annis, what a nice lady that is in your drawing-room!"

"It is Miss Bellassys, mamma's cousin. You have heard me talk of my Aunt Ruth?"

"Is she your aunt?"

"No. But I learned to call her Aunt Ruth when I was a little girl, and I shall never leave it off now. She is so good, so kind. Her days are spent nursing a relative, who is a confirmed invalid. Indeed, Aunt Ruth is little better than an invalid herself. She suffers from some chronic complaint, which causes her to walk lame."

"Old John, shall we put some laurustinus round your desk?"

"Better not, Miss Georgina; I should only have to take it off afore the rector saw it."

Georgina Balme laughed. They rather liked to tease old John. But he was used to them.

"I wonder if we may go up into the organ-loft and play a psalm?"

"Can't," responded John. "It's locked, and I haven't brought the key."

"Just like you, old John!" said Mary Balme.

"I cannot think, for my part, why you keep the

places inside the church locked up so! Are you afraid of thieves getting in?"

"There'd not be much to steal if they did get in," was old John's reply. "It's my habit to keep the places locked, Miss; it's better that they should be kept so. When I am gone, and the rector gets a new clerk in my place, he may do as he likes—the new one may; but I am not a-going to leave them open. I suppose I can take out the barrow now?"

As the work was finished, there was no reason why he should not take it out. Throwing into it a few stray evergreens that remained over, he wheeled it outside, and left it at the churchyard gate. Then he returned to the church, and waited their departure.

But they were in no hurry to depart; and old John got tired, and sat down on a chair in the side aisle. Full of light-hearted happiness, this night visit to the church bore charms for them from its very novelty, and they forgot old John.

"We must go," said Annis at length. "Remember we have friends with us to-night."

They turned to depart. Georgina Balme was the first to go through the green baize doors. But she turned speedily back again; she had remembered old John. "Oh, there he is!" she said. "I thought perhaps he had gone to sleep."

Old John was putting out the lights, and when he came forth, they were standing in a cluster in the space I have called the vestibule, between the belfry and the vestry doors. One of the young ladies was proposing, amid some laughter, that they should hang a chain of evergreens from one door to the other. Of course, she spoke it only in joke, but it served to detain them again. Old John went forward, and stood with the outer door in his hand, ready to lock it as soon as they should come forth, which they speedily did in a body; and he turned the keys, and took them out of the lock.

"I will carry them home for you, John," said Annis, as they hastened down the path. "You need not come on purpose to the rectory."

"The master told me I was to stop for supper to-night, Miss Annis, when I took in the keys."

"Oh, that is all right, then," returned Annis, gladly. And they made the best of their way to the rectory, while old John threw the keys into the truck and followed them, wheeling it along.

Annis cast her glance round the drawing-room when they entered it: but she did not see Mr. Olliver. In point of fact, she had scarcely expected to see him; for, had he returned, he would be sure to have come to the church to meet her; but, nevertheless, the not seeing him called up a feeling of disappointment. Colonel Balme was talking to the rector; Mrs. Balme sat near Miss Bellassys; and Lady Katherine stood apart, reading a note which had just been delivered to her. The note contained an apology from a family who were to have joined them for the evening; very

old friends; the Lawrensons. One of the daughters had been poorly all day with cold and fever, and appeared to be growing so much worse, that they did not like to quit her. A line of request was added that Mr. Olliver would call in to see her at once; they evidently took it for granted that he was at the rectory.

"I wondered what caused them to be so late," exclaimed Lady Katherine, as she turned to the room, and made known the news. "Is Mr. Olliver back?"

"Not yet," said the rector. "I thought he would have been here before this. He has not been with you, I suppose?" he added, turning to the group just arrived from the church.

No, he had not been with them.

The evening went on; went on so long without any appearance of Mr. Olliver, that Annis's heart sunk within her. It would soon be too late for him to come; the time was drawing on for their guests to depart, for the rectory to close its doors on visitors; and then she should not see him again that night! No very great disappointment, you may think, considering that on the morrow they would be joined together beyond fear of separation; but it may be that you cannot understand the feelings of one, who loves as did Annis Dudley. She supposed he had heard in some way of Miss Lawrenson's illness, had gone to see her, and was detained.

At the moment that this supposition was running through her mind, the door opened, and Mr. Lawrenson appeared at it. He was a man of good property, residing a little beyond the church. He stood looking into the room, but did not attempt to enter. The rector saw him, and went forward.

"No, thank you, Mr. Dudley; I am not fit to come in. Look at my dress. I only want Olliver. Janey gets worse and worse; we cannot think what can be the matter with her. It is too bad of Olliver not to come up. Of course we know what night it is, and can make allowances for him; but he might just come and give her a look."

"He is not here," said the rector.

"Not here! Is he out anywhere, then?"

"I am much surprised that he is not here," answered Mr. Dudley. "He went to see Mrs. Key, but that is some hours ago; I thought he would have been back long and long before this. I conclude he has been called out somewhere."

"I'll go down to his house, then. Many thanks, Lady Katherine; I can't stay. Janey? Well, we begin to think now that it is an attack of inflammation on the chest. Mrs. Lawrenson was very sorry not to come, but she could not leave her. I am looking after—"

"If you please, sir, Mr. Hill is asking to see you."

The interruption came from Jacob, a many-years' servant in the rectory. He was not accustomed to stand upon ceremony, and had bustling

up to his master with the message, paying little heed to the courtesy due to his master's guests.

"Mr. Hill?" repeated the rector.

"Yes, sir. He asked for Mr. Olliver. I told him Mr. Olliver had not been here since he went out with you after dinner, and then he said he would see you. He—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dudley—only one word," interposed Mr. Hill, coming forward. "Can you inform me where I shall find Mr. Olliver? I thought he was here."

"The very question; the very request I have been just making, Hill," observed Mr. Lawrenson, as he shook hands with the doctor. "I want to find Olliver on my own score."

They both looked at Mr. Dudley. "Olliver has not been back here," he said. "I parted with him just after we left the surgery," added the rector to Mr. Hill. "He went on down to the Brook Farm, and I have not seen him since."

Mr. Hill looked puzzled. "I cannot think where he can be," he presently said. "Mr. Key is waiting at the surgery for certain medicinal remedies, which Mr. Olliver was to have sent down, and did not. Mrs. Key is worse to-night."

"Perhaps Mr. Olliver is staying there?" cried the rector.

"No; you do not understand," dissented Mr. Hill. "Mr. Olliver, when he got there to-night, found her so much worse, that he remained some time. He said—so Key tells me—that he would have remained longer, but that he wished to hasten home to send down some medicines which might prove a relief. But he never did come home. And Key, finding the things did not arrive, came up for them. I thought to be sure Mr. Olliver was here."

"He would not neglect the sending out of remedies to one in need of them, even to come here," remarked Mr. Dudley.

"Very true," answered the surgeon. "It would not be like him to do it. But what could I think! Where can he be?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he can be. It is very strange. Annis"—calling out to his daughter—"did Mr. Olliver—"

The rector's words died away. Leaning her head round the drawing-room door, was Annis, with a face so scared, so white, that it startled her father. She came forward into the hall, and stood with them.

"There's nothing to be alarmed at, child," said the clergyman, placing his hand kindly on her shoulder. "Why do you look so frightened? I was about to ask you if you know of any place where Mr. Olliver is likely to have gone?"

"No," said Annis; "no. He was going to Mrs. Key's only, and he told me he should be back very shortly."

She put her handkerchief up to her face, as if she would hide its excessive pallor. A strange dread had taken possession of her; a dread as

yet vague and undefined, pointing to nothing tangible.

"He must have called in upon some other patient," remarked the rector.

"I do not think so," said Mr. Hill. "By Key's account, his wife must be dangerously sick, and the medicines which Mr. Olliver was to send were of vital importance to her. Rely upon it, he would have come straight home the first thing, and sent them, whoever else may have wanted him."

"Then what can have become of him?" cried Mr. Dudley.

"That's what I am thinking of," was the assistant-surgeon's rejoinder.

"What I am thinking of is, what are the patients to do who are wanting him?" interposed Mr. Lawrenson. A somewhat choleric man, he thought Mr. Olliver was doing a very unjustifiable thing in stopping away, wherever it might be that he was stopping. "You must come up to Janey, Hill; that's all."

"Certainly. I will attend with pleasure after I have been to Mrs. Key's," was the surgeon's reply. "I must go there first."

"But why?" asked Mr. Lawrenson, some sharpness in his tone.

"From what Key says, I gather that his wife must be in danger. I cannot tell what to prescribe, unless I see her, and I fear there's no time to be lost. There we have been in the surgery, I and Key, waiting and waiting for Mr. Olliver to come in. It is so much good time lost."

"Well, you will come up as soon as you have been there, then?" rejoined Mr. Lawrenson, feeling that he could not, with propriety, hold out for the first visit.

"Instantly. I can cut across the fields from the Brook Farm. It will not take me many minutes to get to you that way. It may be, that I shall find Mr. Olliver in the surgery now, as I go back; in which case he will no doubt attend. As I suppose you would prefer him to do."

"I don't much mind," replied Mr. Lawrenson. "Only, I hope, whichever of you it is, will be as quick as possible. I think I will walk with you as far as Olliver's."

"I will go, too," said Mr. Dudley. "The fact is, I want to see Mr. Olliver. There are one or two little matters connected with to-morrow's arrangements which remain yet unsettled. They were left until to-night."

The conversation had attracted most of them into the hall. Colonel and Mrs. Balme and Lady Katherine stood in a sort of wonder: of wonder that any fuss should be made about so simple a matter as the absence of Mr. Olliver. The not entering when expected, must be looked for in a medical man. One thing must be said for them: they had not a sick child waiting for Mr. Olliver's attendance.

"The affair is easily explainable," remarked the Colonel, in a slighting tone, as if in reproof of the

commotion. "Mr. Olliver must have met a messenger on his return from Key's, bringing him word of urgent need of his services somewhere. He will turn up presently."

This view was taken up and adopted. They appeared to forget that Mr. Hill, who might be supposed to know best, had given his decided opinion against it.

Adopted by all but Annis. The vague dread, she knew not of what, remained upon her, and the colour would not come into her face, or the light to her eye. Mr. Dudley drew her aside.

"Child! why are you looking like this?"

"Papa, I don't know," she answered, with a shiver; "I feel frightened, but I cannot tell at what. It is so strange where he can be."

"Not very strange, Annis. Remember how many times Mr. Olliver has been detained out before, when we have been expecting him. Detained for hours."

"Yes, I know, papa," she said, trying to hide the trembling of her lips. "I am sorry to be so foolish, but I cannot help it."

"You little goose!" he said, bending to kiss her. "What would you have done, pray, had your mamma's wishes been followed, and we had given Mr. Olliver his *congé*?"

A half smile flitted over her lips, and the tears glistened on her eyelashes as she lifted them. Mr. Dudley laughed at her; and followed Mr. Hill and Mr. Lawrenson, who were half-way down the garden.

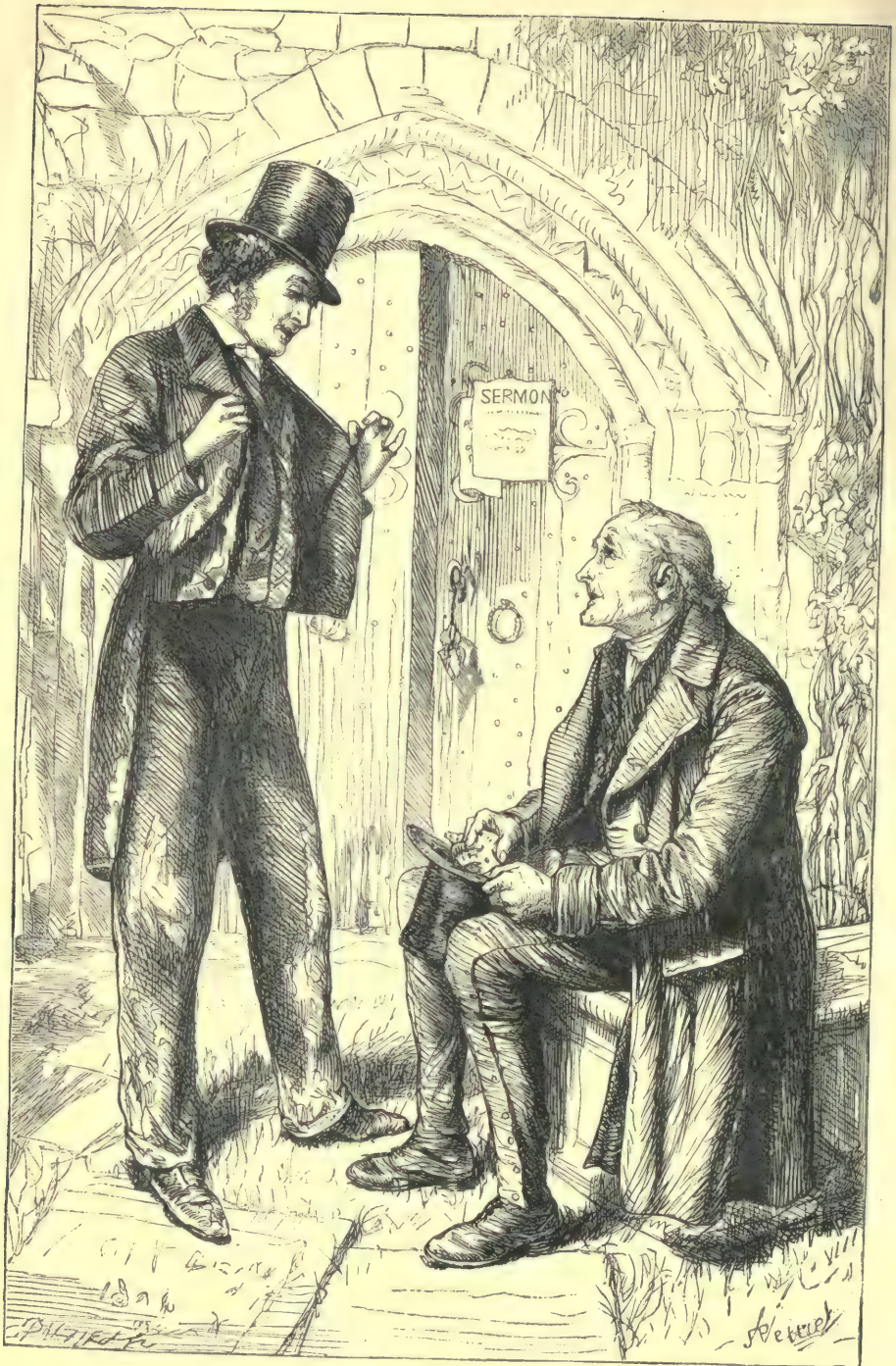
Mr. Olliver's house reached, they found he had not arrived. The farmer was still sitting in the surgery. They questioned him as to the precise time that Mr. Olliver had quitted his house, but he could not tell; he had not been home until afterwards.

Nothing could be done, except that Mr. Hill should proceed at once on the visit to Mrs. Key. He took with him the medicines which he thought might prove efficacious, though he could not be sure until he saw her. Mr. Lawrenson said he would walk with him; it may be, that he deemed himself surer of securing the visit to his daughter, did he keep in the surgeon's company. The rector went also; he could not bear to carry home uncertainty to Annis.

"There goes eleven!" exclaimed Mr. Key, as the church clock struck the hour, and its echoes came borne on the air in the still night. "And I left home before nine. I wonder how the wife is!"

They rang at the gate when they reached the Brook Farm, and Nancy came out with her key to unlock it. Her mistress was not worse, she said; a little better, in fact; but impatient for the medicines. Mr. Hill and the farmer hastened in; the rector and Mr. Lawrenson, declining the invitation to enter, preferred to wait outside. Mr. Dudley detained the servant to question her.

Mr. Olliver had found her mistress worse, she



"What a blessed sight you'll be for Miss Annis!" said John, unromantically."

said ; in dreadful pain. It was the old complaint in her side, but a very bad attack, and he seemed to think there was danger. He stopped at the house the best part of an hour, she thought, and put on the hot fomentations himself. They seemed to relieve her mistress a very little, but not so much as Mr. Olliver thought they ought, and he then said he would hasten home and send down some other remedies.

"And I suppose he came off towards home?" observed Mr. Lawrenson; a doubt crossing him whether the doctor might not have had some other visit to pay farther on.

"That he did," was Nancy's answer. "I came here to lock the gate after him, sir, and I watched him away. A sharp pace he stepped out at, too. Did master say, sir, that he had not got home yet?"

"No, he has not got home," testily returned Mr. Lawrenson. "And there are patients waiting for him; half a hundred for all I know."

A pause ensued. Nancy was leaning on the gate. "Sure he can't have gone and fell into the mill stream!" she exclaimed.

"The mill stream!" repeated Mr. Dudley. "Did he go *that* way?"

"Yes, he did," said Nancy. "He crossed the road, sir, and got over the stile. I thought to myself it was a nasty way to take at night, with the waters so high as they have been, and that unsafe bridge: but I supposed he was in a hurry to get down the things for my missis."

Had any foreshadowing of evil crossed hitherto the clergyman's mind, as it had that of Annis? Perhaps not. But the dread rose up tumultuously now. He said a word to Mr. Lawrenson.

"It can't be," replied that gentleman. "It's impossible. Such a thing was never heard of."

Mr. Hill was not very long before he came out, and they crossed the road and the stile; the way taken, according to Nancy, by Mr. Olliver. Not that *they* had any intention of attempting the unsafe way. A detour to the left, before they came to the bridge, would take them to a lane which led close to Mr. Lawrenson's house. As if by common consent, however, they bore on towards the bridge. Clear and cold looked the water in the moonlight, as it coursed on towards the mill-dam. Everything around was perfectly still; and there was certainly no trace of Mr. Olliver having fallen into it. But what trace would there be, allowing that such a calamity had happened? The ground rose on the other side above this wretched bridge, and the banks were muddy.

"Psha!" cried Mr. Lawrenson, who was the first to speak as they were taking their survey. "An active, sure-stepping man, as Olliver is, would not be likely to lose his footing by night any more than by day. For the matter of that, the night's nearly as light as day," he added, glancing up at the bright moon.

Mr. Dudley extended his hand, and pointed to

the bank on the other side. "Does it not look as though somebody had slipped there?" he said. "To my eyes—but they are not so young as they were—it seems that two feet, or two knees, had been sliding downwards."

"It looks exactly like it," said Mr. Hill, bending his face forward. "Some one evidently has slipped. I should say, in attempting to step up the bank after crossing the bridge, must have slipped backwards."

"But they'd not slip into the water; they'd slip on to the bridge," observed Mr. Lawrenson. "There'd be no danger in that."

"True. And it is not obliged to have been Mr. Olliver. The only danger in crossing this bridge lies in its unprotected sides," added the doctor. "And I know none with a steadier eye and foot than Mr. Olliver. Who's this?"

Footsteps were approaching, and they turned to the sound. It proved to be the miller's servant-boy, Ben, who was returning to the mill from some errand on which he had been sent. He looked considerably surprised to see those gentlemen there, watching, as it seemed, the water.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, touching his cap to Mr. Dudley.

"Not exactly, Ben," replied Mr. Dudley. "At least, we hope not. You have heard no commotion here to-night, I suppose, as if—as if—anybody had fallen into the water?"

But, in truth, the rector almost blushed when he had put the question. It seemed so improbable a fear when spoken openly; almost an absurd fear; not unlike a far-fetched incident in some wild romance. Ben, the boy, met it unromantically enough.

"Who *has* fell in?" asked he.

"The fact is, Ben, we were looking for Mr. Olliver," interposed Mr. Lawrenson, somewhat bluntly. He came over this bridge, as is supposed, from the Brook Farm to-night, and nobody has seen him since. But he is not likely to have fallen in."

Ben advanced to the very edge of the bank, and stood looking into the water; for what purpose, he alone knew. "Not he," cried he presently; "Dr. Olliver could cross over there with his eyes shut, he could. He goes over it often enough. Why, I saw him cross over it this afternoon with my own eyes, I did. I couldn't do it safer nor he."

There was nothing to be gained by lingering, and they turned on their road, saying good-night to Ben. Leaving the church and churchyard on the right, they gained the high road of Hilton-Coombe. There they shook hands and separated. Mr. Lawrenson and the doctor turned to the left, Mr. Dudley to the right.

A short way, and he passed the church and churchyard, the gravestones looking white and cold in the moonlight. Would that proposed ceremony take place in it on the morrow?—or *had* anything happened to him, who was to hold—it may be said

—the most prominent part in it? If so—poor Annis! poor Annis!

She—Annis—came forward to meet him in the hall as he entered, eager inquiry in her eye—not on her lip: her agitation was too great. The question on Mr. Dudley's tongue had been, "Has he come in yet?" But somehow he could not put it.

"They think he must have been called suddenly to see some other patient on his return from Mrs. Key's, Annis," said the rector, quietly. He knew not what better to say.

"Then, you have not found him?" And the words seemed to come forth with a burst—the burst of pent-up emotion.

"Not yet, child. We might find him if we knew where to look for him."

"Oh, papa!" she uttered, raising her streaming eyes to his, "perhaps he will never be found again!"

"A good thing that she can cry," thought the rector. "My dear," he said, gravely and kindly, as he laid his hand upon her head, "we are told not to anticipate evil."

"I cannot help it," she murmured; "I wish I could. I never felt as I am feeling to-night."

"It is nervousness, child; nothing else. Try and shake it off."

Their guests were gone then, and Lady Katherine and Miss Bellassys were in the drawing-room alone. They could not by any means admit the fear; they could not see cause for any fear. Lady Katherine was not of excitable mind; she was particularly unimaginative. Mr. Olliver was detained out with some patient, was all she said. Neither could Miss Bellassys view the thing in an apprehensive light. It must be remembered that they knew nothing of his having crossed the stream; in fact, Miss Bellassys, nearly a stranger to the locality, was not aware of there being any stream to cross.

"You must be tired, Ruth," said Lady Katherine. "It is past bed-time. Are the candles there, Annis?"

"Oh, mamma, we cannot go to bed yet!" exclaimed Annis, clasping her hands. "Pray sit up a little longer!"

Lady Katherine, who had a book in her hand, turning over its leaves, put it down and stared at her. "What can you possibly mean, Annis? Do you know that you are making yourself highly ridiculous?"

Annis gave no reply. She was seated at the back of the room, but they could see that her lips were twitching, and her fingers trembling on her lap.

Miss Bellassys turned to her, and spoke. "You cannot *really* be fearing that any untoward thing has happened to Mr. Olliver, Annis?"

"It is nervousness, I tell her," said Mr. Dudley. "She is feeling nervous to-night; naturally, perhaps. I suppose she cannot help it."

"But—good gracious! I never heard of such

a thing!" remonstrated Lady Katherine. "Why, if anything had happened to Mr. Olliver—in the light you seem to insinuate, Annis—there could be no wedding! What would become of all the preparations?—the servants will be up half the night yet. What would become of the breakfast?"

Very pertinent questions. The breakfast and the preparations were clearly good reasons why the bridegroom should appear. Poor Annis lifted her white face.

"But where can he be?" she could only re-iterate.

"Where?" angrily rejoined Lady Katherine, "where should he be, but with his sick? I hope now you see the disadvantages of marrying a doctor."

Mr. Dudley rose. It cannot be denied that he was growing uneasy himself: but the feeling may have been caught from Annis. He went through the hall, out at the porch, and walked towards the gate; some idea of watching for Mr. Hill on his road home from Mr. Lawrenson's, inducing the movement. It might be a relief further to discuss the probabilities and the improbabilities with the assistant-surgeon.

He was barely in time. Mr. Hill was striding past with long steps. The rector arrested him.

"Miss Lawrenson is not very ill," cried he. "It is a violent cold on the chest, nothing more. Is Mr. Olliver back yet?"

"No, he is not," replied the rector. "Do you know, I am beginning to—"

The rector stopped. Some one had come stealing up behind him. It was Annis, unable in her restlessness to be still. "Papa, why have you come out?" she asked. And then she saw Mr. Hill standing there.

"This foolish child is fearful that something may have happened," said the rector. "Lady Katherine argues that he can only be with his sick patients."

"There is no real fear, Miss Dudley," observed Mr. Hill to her in a kind tone. "It is strange where he can be, I do not deny it; but, depend upon it, it will turn out all right."

With a hasty farewell he walked on. Mr. Dudley remained at the gate a few minutes, and then turned slowly up the garden path, his arm round his daughter. Not a word was spoken between them. Annis felt sick with suspense; and Mr. Dudley probably deemed that any attempt to cheer her would but be a mockery.

Scarcely had Annis gained the drawing-room, and Mr. Dudley was yet in the middle of the hall, when there arose a sound as of hasty footsteps outside; and a gentle knocking—a knocking as if the knock did not want to make itself heard too much—came to the door. The rector turned and opened it. There stood Mr. Hill, and with him the miller's boy, Ben. The rector's eyes fell on the latter, and a rush of dread came bounding to his heart.

They were holding out a cane. A small cane

with a silver top, which belonged to Mr. Olliver: he had carried it with him when he went forth that night. Both began to speak at once, in a subdued tone; but the words reached Annis's ears in the distance, and seemed to blister them.

There could no longer be any doubt of Mr. Olliver's fate—that he was drowned in the stream. The miller's son had picked up the cane floating on it, some hours before. It had gone floating down towards the mill just about the time that he must have attempted to cross the bridge.

"What do they say?—*what?*" uttered Lady Katherine, who caught but imperfectly the sounds of the commotion. "What is that, about Mr. Olliver?"

Annis turned to her; her livid face a sight in its rigid stillness. Now that the blow had fallen, she was unnaturally calm; but it seemed the calm of a broken heart.

"He is dead, mamma," she quietly said. "You have got your wish."

And the Lady Katherine Dudley, as she gathered in the full sense of the words, shrieked out aloud and fell backward. For the first time in her life she had fainted away.

III.—OLD JOHN'S FRIGHT.

"Oh, my dear child, I did not mean it, I did not mean it! Forgive me, Annis! forgive me!"

What a night it had been! How she had got through it, Annis knew not. Not a soul in the house had been to bed. Lady Katherine had been kept in her chamber by sedatives; and now she had come forth from it to throw herself at the feet of her daughter.

Annis leaned forward and kissed her; she strove to raise her. The same unnatural calm was still in her white face, in her bearing, the same meek stillness in her quiet voice. Lady Katherine would not be raised.

"Annis, I loved him; I did indeed. It was all my folly, my temper, speaking against him. At the time I spoke it, I knew it was false, for I *did* like him."

"Yes, yes, dear mamma. *Pray* get up."

"I did not mean what I said," she shuddered. "If I did say I wished him dead, it—it—could not have brought the death upon him. I did not really wish it. I said it in my fractious spirit. Annis, love, I would give all I am worth to bring him back to life. Why, why did he attempt to cross that dangerous stream?"

Give all she was worth to bring him back to life? How many of us pour forth the same un-availing wish, for evil done, or said, or rendered, to those who are gone! And we can only prostrate ourselves in the dust, as Lady Katherine did, and wail out our repentance in vain.

All was arrested. The preparations, which had been so much thought of, were stopped midway, and the servants stood in dismay over the half-laid tables; uncertain whether to finish them, or

to remove what was already on them, or to leave them incomplete. What was to become of the wedding breakfast? the meats, the fowls, the game, the sweets? What was to become of the grand wedding-cake? Trivial doubts and dilemmas, you will say; by the side of that awful news which had come; but they concerned the servants, and were by them indulged in.

"What comfort can I speak to you, my poor child?" asked Miss Bellassys, getting Annis to herself, and sheltering her aching head upon her bosom.

"None just yet, Aunt Ruth," was the subdued answer. "I do not know that I could bear it."

"But, my dear child, this apathy, this absence of emotion is unnatural," urged Miss Bellassys, who was fearing from it she knew not what of consequences. "Better that you should give way, and weep."

"I can't," said Annis: "my eyes burn so."

Was she going out of her mind? Miss Bellassys felt her own pulses quicken at the fear. "My dear," she gravely said, "you must bear up for your father and mother's sake. You are all they have."

"Oh, yes! I shall bear up. I shall not die. I may get better, Aunt Ruth, when the years have gone on."

"The *years!*" ejaculated Miss Bellassys, aghast at the word.

"It will take me a long while," she simply answered. "You cannot tell what he was to me."

Miss Bellassys leaned her head upon her hand, and looked at Annis, her eyes, her tone full of solemn meaning. "Do you know, Annis, that I believe there arises in all our lives some one especial period, above all others, when we have most need of God?—when, but for God's sheltering hand, we might lie down under our grievous weight of sorrow, and die? Such a time is this, for you."

"Yes," answered Annis, speaking with somewhat less of apathy.

"But God *is* with us, my child. He is with you, be assured, and will bear you up through this dreadful trial. Put your whole trust in Him."

"I will, I will," she said, with energy, a revulsion of feeling coming over her. And she burst into a flood of distressing tears.

Miss Bellassys left her. She thought it might be better that the grief should have full vent. Outside the door stood Lady Katherine, listening to the sounds of distress.

"Oh, Ruth, what shall I do?" she cried, in anguish. "We cannot comfort her. We cannot bring him back to life! That wicked wish will haunt me to my dying day."

"Your consolation must be that you did not mean it," murmured Miss Bellassys, knowing not what else to say. "It was spoken impulsively; without thought: we are all too apt so to speak."

"No, I did not mean it, I did not mean it," bewailed Lady Katherine, wringing her hands. "God

knows I did not. And yet—how shall I dare ask forgiveness of Him?"

If any lingering doubt, suggesting a glimmer of hope, had remained in the mind of the rector during the night, the morning dispelled it. A hundred times during those long hours had the argument presented itself to his reason: Mr. Olliver might have dropped this cane, might have gone off afterwards to see some patient, and would be home again in the morning. But the morning broke, and brought him not. With the first glimmer of dawn Hilton-Coombe was astir, for the calamity touched its inhabitants in no measured degree. Apart from the distressing character of the accident,—and it would have been distressing happening no matter to whom,—Mr. Olliver was a favourite with all. In himself, as in his professional capacity, he enjoyed the esteem, the respect, it may be said the admiration of Hilton-Coombe. The banks of the stream were crowded. People flocked down thither, seeking traces of the accident. The marks, discerned by Mr. Dudley the previous night, imparting the idea that some one had slipped, in stepping up the bank after crossing the bridge, and had slid back again, were examined with anxious curiosity. The marks were quite deep in the mud, but sufficiently clear: in fact, the mud seemed much disturbed, as though some one had completely fallen there. The miller's son told the tale of his finding the cane over and over again; no sooner had one set of listeners heard it, than they were replaced by another. He had gone on the stream in his punt, in pursuance of something required in his business, when he saw the cane come floating down towards him. He picked it up, and when he went indoors, carried it with him. Some hours afterwards, when Ben entered, he mentioned that Mr. Olliver was supposed to be missing, and it then flashed over the mind of both that this was Mr. Olliver's cane; they recognised it, now the clue was given. "You had better run with it at once to the rectory," the young man said to Ben. All this gossip was retailed over again and again; and preparations were made for dragging the stream.

The morning went on. At ten o'clock old John came to the rectory for the church keys. Mr. Dudley went out to him, looking pale and ill. The loss of Mr. Olliver, whom he so greatly liked and esteemed, and the rending of his daughter's happiness, were indeed heavy trials to him.

"What do you want the keys for, John?" he asked.

"The church was to be opened at ten o'clock, ready for the wedding," was old John's sapient response.

"But there can be no wedding. What are you thinking of?"

Old John deliberated. "And them green things that we put in the church last night? I might as well go and clear 'em away, sir."

A strangely keen pang shot across Mr. Dudley's

heart. The evergreens which had been placed there for so different a purpose, to be swept away ignominiously now! Somehow he could not bear to order it.

"Not just yet, John; not just yet. There's plenty of time."

"Very well, sir. But he is certain to be dead, poor gentleman. If he was in life, he'd be here fast enough for his own wedding."

"I know he is dead—that there is no hope," wailed the rector. "But—don't sweep the boughs away yet. These windows overlook the church-yard, and it will bring the calamity all the more forcibly home to—to Lady Katherine."

The clerk took his departure. Presently a crowd came up the stream and sought the rector. The drags had been plied, but they had brought forth nothing. Still there could not be a doubt of Mr. Olliver's fate: his non-appearance to fulfil the contract of his marriage proved it. Would Mr. Dudley order the death-bell to be tolled for him?

Oh, no! not then. How could they, the rectory's inmates, bear the sound of the death-bell, ringing out at the very hour that, if all had gone right, those other bells, the joyous ones, would have rung out? "My daughter could not bear it," he said to them.

"True, true," they answered, struck with compunction for their want of thought. "Poor Miss Dudley! What a wedding-day! what a wedding-day!"

The day dragged itself on, and the shades of evening began to fall. The rectory that day had been like a fair, people tramping in and out of it. Hilton-Coombe made the calamity its own, and pressed its friendly sympathy, its lamentings on the rectory in person. Had testimony been needed by Mr. Dudley and Lady Katherine of the worth of their intended son-in-law, of the estimation in which he was held, that day would have supplied it. Many a case of benevolence, exercised in his professional capacity, of considerate kindness to the poor, which otherwise would never have been held up to the light, was poured forth then. "What a good man we have lost," breathed Lady Katherine, as she wiped the dew of remorse from her troubled face.

"How do you feel, my child?" whispered the rector, approaching the sofa where Annis sat so still and quiet, her head bent in the dusk of the evening.

She turned and laid it upon his arm, not speaking.

"Remember our Father's promise," he continued, bending his lips on her cold cheek. "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

"Yes, yes, papa," she breathed. "It is His strength which is keeping me up, not mine."

That troublesome old John again! The rector was called out to him. "Them boughs, sir? Be they not to be got out of the church to-night? It'll never do to let 'em stop in for service to-morrow. The folks would do nothing but stare at 'em."

"For service to-morrow?" mechanically repeated Mr. Dudley.

"It will be the 1st of November, sir; All Saints' Day."

In his great trouble, the rector had positively forgotten the fact. For once in his life the coming day, marked in the Church calendar, had slipped his memory. "To be sure, to be sure," he cried. "Clear the evergreens out at once, John. It is dusk now, and you may escape spectators."

Old John took the keys, and made the best of his way to the church. He had barely entered it, when a sharp knocking came sounding right in his face, inside the vestry door.

"Lawk a mercy!" ejaculated he, startled half out of his senses.

The knocking came again, sharper than before. It may be that a thought of ghosts crossed John's mind, causing him to hesitate; to doubt whether he should not run out of the church, bellowing, and alarm the neighbourhood. But ghosts don't knock, or speak either; and this one was calling out, in unmistakably stentorian tones, "Let me out! Open the door!"

The vestry door—it has, however, been explained, that though called the vestry door, it was only the door of a small place leading to the vestry—opened from the outside alone. The clerk turned the latch, and—saw Mr. Olliver.

"Heaven be good to us!" he repeated. "Then—are—you—not at the bottom of the mill-stream, sir?"

"I hope not," replied Mr. Olliver. "Am I supposed to be there, John?"

"Well, yes," said John. "The drags have been at work all day; but they haven't fished you up yet."

He sat down on a gravestone to overget his astonishment, and stared at Mr. Olliver. That gentleman did not present a very reputable appearance, inasmuch as the front of his black evening suit was a mass of mud, which had dried on.

"Have you been in there all this time, sir?"

"Yes, I have; since you quitted the church last night, after decorating it."

The story was soon told. It was a very simple one. In passing over the bridge the previous night, Mr. Olliver by some means let fall his cane. Making a spring to catch it, he fell down upon the muddy bank, hands and knees and clothes, and slid downwards in the slippery mud. The cane went floating along the stream, and Mr. Olliver was a sight to be seen in his state of mud. There was no time to look after the cane; poor Mrs. Key was in urgent need of her medicines, and he hastened on by the path leading through the churchyard. The lights and voices in the church attracted him to enter; he knew what they were doing, that merry group, and he intended to treat himself to a secret peep. But, at the same moment, the inner doors opened; Georgina Balme came forth; and Mr. Olliver, not caring to be seen

in his muddy attire, slipped inside the open door of the vestry passage. There he waited until the coast should be clear again; and there he got—shut in. Old John closed the door in passing it; and it was only by the silence that supervened that Mr. Olliver awoke at length to the unpleasant fact that he was fast, and the church empty. He tried the vestry door, but that was also fast—thanks to the clerk's habit of locking every place up; he shouted and knocked, but without much hope of being heard. In fact, there was no probability that he could be heard; the passage was an inner passage, and any noise made in it would not be likely to penetrate outside. And there he had remained, with the best patience he could call up.

"I should think you are hungry, sir," cried John, unromantically. "What a blessed sight you'll be for Miss Annis!"

She—Annis—was still sitting on the sofa as her father had left her, alone in the room. Mr. Olliver went in quietly; he had gone straight up from the church, in spite of his muddy clothes.

"Annis!"

She started up at the voice, her eyes staring fitfully. Did she think it his ghost,—as perhaps old John had thought? But there was no time to give way to fear, for Mr. Olliver caught her to him, and sheltered her on his bosom.

"I am not dead, my darling. I hear you have been fearing it." And Annis burst into delicious tears.

The news spread through the house, and everybody in it came flocking in. Mr. Olliver thought his hand would have been shaken off. Lady Katherine seized hold of him, and—gave him a hearty kiss.

"This past night and day have taught me to appreciate you, Mr. Olliver, if I never did before. I shall give her to you with all my whole heart."

He laughed with pleasure, and grasped Lady Katherine's hand in his. "Does anybody know how Mrs. Key is?" he inquired.

"Better. She—"

A joyous peal of ringing bells burst out from the church, hard by. The clerk, on his own responsibility, had set some ringers to work. But he had not remained with them, for there was his happy old face peeping into the room, and singling out the rector.

"About them evergreens, sir? Be they to be cleared out now, or to be left for to-morrow morning?"

Mr. Dudley turned his eyes on Mr. Olliver, on his daughter's blushing face, and read the signs.

"You may as well let them be, John," said he. "I suppose a marriage celebrated on All Saints Day will stand good?"

"I expect it will," replied John. And he went to help the ringers.

"How merciful has God been to me this night!" was the concluding thought of Lady Katherine Dudley.

A VISIT TO THE TAIPIINGS.

IN the early part of June 1861, I found myself unavoidably detained for some weeks at Shanghai, and was glad to avail myself of the kind invitation of Captain Dew, of H. M. S. "Encounter," to accompany him on a trip, one object of which was to visit a city recently captured by the rebels, with the view of communicating with their chief, another to explore the country in the neighbourhood of Ningpo, and ascertain the rebel position in that district. For some time past rumours had been current in Shanghai of the proximity of these "troublesome insects," as the rebels are styled in mandarin phraseology, and now the capture of the town of Chapoo seemed to warrant the conclusion that an advance on Ningpo was in prospect, as the wealth of that city, and the immunity from rebel attacks which it had enjoyed hitherto, rendered it a tempting prize. Here had numbers of the inhabitants of the surrounding country found a refuge, whatever was saved from the sack of Hangchow, the capital of the province, now in possession of the rebels, and one of the richest cities in the empire, had been placed in Ningpo for security, and the gradual approach of the rebels from different quarters, but all converging upon this rich centre, filled the inhabitants with alarm. It was not, however, to protect the accumulated wealth of the province, or to inspire confidence merely into the minds of its possessors, that an English man-of-war was sent there; the European community, though not large, would be exposed to the utmost danger in the event of the occupation of the city, and it was considered advisable to inform the rebels that the capture by them of a port open to foreign trade, would be regarded by us as an act of hostility towards foreigners.

The most accessible rebel chief, under the circumstances, was the gentleman who had first captured, and now commanded at Chapoo, and that once important mercantile emporium was our destination in the first instance. Situated on the Bay of Hangchow, and connected with that city, of which it was the port, by the Grand Canal, it derived its importance partly from that circumstance, and partly from the fact of the Grand Canal debouching at this point into the sea, so that it was the southern terminus of that vast traffic which in former times traversed the great internal artery of the empire, and fed Pekin itself. For many years past the navigation of the Grand Canal has been completely destroyed, and the only commercial privilege which still invested Chapoo with some importance, was its limited trade with Japan. This was the only point upon the Chinese coast with which the exclusive islanders permitted traffic, and that only in the most restricted sense. Seven junks annually sailed from Chapoo to Nagasaki, where they were put under the strictest surveil-

lance, their crews jealously watched, and not, unless under very exceptional circumstances, allowed to land. As soon as the cargoes, consisting usually of sugar, had been landed, the junks reloaded with edible seaweed, and other Japanese produce, and returned to Chapoo, not to revisit the Empire of the Sun until the following year. This traffic has now come to an end; but even under any circumstances the opening of Shanghai and Ningpo to foreign trade must have been a death-blow to the commercial prosperity of Chapoo.

Rounding a projecting promontory in the grey dawn of morning, the first indication we received of our proximity to Chapoo was rather significant than encouraging. Here and there a swollen and disfigured Chinaman floated face downwards on the yellow waters of the Yang-tse, and reminded me of those horrible sights so familiar to dwellers on the banks of the Hoogly; but these were the evidences of rebel cruelty, not of a religious observance, and the rotting carcases which once or twice grazed our bows were those of an innocent peasantry who had fallen victims to Taiping ferocity. The city of Chapoo is situated upon a plain, but immediately to its right rise two hills, three or four hundred feet high, one of which is crowned with a small fort, its walls now gay with the flaunting banners of the rebel host. We dropped anchor immediately opposite this fort, which was within range of our guns, but the shallowness of the water did not permit of too near an approach to the shore. Instantly a great commotion was visible among the rebels; the unusual apparition of an English frigate and gun-boat filled them with consternation. A crowd assembled at the principal gateway, heads appeared peeping over the walls, messengers passed to and fro between the fort and the town; their doubt as to the object of our visit being only equalled by our uncertainty as to the nature of our reception. Former experience had warned us that a flag of truce was not to be relied on in our intercourse with these gentry. The last time I had had the honour of communicating with them under the shadow of a white table-cloth, we were received by a salvo of artillery, which killed and wounded three of our number, and involved a brisk action of an hour and a half; and not a fortnight before, Captain Dew had been fired at when proceeding, under a flag of truce, in his gig, to deliver a letter stuck in the fork of a bamboo, and had been obliged to retreat under a heavy fire, with his mission unaccomplished. In fact, opening communication with a rebel chief was an operation by no means unattended with danger. So the decks were cleared, the guns run out, and in a few moments we were prepared to meet the rebels on their own terms.

Captain Dew and Mr. Alabaster, the interpreter, with a white flag prominently displayed, got into the boat and pulled ashore, while we anxiously watched his proceedings through our telescopes; and Mr. Cornwall, the first lieutenant, since unfortunately killed at the capture of Ningpo, kept the guns accurately trained upon a crowd of rebels so as to be able to resent, with a broadside, any treachery to the captain.

Meantime the Taipings seemed to watch our proceedings with no less interest and curiosity; and as Captain Dew, attended only by Mr. Alabaster, and the coxswain, bearing the flag of truce, began to scale the hill, a number of warriors, carrying gingalls, matchlocks, and flags in bright-coloured garments, came vapouring out after the usual manner of warlike Chinamen, and apparently in no very amicable mood. Steadily the three Englishmen clambered up the hill, while the rebels seemed uncertain whether to fire at them or not. Anxiously we strained our eyes through our telescopes. Every man was at his place at the guns. We could see the rebel nearest Captain Dew blowing the fusee of his matchlock, and the coxswain deprecatingly waving his flag, and more rebels with warlike attitudes closing round; but still they did not fire. Then we saw Captain Dew extend his hand to the man with the matchlock and the fusee. Was he begging for mercy? No! he had seized the lighted fusee; he was lighting his cigar with it. The rebels were probably as much astonished as ourselves by the coolness of this proceeding; at all events, it produced the desired effect of restoring confidence; and in a few minutes more Captain Dew had disappeared within the gateway, and we saw him no more. Shortly after, the boat came back with a message inviting a small party of us on shore.

Three years had elapsed since I had explored the suburb of Chapoo, then composed of crowded, busy lanes, now a mass of blackened ruins, deserted save by a mangy cur or two. Then I had stood on the summit of the hill from which the rebel flags were now waving, and looked over a boundless plain of yellow crops, soon to be gathered in by an industrious and peaceful population; now, far as eye could reach on every side, the crops had again ripened, but the country was deserted. Not a wreath of blue smoke curled heavenward through all the broad landscape. The food of thousands was rotting where it grew, and thousands who had abandoned their homesteads were dying for want of it. Death at the hands of the rebels, or death by starvation, had been the only alternatives of this wretched peasantry, and they chose the latter. There is probably, at the best of times, more poverty and abject misery in China than in any other country on the face of the globe; and it was heart-rending to think that the teeming produce of thousands of acres of this rich alluvial land would relieve none of it. How little could those who had hopefully planted in the early

spring have foreseen such a catastrophe! How many years will suffice to repair the injuries of days! Stumbling over the blackened embers of burnt houses, picking our way through brickbats and miscellaneous rubbish as best we might, with here and there a human bone or a tattered garment protruding, to tell of deeds of violence, we passed through the demolished suburb, without meeting a soul or seeing a single house in a state of preservation. On approaching the city walls, the scene was very different. They were swarming with workmen. Those of the peasantry who had not escaped or been killed were impressed by the rebels into their service, and were now working hard at the fortifications. Men, women, and children were crawling up and down the steep inclines with baskets full of earth, excavating, pulling down, or building up. The rebels themselves, with long matted hair (for a pigtail is an abomination to a rebel), countenances brutalized by long familiarity with scenes of blood, and garments of the brightest colours, made free use of sticks as they urged the wretched labourers to the work. They regarded us with ill-favoured glances, and, though not venturing to offer opposition, allowed us to scramble to the top of the walls as best we might, by means of slippery ladders and steps cut in the muddy bank of the surrounding moat, which we traversed on a single plank. More working parties were engaged on the top of the walls, and the conquerors were evidently determined that no future army should take the city as easily as they had done themselves.

At last we found a man to pilot us along the ruined and deserted streets to the Yamun or public building in which the chief held his court; a small, half-ruined collection of rooms and courts, all crowded with filthy Taipings, who did not abstain from pressing after us into the chamber in which the great man received us. Dressed in a long robe of yellow, with a handkerchief round his head, and a valuable pearl in it, he differed in no respect from the ordinary type of low caste Chinaman. His manners were rude and unpolished, and his evident desire was to impress upon our minds his own importance, and the perfect indifference with which he regarded the foreigner. He offered us tea and chairs, but had no more idea of good breeding, according to the Chinese standard, than if he had been a New York rowdy. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed since he had taken the city, and he was still elated by his recent success. In reply to my inquiry of the number of persons slaughtered, he said that he had no accurate idea, but that his men had been employed for two whole days, from sunrise to sunset, in putting the population of the city to death. "But," I said, "I suppose you spared the women?" "Oh, no," he answered, "we killed them all." "And how many did you lose?" "Four or five of my men were killed."

The atmosphere, moral and physical, was too

pestilential to remain in this ruffian's company longer than necessary, and while Captain Dew was concluding the interview, I amused myself buying jade ornaments, and other articles which the rebels had looted. Some of these men produced bags with plundered jewellery and women's ornaments, but I saw nothing of great value, though the prices asked proved that money was abundant among them, and that they had sacked the unfortunate city of Chapoo to no small advantage. The sickening stench, the prevalence of cutaneous diseases, and the impudent familiarity with which they crowded round one, induced me to curtail my researches into their stolen property. Indeed, every now and then, the idea of one's utterly helpless condition, two miles away from the ship, in the midst of a horde of savages, who lived on murder and rapine, and regarded all foreigners as their natural enemies, obtruded itself rather disagreeably. On our way back to the ship by another route, we passed the place of public punishment. There was standing a crucifix, upon which a man had been recently crucified, and two wretched victims were undergoing the punishment of the Kung, which consisted in their sitting with their heads passed through the centre of a large board. Except the rebel host, numbered by their leader at 5000 men, and the country people pressed into service on the fortifications, the city was totally deserted. A month before it had contained a population estimated at nearly 100,000. It is part of the rebel policy to commit the most awful atrocities wherever they go, as by this means they inspire so much terror beforehand, that at the very first rumour of their approach, the whole country is abandoned by the terrified peasantry; and the imperial troops, infected by the universal panic, too often lose heart, desert their posts, and the cities fall an easy prey into the hands of the rebels.

During the first years of the rebellion in China, delusions prevailed in this country with reference to the religious tenets of the Taipings, which have fortunately been long since dispelled. We received vague rumours of a sect of Christian propagandists, whose chief object was to overturn the existing system of philosophy and superstition, and substitute in its stead a pure and ennobling creed. The natural effect of this impression was to create in our minds a strong feeling of sympathy in their favour; and witnessing as they did constant instances of cruelty and misrule on the part of the Government, a large section of the British community in China watched with interest the progress of the rebellion throughout the provinces. A closer acquaintance with the Taipings proved how utterly erroneous had been the impressions conceived of their mission. Their leader, a man of low origin, who had picked up the outlines of the Christian scheme, grafted them upon a miserable and blasphemous fabrication of his own, and arrogating to himself a divine origin and supernatural

powers, succeeded to some extent at first in imposing upon the credulity of his followers. I doubt, however, whether a single Taiping believes anything now. In various conversations which I have had with individuals on the subject, I have not found one who could give any definite idea of his creed, beyond the fact that they offered some prayer before eating. The religious publications of the Taipings are absurd incomprehensible effusions, embodying no grand sentiments, transparently the productions of ignorant and uneducated men who have mixed up texts of the Bible with their own puerile composition. There is an absence of that fanaticism among them which has always distinguished religious propagandists. However erroneous their creeds, some persons are always to be found who are sincere and enthusiastic. So far from there being a proselytizing spirit among the Taipings, they demand from those they spare nothing but work. No Chinaman who has been a captive knows more of their religion when he leaves them, than he did at first. Religious instruction is unknown among them; nor, so far as I could learn, do they ever meet for worship. I am willing to believe that in the earlier stages of the rebellion some honesty of political purpose may have animated some of the chiefs; and such at that period was the weakness and corruption of the existing Government, that had the movement been conducted by wise and patriotic men, it would have achieved without difficulty the overthrow of the dynasty. If there were any nobler aspirations connected with it than those of plunder, they were soon extinguished, the country-people who would at that time gladly have accorded their sympathies to the founders of a new dynasty, found themselves the victims of the most frightful persecution. The scum of a population of four hundred millions rallied round standards which waved them on to murder and rapine. The Taipings soon became as destitute of political as of religious principle. The chiefs quarrelled among themselves. The original objects of the movement, if it ever had any, were forgotten amid internal dissensions, but still, like vultures flocking to a carcase, crowds of ruffians poured in to join them, and the would-be founders of the Taiping dynasty degenerated into robber-chiefs, whose only difficulty now was to find subsistence for their hosts. Like locust-swarms they move over the face of the country; the new creed and the new dynasty, which at first gave a semblance of dignity to the movement, are things of the past. If ever there were men of respectability or intelligence to be found among them, they have been all extinguished. The chiefs are coolies, their followers outcasts, who were enemies to society from the first. Moving in vast numbers, they crush all opposition by the impetuosity of the rush with which they sweep over a fresh country with fire and sword, carrying desolation before them. The captive women they divide among themselves;

the men are put into the front rank, and sacrificed whenever fighting becomes necessary. I have looked over a country where heavy clouds of smoke, ascending from burning homesteads, hung over it like a pall, and I have seen a whole population, men, women, and children, abandoning all they held dear, and flying, panic-stricken, from the destruction that was overtaking them. When they have entirely exhausted the resources of one tract of country, they move on to another. The great terror they inspire, the large masses in which they move, and a certain reckless daring engendered by their lawless life, almost always insure success: large towns are deserted before they are attacked, flight, not defence, is the instinct alike of people and of troops; the mandarins and chief authorities lead the way, and there is a general *sauve qui peut*. At the end of a year or so, the country is exhausted, the rebels move elsewhere, and the Government, with a great flourish of trumpets at having ejected them, resumes possession of the desolated waste.

We may always be sure that wherever there are rebels there are a certain number of Imperial troops swaggering in the neighbourhood, who have not the slightest intention, however, of risking their skins. Thus, on our return to the ship, a fleet of sixteen Imperial war-junks, which had been lying for some time past in a secure nook on the coast, sailed bravely up, and informed us that they would be delighted to co-operate in the capture of the town, if we would lead off. This proposal Captain Dew of course declined, and the Imperial fleet returned to their anchorage, to draw their pay and write magniloquent descriptions of imaginary combats with the rebels, not unlike those we have been in the habit of receiving occasionally from another quarter.

At mid-day on the following day, we were anchored beneath the walls of Ningpo, and, as on the occasion of my former sojourn in that city I had neglected to visit an interesting monastery in the neighbourhood, we hired a couple of native boats, stocked them with the necessary provender, and started one night, after dinner, on our trip. These boats or sampans as they are called, are covered in, and we can manage to make very comfortable beds by spreading mattresses on the floor. Our rest, however, is not destined to be undisturbed; first we have to get from the river, through a Chinese lock, into the canal. The process consists of winding the boat, by means of a windlass, up an inclined plane to the required height,—a less exciting proceeding than going down on the return voyage, when we plump into the river with a rush. Having safely accomplished this feat, our nerves receive sundry shocks as we bump against other boats in the dark, or run against the buttresses of narrow bridges. However, with the dawn of day, our troubles come to an end, only, however, to be renewed in another form; for now comes the difficulty of finding moun-

tain chairs and bearers. These are most primitive contrivances, and consist of two wooden boards, like the seats of a swing, suspended between two bamboos, and carried by two men. The little village at which we stop is considerably agitated by our pertinacity in insisting upon these being forthcoming; but after all we do not avail ourselves very readily of this mode of conveyance, for the air is fresh, the scenery charming, and we walk briskly along the paved causeway between fields of rice and groves of bamboos, now and then obtaining, from the tops of the hills, lovely views over the country stretching below. At the end of a six-mile walk we reached Tien-tung, where we found a picturesque rambling building, with some pretensions to architecture, nestling among hills, embowered amid shady groves of lofty trees, filled with greasy monks, who set a room apart for our accommodation, instructed us in the mysteries of Bhuddist monastic life, and showed no indisposition to receive remuneration for their services. Except in the solemn grandeur of its woods, and the beauty of its situation, Tien-tung offered no feature of interest to the visitor familiar with similar institutions, which are to be seen to greater perfection in the sacred island of Pootoo, and I anticipated more excitement from an expedition projected to the town of Yu-yao, said to be in possession of the rebels, and distant by river about thirty miles from Ningpo.

Our return voyage, which occupied a night, was unmarked by any incident; and on the following day we proceeded to make the arrangements necessary to carry out the expedition. As the navigation of the river was intricate and little known, the "Encounter" was followed by the "Kestrel;" and we soon excited the curiosity of the people on the shores, who had not seen a devil ship pass their retired hamlets for twenty years. The French Admiral, since killed in operations against the rebels near Shanghai, accompanied us in one of his own gun-boats, and we followed the windings of the little known river until the hills closed in upon it, and charming valleys opened up on either side, their slopes clothed with the graceful feathering bamboo. Here the depth of water did not suffice for the further progress of the "Encounter," and we proceeded the remaining distance in a gun-boat.

Yu-yao is distant from Ningpo about thirty-five miles, and was the furthest point reached by our troops in 1841; since that time it has been rarely visited by foreigners, and the arrival of two gun-boats produced some commotion among the inhabitants. We were glad to learn that the reports of rebel proximity were false, and the chief authority, although he admitted his inability to defend the place, did not seem to anticipate an attack. Yu-yao is a small, somewhat dilapidated-looking town, and owes its importance chiefly to its position as a good base from which to operate against Ningpo. It was

useless to warn the Chinese authorities to prepare for rebel attacks; nothing could rouse them from their apathy short of the appearance of the Taipings, when they invariably deserted their posts, without attempting to defend them. In vain did we impress upon the Prefect of Ningpo, on our return to that city, the importance of having ammunition as well as guns. In vain did we point out to him that guns which were not mounted, or had their vents plugged up, or their trunnions broken off, were useless. It was a thankless task to show him portions of the wall which wanted repair, to recommend him to drill his troops, and have the walls permanently manned. He shrugged his shoulders and sipped tea, and the result was, that in a very short time after our visit, Yu-yao and Ningpo were both in the hands of the rebels, who perpetrated the greatest cruelties on the inhabitants, enriched themselves by wholesale plundering, until at last their conduct towards foreigners compelled Captain Dew to take the city by storm, and drive them out of it.

Of all the dashing achievements which have

signalized our naval operations in China, nothing has happened more brilliant than this exploit. With the assistance of only two gun-boats, besides his own ship's crew, Captain Dew did not hesitate to storm the city walls, though defended by thousands of rebels, and succeeded, after a short but bloody struggle against odds almost overwhelming, in putting them to flight, and handing the place over once more to the Chinese authorities. The task of protecting their cities for them, and covering the incapacity of their own officials, will, however, no longer fall upon our Government. The Chinese Government has lately determined to maintain, at their own expense, an efficient fleet, to be officered by foreigners. It is very flattering to Captain Sherard Osborn, whose experience in the exploration of Chinese rivers is so well known, that the Government of Peking should have selected him for the command of this force; and there can be no doubt that, with the means thus placed at his disposal, he will very soon rid the country of a scourge, the terrible nature of which can only be realized by those who have witnessed its disastrous effects.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

EXTRACT FROM THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF A PERSON IN A PUBLIC SITUATION.

On looking back at what I have written, and observing how large a proportion of those I have had occasion to mention, I have been obliged to speak of with reprobation or contempt, it occurs to me to ask myself, how is this? Is it that the world is really so much worse than most people think? Or that I look at it with a jaundiced eye?

On reflection, I am satisfied that it is merely this, that I have been much concerned in important *public* transactions; and that it is in these that a man can render himself so much more, and more easily, conspicuous by knavery or folly, or misconduct of some kind, than by good conduct. "The wheel that's weak is apt to creak." As long as matters go on smoothly and rightly, they attract little or no notice, and furnish, as is proverbial, so little matter for history, that fifty years of peace and prosperity will not occupy so many pages as five of wars and troubles. As soon as anything goes wrong, our attention is called to it; and there is hardly any one so contemptible in ability, or even in situation, that has it not in his power to cause something to go wrong. Ordinary men, if they do their duty well, attract no notice except among their personal intimates. It is only here and there a man possessing very extraordinary powers—and that, too, combined with peculiar opportunities—that can gain any *distinction* among men by doing *good*. "Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes, quique sui memores alios fecere merendo." But on the other hand, almost everybody has both capacity and opportunities for doing *mischief*. "Dead *flies* cause the

precious ointment to stink." A ploughman who lives a life of peaceful and honest industry is never heard of beyond his own hamlet; but arson or murder may cause him to be talked about over great part of the kingdom. And there is many a quiet and highly useful clergyman labouring modestly in his own parish, whom one would never have occasion to mention in any record of public affairs; but two or three mischievous fanatics or demagogues, without having superior ability, or even labouring harder, may fill many a page of history.

It is not, therefore, to be inferred from what I have written, either that knaves and fools are much more abundant than men of worth and sense; nor yet again, that I think worse of mankind than others do; but that I have been engaged in a multitude of *public* transactions, in which none but men of very superior powers, and not always they, could *distinguish* themselves for *good*; while, for mischief, almost every one has capacity and opportunities. As for those who take what is considered as a more good-humoured view of the world, and seldom find fault with any one, as far as my observation goes, I should say that most of them *think far worse* of mankind than I do. At first sight this is a paradox; but if any one examines closely, he will find that it is so. He will find that the majority of those who are pretty well satisfied with men as they find them, do in reality disbelieve the existence of such a thing as an honest man; I mean, of what really deserves to be called so. They censure none but

the most atrocious monsters ; not from believing that the generality of men are upright, exempt from selfishness, baseness, and mendacity, but from believing that *all*, without exception, are as base as themselves ; unless, perhaps, it be a few half-crazy enthusiasts. And they are in a sort of good humour with most part of the world, not from finding men good, but from having made up their minds to expect them to be bad. "*Bad*," indeed, *they* do not call them, because they feel no disgust at any but most extraordinary wickedness ; but they have made up their minds that all men are what *I* should call utterly worthless ; and having divided (as Miss Edgeworth expresses it) "all mankind into knaves and fools, when they meet with an honest man, they don't know what to make of him." Now he who from his own consciousness is certain that there is at least *one* honest man in the world, will feel all but certain that there must be more. He will speak, indeed, in stronger terms of censure than the other, of those who act in a way that he would be ashamed of and shocked at in himself, and which, to the others, seems quite natural and allowable ; but on the other hand, if any one does act uprightly, he will give him credit for it, and not attribute his conduct (as the other will be sure to do), either to hypocrisy or to unaccountable whim—to a secret motive, or to none at all.

So that, as I said, he who at the first glance appears to think the more favourably of mankind,

thinks in reality the *less* favourably, since he abstains from complaining of or blaming them, not from thinking them good, but from having no strong disapprobation of what is bad, and no hope of anything better.

Most important is it, especially for young people, to be fully aware of this distinction. Else they naturally divide men into those who are disposed to think well of men in general, and those disposed to think ill ; and besides other sources of confusion, will usually form a judgment the very reverse of the right, from not thinking at all of the *different senses* in which men are said to *think well*, or to *think ill* of others. Take, as specimens, such men as A and B. Of these, A might in a certain sense be said to think better of mankind than B did, because many who would excite strong moral disapprobation in B, would excite none, or next to none, in A. But then B considered that there *were* many men capable of a much more high-principled conduct than A had ever conceived as possible, or could ever be brought to believe in.

In short, one must make the distinction which sounds very subtle, but is in truth great and important, between one who believes many men to be what *he* thinks bad, and one who believes them to be what is *in reality* bad ; between one who approves, or does not greatly disapprove, the generality, according to his own standard, and one who thinks them such as we *should* approve.

A PLEA FOR THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I AM going to say a few words on behalf of the QUEEN'S ENGLISH. I may be mistaken, but I do not feel as if it had always loyal treatment in our day ; and I cannot help thinking, that many of those who maltreat it need but to have a few simple things pointed out to them, which are apt to escape notice, in order to their mending their ways.

But I must begin by explaining what I mean by the term. It is one rather familiar and conventional, than strictly accurate. The Queen (God bless her !) is, of course, no more the proprietor of the English language than you or I. Nor does she, nor do the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, possess one particle of right to make or unmake a word in the language. But we use the phrase, the Queen's English, in another sense ; one not without example in some similar phrases. We speak of the *Queen's highway*, not meaning that Her Majesty is *possessed* of that portion of road, but that it is a high road of the land, as distinguished from by-roads and private roads, open to all of common right, and the general property of our country. And so it is with the *Queen's English*. It is this land's great highway

of thought and speech ; and as the Sovereign in this realm is the person round whom all our common interests gather, the source of our civil duties and centre of our civil rights, so the *Queen's English* is not an unmeaning phrase, but one which may serve to teach us some profitable lessons with regard to our language, and its use and abuse.

I called our common English tongue the highway of thought and speech ; and it may not be amiss to carry on this similitude further. The Queen's highway, now so broad and smooth, was once a mere track over an unenclosed country. It was levelled, hardened, widened, by very slow degrees. Of all this trouble, the passer-by sees no trace now. He bowls along it with ease in a vehicle, which a few centuries ago would have been broken to pieces in a deep rut, or come to grief in a bottomless swamp. I warrant there were no Croydon baskets in the day when Henry II. and his train came to do penance from Southampton up that narrow, hollow, rough pilgrim's road leading over Harbledown Hill to Canterbury.

Now just so is it with our English language—our Queen's English. There was a day when it was as rough as the primitive inhabitants. Cen-

tures have laboured at levelling, hardening, widening it. For language wants all these processes as well as roads do. In order to become a good highway for thought and speech, it must not have great prominent awkward points, over which the mind and the tongue may stumble; its words must not be too weak to carry the weight of our thoughts, nor its fences too narrow to admit their extension. And it is by processes of this kind in the course of centuries, that our English tongue has been ever adapted more and more to our continually increasing wants. It has never been found too rough, too unsubstantial, too limited, for the requirements of English thought. It has become for us, in our days, a level, firm, broad highway, over which all thought and all speech can travel smoothly and safely. Along it the lawyer and the parliamentary agent may drive their heavy waggons, clogged with a thousand pieces of cumbrous, antiquated machinery, and no wonder, when they charge freightage, not by the weight of the load, but by the number of revolutions of the wheels. Along it the poet and novelist may drive their airy tandems, dependent for their success on the dust which they raise, and through which their varnished equipages glitter. On the same road divines, licensed and unlicensed, ply once a week or more, with omnibus or carrier's cart, promising to carry their passengers far further than the road itself extends, just as the coaches out of London used to astonish our boyish eyes by the Havre de Grace and Paris inscribed on them. And along this same Queen's highway ploughs ever the most busy crowd of foot-passengers—the talkers of the market, of society, of the family. Words, words, words, good and bad, loud and soft, long and short; millions in the hour, innumerable in the day, unimaginable in the year: what then in the life; what in the history of a nation; what in that of the world? And not one of these is ever forgotten. There is a book where they are all set down. What a history, it has been well said, is this earth's atmosphere, seeing that all words spoken, from Adam's first till now, are still vibrating on its sensitive and unresting medium.

But it is not so much of the great highway itself of Queen's English that I would now speak, as of some of the laws of the road; the by-rules, to compare small things with great, which hang up framed at the various stations that all may read them.

And in doing this I must own I feel some little difficulty. The things of which I have to speak are for the most part insulated and unconnected; so that I fear there will not be even the appearance of connexion between the various parts of my essay. And again, it must be confessed that they are not of a very interesting kind. I shall have to speak of such dull things as parts of speech, and numbers, and genders; the obscurity, or the conventional and licensed violation, of rules of

grammar, and the pronunciation and spelling of words. And I really don't wish to be dull; so please, dear reader, to try and not think me so.

And again, please not to think the things of which I am going to speak to be of a trifling character. The language of a people is no trifle. The national mind is reflected in the national speech. If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same. If it is high-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and truthfulness, we may be sure, cannot be long maintained. That nation must be (and it has ever been so in history) not far from rapid decline, and from being degraded from its former glory. Every important feature in a people's language is reflected in its character and history. Look, to take one familiar example, at the process of deterioration which our Queen's English has undergone at the hands of the Americans. Look at those phrases which so amuse us in their speech and books; at their reckless exaggeration, and contempt for congruity; and then compare the character and history of the nation—its blunted sense of moral obligation and duty to man; its open disregard of conventional right where aggrandizement is to be obtained, and, I may now say, its reckless and fruitless maintenance of the most cruel and unprincipled war in the history of the world. Such examples as this (and they are as many as the number of the nations and their tongues), may serve to show that language is no trifle. Then, again, carefulness about minute accuracies of inflexion and grammar may appear to some very contemptible. But it would be just as easy to give examples in refutation of this idea. Two strike me, of widely different kinds. Some years ago a set of poems was published at Bristol, purporting to have been written in very early times by a poet named Rowley. Literary controversies ran high about them; many persons believed in their genuineness; some do even now. But the imposture, which was not easy to detect at the time, has been now completely unmasked by the aid of a little word of three letters. The writer uses "*is*" as the possessive case of the pronoun "*it*" of the neuter gender. Now, this possessive "*is*" was never used in the early periods of our language; nor, indeed, as late down as Elizabeth. It never occurs in the English version of the Bible; "*his*" or "*her*" being always used instead. "They came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of *his* own accord" (Acts xii. 10). "Of beaten work made he the candlestick; his shaft, and his branch, his bowls, his knops, and his flowers, were of the same" (Ex. xxxvii. 17). "The tree of life which yielded her fruit every month" (Rev. xxii. 2). It is said also only to occur three times in Shakspeare, and once in "Paradise Lost." The reason, I suppose, being, that possession, indicated by the possessive case "*is*," seemed to imply a certain life or personality,

which things neuter could hardly be thought of as having.

The other example is one familiar to you, of a more solemn character. When St. Peter was stoutly denying all knowledge of his suffering Master, they that stood by said to him, "Surely thou art one of them; for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto." So that the fact of a provincial pronunciation was made use of to bring about the repentance of an erring apostle.

I have just spoken of a reluctance to attribute personality to things without life. I will introduce the body of my essay by noticing the further reluctance which we in modern Europe have to giving any prominence to the personality of single individuals in social intercourse. In all our modern languages, some way is devised of getting rid of the "thou" in addressing persons in ordinary society. We in England have, indeed, done even more in this way than our neighbours. In France and in Germany, those intimate and dear are addressed with "thou" and "thee;" but in England, we have banished these singular pronouns altogether from social life, and reserve them entirely for our addresses in prayer to Him who is the highest Personality. I mention this, not in order to bring forward so well known a fact, but as leading to one of the remarks which I have to make. As we shrink from this individual personality in intercourse, so do we on some occasions in the grammar of sentences. And the examples of this will just serve to show how the tendencies of a nation's mind will sometimes overbear, and rightly so, the strict rules of grammar. In common talk, the pronouns "I," "he," "she," are freely used. But when the form of the context throws these pronouns into unusual prominence, we shrink, I suppose, from making so much of ourselves or one another as the use of them in the nominative case would imply. Was there ever one of us who, when asked, "Who's there?" did not first, and most naturally, reply, "It's me." And though reproved, and it may be even corrected as a child, for the mistake, which of us is there that does not continually fall into it, if it be one, again and again? Now look at the sentence as it should stand grammatically. "He said unto them, It is I; be not afraid." Who does not feel that here there is a majesty and prominence given by the nominative pronoun, which makes the assurance what it was to the disciples; what God grant it may be to us in our hour of need? But from this very prominence it is that we shrink in ordinary social talk. We shelter ourselves in the accusative case "me," which, though ungrammatical, yet is acquiesced in, as better suiting the feeling of the mind. We all remember, and have recently had recalled to us in the *Times*, the story of George III. reading Paley's fable about a pigeon, and exclaiming "Why, that's me!" The king was just as right in his expression of the interpretation,

as he was in the interpretation itself. He could not have said, "Why, that's I."

And this is so not only in the case where we are speaking of ourselves. Few persons can manage such a sentence as "I found that it was she," or "Do you think it is he?" although, in strict propriety, both these ought to be said. Most persons, who are not pedants, will find themselves saying, in defiance of grammar, like the monks in the Ingoldsby legend, "I found that it was her." But now let us pass to an ungrammatical way of speaking of somewhat the same kind, which is *not justified*, and ought never to be used. Some people are fond of saying "whom," where "who" is required. "The man whom I thought was the person" is clearly wrong, because, in this sentence, the relative ought to be the nominative case to the verb "was;" "The man who I thought was the person." If the form of the sentence were changed to "The man whom I thought to be the person," all would be right. The question, in our English version, which our Lord asks of the apostles, in Matt. xvi., "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" is perhaps hardly correctly expressed in grammar. We should say it ought to have been "who."

We often find persons using superfluous conjunctions or prepositions in their usual talk. Two cases are more frequent than others. One is the use of *but* after the verb *to doubt*. "I do not doubt *but* that he will come," is often found in print, and heard in conversation. The "*but*" is wholly unnecessary, and a vulgarism. "I do not doubt that he will come," expresses precisely the same thing, and should always be used. The same may be said of the expression *on to*. "The cat jumped *on to* the chair;" the *to* being wholly unneeded, and never used by any careful writer or speaker.

From the use of superfluous prepositions we may pass to the use of the prepositions themselves. The preposition "*of*" is sometimes hardly dealt with.

When I read in an article in the *Times*, on a late annexation, "What can the Emperor possibly want of these provinces of Savoy?" I saw at once that the writer must be a native of the midland counties where your friends complain that you have not "*called of them of a long time*." Now, in this case, it is not the expression, but the sense meant to be conveyed by it, that is objectionable. "What can the Emperor want of the provinces?" is very good English, if we mean "What request has he to make of these provinces?" But if we mean, as the *Times'* writer evidently did, "What does he *want with* the provinces?" *i.e.*, "What need has he of them?" then it is a vulgarism.

There is a peculiar use of prepositions which is allowable in moderation, but must not be too often resorted to. It is the placing them at the end of a sentence, as I have just done in the words "resorted to;" as is done in the command, "Let not

your good be evil spoken of ;" and continually in our common discourse and writing. The account to be given of this is, that the preposition which the verb usually takes after it is regarded as forming a part of the word itself. To *speak of*, to *resort to*, are hardly verbs and prepositions, but form in each case almost one word. But let us go on. "Where do you come from?" is the only way of putting that inquiry. "Whence come you?" is of course pedantic, though strictly accurate. "Where are you going to?" is exactly like the other question, but here we usually drop the "to," merely because the adverb of rest "where," has come to be used for the adverb of motion "whither," and therefore the "to" is not wanted. If a man chooses, as West-country men mostly do, to say "Where are you going to?" he does not violate propriety, though he does violate custom. But let us go farther still. *Going to* has not only a local, it has also a mental meaning, being equivalent to *intending* in the mind. And this usage rests on exactly the same basis as the other. The "to" of the infinitive mood is precisely the same preposition as the "to" of motion towards a place. "Were you going to do it?" simply means "Were you in your mental intention approaching the doing of it?" And the proper conversational answer to such a question is, "I was going to," or "I was not going to," as the case may be; not "I was going," or "I was not going," inasmuch as the mere verb *to go* does not express any mental intention. I know, in saying this, that I am at variance with the rules taught at very respectable institutions for enabling young ladies to talk unlike their elders; but this I cannot help; and I fear I shall repeat the offence more than once before my essay is done.

This kind of colloquial abbreviation of the infinitive comprehends several more phrases in common use, and often similarly objected to, as *e.g.* "ought to," and "ought not to," "neglect to," etc., some of them not very elegant, but all quite unobjectionable on the score of grammar. These abbreviations are very common in the West of England, and are there carried further than any reason will allow.

In many cases of this kind we have a choice whether the preposition shall precede or follow the object of the sentence. Thus I may say "*the man to whom I had written*," or "*the man whom I had written to*." In this particular instance, the former is the more elegant, and would usually be said: but this is not always so; *e.g.*, "*You're the man I wanted to have some talk with*," would always be said, not "*You're the man with whom I wanted to have some talk*," which would sound stilted and pedantic.

We will now pass on to another matter—the use of *singulars* and *plurals*. It is a general rule, that when a verb has two or more nominative cases to which it belongs, it must be in the plural number. But let us take care what we mean by

this in each case. When I say, John and James are here, I mean "John is here, and James is here;" but when I say, "*the evening and the morning were the first day*," I do not mean "the evening was the first day, and the morning was the first day," but I mean "*the evening and the morning together made up the first day*." So that here is an important difference. I may use a plural verb when it is true of both its nouns separately, and also when it is only true of them taken together. Now, how is this in another example? Am I to say "*two and two are four*," or "*two and two is four*?" Clearly I cannot say *are* in the first explanation, for it cannot be true that two is four and two is four. But how on the second? Here as clearly I may be grammatically correct in saying "two and two are four," if, that is, I understand something for the two and the four to apply to: two apples and two apples make (*are*) four apples. But when I assert the thing merely as an arithmetical truth, *with no apples*, I do not see how "*are*" can be right. I am saying that the sum of two numbers, which I express by *two and two*, is, makes up, another number, *four*; and in all abstract cases, where we merely speak of numbers, the verb is better singular: two and two "*is*" four, not "*are*."

The last case was a somewhat doubtful one. But the following, arising out of it, is not so:—We sometimes hear children made to say, "twice one *are* two." For this there is no justification whatever. It is a plain violation of the first rules of grammar; "*twice one*" not being plural at all, but *strictly singular*. Similarly, "three times three *are* nine" is clearly wrong, and all such expressions; what we want to say being simply this, that three taken three times makes up, *is* equal to, nine. You may as well say, "nine are three times three," as "three times three are nine."

A word or two about the use of adverbs. I have heard young ladies, fresh from school, observe how *sweetly* a flower smells, how *nicely* such an one looks, and the like. Now all such expressions are wrong. These verbs, *to smell*, *to look*, as here used, are neuter verbs, not indicating an action, but merely a quality or state. *To smell sweetly*, rightly interpreted, could be applied only to a person who was performing the act of smelling, and did it with peculiar grace; *to look nicely*, could only be said as distinguishing one person who did so, from another whose gaze was anything but nice. The Queen's English requires us to say, "How sweet the flower smells;" "How nice such an one looks."

It is impossible that an essay of this kind can be complete or systematic. I only bring forward some things which I believe might be set right, if people would but think about them. Plenty more might be said about grammar; plenty that would astonish some teachers of it. I may say something of this another time. But I pass on now to *spelling*, on which I have one or two remarks to make.

The first shall be, on the trick now so universal across the Atlantic, and becoming in some quarters common among us in England, of leaving out the "u" in the termination "our;" writing *honor*, *favor*, *neighbor*, *Savior*, etc. Now the objection to this is not only that it makes very ugly words, totally unlike anything in the English language before, but that it obliterates all trace of the derivation and history of the word. It is true that *honor* and *favor* are derived originally from Latin words spelt exactly the same; but it is also true that we did not get them direct from the Latin, but through the French forms, which ended in "eur." Sometimes words come through as many as three steps before they reach us—

“*Twos Greek at first; that Greek was Latin made:
That Latin, French; that French to English straid.*”

The omission of the "u" is an approach to that wretched attempt to destroy all the historic interest of our language, which is known by the name of *phonetic spelling*; concerning which we became rather alarmed some years ago, when we used to see on our reading-room tables a journal published by these people, called the *Phonetic News*, but from its way of spelling looking like *frantic nuts*. The whole thing has now, I believe, disappeared, and gone into the limbo of abortive schemes; the knacker's yard of used-up hobbies.

But to return. The late Archdeacon Hare, in an article on English Orthography in the *Philological Museum*, some years ago, expressed a hope that "such abominations as *honor* and *favor* would henceforth be confined to the cards of the great vulgar." There we still see them, and in books printed in America; and while we are quite contented to leave our fashionable friends in such company, I hope we may none of us be tempted to join it.

There seems to be considerable doubt in the public mind how to spell the two words *ecstasy* and *apostasy*. The former of these especially is a puzzle to our compositors and journalists. Is it to be extasy, extacy, eostacy, or ecstasy? The question is at once decided for us by the Greek root of the word. This is *ekstasis* (ἐκστασις), a standing, or position, out of, or beside, one's-self. The same is the case with *apostasy*, ἀποστασις, a standing off or away from a man's former position.

Lay and *lie* seem not yet to be settled. Few things are more absurd than the confusion of these two words. To "*lay*" is a verb active transitive; a hen *lays* eggs. To "*lie*" is a verb neuter; a sluggard *lies* in bed. Whenever the verb *lay* occurs, something must be supplied after it; the proper rejoinder to "Sir, there it lays," would be "*lays what?*" The reason of the confusion has been, that the past tense of the neuter verb "*lie*" is "*lay*," looking very like part of the active verb, "*I lay in bed this morning.*" But this, again, is perverted into *laid*, which belongs to the other verb. I have observed that Eton men, for some reason

or other, are especially liable to confuse these two verbs.

There seems to be some doubt occasionally felt about the apostrophe which marks the genitive case singular. One not uncommonly sees outside an inn, that "*fly's*" and "*gig's*" are to be let. In a country town blessed with more than one railway, I have seen an omnibus with "RAILWAY STATION'S" painted in emblazonry on its side.

I have observed that Mr. Charles Dickens speaks in one of his works of "shutting too." Now it is true that "*to*" and "*too*" are originally the same word; in German, *zu* expresses them both; but it is also true that usage with us has appropriated "*too*" for the adverb of addition or excess, and "*to*" for the preposition; and that in the expression "shutting *to*," it is the preposition, and not the adverb, that is used; that *to* which the door is shut being omitted, and the preposition thus getting the adverbial sense of *close* or *home*.

Sanitary and *sanatory* are but just beginning to be rightly understood. *Sanitary*, from *sanitas*, Latin for soundness or health, means, appertaining to *health*; *sanatory*, from *sano*, to cure, means appertaining to *healing* or *curing*. "The town is in such a bad sanitary condition, that some sanatory measures must be undertaken."

I have noticed, that the unfortunate title of the ancient Egyptian kings hardly ever escapes misspelling. That title is Pharaoh, not Pharoah. Yet a leading article in the *Times*, not long since, was full of PHAROAH, printed, as proper names in leading articles are, in conspicuous capitals. Nay, even more than this: on my first visit to the South Kensington Museum, an institution admirably calculated to teach the people, I found a conspicuous notice with the same misspelling in it. I gave a memorandum of it to the attendant, and whether it has been corrected or not I cannot say.

I pass from spelling to pronunciation. And, first and foremost, let me notice that worst of all faults, the leaving out where it ought to be, and putting in where it ought not to be, the aspirate. This is a vulgarism not confined to this or that province of England, nor especially prevalent in one county or another, but common throughout England to persons of low breeding and inferior education, principally to the inhabitants of towns. Nothing so surely stamps a man as below the mark in intelligence, self-respect, and energy, as this unfortunate habit: in intelligence, because if he were but moderately keen in perception, he would see how it marks him; in self-respect and energy, because if he had these, he would long ago have set to work and cured it. Hundreds of stories are current about the absurd consequences of this vulgarism. You perhaps have heard of the barber who, while operating on a gentleman, expressed his opinion, that, after all, the cholera was in the *hair*. "Then," observed the customer, "you ought to be very careful what brushes you use." "Oh, sir," replied the

barber, laughing, "I didn't mean the *air* of the *ed*, but the *hair* of the *hatmosphere*."

As I write these lines, which I do while waiting in a refreshment-room at Reading, between a Great Western and a South-Eastern train, I hear one of two commercial gentlemen, from a neighbouring table, telling his friend that "his *ed* used to *hake* ready to burst."

The following incident happened at the house of friends of my own. They had asked to dinner some acquaintances who were not perfect in their aspirates. On their making their appearance, somewhat late, imagine the consternation of my relative, on receiving from the lady an apology, that she was very sorry they were after their time, but they had had some *ale* by the way! The well-known infirmity suggested the charitable explanation, that it was a storm, and not a tippie, which had detained them.

I have known cases where it has been thoroughly eradicated, at the cost, it is true, of considerable pains and diligence. But there are certain words with regard to which the bad habit lingers in persons not otherwise liable to it. We still sometimes, even in good society, hear "*ospital*," "*erb*," and "*umble*,"—all of them very offensive, but the last of them by far the worst, especially when heard from an officiating clergyman. The English Prayer-book has at once settled the pronunciation of this word for us, by causing us to give to God our "*humble and hearty thanks*" in the general thanksgiving. *Umble* and *hearty* no man can pronounce without a pain in his throat; and "*umblanarty*" he certainly never was meant to say; *humble* and *hearty* is the only pronunciation which will suit the alliterative style of the prayer, which has in it not only with our *lips*, but in our *lives*. If it be urged that we have "*an humble* and contrite heart," I answer so have we "*the strength of an horse*;" but no one supposes that we were meant to say "*a nose*." The following are even more decisive: "*holy and humble men of heart*;" "*thy humble servants*," not *thine*. And the question is again settled in our times, by the satire of Dickens in David Copperfield: "I am well aware that I am the umblest person going, said Uriah Heep, modestly, let the other be who he may. My mother is likewise a very umble person. We live in a numble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was umble; he was a sexton."

While treating of the pronunciation of those who minister in public, two other words occur to me which are very commonly mangled by our clergy. One of these is "*covetous*," and its substantive, "*covetousness*." I hope some who read these lines will be induced to leave off pronouncing them "*covetious*," and "*covetiousness*." I can assure them, that when they do thus call them, one, at least, of their hearers has his appreciation of their teaching disturbed.

The other hint I would venture to give them is,

that the mysterious concluding book of Scripture is the *Revelation* of St. John, not the *Revelations*. I imagine this very common mistake must have arisen from our being accustomed to speak of the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah, in which case the word is *plural*.

I cannot abstain from saying a few words on that fertile source of mistakes among our clergy, the mispronunciation of Scripture proper names. This, let me remind them, is quite inexcusable. It shows a disregard and absence of pains in a matter, about the least part of which no pains ought to be spared. To take it on no other ground, is it justifiable in them to allow themselves to offend by their ignorance or carelessness the ears of the most intelligent of their hearers? This was not the spirit of one who said he would not eat meat while the world lasted, if it scandalized his neighbour. But this is not all. When I hear a man flounder about among St. Paul's salutations, calling half of them wrongly, I know that that man does not know his Bible. The same carelessness is sure to show itself in misappropriation of texts, wrong understanding of obsolete phrases; and the like. The man who talks of Aristobulus in the Lesson, is as likely as not to preach from St. Paul's "I know nothing by myself," to show us that the Apostle wanted divine teaching, and not to be aware that he meant he was not conscious of any fault.

Three Sundays ago, Jan. 18, we had the crucial chapter, Rom. xvi, for the evening lesson. A friend writes to me from a distant city in Italy:—"In the afternoon a stranger officiated; but as he saluted Assyncritus and Patrobas, I knew what to expect in the sermon, and so it was." Another writes from London, that he was on that day at a fashionable London church, and heard Epenetus and Patrobas introduced to the congregation. A clergyman in the West of England found on his breakfast-table one Monday morning a note from his congregation to this effect:—

"Last night you said (your words did pain us),
'Ye know the household of Stephānas.'
Stephānas is the man we know,
And may we hope you'll call him so."

A friend of mine heard the following in a London church, and, strange to say, from a schoolmaster:—"Trophimus have I left at Milētum sick." But it perhaps may be said to me, with the beautiful inconsequence of the logic of the present day, Is a man a perfect Christian minister, because he knows how to pronounce these names? To which I fearlessly answer, No, by no means; but he is, at all events, as near to it as if he did not know how to pronounce them. Really, my friend, you put me in mind of a redoubtable preacher who used to hold forth at Cambridge, in the chapel which was afterwards Robert Hall's, and now is the debating-room of the Union Society. His name was Stittle, and the tradition of him and his sayings was yet a living thing when I went up as an

undergraduate in 1828. His wont was to rail at the studies of the University; and in doing so on one occasion, after having wound himself up to the requisite pitch of fervour, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "D'ye think *Powl* knew Greek?"

From pronunciation we will come to punctuation, or stopping. I remember when I was young in printing, once correcting the punctuation of a proof-sheet, and complaining of the liberties which had been taken with my manuscript. The publisher quietly answered me that *punctuation was always left to the compositors*. And a precious mess they make of it. The great enemies to understanding anything printed in our language are the *commas*. And these are inserted by the compositors without the slightest compunction on every possible occasion. Many words are by rule always hitched off with two commas; one before and one behind; *nursed*, as the Omnibus Company would call it. "*Too*" is one of these words; "*however*," another; *also*, another; the sense in almost every such case being disturbed, if not destroyed, by the process. I remember beginning a sentence with—"However true this may be." When it came in proof, the inevitable comma was after the *however*, thus of course making nonsense of my unfortunate sentence. I have some satisfaction in reflecting, that, in the course of editing the Greek text, I believe I have destroyed more than a thousand commas, which prevented the text being properly understood. One very provoking case is that where two adjectives come together, belonging to the same noun-substantive. Thus, in printing *a nice young man*, a comma is placed after *nice*, giving, you will observe, a very different sense from that intended: bringing before us the fact that a man is both *nice* and *young*, whereas the original sentence introduced to us a young man that was *nice*.

Thus too in the expression *a great black dog*; printed without commas, everybody knows what we mean; but this would be printed "a great, black dog." Take again the case where meaning is intensified by adjectives being repeated—as in "*the wide wide world*," "*the deep deep sea*." Such expressions you almost invariably find printed "*the wide, wide world*," "*the deep, deep sea*," thereby making them, if judged by any rule at all, absolute nonsense.

Still, though too many commas are bad, too few are not without inconvenience also. I saw the other day a notice of "the Society for Promoting the Observance of the Lord's-day which was founded in 1831," giving the notice that the *day*, not the *society*, was founded in that year. Had the date been 1631, instead of 18, an awkward interpretation might have been possible.

While I am upon stops, a word is necessary concerning notes of admiration. A note of admiration consists, as we know, of a point with an upright line suspended over it, strongly suggestive of a

gentleman jumping off the ground with amazement. These *shrieks*, as they have been called, are scattered up and down the page by compositors without any mercy. If one has written the words "*O sir*," as they ought to be written, viz., with the plain capital "*O*" and no stop, and then a comma after "*Sir*," our friend the compositor is sure to write "*Oh*" with a shriek (!) and to put another shriek after "*Sir*." Use, in writing, as few as possible of these nuisances. They always make the sense weaker, where you can possibly do without them. The only case I know of, where they are really necessary, is where the language is pure exclamation, as in *How beautiful is night!* or, *O that I might find him!*

But I now come, from the by-rules and details of the use of the language, to a more important part of my essay: to speak of an abuse far more serious than those hitherto spoken of; even the tampering with and deteriorating the language itself. I believe it to have been in connexion with an abuse of this kind that the term the King's English was first devised. We know that it is a crime to clip the King's coin; and the phrase in which we first find the term which forms the subject of our essay, is, "*clipping the King's English*." So that it is not improbable that the analogy between debasing language and debasing coin first led to it.

Now in this case the charge is twofold; that of clipping, and that of beating out and thinning down the Queen's English. And it is wonderful how far these, especially the latter, have proceeded in our days. It may be well to remind you, that our English comes mainly from two sources; rather, perhaps, that its parent stock, the British, has been cut down, and grafted with the new scions which form the present tree:—the Saxon, through our Saxon invaders; and the Latin, through our Norman invaders. Of these two, the Saxon was, of course, the earlier, and it forms the staple of the language. Almost all its older and simpler ideas, both for things and acts, are expressed by Saxon words. But as time went on, new wants arose, new arts were introduced, new ideas needed words to express them; and these were taken from the stores of the classic languages, either direct, or more often through the French. You remember that Gurth and Wamba complain, in *Ivanhoe*, that the farm-animals, as long as they had the toil of tending them, were called by the Saxon and British names, *ox*, *sheep*, *calf*, *pig*; but when they were cooked and brought to table, their invaders and lords enjoyed them under the Norman and Latin names of *beef*, *mutton*, *veal*, and *porc*. This is characteristic enough; but it lets us, in a few words, into an important truth. Even so the language grew up; its nerve, and vigour, and honesty, and manliness, and toil, mainly brought down to us in native Saxon terms, while all its vehicles of abstract thought and science, and all its combinations of new requirements on

the world went on, were clothed in a Latin garb. To this latter class belong all those larger words in *-ation* and *-ations*, its words compounded with *ex* and *in* and *super*, and the like. It would be mere folly in a man to attempt to confine himself to one or other of these two main branches of the language in his writing or his talk: they are inseparable; welded together, and overlapping each other, in almost every sentence which we use. But short of exclusive use of one or the other, there is a very great difference in respect of the *amount* of use between writers and speakers. He is ever the most effective writer and speaker, who knows how to build the great body of his discourse out of his native Saxon; availing himself indeed of those other terms without stint, as he needs them, but not letting them give the character and complexion to the whole. But unfortunately all the tendency of the lower kind of writers of modern English is the other way. The language, as known and read by thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen, is undergoing a sad and rapid process of deterioration. Its fine manly Saxon is getting diluted into long Latin words not carrying half the meaning. This is mainly owing to the vitiated and pretentious style which passes current in our newspapers. The writers in our journals seem to think that a fact must never be related in print in the same terms in which it would be told by word of mouth. The greatest offenders in this point are the country journals, and, as might be expected, just in proportion to their want of real ability. Next to them comes the London penny press; indeed, it is hardly a whit better; and highest in the scale, but still by no means free from this fault, the regular London press,—its articles being for the most part written by men of education and talent in the various political circles. Since I have been thinking of this essay, I have paid some attention to the newspapers, with a view to cull from them examples of the fault which I am blaming. Their main offence, the head and front of their offending, is the insisting on calling common things by uncommon names; changing our ordinary short Saxon nouns and verbs for long words derived from the Latin. And when it is stated that this is very generally done by men quite ignorant of the derivation and strict meaning of the words they use, we may imagine what delightful confusion is thus introduced into our language. A Latin word which really has a meaning of its own, and might be a very useful one if confined to that meaning, does duty for something which is far wider than its own meaning; and thereby to common English hearers loses its own proper force, besides utterly confusing their notions about the thing which its new use intended to represent. Our journals seem indeed determined to banish our common Saxon words altogether. You never read in them of a *man*, or a *woman*, or a *child*. A man is an "*individual*," or a "*person*," or a "*party*;"

a woman is a "*female*," or if unmarried, a "*young person*," which expression in the newspapers is always of the feminine gender; a child is a "*juvenile*," and children *en masse* are expressed by that most odious term, "*the rising generation*." As to the former words, it is certainly curious enough that the same debasing of our language should choose, in order to avoid the good honest Saxon "*man*," two words, "*individual*" and "*party*," one of which expresses a man's *unity*, and the other belongs to man *associated*. And why should a woman be degraded from her position as a rational being, and be expressed by a word which might belong to any animal tribe, and which, in our version of the Bible, is never used except of animals, or of the abstract, the sex in general? Why not call a man a "*male*," if a woman is to be a "*female*?" The word *party* for a man is especially offensive. Strange to say, the use is not altogether modern. It occurs in the English version of the apocryphal book of Tobit, vi. 7, "If an evil spirit trouble any, one must make a smoke thereof before the man or the woman, and the party shall be no more vexed." I once heard a venerable dignitary pointed out by a railway porter as "*an old party in a shovel*." Curious is the idea raised in one's mind by hearing of "*a short party going over the bridge*."

These writers never allow us to *go* anywhere, we always *proceed*. A man was going home, is set down "an individual was proceeding to his residence." We never *eat*, but always *partake*, even though we happen to eat up the whole of the thing mentioned. In court, counsel asks a witness, "Did you have anything to eat there?" "Yes." "What was it?" "A bun." Now go to the report in the paper, and you'll be sure to find that "witness confessed to having partaken of a bun," as if some one else shared it with him. We never hear of a *place*; it is always a *locality*. Nothing is ever *placed*, but always *located*. "Most of the people of the place" would be a terrible vulgarity to these gentlemen; it must be "*the majority of the residents in the locality*." Then no one lives in *rooms*, but always in "*apartments*." "*Good lodgings*" would be far too meagre; so we have "*eligible apartments*." No man ever *shows* any feeling, but always "*evinces*" it. This "*evince*," by the way, is one of the most odious words in all this catalogue of vulgarities, for such they really are. Everybody "*evinces*" everything. No one *asks*, but "*evinces a desire*." No one is hurt, but "*evinces a sense of suffering*." No one thanks another, but "*evinces gratitude*." I remember, when the French band of the "Guides" were in this country, reading in the *Illustrated News*, that as they *proceeded*, of course, along the streets of the *metropolis* (we never read of London in polite journals), they were *vehemently* (everybody does everything vehemently) cheered by the assembled *populace* (that is the genteel name for the people). And what do you suppose the Frenchmen did in

return? Of course, something very different from what Englishmen would have done under similar circumstances. But did they toss up their caps, and cry, *Vive l'Angleterre?* The *Illustrated News* did not condescend to enter into such details; all it told us was that they "*evinced a reciprocity!*" Again, we never *begin* anything in the newspapers now, but always *commence*. I read lately in a Taunton paper, that a horse "*commenced kicking.*" And the printers seem to think it quite wrong to violate this rule. Repeatedly, in drawing-up handbills for charity sermons, I have written, as I always do, "Divine service will *begin* at so and so;" but almost always it has been altered to "*commence*;" and once I remember the bill being sent back after proof, with a "*query, commence?*" written against the word. But even *commence* is not so bad as "*take the initiative,*" which is the newspaper phrase for the other more active meaning of the verb to *begin*.

Another horrible word, which is fast getting into our language through the provincial press, is to *eventuate*. If they want to say that a man spent his money till he was ruined, they tell us that *his unprecedented extravagance eventuated* in the total dispersion of his property.

"*Avocation*" is another monster patronized by these writers. Now, *avocation*, which of itself is an innocent word enough, means the being called *away* from something. We might say, "He could not do it, having *avocations* elsewhere." But in our newspapers, *avocation* means a man's calling in life. If a shoemaker at his work is struck by lightning, we read that *while pursuing his avocation, the electric fluid penetrated the unhappy man's person.*"

"*Persuasion*" is another word very commonly and very curiously used by them. We all know that *persuasion* means the fact of being *persuaded*, by argument or by example. But in the newspapers, it means a *sect* or *way of belief*. And strangely enough, it is most generally used of that very sect and way of belief whose characteristic is this, that they refuse to be persuaded. We constantly read of the "*Hebrew persuasion,*" or the "*Jewish persuasion.*" I expect soon to see the term widened still more, and a man of colour described as "*an individual of the negro persuasion.*"

But to be more serious. Not only our rights of conscience, but even our sorrows are invaded by this terrible diluted English. A man does not *lose his mother* now in the papers: he *sustains* (this I saw in a country paper) *bereavement of his maternal relative.*" By the way, this verb to *sustain* is doing just now a great deal of work not its own. It means, you know, to endure, to bear up under; *to sustain* a bereavement, does not properly mean merely to undergo or suffer a loss, but to *behave* bravely under it. In the newspapers, however, "*sustain*" comes in for the happening to men of all the ills and accidents possible. Men never

break their legs, but they always "*sustain a fracture*" of them; a phrase which suggests to one the idea of the poor man with both hands holding up the broken limb to keep it straight.

Akin to *sustain* is the verb to *experience*, now so constantly found in our newspapers. No one *feels*, but *experiences a sensation*. Now, in good English, *experience* is a substantive, *not a verb at all*. But even if it is to be held that the modern slipshod dialect has naturalized it, let us have it at least confined to its proper meaning, which is not simply to *feel*, but to have *personal knowledge of by trial*. Another such verb is to "*accord,*" which is used for "*award,*" or "*adjudge.*" "*The prize was accorded,*" we read, "*to so and so.*" If a lecturer is applauded at the end of his task, we are told that "*a complete ovation was accorded him.*"

Entail is another poor injured verb. Nothing ever *leads* to anything as a consequence, or brings it about, but it always *entails* it. This smells strong of the lawyer's clerk; as does another word which we sometimes find in our newspapers, *in its entirety* instead of *all or the whole*.

"*Open up,*" again, is a very favourite newspaper expression. What it means, more than *open* would mean, I never could discover. But whenever we are to understand that a communication is to be opened between two places, it is invariably made use of: e.g. a new line of railway is to open up the communication between the garrisons of Chatham, Canterbury, and Dover.

"*Desirability*" is a terrible word. I found it the other day, I think, in a leading article in the *Times*.

Reliable is hardly legitimate. We do not *rely* a man, we *rely upon* a man; so that *reliable* does duty for *rely-upon-able*.

Allude to is used in a new sense by the press, and not only by them, but also by the great Government offices for the procrastination of business. If I have to complain to the Post-Office that a letter legibly directed to me at Canterbury has been mis-sent to Caermarthen, I get a regular red-tape reply, beginning "The letter alluded to by you." Now I did not *allude* to the letter at all; I mentioned it as plainly as I could.

There are hundreds of other words belonging to this turbid stream of muddy English which is threatening to destroy the clearness and wholesomeness of our native tongue. I cannot, however, instance any more of them, but will only give you one or two more examples of this kind of writing.

I send a sentence to a paper to the following effect:—"When I came to the spot, I met a man running towards me with his hands held up." Next day I read, "When the very rev. gentleman arrived in close proximity to the scene of action, he encountered an individual proceeding at a rapid pace in the opposite direction, having both his hands elevated in an excited manner."

This is fiction; but the following are truth.

In a Somersetshire paper I saw that a man had had his legs burned by sitting for warmth, and falling asleep, on the top of a lime-kiln. The lime was called the "*seething mass*" (to "*seethe*" means to *boil*, and "*sad*," or "*sodden*," is its passive participle); and it was said he would soon have been a *calcined corpse*, which, I take it, would have been an unheard-of chemical phenomenon.

In the same paper I read the following elegant sentence:—"Our prognostications as regards the spirit of the young men here to join the Stogursey rifle-corps proves correct." The same paper, in commenting on the Hopley case, speaks through a whole leading article of *corporeal* punishment. I may mention that, in this case, the accused person figures throughout, as so often in provincial papers, as a "demon incarnate," and "a fiend in human shape."

In travelling up from Somersetshire, I find the directors of the Great Western Railway thus posting up the want of a schoolmaster at their board: "£5 reward. Whereas the windows of the carriages, etc. Whoever will give *information as shall lead to conviction*, shall receive the above reward;" as being used for *which*: "*the man as told me.*"

The South-Eastern directors seem to want the schoolmaster also. On the back of the tickets for the fast trains, we read the following precious piece of English grammar:—"This ticket is not transferable, only available for the station named thereon." This implying, of course, that using it for the station named on it, is *part of the process* of transferring it to some other person.

On a certain railway the following intelligible notice appears:—"Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

In the *Morning Chronicle's* account of Lord Macaulay's funeral occurred the following sentence:—"When placed upon the ropes over the grave, and while being gradually lowered into the earth, the organ again pealed forth." Here, of course, on any possible grammatical understanding of the words, it was the *organ* which was placed over the grave, and was being lowered into the earth. Akin to this was the following notice, sent to my house the other day by a jeweller:—"The brooches would have been sent before, but have been unwell."

In a leading article of the *Times*, not long since, was this beautiful piece of slipshod English:—

"The atrocities of the middle passage, which called into action the Wilberforces and Clarksons of the last generation, were not so fully proved, and were certainly not more harrowing in their circumstances, than are the iniquities perpetrated upon the wretched Chinese."

Here we see faults enough, besides the wretched

violations of grammar. For instance, the "*Clarksons*" and "*Wilberforces*." What in the world are these plurals? Were there two tribes, one of each of these names, who distinguished themselves for philanthropic zeal? Why not say, Clarkson and Wilberforce? or, if more than two are meant, why not say, *men like C. and W.*? These writers are constantly doing something like this, when they speak of great men in the singular number. They can't content themselves with saying that the see of Canterbury has been held by Anselm, Cramer, Laud, and Tillotson, but they must say, that it has been held by an Anselm, a Laud, a Cranmer, and a Tillotson; that Cambridge has educated a Bacon, a Newton, a Milton. If gentlemen of certain significant names should ever attain eminence in one place or county, the sentence would read rather oddly: "it has enjoyed the honour of producing a Tailor, a Butler, a Groom, a Gardener, a Smith; and has attained celebrity in the persons of a Bull, a Fox, a Lamb, and a Crow."

Sometimes the editors of our papers fall, from their ignorance, into absurd mistakes about the words which they mean to use. In a country journal, not long since, I read that a jury might be "*immersed*" in a heavy fine; the meaning being, of course, that they might be "*amerced*." We were informed, not long since, in the *Evening Star*, London penny paper, that the Pope went to the "*basilisk*" of St. Peter's; meaning "*basilica*," the Roman name for seven of their largest churches.

But it is time that this essay drew to an end. And if I must conclude it with some advice to my readers, it shall be that which may be inferred from these examples, and from the way in which I have been dealing with them. Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short will do. Call a spade a spade, not a *well-known oblong instrument of manual husbandry*; let home be *home*, not a *residence*; a place a *place*, not a *locality*; and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are qualified to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us; but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say; and, within the rules of prudence, say what you are.

Avoid all oddity of expression. No one ever was a gainer by singularity in words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak, that no one may observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carry-



THE NORSE PRINCESS.

ing about bladders of strange gases to breathe ; but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on the common air. When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name in reading differently from his neighbours, it always goes down, in my estimate of him, with a *minus sign* before it ; stands on the side of deficit, not of credit.

Avoid, likewise, all *slang* words. There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang. It is only fit (when innocent, which it seldom is) for raw schoolboys, and one-term freshmen, to astonish their sisters with. Talk as sensible men talk : use the easiest words in their commonest meaning. Let the sense conveyed, not the vehicle in which it is conveyed, be your object of attention.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the talker who is always setting you right ; who, when you report from the paper that 10,000 men fell in some battle, tells you it was 9970 ; who, when you describe your walk as two miles out

and back, assures you it wanted half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression ; and there are vague ways of speaking, that are truer than strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said, "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law," he did not state the fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact, and truer.

Talk to please, not yourself, but your neighbour to his edification. What a real pleasure it is to sit by a cheerful, unassuming, sensible talker ; one who gives you an even share in the conversation and in his attention ; one who leaves on your memory his facts and his opinions, not himself who uttered them, not the words in which they were uttered.

All are not gentlemen by birth ; but all may be gentlemen in openness, in modesty of language, in attracting no man's attention by singularities, and giving no man offence by forwardness ; for it is this, in matter of speech and style, which is the sure mark of good taste and good breeding.

THE NORSE PRINCESS.

UPON a ruin by the desert shore,
I sat one Autumn day of utter peace,
Watching a lustrous stream of vapour pour
O'er Blaavin, fleece on fleece.
The blue firth stretched in front without a sail,
Huge boulders on the shore were wrecked and
strown ;
Behind arose, storm-bleached and lichen-pale,
Buttress, sheer wall of stone.
And, sitting on the Norseman's broken stair,
While thro' the shining vapour downward rolled
A ledge of Blaavin gleamed out wet and bare,
I heard this story told.
Within a far-off legendary Time,
These walls were by the Princess Hilda built ;
Her lord lay stretched in battle ere his prime,
With sword red to the hilt.
Leaving his eyes, beneath the sweeter brows
Of Hilda, in a child, whose loosened speech
Prattled of sword, spear, buckler, idle rows
Of galleys on the beach.
The years built up a giant broad and grave,
With folid locks, and eyes that looked men
through :
A passion for the long lift of the wave
From roaming sires he drew.
Amongst the craggy islands did he rove ;
He like the eagle took and rent his prey :
Oft deep with battle-spoil his galleys clove
Homeward their joyous way,
He towering full-armed in the van with spear
Outstretched, and hair blown backwards like
a flame,
While to the setting sun his oarsmen rear
The glory of his name.
Once when the sea his battle-galleys crossed,
His mother, sickening, turned from weary light

And faced death, as the Norse-land clenched with
frost
Faces the polar night.
At length his masts come raking through the mist,
He pours upon the beach his wild-eyed bands—
The fierce, fond, dying woman turned and kissed
His orphan-making hands,
And leant her head against his mighty breast
In pure content, well knowing so to live
One single hour was all that death could wrest
Away, or life could give.
And murmured, while her dying fingers took
Farewell of cheek and brow, then fondly drowned
Themselves in tawny hair, "I cannot brook
To sleep here underground.
"My women through my chambers weep and wail :
I would not waste one tear-drop tho' I could.
When they brought home that lordly length of mail,
With bold blood stained and glued,
"I wept out all my tears. Amongst my kind
I cannot sleep—so on a mountain's head,
Right in the pathway of the northern wind,
See thou and make my bed.
"The north wind blowing on that lonely place
Will comfort me. Kiss me, my Torquil ! I
Feel the big hot tears splashing on my face.
How easy 'tis to die !"
The farewell-taking arms around him set
Clung closer, and a feeble mouth was raised,
Seeking for his in darkness—ere they met
The eyeballs fixed and glazed.
Dearer that kiss by pain and death forestalled
Than ever yet touched lip ! Beside the bed
The Norseman knelt till sunset,—then he called
The dressers of the dead.

They, gazing on her face, were daunted more
 Than when she, living, flashed indignant fires ;
 For, in the gathering gloom, the features wore
 A look that was her sire's.

And upward to a sea-o'er-staring peak,
 With lamentation was the Princess borne,
 And, looking northward, left with evening meek
 And fiery-bosomed morn.

In this wise went the story, full of breaks ;
 And brooding on the subtle sense of death
 That sighs through all our happy days, that shakes
 All raptures of our breath,
 Methought I saw that ancient woman bow'd
 By sorrow in her sea-mew'd home,—and still
 The radiant billows of autumnal cloud
 Flowed on the monstrous hill.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THOUGHTS ON DIVINE CHASTISEMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHASTISEMENT is in a peculiar sense the portion of God's children : " For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons : for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not ? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." We propose, therefore, to suggest a few thoughts on the nature of chastisement, to enable us the better to understand the " ways " of our heavenly Father, so that, when affliction is sent to us, we may not " think it strange concerning the fiery trial which tries us, as though some strange thing happened to us."

At the outset, we must distinguish between the chastisements sent by God, and those punishments attached to sin, which we may bring upon ourselves. When a man wilfully thrusts his hand into the fire, the pain which he endures in consequence of his folly is punishment brought upon himself, according to the appointment of the Divine Lawgiver ; it is not chastisement sent by God, as a Father to a loving child. So, too, the bodily and mental pain of the drunkard, the glutton, or the sensualist ; the poverty of the spendthrift ; the sufferings of this man from his inconsiderate rashness, or of that from his sloth or selfishness ;—all are penalties righteously inflicted for the breach of law.

We may also except from the chastisements sent by God to His children, those sufferings which arise necessarily out of our very condition as human beings,—such as weariness and fatigue from the labours of mind and body ; the infirmities of advancing years ; the death of friends in old age, etc. These and suchlike sufferings belong to the family of man, and are in no way peculiar to our education as the children of God. Yet even in regard to such penal and natural sufferings, as these may be called ; we should never look upon mechanical laws as their sole cause, to the exclusion of a personal God. For surely it never was the purpose of God that the regular and orderly method of His working should take the place of Himself in men's hearts. Our Saviour adduces, as an evidence of God's love, and as an example to quicken our love to all, those very mercies of God which are most common, and which come daily with the regularity of fixed

law. " But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you ; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven ; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Moreover, God has so arranged his universe, that all outward events, whatever these may be, must conduce to the inward good and peace of those who love Him. For this love, like a Divine chemistry, converts everything into food to nourish its own holy and immortal life. It is thus that what God has appointed as the punishment of some particular sin, the Spirit of God working through faith and love in us will make the means of deepening repentance for all sin ; and the sufferings which come to us as children of men, will be sanctified for our growth as children of God. True penitence will make punishment minister to piety, and true piety will convert the sufferings of nature into the nourishment of grace.

But there are sufferings which can be traced to no particular sin on our part ; which are not a portion of our inheritance as men ; which may be said to come directly from the hand of God ; which are independent of our will, and have not in any way been brought about by us, and which we cannot fail to recognise as chastisements properly so called. These are not to be discovered by such accurate definition, as to exclude all mistakes. It is not by such methods that we can know God or His ways. The true child alone will discern the Father. The heart of love alone, by a divine instinct, will " feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from any one of us." " The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." " Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Chastisement may have reference to our own individual good. This is the case when it is sent " for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness ;" and that it might produce in us " the peaceable fruits of righteousness." It may accordingly be sent in order to reveal the existence, and also to help the cure of some evil, such as the idolatry of the creature, impatience, self-will, inordinate love of the world, vanity, pride, selfishness, unruly fleshly appetites, and the like ; or to

strengthen some grace, by calling it into more vigorous exercise. Or God may, by such correction, bring back a child who had departed from his Father's house. By some sharp trial the afflicted may be made to "consider their ways," "in their affliction to seek God early," and to know "that it is an evil and a bitter thing to forsake the Lord their God," and at last to confess, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." And have not the children of God always found this to be true in their own blessed experience? Who of them have been able to say that unbroken prosperity taught them weanedness from the world; the excellence and satisfying nature of the life in the Spirit; the riches of the grace of God in sustaining the soul; the reality of the life and presence of Jesus Christ; and His power to fill every want of the spirit, even with the fulness of God? Who, in short, have thus learned that spiritual-mindedness which finds its rest and good in God, and is, in itself, life and peace? Yet, thousands and millions in the Church of God have been taught these and similar precious lessons in the school of chastisement, and have acknowledged, with thanksgiving, "It was good for me that I was afflicted!" And if you, mourners, find it so, is it not true that "God dealth with you as with sons?" Ah! how good it is in our Father to overturn the house built on the sand, that he might make us build on the Rock of ages! Surely it is the same loving Lord who gives and who also takes away! Yet, in truth, when the Lord "takes," it is in order that he may "give" some blessing which otherwise we could not possess. When he removes some idol, it is ever for our profit, and to enrich us by making us "partakers of his holiness."

Chastisement may have special reference to the good of others. This Christian relative may be brought into affliction, and laid upon a bed of lingering pain, in order "that others seeing their light shine" in this darkness, and beholding "their good works" of faith, patience, cheerful acceptance of God's will, and perfect peace, may be led to see the reality of the Divine life in humanity, and themselves thereby led to "glorify God in the day of visitation." A suffering saint is an unspeakable gift to a family, and a most impressive teacher to all who are privileged to behold his holy character, like a setting sun, becoming more bright and glorious from the very clouds which gather round it. Oh, how often has the light which has beamed from an eye darkening to the world, pierced the heart that never before saw the beauty of holiness! How often has the life of love, breathing in holy words from dying lips, been the means of awakening life in souls hitherto dead in trespasses and sins! There is sometimes a more impressive eloquence in their silence than in words of loftiest speech. And thus the Lord may be heard in the still, small voice of the sufferer, when He is unheeded in the storm which overturns thrones, and in the fire which consumes

kingdoms! Verily it is out of the darkness of sorrow that the most of this world's light has streamed, and out of this death that much of its life has sprung!

How resigned, yea, how rejoiced ought we to be when it is "given us, not only to believe, but to suffer for Christ's sake;" how deeply impressed with a sense of the value of the talent of affliction thus committed to us; and with what a humble spirit should we pray to Him who calls us to suffer for the good of others and for His own glory, that He may enable us to do so in the patient, meek, loving, and peaceful spirit of His own Son!

Chastisement is sometimes sent to prevent evil. For example, after Paul was carried to the third heavens, and "had abundance of revelations," the Lord sent "a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan, to buffet him." Wherefore? Not to cure, but to prevent evil: "*Lest*," he says, "I should be exalted above measure." And this principle of our Lord's dealings towards us will explain many a dispensation of his Providence which is at present dark and mysterious, because no explanation of it can be as yet discovered. Never, therefore, perhaps until the day of the revelation of Jesus Christ, shall we know what God has thus *prevented* by affliction. He alone sees the precipice, and casts to the ground this child of His who was rushing towards it, or disables him by some severe blow from approaching the dangerous spot by a single step. Why, we in vain inquire, was this babe taken away at the very moment when it was filling the hearts of loving parents with new joy? Perhaps, we suggest, to preserve it safe in heaven; perhaps to lead the sheep into the fold after their lamb; or perhaps lest some worse thing than death, even sin, should prove its ruin. But in vain we ask what the greater danger was, or what the coming evils were, which suffering or death prevented. Why, again we ask, has this noble and valued life been taken away? Why has this young man or woman been removed when budding life seemed about to burst forth into flowers and fruit, and to be crowned with gladness? Why has this husband or wife been suddenly snatched from the family which so fondly clung around them, leaning on them as their staff, looking up to them as their guide, and living upon them as the source of their sweetest earthly life? Why has all this been? and why have a thousand other thorns in the flesh which no prayers can remove been permitted to lacerate so long and so painfully? We say that "we cannot account for it." Yet all may have been sent to *prevent* evil, and "*lest*,"—lest what? God alone knoweth! But he *does* know!

Chastisement may also be sent to reveal to principalities and powers the glory of God as seen in suffering and triumphing humanity. One of the grandest truths revealed in Scripture is the fact of God's having "created all things by Jesus Christ, to the intent that now unto principalities and powers

in heavenly places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God!" The Church of Christ on earth, in its every true member, and during every period of its eventful history, is thus a mirror of life, in which the heavenly hosts see God's wisdom reflected. The apostle Paul knew that he was suffering in the presence of the world of spirits: "We are a spectacle," he says, "to angels!" And thus a poor suffering saint—a Lazarus in sores—may be the teacher of principalities and powers in heavenly places. For as each saint has something peculiar in his trials which distinguishes him, in some respects, from all others, so must each present to the angels some new features of the grace of God manifested in him through suffering. The afflictions of Job, for example, while they were made the means of blessing his own soul at the time, and of strengthening the faith and patience of millions in every age and clime, are represented to us as having had reference to principalities and powers; and as having, to the confusion of Satan, and to the joy of the holy angels, furnished an undying testimony of the power and victory of faith. And so the afflictions of saints now may have more reference to the lookers-on in the unseen world than we, as yet, can at all know or understand. But even the very possibility of our being thus tried in the presence of such a cloud of witnesses, should make us act in a manner worthy of our high calling!

But whatever end God may desire to see accomplished in us and by us through his fatherly chastisements, this end is never overlooked,—that the sufferer should know God himself. This is the richest blessing which He can himself bestow upon any creature, for, as our Lord hath said, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only living and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." And what precious knowledge do we obtain of God in affliction, when, in our utter prostration and weakness, we are cast on His mighty arm for strength, and find it sufficient for us; when, unable to do our own will, we are compelled to submit to God's will as supreme, to acquiesce in it, to choose it as good, and to know it more and more as holy, loving, and righteous; when, with our crushing burdens, we are driven to Him as our only help, and find in Him perfect rest; and when He opens up in the parched desert a well that refreshes us, or makes a way of escape out of difficulty when we could see none, or delivers us from danger that seemed inevitable! Oh, how does all this experience of the power, the wisdom, the sympathy, and peace of our God increase our knowledge of Him! We thus grow into deeper fellowship also with the Son, from sharing his experience of a Father's love amidst trial, so that, while carrying about the dying of the Lord Jesus, the life of Jesus is thereby more enjoyed by ourselves, and manifested to others.

We desire to impress upon those in trial the duty and advantage of meeting God in their

trials, and considering patiently and seriously why he is thus visiting them with chastisement. Let us ask, for example, Are our sufferings brought on ourselves by any indulged sin?—If so, let us acknowledge his righteousness, and repent. Are they designed to cure some evil which is known to the conscience, or to strengthen some grace which we know to be sinfully defective?—Let us accept the lesson, and resolve to practise it, saying, "Thy will be done!" But if we should not be able for the time to see the reason of God's dealing with us,—should "clouds and darkness be around his throne," and "his path be in the great deep,"—then must we repose upon his knowledge of us, his love to us, and his unerring wisdom in arranging our lot, and believe "that what we know not now we shall know hereafter." The wheels of God's providence do not all revolve in the same time. Some revolve in a few days. It was so in Abraham's case, when called to sacrifice his son: all was dark until the third day. It was so with Martha and Mary, from the time they sent for Jesus to remove their sorrows, until he raised up their brother from the tomb. Some wheels, again, take many years to complete their revolution. It was thus in the history of Joseph; and in that of his father Jacob, who was for many years in great darkness as to why the Lord had contended with him. How long, too, was Job in vain searching for God on the right hand and on the left, when as yet he did not see "the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." And besides these perplexities, there are "wheels within wheels,"—complex and various interests to be considered by God; and wheels, too, revolving throughout vast cycles, "so high that they are dreadful!" All this should humble us with reverential awe before the throne of him who alone sees all things in their beginnings and endings, and who carries on a government of men, families, and nations, from age to age. But never, never, should we give way to the ignorant and unbelieving fear, that God is leading us by other than "a right way," because it is a long way, a rough way, a roundabout way; or because we see no end to it. Jacob thus sadly misapprehended God's dealings with himself and family. "Joseph is not!" he exclaimed,—yet Joseph *was*. Simeon is not!—yet he too *was*, and was with Joseph. "And will ye take Benjamin away?" Yes!—but only to restore him again amidst the joy of a united family! "All these things are against me!" O frail and short-sighted man! how untrue—all are for thee! Jacob did not see this at the time, though he saw it soon afterwards; but God saw it from the first, and Jacob should have trusted him in the darkness.

Oh, let us *never* lose our trust; heaven and earth may pass away, but we shall never be put to shame! "Let those who suffer according to his will, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as to a faithful Creator."

A VINDICATION OF BISHOP COLENSO.

LETTER VI.

Nov. 18, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Pray do not ask me to write more than my object requires. That object is not formally to refute the book, which, as a most grotesque caricature of all the conditions of fair historic investigation, sufficiently refutes itself. My aim is to show you how much more easy I find it to believe in the historic credibility of the Pentateuch, or even that Moses was its author, than that a Bishop, still *remaining* such, should write a work which speaks of six of his "Canonical Books" much as Bolingbroke spoke of them a century ago, and avow much the same system of Deism as that of Tindal; or that he should borrow with creeping servility, every contemptible quibble from ancient and modern scepticism against the said "Canonical Books," and forget to borrow a single argument for them! In showing this, I do indeed, as I imagine, *also* refute the principal arguments of the book itself, if indeed it be not an insult to logic to apply the term "arguments" to such quibbles as, for the most part, compose it.

And the more I look at the thing, the more incomprehensible the Colensian authorship appears. Take, for example, the account of the "Passover." In order to prove that the events of Exodus are impossible, the writer represents the narrative as asserting that the command to celebrate the Passover, its celebration, the summons to depart from Egypt, and the actual departure, all took place on the same night; and then argues that it was utterly impossible that the people could be apprised of these things, organize the movements necessary to carry them out, and actually carry them out in so brief a space of time,—about twelve hours in all! But how is it that he forgets, or rather mentions only to cut it out of the text altogether, the detailed statement in Ex. xii. 1-11, that Moses had full instructions given to him, and the people through him, nearly a fortnight before? that they were told that on the tenth of the month, they were to select a lamb, and "to keep it up" till the fourteenth of the month?—why is the detailed account to go for nothing? Just because the writer says, "there seems some contrariety in the story, from the words used in chap. xii. 12, 'For I will pass through the land of Egypt *this night*.' This," he says, "makes the story perplexing and contradictory;" and so he summarily rejects the fuller and explicit narrative, that he may make it really "perplexing and contradictory." There is, in reality, no contrariety at all; for "*this night*" evidently refers, as any ordinary reader would see, to the night of which the preceding narrative of the coming passover is speaking, not of the night of the passover itself. All the verbs, both before and after, are in the future tense, not the present.

And if he will be so senselessly literal, he must see that "*this night*" can no more be, as he says, the next coming night, than it can mean a night of next week; and still less can "*this night*" of the 12th verse, if spoken of present time, mean "*this day*" of the 14th verse; unless he is pleased (which he often is) to turn light into darkness! But now, even if there were some slight difficulty in the interpretation of a single particle, which would be most natural to any honest critic?—to suppose that there might be some error of interpretation, or even some error in the *transcription* of the said particle (and no one pretends that there have been *no* errors of the text), or to take his knife and cut out a whole paragraph of the original document, for the very purpose of giving some semblance of plausibility to his objections? Why should he give exclusive weight to one side, though but a doubtful construction of a single word told for it, and ignore a whole paragraph which, in the most express terms, told against it? There is but one answer that I can give;—that the writer was determined beforehand that the 'Exodus' should *not* be historic; and therefore did, as he is continually doing,—chuse to reject the stronger evidence, and to take up with any quibble in preference to it; and so he sticks by his—particle! I confess I am utterly astonished at the effrontery of this criticism, and feel that it is absolutely indecent to suppose that a bishop could act thus for any purpose, but *lest* of all for the purpose of proving, *per fas et nefas*, or rather *per nefas* only, the canonical books which his vows still bind him unfeignedly to believe, a tissue of incredible fictions! I could as soon believe that one of the right reverend bench had been indicted for "cutting and maiming," as that he would thus "cut and maim" an ancient document in so shameless a way, and for so shameless a purpose.

We have a similar instance of effrontery—or if not, of such incredible carelessness, as to make all arguments of such a writer, about the *accuracy* of any document, altogether laughable,—in his very *first* quotation; I mean that from which he would fain prove that the sons of Pharez (Hezron and Hamul) are plainly said to have been born in Canaan, though they must have been born in Egypt. Taking this for granted, he infers that the chronology utterly forbids the supposition, inasmuch as, if Judah was only forty-two when he went into Egypt, it is incredible that Pharez should have been old enough to have these sons. Into the difficulty in question, on the theory that Hezron and Hamul *were* born in Canaan, I do not enter. The question is *sub judice*, and awaits, like many other minute difficulties, further investigation. Some say that we do not know sufficient of the chronology to determine Judah's age; others, that Hezron and Hamul,

being considered the substitutes of Judah's dead sons (Er and Onan), though born in Egypt, are given as their *representatives*. Into all this, I say, I do not enter: a fair critic, really intent on truth, would say, "Let us further investigate the question, but let us not prejudge it." But observe:—

This critic not only assumes, as usual, that *his* view of the question is absolutely certain, and, as usual, *against* the history, but, that this may be made more apparent, he misquotes the passage. As it really stands, the words in question have all the appearance of being a parenthetical clause, intended to supplement the information respecting the family of Judah. So regarded, it by no means follows, that the sacred writer intended to incorporate Hezron and Hamul with those who went down into Egypt with Jacob at all; and this critic, in citing it, or rather mis-citing it, has altered the construction by leaving out a verb, and thus assimilated the expression to that *one* formula, which is applied throughout the chapter to the sons of Jacob and their descendants, who are *expressly said* to have gone with him into Egypt. The language of the authorized version (closely following the Hebrew) is: "And the sons of Levi; Gershon, Kohath, and Merari. And the sons of Judah; Er, and Onan, and Shelah, and Pharez, and Zarah: but Er and Onan died in the land of Canaan. And the sons of Pharez were Hezron and Hamul. And the sons of Issachar; Tola, and Phuvah, and Job, and Shimron" (Gen. xli. 11-13). Now you will observe that "the sons of Pharez *WERE*" is a different formula from that employed in all the other enumerations. Our critic, however, for reasons best known to himself, omits all that could make it appear a *parenthetical* clause, and quotes thus, p. 17: "And the sons of Judah, Er and Onan, and Shelah, and Pharez, and Zarah; but Er and Onan died in the land of Canaan: and the sons of Pharez, Hezron and Hamul;" and then says—"It appears to me to be certain that the writer here means to say, that Hezron and Hamul were *born in the land of Canaan*;" that is, after having himself destroyed all *appearance* of its being possible to mean something different!*

I hesitate to call this a deliberate falsification of the document, but I know not how otherwise to account for it. The writer could not have taken it from the Hebrew, for the verb he has omitted

* The hypercriticism of the writer is still farther shown by his adding, that Hezron and Hamul were clearly designed to be reckoned "among the seventy persons (including Jacob himself and *Joseph and his two sons*) who came into Egypt with Jacob." Yet he knows perfectly well that the historian never disguises the fact, that he did not mean to say that Joseph and his two sons came down with Jacob, or that the two last were born in Canaan at all! Why, with this open declaration on the historian's part that he is not to be interpreted with this absurd literality, does our critic pretend that it is certain that Hezron and Hamul are to be supposed born in Canaan?

stares him in the face; he could not have copied it from the authorized version; for not only must there have been the change of the construction and omission of the verb, but a total change of punctuation.

If it be a deliberate falsification, I ask you whether it is credible that Dr. Colenso could be guilty of it. Is it not much as if one were asked to believe that the Archbishop of Canterbury had been summoned on a charge of petty larceny? And if it be accounted for by supposing such a resolute *animus* against the Pentateuch that the critic could not even see the words before him, and that his obliquity of mind extended even to his vision, is this bitter partiality on *that* side likely to be the fault of a Christian Bishop, who would naturally see as few difficulties as he could in his "canonical books,"—to a belief in which, while a bishop, he still pledges himself?

Or, to take it on the most charitable ground, and impute it to mere blundering, can you easily suppose that a man of Dr. Colenso's reputation, and writing on so grave and perilous an argument, would thus himself egregiously blunder in his very *first* quotation from a book, the monstrous blunders of which he is about to prove? Certainly, he may easily prove them, if he first makes them; and *this* part of the Pentateuch, at all events, as it stands in the new version of the pseudo-Colenso, is inaccurate enough!

In my next, I will consider his notable hypothesis of the *current* views of inspiration.—I am, yours ever,

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LETTER VII.

November 21, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot think it at all likely that a bishop, in these days especially, would jumble together in hopeless confusion, as this critic does, the questions of the *inspiration* and the *historic credibility* of a book; and still less, that he would strain, to the very uttermost, the imputed *popular* views on the former subject, for the very purpose of proving that a book is not only *not inspired*, but is no history at all. This he does by assuming that he may, for the purpose of his argument (but contrary, as I maintain, to the general belief of the Christians of our day), take for granted the indisputable integrity of the text, *as we now have it*; its integrity even as regards numerals; and so bar all possibility of mitigating any of the difficulties which it is his delight to magnify and multiply to the uttermost, by supposing, in some cases, minute errors there.

In so doing he does gross injustice to the argument; and, no less, to the views of almost every one of us who maintain the historic character of the Pentateuch.

I say I can hardly imagine a Christian bishop, at least in our day, acting thus, for the very purpose of *aggravating* difficulties. I can easily imagine

many a Christian bishop drawing very carefully the line of distinction between the questions of plenary inspiration and historic credibility; and showing that, in Tacitus or Gibbon, for example, every part might be true, though not one word was inspired; that even the admission of *some* amount of error in the author himself, would not destroy or appreciably diminish the historic validity of his work; and that where the errors (for errors of that kind there must always be) originate in the accidents of time and the conditions of transmission, they cannot affect the historic credibility of the work at all. I say I can imagine many a Christian bishop carefully defining his terms and weighing his propositions on all these subjects, and his care and caution would be well bestowed.

But I can hardly imagine a bishop's ignorantly jumbling all these subjects together, and then exaggerating the popular views of inspiration, for the very purpose, apparently, of inferring that no difficulty whatever can be supposed soluble by referring it to an error in the text; and that in urging an objection against the historic credibility, he may always rely practically on the inflexibility of the text as we have it.

I repeat, that the critic in all this, does gross injustice to the Pentateuch, and not less to the views generally entertained on the subject of its historic credibility by Christians in general—not one in a million of whom would deny that, whatever the *original* inspiration, or infallibility, or historic credibility of the book, there are and must be many minor errors in the text *as we now have it*, and that, therefore, to urge objections, as if there were *no* such errors, against the historic character of the Pentateuch, is to argue most fallaciously.

I say he does injustice to the views entertained by Christians generally, and I say so for this reason: that I do not know the man,—and I confidently challenge him to find one in a million,—who would be prepared to deny either of the two following propositions:—1. That without supernatural aid, the special miraculous intervention of God, exerted through all ages on the successive copyists of the Pentateuch, many minute errors, by the very laws of transmission, *must* have crept in. 2. That there is not the slightest reason to believe (but demonstration to the contrary) that God has wrought these numberless miracles on the heads and fingers of successive transcribers in all ages, to *prevent* such errors from creeping in. I venture to say that I have allowed him a liberal proportion in conjecturing that he might possibly find one in a million who would deny either of these propositions; and yet, unless he does so, he admits that not only *may* there be, but there *must* be, many minute errors in the text of the Pentateuch *as we have it*, and consequently objections which no more affect its historic credibility than similar errors affect that of any other history. I rather think that not even that solitary witness to the alleged *popular* conceptions of the absolute accuracy of

every syllable in the Bible on whose testimony he lays such stress, would deny the above propositions; for it is doubtless, not of the Bible *as we have it*, that he means that he can assert this absolute accuracy, but as he conceives its text *originally* stood. If any one be prepared to plead for this indefeasible text of either Testament *as we have it*, when we know that there are some thousands of various readings in the Old, and as many thousands in the New, I do not know him, and never yet heard of him.

If, therefore, almost every Christian is prepared to admit that there are, and must be, many minute errors, because variations, in the text, but without dreaming that the historic character of the Book (or even its *original* inspiration) is thereby affected any more than the credibility of other histories would be affected by any similar errors, this writer is throughout libelling their views. And they especially contend that the class of imputed errors which he loves to pet, may be often suspected to be in the text; that is, errors in the *numerals*; from the ease with which *such* errors find their way into all documents; and more particularly into Hebrew, owing to the facility with which several letters, from their close resemblance, may be mistaken for one another. And if, in remote times, not only *words* expressed the numerals (as in the present text), but the letters themselves (being numerals) were used for the notation, many errors,—without perpetual miracle,—would be inevitable.

It may at first sight seem to a sciolist that if there *be* errors,—no matter what the cause,—the argument for the truth, the historic truth of the Pentateuch, is equally affected. Not at all; and for these plain reasons:—1. That he who always reasons on the assumed original accuracy of the text, measures the historic validity of the work by what may be but the error of copyists and printers; while those who contend for that historic validity can consistently assert that, in spite of a certain amount of such error, the historic value of the work is not appreciably diminished at all, far less that every such error can be pleaded against its historic credibility.

2. Everything in the question of the historical value of a work depends on the sources and the limits of its imputed errors; and the one will also determine the other. If the errors be the results of time and transcription, we know by the whole history of literature that they will exist indeed, but fall within very narrow limits; and in no serious degree impair our fullest confidence in the integrity and substantial identity of an ancient writing. A great panic was once felt about the direful consequences of admitting thousands of various readings in the Greek Testament, and of attempting a revision of the text founded on more accurate collation; but it is now seen very clearly by everybody, that all these readings put together do not, as Griesbach truly says, affect the essential

integrity of the text, any more than similar errors affect the text of Plato or Cicero. And the same principles we apply to every *other* ancient work. But if we *take for granted* that all these errors, still more if they be grave errors, are the result of the ignorance, conceit, exaggeration, or fraud of the original writer, it destroys all confidence in him, even where we cannot trace error. Now this critic's eminent want of candour consists in practically arguing as if this admission of inevitable errors, founded on the errors of transcription, and, above all, in relation to the *numerals*, cannot be applied to the investigation of difficulties. He says it cannot be applied to *all* cases, and this everybody will concede; his injustice consists in taking for granted that it can be applied to none; in always assuming that, in the *cases he takes*, he may treat the numbers in the text as those which, without a doubt, originally stood there; and that they therefore imply the original untrustworthiness of the history.

Some cases there are, in which it is impossible not to suspect error in the numbers, arising from the causes above assigned; but they will no more prove the unhistoric character of the Pentateuch in the estimate of any fair reasoner, than similar difficulties will infer the fictitious character of Thucydides or Tacitus. Some of the difficulties connected with numbers, however, are happily neither errors of transcription, nor of the original writer, but simply made by this critic himself; as when he represents, for example, that the Pentateuch absolutely declares that all who came *out of* Egypt were exclusively the descendants of the seventy persons who went down with Jacob. And so in some other instances, which I will point out in a future letter.

This disposition to take for granted the infallibility of his own data,—this habitual determination to see *no* doubts in any of his premisses, where so many have seen them, argues, indeed, the utter want of critical impartiality; but the *direction* of that *no-doubt*—its ever pointing *one* way, that is, to conclusions against the credibility of the “canonical books,” never by any accident for it—is hardly less than proof positive to me, that the writer is no more a genuine Christian bishop than Tom Paine was.

While the admission of possible minute errors in the text (as in a *numeral*, for example) serves completely to neutralize many of the misrepresentations and exaggerations which our critic finds on the supposition that the text is always *indefectible*, and is a sufficient answer, therefore, to many of his arguments; of course, neither that nor anything else can avail, if the hundredth part of the errors he finds, or rather makes, were really the errors of the original writers: the *residuum* of truth that remains becomes infinitesimal. All the supernatural and miraculous narrative must, of course, be at once surrendered; for though this author is pleased to allow that he

finds no difficulty *in the abstract*, in receiving miracles, supposing the testimony which vouches for them historically credible,—can anybody suppose that testimony in this case worth a button, when it is everywhere represented affirming as facts about as true as the “Arabian Nights?” Who can trust those who report *miraculous* accounts, when we find them thus travestying the commonest facts of ordinary life? It is as though we were asked to accept a bill for £10,000 for one whom we could not trust with five farthings! Certain it is, that if any history of Greece or Rome, France or England, were chargeable with anything like the errors which this critic imputes to the Pentateuch, the whole would fall at once into the region of fable. As to supposing it of any value, as this critic still pretends, as a revelation of the highest conceptions of morality and religion, one would as soon think of going to the fables of Pilpay. If we are to go anywhere for them, let us not go to a book which solemnly declares, in every form of adoration and appeal to Deity, that its facts are true, while nearly all are false. And, indeed, why should we go *anywhere*? Is not every man, according to this writer, his own oracle? What need can we have of a Bible, or even of his admired “RAM?”—Yours truly,

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LETTER VIII.

Nov. 29, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The whole force of one large class of “incredibilities” in the Pentateuch which this critic has discovered, depends on the following postulates, every one of which is expressly contradicted in the history. Their futility, indeed, it hardly needed history to prove, since the nature of the case, and all human experience in every analogous case, would be sufficient to explode them. They are these:—

1. That the Levitical legislation was intended to apply in every part, to the life in the wilderness,—which it plainly was *not*; nay, much that possibly *might* have been complied with, was, as a *matter of fact*, clearly dispensed with.
2. That even when it was *impossible* to comply with it, that *impossibility* (which has always hitherto been supposed to operate as a complete release from obligation to any law, human or divine, and by the maxims of all lawgivers from Solon to Justinian), is still somehow *not* to be supposed to operate as a release, in the case of the unfortunate Israelites.
3. That *all* the Jews, without exception, would obey the law, when it was possible to obey it; though where any one could get such a notion of the Jews from their history, it is hard to say; but certainly not from the *Pentateuch*! Indeed, it would be a little *de trop* to expect it of any people.

Can you now imagine a *bishop* eagerly burdening his “canonical books” with such gratuitous difficulties as these? Yet so it is with the pseudo-

Colenso ; and a great many of his prime difficulties vanish at once, when we deny these postulates.

As to the *first* : we plainly see that not only was not the rigid observance of every punctilio of the Jewish law imperative in the wilderness, but that one of their most *essential* rites—that which was, in fact, the sign and seal of the covenant (though, for aught we can see, far more easy of observance in the wilderness than many *other* rites), was neglected altogether. I refer, of course, to the rite of “circumcision,” the practice of which, as we see by the book of Joshua, had been suspended.

It is also generally allowed that the Passover had been intermitted ; but as it was probably from *impossibility* of keeping it, that will be better considered in connexion with the second of the above postulates.

The testimony given in Deuteronomy to a general laxity in many parts of the ritual during their sojourn in the wilderness, confirms this representation, and gives the natural explanation. Let us hear it in full, for the very language ought to be a sufficient answer to many of this writer’s sophisms :—“Ye shall not do after all the things that we do here this day, every man whatsoever is right in his own eyes. For ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you. But when ye go over Jordan, and dwell in the land which the Lord your God giveth you to inherit, and when he giveth you rest from all your enemies round about, so that ye dwell in safety ; then there shall be a place which the Lord your God shall choose to cause his name to dwell there : thither shall ye bring all that I command you ; your burnt-offerings, and your sacrifices, your tithes, and the heave-offering of your hand, and all your choice vows which ye vow unto the Lord. And ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God, ye, and your sons, and your daughters, and your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and the Levite that is within your gates ; forasmuch as he hath no part nor inheritance with you.”—(Deut. xii. 8-12.)

Further, we are expressly told that many enactments of the law, as we see also by the nature of the thing, were prospective, and could only refer, as they are plainly said to do, to the settled abodes of Canaan. The formula, too, This or that shall ye “do when ye come into the land,” is of frequent occurrence.

Again : even if there were no such intimations in the history, common-sense would conclude it must be so from the nature of the case ; partly because the system itself was gradually propounded, and must have required time to inure the people to it ; for no system can be fully administered while it is projecting, just as no house can be inhabited while it is building ; partly because its very promulgation was an affair of years ; and partly, again, because by the very supposition, the system was given while the nation was in the

act of migration,—*en route*. Many portions were intended no doubt for present, though *partial* observance, and so far as circumstances would admit ; but signal difficulty of conforming to the ritual,—as in the case of circumcision,—seems to have given indemnity, as we might be sure that with any *reasonable* lawgiver, it would.

But now for the second postulate. Our critic cries :—“Many of the laws were in the wilderness *impossible* to be obeyed.” Very well ; that is the easiest case of all : then they would *not* be obeyed, and nobody would be to blame for it. Necessity not only dispenses with *ceremony*, or any number of ceremonies, but with the *Decalogue* itself.

No law is more binding than that of “loving our neighbour as ourselves,” and *showing* it ; but if the good Samaritan has neither the “ass,” nor the “wine and oil,” nor the “twopence,” the will is at once taken for the deed. Much more in the matter of mere ritual. May we not suppose as much in the case of the law of Moses ? or rather of Him who loves “mercy rather than sacrifice ?”

What can be plainer than that, if, as our critic justly argues, it would be *impossible* to comply with many of the laws in the wilderness,—though intended for observance in future time, and in the permanent abodes of Canaan,—such impossibility was, *per se*, a sufficient excuse for not observing them ? All this we should reasonably expect from any legislator in his senses. And this granted, at once vanish many of the stupendous yet utterly absurd difficulties which our pseudo-Colenso has conjured up ; unless, indeed, the reader choose to suppose Moses, or rather God, harder and more inexorable than the Egyptian taskmasters themselves.

How, he asks, how, in the name of wonder, could the Israelites in the desert procure the 264 pigeons *per diem*, or 90,000 annually ? or, if they were offered, how could *three* priests (here, by the way, he assumes there were *but* three, of which more anon) eat them ? Why, as he insists with arithmetical accuracy, it is 88 per day ! Well, if the pigeons were not to be had, it is certain that the people could not offer them, and would have abundant reason for *not* offering them ; and there is an end of *that* difficulty : and as three priests could not eat them, sure enough, so they would happily *not* have them to eat ; and that rids us of another difficulty. Or does this writer really mean to say, that the Jewish legislator was so much worse than Draco, as to punish disobedience when it was impossible to obey ? or worse than the tyrant from whom Israel had just escaped,—who, at all events, did not demand bricks without *clay*, though he did “without straw.” Would Moses, or He whom Moses represented, demand that pigeons were to be offered whether pigeons were to be had or not ? HE, who expressly says that his equitable prin-

ciple is to exact obedience only where it is possible to pay it; and who has told us, that "a man is accepted according to what he hath"—pigeons or what not—"and not according to what he hath not."

When the mayor of a French town apologized to Henry iv. for not firing a salute in his honour, by saying that "he had no artillery," it was at once accepted as a release from all obligation in the matter; and though the mayor, who seems to have been as stolid as our critic, is said to have wished to give nineteen other good reasons for the omission, his majesty was pleased to be content with this one. According to our pseudo-Colenso, God is not half so reasonable as Henry iv.—If the critic had been Henry iv., he would doubtless have demanded the salute, though there was no artillery; or at least the remaining nineteen reasons for the omission!

Similar observations apply to the assumptions (they are nothing more) that the Israelites must, according to the story, have had, *throughout* their sojourn in the desert, prodigious herds of cattle to supply the imagined continual demands of sacrifice. If they had, he argues, how could such multitudes of cattle be fed? and if they had not, how could they complete the toll of victims? Who, but a man determined to make out a case, could fail to see that the one difficulty answers the other? If they had not cattle for all the sacrifices, all the sacrifices were not offered; if they had all the cattle, then all the cattle must have been somehow fed. In the former case, as before, the involuntary *défaillance* would, from the nature of the thing, meet with the usual indulgence.

I think it highly probable that the Israelites had but little cattle after the first year, till after the conquest of Midian; that is, till they approached the end of their pilgrimage. Everything shows that between the passover in the second year in the wilderness of Sinai, and that on the cessation of the manna, that is, during thirty-eight years of their wanderings, the passover was intermitted, and perhaps many other rites involving sacrifice; on which a few more words presently. Certainly, few allusions to cattle are to be found after the first year or so, till the closing years of the pilgrimage in the desert. It appears they had much cattle when they set out; they had much towards the end of their desert sojourn when they had "spoiled the Midianites;" and they had doubtless *some* cattle during the whole period, but there is no proof that they had many. Now, it is curious that during the interval in question, and after the manna began to fall, little mention is made of cattle; which could hardly have failed to be otherwise had they existed in any considerable numbers, so as to be the prodigious encumbrance our critic's interpretation supposes. Possibly, as the passover demands in Egypt would seriously diminish the reproductive power of the flocks (as this very critic suggests *must* have been

the case), so the only recorded passover in the wilderness (that at Sinai) may have very opportunely (not to say designedly) operated in the same direction, and made their *stock* in something like proportion to their scanty pasturage.

As to the intermission of the passover, that is generally admitted; and both that, and the probable suspension of many of the sacrifices, may be argued from a number of "undesigned coincidences" in the Pentateuch, which I commend to the diligent attention of some future editor of Blunt's admirable little work. Everything would seem to point to this conclusion. For example, if they had but scanty flocks, we need not wonder that no observance of the passover is mentioned; the passover would drop from *necessity*, and no one could be blamed for it, on the principle already laid down. Another like cause would seem to *necessitate* the intermission; they were commanded to keep the passover with *unleavened bread*; now, as long as the manna fell, they had no bread. In harmony with all this, there is, as I have said, no allusion to a passover during the fall of manna; and when we next hear of it, it is in connexion with the cessation of manna and the resumption of corn bread. (Joshua v. 10-12.) At the same period, the avowedly intermitted rite of *circumcision* was restored. And *that* again would seem to intimate the previous suspension of the passover, because, by *express law*, only the males who were circumcised were permitted to partake of it. This last rite was expressly laid down to be an essential preliminary to a participation in the other. Again, the intense longing for "*flesh*," as a new variety of diet, after they began to "loathe the manna," would also seem to indicate that the people had then no large herds of cattle with them. "But now our soul is dried away," said the people; "there is *nothing at all, besides this manna, before our eyes*." Numb. xi. 6. These and other allusions, all of them casual, picked up here and there, dropped "undesignedly" in the midst of other matter, but of course all the more striking on that account, favour the twofold concession, that during the period in question, the cattle of the Israelites were few, and that the passover, and probably many of the rites involving sacrifice, were omitted. By the way, if few herds and no corn necessitated the omission of the passover, must they not have diminished many other offerings? How many imperatively required meal and wine and oil! And I apprehend the "shewbread," too, was not made of manna.

It would not, perhaps, be very extravagant to suspect that the suspension of many of the rites was not only necessitated by the privations of the strictly penal sojourn in the desert—an abnormal condition, into which their rebellion alone plunged them,—but was designed also as a part of the punishment of that contumacious generation, whose carcasses "fell in the wilderness." It may well be suspected, at any rate, that it was not among *them*

that the Mosaic dispensation was to be administered in all its completeness and splendour.

But be this as it may, everything in the history—express declarations, obvious facts, necessary inferences, oblique allusions—all show that the Levitical dispensation not only never was carried into effect, but was not even intended to be carried into effect more than partially, in the desert. Yet the contrary is the theory of our critic, and his very chiefest objections vanish with it.

I have mentioned above, his assumption that there were but *three* priests. It is an assumption, and nothing more. It does not follow because no others are mentioned, that there were none. It is only by accident that the son of Eleazar is mentioned; but Ithamar may have had sons too. At any rate, the grandsons of Aaron would be quite old enough to have sons of an age to enter upon the priest's office long before the close of the forty years. Certainly there were more than three when the people passed over Jordan and approached Jericho, for we find there were seven,—and the language suggests that there might be more than seven,—who were employed to “blow the trumpets” at the siege of that city. It is precarious to conjecture merely from the silence of a writer.

But even if the priests, technically so called, were limited to *three* at first (though we are certain from the fact just mentioned that at the later period there were more), the difficulty is entirely an arbitrary one, and may be effectually met by the very considerations by which this critic manages to answer, unwittingly, his own objections. If, as he so unanswerably proves, there was no pasture for more than a few sheep and oxen in the wilderness, the priests' principal functions nearly ceased of necessity, just as *circumcision* did, without any one being blamable or being blamed for it; so that the three priests may really, for aught we know, have had a rather easy time of it, instead of being overwhelmed with the superhuman toil which our critic loads them with. On the other hand, even if there were a million of cattle and ten millions of pigeons, and only three priests at one time, then, on the same principle as before, namely, that God expects nobody to perform impossibilities, the said priests would no more be called to eat, each, *eighty pigeons per diem* in this case, than the people to *provide* them if they were not to be had. The sacrificial services, like the rite of *circumcision itself*, would be in that case suspended.

And, lastly, if the services that were not permitted were beyond the power of the three priests to perform, we may be certain that, as in all like cases,—I do not say of *Divine*, but of merely human administration,—extra-official help would supply a deficiency of the proper functionaries; and as in the Chronicles we find, for that very reason, that the Levites, on certain occasions, helped the priests, so it may well have been the case at an earlier period. The critic says, indeed,

that we do not *read* of any such arrangement at that time; and with other solutions of the difficulty, we do not need it. I would only remark, on this point, that when an author is *silent*, we need not fill up the gaps (if we must or *will* conjecture), by supposing something which makes him an idiot, and is foreign to all the analogies in the administration of all laws, human and divine; least of all in interpreting a system purporting to be enjoined by Him who expressly avows that He loves “mercy better than sacrifice,” and prefers the “spirit” to the “letter.”—But, in truth, we do not need the solution. With the Levites to perform all the menial duties of the tabernacle; with its other duties limited by the necessary circumstances of the life in the wilderness, as plainly indicated in the narrative; and, lastly, *waiting* proof that the priests were only three,—I am not alarmed by our critic's statement of the prodigious labours of these overtaken functionaries, and am quite *certain* that, if, as he suggests, it was *impossible* for the people to get the 90,000 “turtle-doves or young pigeons” *per annum*, they were not obliged to offer them.

Lastly, as another postulate,—a necessary condition of the full complement of his difficulties,—our critic implies that all the exactions of the law, however various and troublesome, would, when possible, be sure to be most conscientiously paid by the Israelites; rather a modest demand on behalf of that very generation who were, at that moment, suffering the capital penalty of uttermost ingratitude and rebellion! We shall next have him supposing that the laws of England, even to the very least minutiae, are all conscientiously observed by our “tickets-of-leave.” If he asks, as on one or two occasions he does, whether we can suppose the Israelites could refuse to obey the voice of God himself, I must answer, first, that the history teaches us that they *did*; and, secondly (as Warburton said to Bolingbroke, when he urged a like objection), that we need not wonder at it, since all men in all ages have been doing the same, and that in the case of laws which they not only *confess* to be Divine, but infinitely more momentous than any laws of ritual can be.

And now, is it easy to suppose that a genuine Bishop would feel such spite against his own “canonical books,” as to insist on these perfectly gratuitous postulates for the very purpose of making them appear incredible; and, above all, blindly insist on difficulties, even when they actually destroy and neutralize one another? So few pigeons, if any, to be got, and yet the priests having to eat so many! However, it is well when an objector is blind enough to take this course. He is like the poor woman at “Crocodilep,” in Southey's ballad, who killed the young “Prince Crocodiles,” by thrusting

“The head of one into the throat of another,
And made each Prince Crocodile choke his brother.”

Yours truly,

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LETTER IX.

Dec. 4, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—How shall I characterize the unexampled absurdity of this writer in pressing popular language to death, for the purpose of making difficulties where no mortal else would feel any? Can you imagine that, for this object, a Bishop of the Church would insist on interpreting the Bible as we may be certain neither he nor any one else would interpret any other book? Instances of his more than Voltairian intrepidity, in inventing objections in this way, you have in his Chapters iv. and v. For the former;—in Lev. viii. 1-4, on the consecration of Aaron, it is thus written:—"And Jehovah spake unto Moses, saying, Gather thou all the congregation together at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. And Moses did as Jehovah commanded him. And the assembly was gathered unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation." The congregation, then, assembled at the door of the tabernacle; and he wants to know if we are really to suppose that the whole 600,000 grown-up men were there? He *does* seem to think, indeed, that the whole 2,400,000 might be fairly (if he were not somewhat indulgent), demanded in the expression; and, indeed, on his principle of *literal accuracy*, I do not think he ought to let Moses off with less than meaning to include every sucking-child among them! However, to take the assembly at *only* the 600,000 and odd "adults in the prime of life." In accordance with the third most modest postulate of which I have already spoken, he is bent on "supposing that all the congregation of adult males had given due heed to the Divine summons, and had hastened to take their stand, side by side, as closely as possible, in front, not only of the *door*, but of the whole *end* of the tabernacle in which the door was." Generous concession again of more space than might be granted! And, first of all, he proves that, if they were at the door of the tabernacle, that must mean that they were *within* the court; and as this court, by his own precise measurement, could not be more than 1692 square yards, he asks, and surely with reason, how could 600,000 men stand within it? He might have dispensed with all this, if he had but chosen to remember that not one of the 600,000, except the Priests and Levites, were permitted to enter it at all, on pain of death. To be sure, it would *still* be on pain of death, if the whole 600,000 were crammed into it, for the "Black Hole" of Calcutta would be infinite space to it. I say he has *chosen* to forget the above restriction; for, in another mood, he seems to remember it too well (p. 123), and to make the prohibition extend, not only to the people in general, but *also* to the Levites; that is, he lets into the court those who were forbidden to go, and shuts out those who were *not* forbidden; but, of course, for the purpose of proving the Pentateuch fabulous, all is lawful! Well, supposing the court "tabooed" (I will

also suppose the curtains, which surrounded it, raised for the sake of enabling the folks to see the ceremony), our author then proves that if the crowd stood abreast, not only the width of the *doors* of the tabernacle, but even the width of the whole *end* of it, they would extend twenty miles; and if the whole width of the *court*, no less than four miles! He then innocently wants to know whether all could have heard Moses' words, or been intelligent spectators of the ceremony? Why, no; the farthest ranks, I think you will grant, could not even have seen Moses, unless they had good telescopes, of which, as our critic might say, the Pentateuch says nothing. But was ever anything more absurd? When a community is invited to become spectators of a public transaction, and it passes in the name of the community in virtue of those who *are* there, is any one so ridiculous as to suppose that every soul that was invited, or that even *might* have attended, *has* attended?

When it is said that the county of Kent met on Penenden Heath, does any one argue that it is false, for not a hundredth-part of the population was there? And so in a thousand cases. Multitudes would as usual be absent from really good and sufficient reasons, and multitudes of people more, because indolence and other causes told them there were good and sufficient reasons; many more, doubtless, because they did not choose to go. Our author, to be sure, takes it for granted that the Israelites were so unlike all other people, or rather, so unlike *themselves*, that there was not a soul of the 600,000 who would neglect so plain a summons of duty! As if all mankind do not often neglect what they themselves own to be the unequivocal voice of God speaking within them.

Not only would the business be transacted, as usual, by those who were present, and who were representatives of the rest, but, for aught we know, their "elders" and "captains of hundreds and thousands" might be the commissioned representatives of the rest, and the language would still be perfectly in accordance with common speech.

But how does our author triumph (Chap. v.) when Moses and Joshua are said to have addressed *all* the congregation—the *whole* congregation! What can "*all*" and "*whole*" mean less than all the men, women, and children,—sucking babes into the bargain?

Now, as he truly says, even the "cries of the babies in arms in an assembly as large as that of London," would have drowned the voice of any speaker. I should think so. The only absurdity in the thing is that any one should be absurd enough to suppose the author of the Pentateuch (who was at least no fool), to mean any such absurdities.

"All the world knows that;" "All the world is gone after him;" "Peter the Hermit precipitated all Europe on Asia," says one historian; "All London flocked forth in a paroxysm of returning loyalty," says another; "All Paris was crowded into the Champs de Mar," says a third. No sooner

is anything of the sort said, than a critic of the pseudo-Colenso type asks whether it can possibly be true, that all the lying-in women and new-born babes were included? because if not, the statement is not historic. Whether we can even suppose all the hospitals and prisons emptied on the occasion? Whether it can be seriously meant that all the houses were absolutely deserted, and not a kitchen-fire smoking, or a joint of mutton cooking, on that memorable day? It is a pity our author did not consult a concordance to see how many more absurdities he might have made out of this popular use of "all," and the like words, in the course of the Pentateuch. Thus we are told, that "all Israel stoned Achan." It would have been interesting to learn from our mathematical pedant, how many cubic feet of rough masonry were thus piled about poor Achan by the entire 2,400,000; getting his average somewhere between the pebble (thrown, of course, by proxy) contributed by the new-born infant, and the "lump of a two-year old" (as Miss Edgeworth's Irish witness would say), thrown by the stalwart arm of one of "the mighty men of valour!" Very superfluous was it for the historian to add, "And they raised over him a great heap of stones unto this day." If they did so, after pitching 2,400,000 stones into him, at him, and on him, it was certainly a work of supererogation.

But to return to Joshua's instructions to the whole congregation. Not only would most persons suppose the conditions of the narrative satisfied, if "the heads of tribes," "the elders of the people," "captains of hundreds, and captains of thousands," if, in short, a large assembly, represented the nation, and communicated the words of Joshua by the regular means organized for that purpose; but not only so, I say, but the reader may see, that we have in other passages an easy key to the true and natural interpretation of the terms thus strangely tortured and wrested. Thus we are told, Ex. xix. 3-8: "And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel; ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine. . . . These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel. And Moses came, and called for the elders of the people, and laid before their faces all these words which the Lord commanded him. And all the people answered together, and said, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people unto the Lord."

"The journey to London," says Macaulay, speaking of the restoration of Charles II., "was a continued triumph. The whole road from Rochester was bordered by booths and tents, and looked like an interminable fair. Everywhere flags

were flying, bells and music sounding, wine and ale flowing in rivers to the health of him whose return was the return of peace, of law, and of freedom." What havoc would such a critic as the pseudo-Colenso make of such language! "Thirty miles of booths!" he would say; "Wine and ale flowing in rivers! Who can believe it?"

It is a great comfort that the critic has at present left the sublime poetry of the Hebrews (with one slight exception, perhaps, which I may notice in another letter) untouched; he has not brought his tailor's measure, with its tenths of inches marked off, to see whether those great bards habited their thoughts in a sufficiently precise and close-fitting dress. "The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them," says the Pentateuch, in the briefest and sublimest image which can express the uttermost effect of panic terror. Such a critic as this would say that he really could not credit it; for if it were true, a moderate-sized oak, judiciously planted on a gusty autumn day, would rout the largest army ever brought into the field!

In truth, the mode of interpreting ordinary human language indulged in by this critic, would, if it were at all common, deserve to be considered a sort of disease: it should be called "Delirium Arithmeticum" or "Mania Pernumerans." If men were commonly pestered with it, it would be misery to open one's mouth. To interpret speech, with no power of taking the meaning from popular usage, from the context, from conditions founded on the supposition that we have imaginations as well as the noble faculty of counting our fingers, bespeaks a man devoid of common sense. If language were used as this critic would seem to require Moses to use it, not only would all natural freedom of style be destroyed; not only would it necessitate a most strained, and after all, vain attempt at absolute and literal precision, compared with which an Act of Parliament would be eloquence; not only would it destroy all trope and metaphor, and the beauties of figurative language generally; but to talk at all, would be an intolerable nuisance. Hardly a phrase could come out of our mouths, of which we should not be expected to give an exact limitation, in order to satisfy some soulless and brainless Aristarch, and prevent his concluding that we were as great idiots as himself.

In short, there is no end of the absurdities which may be fastened on anything spoken by man in the ordinary language of men, if the "delirium arithmeticum" but once take possession of the critic. He will be as much at a loss as Peter Simple, who, when the coachman touched his hat and said, "Please remember the coachman, Sir," replied, "Remember you! Certainly I will try, if it will give you any pleasure." "The lad's a fool," very naturally muttered the coachman. Some suppose that the extreme form of this bondage to the "letter" is now and then an effect of too exclusive devotion to the mathematics. If so, it is the hardest thing one can say of the mathematics. But if it

were a genuine effect of the study (which I do not believe), I should be disposed to alter the old proverb, and, instead of saying "There is no fool like an old fool," say "There is no fool like a mathematical fool."—Believe me, yours truly,

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LETTER X.

Dec. 8, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I see that many of the periodicals have noticed the book ascribed to Bishop Colenso; but I cannot say that the way in which they do it, at all convinces me that *he* wrote it, or any Christian at all. You will observe that all of them, that have the slightest proclivity to scepticism, are shouting, "Io Triumphe!" and the more loudly, the stronger those proclivities are. On the other hand, all that reverence the Bible are full of indignation that a Christian bishop should have written such a book. If they were as charitable as I am, they would have considered those very phenomena an indication that it was not written by a Christian bishop. When did a Conservative candidate catch none but the Radical votes? But I proceed with my own reasons for doubting; and amongst the strongest is the singular disingenuousness (I really should be sorry to suppose any *ordinary* sceptic, much less a Christian bishop, guilty of it) in the account of the Exodus itself. The wildest possible license both of *suppression* and *invention* of facts is there indulged in, in order to give an impression of the utter impossibility of that event. Our critic not only supposes that the "passover" is represented as originally instituted, the lamb got, cooked, and eaten on the very night of the Exodus itself, but that in that same night the people (2,400,000) called in all their flocks and herds (2,000,000) from the whole country, mustered at Rameses, and journeyed the next morning over the arid and stony track to Succoth; and that the story even requires that we believe that "infants and young children" performed this same feat—"twenty miles a day on foot!" (page 47.)

Now, on the hardihood with which he has expunged from the text the full directions for the passover, given nearly a fortnight before, in order that he may more deeply colour this fiction of midnight confusion, I have already commented. But even passing by that, his account is as complete a fancy piece as ever a novelist indulged in. Supposing any truth in the history at all, is it possible to imagine that the Israelites knew nothing of their coming deliverance till the night of the Exodus itself? Must they not have been living in instant expectation of it for weeks? Does not the third chapter of Exodus expressly commission Moses to tell the people that the day of liberation drew nigh? Does not the sixth chapter renew that commission? Could they witness in stupid indifference successive judgments, ever increasing in severity, which were not only to make the Egyptians *willing to let them go*, but

eager to *thrust them out altogether*? If these plagues really took place according to the history, were they without significance, so that when the last plague fell, the people were all comfortably asleep, and roused as suddenly as the Bishop of Natal (such is the judicious parallel of this critic) in a midnight rumour of an utterly unexpected raid of Zulus? Our critic may say, perhaps, that he does not believe Exodus vi.; does not believe that ever the plagues occurred; hardly believes a word of the history; and, I have no doubt, he would speak most truly. Very well; let him say so then; but let him not argue that a narrative, as it stands, is inconsistent and incredible by just taking his pen and scoring out statements that *make* it consistent, and then filling up the gaps *ad libitum* with any whimsies of his own, which shall make it seem otherwise. Yet this is just what is done in the present case. His description is all a bubble blown out of the simple words, "And the children of Israel journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand on foot, that were men, besides children. And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks and herds, even very much cattle." While our critic has invented all imaginable details, which may in any way tend to render the story incredible, the simple narrative itself tells us next to nothing, except the fact; and this is supplemented as he pleases. With characteristic effrontery, he rebukes Kurtz for supposing that there may have been pauses between Rameses and Succoth. Has our critic any more right to say there were *none*? The simple truth is that the history leaves us wholly to conjecture in this matter; and our critic has certainly abused this privilege to the utmost. But then, that these purely gratuitous conjectures should always tell *against* the veracity of the Pentateuch, never in what may explain or diminish a difficulty, is what I cannot reconcile with the character of the reputed author. The fact is, that, for aught we know, the Israelites may have been several days about their journey to Succoth; we do not know that they *all* mustered, men and cattle, at Rameses, or in what lines of direction, or in what proportions, or at what intervals between different detachments, they fell into the march; still less that all was compressed into one day's work. One thing at all events is certain,—*our critic proves too much*. If his objections, on the score of confusion, inconvenience, and distress, the presence of the "sick, aged, infirm," and so on, is to be taken for a demonstration that the thing could not be, it is certain that many an event of authentic history,—the extensive deportation of ancient nations under the great oriental monarchies, Scythian and Mongolian migrations, the migration of the Helvetii, so particularly described by Caesar,—may also be pronounced impossible. It is not to be forgotten, indeed, that if there be any truth in the narrative at all, the Israelites were under miraculous guidance and pro-

tection; a fact which our critic always forgets, or more properly speaking, would, I daresay, deny; but even apart from that, it is little except his own fancy which makes the Exodus more difficult than many of the great migrations of history just referred to; for all of them must have been cumbered with sick, lying-in women, and sucking babies, more than enough. That it was, doubtless, attended with many incidental straits and hardships, we may well believe. Does the Bible say it was without them? Does not the narrative imply it? Did not the people, under the pressure of hunger and thirst, often look back with ungrateful regrets to the bondage they had left? Were they not willing to barter their liberty and all its privileges, if they could but have got back to the leeks and garlic and full flesh-pots of Egypt?

Our author asks, what did they do with the sick, lying-in women and children?

It is sufficient for us to say we do not know; we only know, *first*, that the story has not a syllable about their travelling twenty miles on foot, as he foolishly says it *requires* us to believe; *secondly*, that whatever the means of transport for such as required it, the difficulty would be no more insuperable than similar obstacles in the way of other migrations; and, *thirdly*, that no migrating nation, probably, had half the facilities for such a movement, if there be any truth in the history at all—such a *vis à tergo*—as the Israelites had on that occasion. After such a series of plagues, and such a crushing calamity to conclude them, the Egyptians would be willing to give not only “jewels and ornaments,” but anything on earth, to get rid of such guests; and probably never had so welcome a sight as their backs. Horses, mules, wag-gons—the whole power of the kingdom at such a moment would have been at the disposal of the exiles, if necessary. I pretend not to say *how* the details of the Exodus were managed; for the history is silent. I only say that, taking the relations between the two nations to be what the narrative represents them, such a mode of supplementing the silence of the narrative as that just suggested, is infinitely more probable than our critic’s whimsical inventions, of the people all being roused at a moment’s notice, and lying-in women and children going twenty miles on foot! The former goes on what only were *likely* to be, but *must* have been the feelings of the Egyptians. The Israelites could not be in so much haste to go, as the Egyptians, that they should be gone; “For we be all dead men,” said they. By the way, I wonder our critic did not take that literally, and prove that the history says that the Egyptians spoke after they were all dead! But I must notice one example of the kind in this connexion.

“Having done all this,” he says, speaking of the prodigious toils he has crowded into the passover night, “they were started again from Rameses that very same day, and marched on to Succoth, not leaving a single sick or infirm person, a single

woman in childbirth, or even a ‘single hoof’ behind them” (page 62). Thus, as usual, he takes an eloquent metonymy, in which Moses expresses the demands of Jehovah to Pharaoh, “Our cattle also shall go with us: *There shall not a hoof be left behind*,” in strict literality; and would doubtless think the whole history invalidated, if he could but find that a single Israelitish cow had gone astray!

In short, I think our pseudo-Colenso’s “new version” of the incidents of the Exodus, one of the most remarkable efforts of disingenuous perversion of a narrative I ever read. I cannot think that a bishop of the church—whose whole tendencies and bias *must* be, if only in respect for his position and ordination vows, in favour of retaining as *much* of the narrative as possible—would thus go out of his way, and with evident *empressement*, not only to interpret, but supplement, the history uniformly in the sense least favourable to his sacred books.—Believe me, yours truly,

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LETTER XI.

Dec. 15, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I know not how to ascribe to Bishop Colenso, or to any other Christian man, or indeed to any *candid* opponent of revelation, the perfectly arbitrary and self-sufficient way in which this writer sets aside every consideration which can bar the way to his grotesque conclusion, that every Hebrew mother, if the history be true, “must have had, on the average, forty-two sons!” I count it absolutely certain that nothing but a previously strong bias in favour of a foregone conclusion, could have induced him thus summarily to set aside all such considerations.

Still less can I believe that any one, or at least a man with anything like mathematical reputation, (and Bishop Colenso is a mathematician, if he be nothing else), would have fallen into such a blunder, even in the application of his own hypothesis. For, on the very same principles, we may prove that every *English* mother (and we have had no Pharaoh to massacre any male children among us) must have at least from twenty to thirty children!

But I will first briefly mention the by no means unreasonable mitigations of the difficulty about the “First-born,” which not only orthodox interpreters (whose solutions this complainant critic is so fond of contemptuously stigmatizing as utterly futile and untruthful), but modest Rationalists, have suggested as probable. One obvious thing is, that it is *possible*, on the principles already laid down in a previous letter, that we may not be in possession of the true numbers originally in the text, and that some such errors may lie at the bottom of the difficulty. This is, of course, not for a moment to be thought of; for whenever a *difficulty* is to be proved, no one can exceed our author in his solicitude to retain the text.

Again; Michaelis, who is not very conspicuous

for his orthodox proclivities, suggests that the "first-born" of the *father* is intended; and that, therefore, if polygamy prevailed, or to whatever extent it did so, there might be several first-born of mothers, in the same family, and yet only one first-born of the father and the mother both. If this be inadmissible, then there must be supposed many "first-born" in the same family; inconsistently, at least, with the legal and technical sense in which the term is used, when determining the rights of primogeniture, in the case of the first-born of two separate wives (Deut. xxi. 15-17). This, too, must go for nothing. Yet it is certainly probable enough to prevent any *candid* mind from being absolutely confident that it is false.

Again: Rosenmüller (no hot partisan of orthodoxy), and many others, conjecture that the HEADS of families, though they might be "first-born" themselves, were not reckoned among the "first-born;" and this *seems*, at all events, a not improbable thing in itself. Certainly, if such restriction were not acted upon, "Moses and the princes," who conducted the census, must have had many odd and puzzling cases to decide. There is an old gentleman of eighty, for example, whose father and mother, having early left him an orphan, have been in the grave for more than half a century, and he does not know whether they had an infant son or daughter before him or not; what is to be done with *him*? Another of seventy, whose parents have been dead forty years, fancies that he has heard that his mother had a still-born child, but can't be sure; if not, he is a first-born. Another of sixty had a twin-sister, but which of them came into the world first he cannot say, father and mother, doctor and nurse, having long since gone the way of all flesh.—If any one were asked to find out how many living first-born sons there were in the families of a village, I rather think it would not strike him to set down old men of seventy or eighty, who had been first-born sons, but whose fathers had been buried a score or two of years before, and who had first-born sons of their own in the prime of life. However, though this principle would seem a tolerably reasonable one, it is as summarily set aside, for no reason that I can find, except the usual and all-sufficient one,—it will mitigate a difficulty.

Another element for diminishing this objection is the fact mentioned by Kurtz, that the "first-born," according to the law of population, is more frequently a *girl* than a *boy*; and that, therefore, the proportion in which there would be first-born sons would suffer a further diminution. Will it be believed that, in his eager desire to throw aside everything that can be urged in favour of the Pentateuch, he seems to hint a doubt whether *this* natural law can have operated among the children of Israel:—"But in the case of the Hebrews, according to the story in the Pentateuch (whatever may be the case generally), the first-born was much more frequently a male than a female" (p. 86).

This is pretty well in one who, everywhere else, proceeds only too absurdly to judge in those far distant times and regions by modern parallels, and adjusts everything to the meridian of *London* and the nineteenth century. However, I daresay he knows well enough the greater importance attached to the *male* progeny throughout the whole of the Old Testament, and that it by no means implies that there were more sons than daughters, because the latter are less frequently mentioned. We should never have known that Moses had an elder sister, and that neither he nor Aaron was a "first-born," had it not been for the narrative of his rescue by Pharaoh's daughter.

I do not indeed intend to say, that all, or any, of these elements of solution may be regarded as demonstrably true; I only say that they are very probable, and, coming from such men as they do, no impartial investigator of truth, no man with the slightest particle of modesty, would summarily dismiss them all, as not "of any use whatever for the purpose of relieving the difficulty."

But let us look at the results obtained from his own data. The males of twenty and upwards, he says, were 600,000, and we must add about 300,000 for those under that age; about 900,000 in all. Very well; then divide 900,000 by 22,273, the number of the first-born, and it follows, it seems, that each mother must have had, on an average, forty-two sons! If one takes the 900,000, it will be forty and a fraction (if we must fall in with our author's exact humour); but if a woman has forty children, the fraction, I suppose, is of little consequence, more or less. Now, it is true that, according to this calculation, there might be, on an average, only one first-born to about forty-two males; but it remained for this critic to suppose that that is the same as saying that every *mother* must have had forty-two sons! For what can be more ridiculous than such a calculation? All it shows is that our author can at least work a long division sum; that 900,000, divided by 22,273, will give some such result approximately. But is it not obvious, that since every family in which the "first-born" son was dead, however numerous the *rest* of the males; every family in which the first-born was a daughter, however numerous the *brothers*; every family in which the infant, though a male, was under a month old; and every family in which the eldest was the son of a widow, were, as regards this census, thrown out of the reckoning altogether, though their males formed *part of the population*, the number of mothers cannot be the same with the number of the first-born sons? All the males, our wise critic says, must be placed under *one or other of the mothers of these 22,273!* What makes the fallacy more ridiculous is, that he has in this very chapter suggested the two principal exceptions. "Except," he says, "of course, any cases where the first-born of any family was a

daughter, or was dead, of which we shall speak presently," p. 84. "Except!" but these exceptions vitiate the whole calculation, and if set aside, will allow us to say that every English mother has, at least, from twenty to thirty children; ten or fifteen sons, and ten or fifteen daughters! If any one will take the trouble to calculate among any one hundred families, even on this writer's premisses, he will find the result will a little surprise him.—I will try it upon a chance case. There are five families, all within about a stone's cast of where I am writing, and presenting about the varieties we generally find in our population. The first family consists of twelve, —seven sons and five daughters; but the eldest is a daughter; the second consists of four sons only, and the eldest being a son, there is therefore one first-born; the third, of six,—five sons and one daughter, but the daughter again the eldest; the fourth,—of three sons and one daughter, but there was another, a son, who was still-born. The fifth, a couple who were recently married, and have one little boy, but under a month old. Of the five fathers, an old gentleman of near seventy is also a first-born; and if, as Michaelis and Rosenmüller conjecture, he ought not to be reckoned (I think he could prove that he was a first-born, if put to it), here are, counting the five fathers, twenty-five males; and, counting the five mothers, thirteen females—thirty-eight of the population, and only one first-born among them; and, according to the reasoning of this critic,—that "each of the males must have had one or other of the first-born males as the first-born of his own family,"—the mother of *this* first-born had twenty-five sons! Even if the first-born father be reckoned, there will but be two "first-born" to thirty-eight of the population. Some of our more scurrilous prints (as this reckless writer might have anticipated) have made themselves very merry with his grotesque deduction as to the prolific character of the Hebrew mothers; they may, on similar principles, make merry with their own; and prove that every English mother is (to use Burke's language on another subject) "the sow of imperial augury," with her litter of thirty offspring about her.

It may be said, perhaps, that it is not so absurd to represent every English mother with ten or fifteen sons (besides daughters), as to represent her with forty sons. Why no; but impossibilities of any dimensions are equally good for a *reductio ad absurdum*; and show clearly that the principle which leads to them must be an absurd one.

Our critic has the effrontery to add, that though every family which has a daughter for a first-born is to be deducted in the manner above mentioned, it will not affect the calculation; that if an equal number of first-born daughters be supposed, then there will be in all 44,546 first-born (sons and daughters) in all, and each mother will still have forty-two children,—twenty-one sons and twenty-one daughters.

He forgets that if he is to deal with the first-born "daughters" as with the "sons," then every family into which a son is first-born (however numerous the daughters), will have to be referred to some other mother; as also, every family in which the first-born, if a daughter, is *dead*, or any in which the first-born, when a daughter, is *under a month*; that is, we shall not have in either case the true number of the mothers at all determined by taking the number either of first-born sons or first-born daughters, *on the principle of this census*.

If, now, every first-born taken in families, excluding the heads, would, even in our country, represent from twenty-five to thirty of the population, how would it be if we had polygamy among us, and only he who was "first-born" both of father and mother was reckoned? and if also we had had a Pharaoh for a few years, making a massacre of the male children for the purpose of keeping down the population? The author allows that this last *might* tell on the result, and he makes a perfectly arbitrary and precarious deduction for it. We know not *what* it should be, and therefore any such ratio is perfect guess-work; but it is not unreasonable to infer that the number of "first-born" might represent in such a case not only twenty, but double the number of the male population.*

It is not the part of the Pentateuch to teach us social statistics, but many facts are presented there, which are well worth further investigation, as curious vouchers for the authenticity of the narrative. Thus the ratio of the entire number of the tribe of Levi, to that of the men between the ages of thirty and fifty, tallies with the ratio approximately established by modern statistics; and as one can hardly imagine the authors of the Pentateuch to have been much versed in economical science, we can only suppose it the effect of downright counting, unless we suppose it an unique instance of a lucky guess. Whenever solitary facts of this complex character occur in ancient history, and coincide with the inductions of modern science, we have symptoms of truth in the records. I commend this class of facts to the scrutiny of some new editor of Blunt; there is still a rich harvest of "undesigned coincidences" in the Pentateuch, awaiting the patience and sagacity of any one who knows how to put in the sickle. In stimulating such labours, our present critic may be of use; nearly all the great works on the "Evidences" have been evoked in this way, from the time of Celsus to the present. Christianity has often been accused of obtruding its evidences: never was a

* Rosenmüller's candid note on this subject is well worth reading. I cite a sentence:—"Vel hodie apud nos e septem, octo aut decem conjugiiis, etsi omnibus illis mascula prole numerosissimis, vix unum alterumve reperierimus quod primam prolem filium susceptum alat; reliqua omnia, quia in iis puella primi partus honorem præcepit, omni spe primogeniti alicujus unquam habendi, sunt exclusa. Neque tamen hæc sufficere ad difficultatem illam *prorsus* tollendam—."

charge less true. It would fain be about its proper business in the world, if the world would let it alone. From first to last, all the literature of the "Evidences" has been "apologetic."—Yours truly,

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LETTER XII.

December 22, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The conclusion of this book, were it not for the name on the title-page, would alone perfectly convince me, that it was written by one who had thoroughly abandoned all belief in the claims of the Bible, to be considered a special Divine revelation. He places it on a par, as it appears to me, with any other so-called sacred books. All of them are to be considered equally inspired by the Divine Spirit, so far as they contain any truth—of which, again, man's intellect is the absolute criterion. In fact, the Old Testament and the New, the Koran, the Shasters, the utterances of the Sikh Goo-roos and the disciples of Ram, contain in various degrees truth and falsehood, and stand much on the same level.

That in every age there will be found men who have given expression to some sublime abstractions respecting the Deity, is very true; but if we suppose any such vague rhapsodies of poets or sages will really be an instrument of moral reformation to mankind, we must have read the history of the world to little purpose. Whatever abstract truths, or approximations to truths, might be occasionally struck out by philosophers, they needed to be conjoined with other truths, and to be expressed in other forms, to render them capable of interesting the minds and enlisting the affections of men, or even to impel those who had uttered them, to attempt to give them diffusion or make them victorious; and, consequently, the profound religious ignorance and gross superstitions of ancient Greece and Rome continued age after age, while the philosophers looked on in silent contempt, or (worse still) joined in the public rites with edifying devotion, and lent their example,—more powerful than speculation, even if that had not been kept to themselves,—to perpetuate the popular delusions. As to any effect of the speculations of the Sikh Goo-roos, or the disciples of Ram, and those of all the Hindu sages into the bargain, the condition, for ages, of the whole continent of India,—crowded with temples consecrated to superstitions equally senseless, filthy, and bloody,—is a sufficient answer. Our author seems to think, on the other hand, that those who despair of the Pentateuch, or even of the whole Bible, may turn to these "wise men of the East" with consolation, and fill that "vacuity of the heart" which the loss of their faith will occasion, by stuffing it with fragments of Hindu theology. If they have not Moses and the prophets, have they not the Sikh Goo-roos? If they have not the New Testament, let them be consoled; have they not the words of RAM?

It is sad that the long experiment on behalf of "Deism," in the first half of the last century, should not have been sufficient for us. It was preceded and accompanied by strong efforts to get rid of the historic credibility of the Bible, similar to those used now. The tendencies too of Deism then, as of Rationalism now, were entirely *negative*; such systems may destroy, but they cannot construct; and there they will always end. They may enable those who wish it, to get rid of the Bible; but will not make people take up with the meagre dogmas of Herbert, or the equally meagre revelations of RAM!

And while the positive effect has ever been *nil*, even the negative effect has been always transient and superficial. Bolingbroke, in his "Letters on History," and in his "Philosophical Works," wrote against the credibility of the Bible, but especially of the Pentateuch, with a genius and eloquence with which it would be absurd to compare the miserable carping of a writer like this. He was, in his day, extensively read, but, spite of his genius and eloquence, he has been long since consigned to the "dust and darkness of the upper shelf;" while the Pentateuch still remains, and speaks to the world in 150 dialects.

The present book, I fancy, will go where Bolingbroke and a host more since, have already gone. A few years will show. Perhaps indeed a few months will suffice; for I see the author has announced Part II., and if he fulfils his promise, of telling us *how* and *when* the Pentateuch was composed, I predict that he will lose himself. He will sink into that huge "Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk"—the Documentary Hypothesis; and flounder in the deep mud of *earlier* Elohist and Jehovist, and *later* Elohist fragments. I know no reason why, if Moses be the author of the Pentateuch, he should not (especially in Genesis, where he had to do with events that occurred long before his time) have incorporated, under Divine superintendence, some fragments of previous documents. But when, with a view to discredit his authorship, or that of any one else in particular, it is attempted to sever completely the elements thus fused together; to give a chemical analysis of the whole; to show precisely how many of these documents there are, and where each begins or ends, or rather where each bit of each begins and ends; terminating in the conclusion that said documents may be either two, or four, or six, or even ten or twelve; that they may have been put together, like a patchwork quilt, and at any different period between the time of the Judges and that of the Babylonish captivity; then, loud is the din of controversy, and infinite are the varieties of opinion. "I have found a fresh bit of the Elohist document," cries one great critic; "it begins in the middle of the thirteenth verse of this or that chapter, and it ends in the middle of the fourteenth, just at the word—." "No such thing," cries a second, "it is clearly Jehovistic; anybody can see that with

half an eye." "You are both mistaken," cries a third, "it belongs to neither, as I have proved in a new dissertation of 150 pages." And when it is to be determined at what epoch these fortuitous atoms were gathered together in the Pentateuch, equally edifying is the variety of opinion. "No part," says one, "can be as old as the Judges, that is, if there ever *were* any Judges." "At least," cries a second, "there is no trace of it before Samuel's time." "We must come down yet lower," says a third; "Nathan or Gad may have had a hand in it." "Pure nonsense," cries a fourth, "the Pentateuch was not known even in Solomon's time." "No, nor then," cries a fifth; "we must come down to the time of the Captivity; perhaps, if Ezra were alive, he could tell us something about it." And so you have your two, six, or ten documents to choose from, and compiled at any period between the time of the Judges and the Babylonish captivity! "Pray, gentlemen, agree among yourselves," an ordinary Christian feels inclined to say; "it is impossible criticism can be worth much, which terminates in such endless discordances." One happy thing is, however, that whenever one of these theories is combated alone, it immediately crumbles to pieces in our hands. And no wonder, for the learned authors of all the rest, as well as the advocates of the ordinary view, fall upon it. And such, I predict, will be the issue in the present case.

If I may judge from one or two hints in Part I., I fancy our author will endeavour to prove that the Pentateuch is a series of fictions, composed as a sort of Jewish "Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," by Samuel or Nathan or Gad, or all of them; much as Æsop composed his "Fables," or John Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress;" that though they everywhere protest they are telling mere matter of fact, and somehow produce the effect that they meant to do so, and everywhere appeal to God that they speak in his name and by his authority, yet they really meant nothing of the kind at all: that, on the other hand, the Israelites,

finding that all this was very delightful reading,—though they and their forefathers are branded and libelled in every page, "are huffed and cuffed and disrespectit," are told that they will never come to any good, that they will always remain an "obstinate, stiff-necked generation," and will at length (which has curiously come to pass) be scattered among the nations, and become "a hissing, a byword, and a proverb,"—yet were so enamoured of this pleasant story-book, that they were somehow taken in, and fancied it was their *true history*, and forthwith handed it down, without one sound of protest, doubt, or repugnance, to all future generations, as not only true in fact, but as divinely inspired. Here is likelihood, here is wisdom! I cannot say *Credat Judæus*, for certainly no Jew ever would or did believe such nonsense; credulous scepticism alone is equal to that.

Of course we Englishmen can have no difficulty about believing it, because we all see that John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," having been written for much the same purposes, and having been read with intense entertainment, and without any of the drawbacks which the Israelites must have felt in reading the Pentateuch, is now swiftly passing into the domain of history, and will by and by be unanimously handed down as simple matter of fact!

I have now given you some of my reasons for presuming that Bishop Colenso cannot be the author of the book ascribed to him. If, in spite of all, he is, I shall never more be troubled with any of the alleged paradoxes of the Pentateuch, for they are, to me, immeasurably lighter.—Believe me, my dear friend, yours truly,

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* Errata in previous Letters:—

P. 89, col. 1, for "force of the Hebrew verb *Hiphil*," read "form of the Hebrew verb, *Hiphil*."

P. 89, col. 2, for "levity, irreverence," read "levity or irreverence."

P. 91, col. 2, for "inclined our modern critics," read "inclined our modern sceptics."

ON AERIAL NAVIGATION, AS APPLIED TO SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., ETC.

THE desire to navigate the atmosphere is most probably co-existent with man, and this is not to be wondered at, for when we behold the easy and graceful motion enjoyed by birds, their rapid flight, and facile mode of transition, it at once excites the desire to be possessed of the same facility of change of place, and of the pleasurable enjoyment of a bird's-eye view of the earth, adorned with its many and constantly-changing beauties.

Very many have been the attempts to attain the art of flying, and very numerous experiments have been made to solve the problem of atmospheric buoyancy; indeed, I may say, that such researches

and experiments extended over a thousand years, till the art of aerial navigation was discovered in France in the year 1782.

THE FIRE-BALLOON.

In that year, two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, who had noticed the rising of smoke, concluded that if they could confine smoke in a very light bag, it would rise into the air, and carry the bag with it; accordingly they constructed a bag of paper, leaving the lower part open, to which they applied burning paper with the view of producing smoke, upon which it began to expand, and,

in a few minutes, sustained itself by being held at its lower part, and shortly afterwards, on being released, rose to the ceiling of the room, and hence the origin of the fire-balloon.

THE AIR-BALLOON.

In the year 1766, Henry Cavendish discovered that inflammable air or hydrogen gas was lighter than air, and it immediately occurred to Dr. Black of Edinburgh, that a thin bladder filled with hydrogen gas would rise of itself.

In Dr. Thomas Thomson's *History of Chemistry*, vol. i., there is the following anecdote of Dr. Black, related by Mr. Benjamin Bell:—"Soon after the appearance of Mr. Cavendish's paper on hydrogen gas, in which he made an approximation to the specific gravity of that body, showing that it was at least ten times lighter than common air, Dr. Black invited a party of friends to supper, informing them that he had a curiosity to show them. Dr. Hutton, Mr. Clark of Eldin, and Sir George Clerk of Penicuik, were of the number. When the company invited had arrived, he took them into a room where he had the allantois of a calf filled with hydrogen gas, and, upon setting it at liberty, it immediately ascended and adhered to the ceiling. The phenomenon was easily accounted for; it was taken for granted that a small black thread had been attached to the allantois, that the thread passed through the ceiling, and that some one in the apartment above, by pulling the thread, elevated it to the ceiling, and kept it in its position. This explanation was so plausible, that it was agreed to by the whole company, though, like many other plausible theories, it turned out wholly fallacious, for when the allantois was brought down, no thread whatever was found attached to it. Dr. Black explained the cause of the ascent to his admiring friends; but such was his carelessness of his own reputation, that he never gave the least account of this curious experiment even to his class, and several years elapsed before this obvious property of hydrogen gas was applied to the elevation of balloons."

After several successful experiments with fire-balloons, it occurred to some of the scientific men at Paris, that a bag filled with hydrogen gas would rise of itself. A bag, twelve feet in diameter, was filled with hydrogen gas, and when liberated, it rose to a height of 100 feet, being retained there by ropes; but on the next day it was liberated, and allowed to rise freely, when, in the presence of an enormous crowd, it ascended to a height exceeding 3000 feet.

Thus two original kinds of balloon were invented nearly at the same time: one called fire-balloons, filled with rarefied air; and the other, air-balloons, inflated with hydrogen gas.

The results attained by the many experiments which were made during the years 1782 to 1785, having proved that a balloon would raise great weights, and continue in the air for a long time

thus suspended, caused great excitement over Europe and America.

ASCENTS IN BALLOONS FOR SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

There became a general desire to explore the higher regions of the air, and to pursue meteorological, magnetical, and other researches in the lofty regions of the atmosphere, and the invention of the balloon was looked upon as most important for these ends, and likely to produce great consequences. It was not, however, so far as I know, till the beginning of this century that any ascents were made for scientific purposes. In the years 1803 and 1804, Mr. Robertson made three ascents from St. Petersburg for the purpose of physiological, electrical, and magnetical experiments. On August 23, 1804, MM. Gay-Lussac and Biot ascended from Paris for a similar purpose; they reached a height of 13,000 feet, and came down safely, finding no difference in their experiments in magnetism, electricity, and galvanism from those made on the earth; a sad disappointment of the expectations of the scientific world.

On the 15th of September, Gay-Lussac ascended alone to a height of 22,977 feet. He found the time of the vibration of a magnet to be less than on the earth; his respiration was affected; the temperature of the air decreased from 82° to 15°, and its humidity very rapidly; he filled some glass bottles with air from the higher regions; was five hours and three quarters in the air, and noticed that the sky was deep blue. His observations on the temperature of the air were as follows:—

On the ground the temperature was	82 degrees.
At an elevation 9,930 feet it was	55 "
" 11,275 "	52 "
" 12,089 "	47 "
" 12,500 "	51 "
" 13,967 "	54 "
" 14,174 "	50 "
" 15,469 "	47 "
" 15,146 "	44 "
" 14,776 "	48 "
" 16,381 "	48 "
" 17,252 "	41 "
" 18,069 "	37 "
" 18,585 "	33 "
" 16,498 "	34 "
" 19,783 "	26½ "
" 20,000 "	29 "
" 20,119 "	26 "
" 22,546 "	19 "
" 22,851 "	15 "

In 1806, Carlo Brioschi, Astronomer-Royal at Naples, in endeavouring to ascend higher than Gay-Lussac, the balloon burst, but its remnant happily checked the rapidity of the descent, and falling in an open space, his life was saved; but he contracted a complaint which brought him to his grave.

A period followed of forty-four years, during which I do not know of any systematic attempts to take scientific observations by means of balloons.

In the year 1850, MM. Bixio and Barral conceived the project of ascending to a height of

30,000 to 40,000 feet, in order to study the many atmospheric phenomena as yet imperfectly known. On June 29th of that year, the balloon was filled with pure hydrogen gas in the garden of the observatory at Paris. The weather was bad. MM. Bixio, Barral, and the aeronaut placed themselves in the car, and, without testing the ascending power of the balloon, darted into the air like an arrow, and in two minutes were lost in the clouds at the height of 5000 feet. The gas in the balloon expanded with great force against the netting, which proved to be too small, the balloon became full and descended upon the car, which unfortunately was suspended by cords much too short, and consequently covered the occupants completely. In this difficult situation one of them, in his efforts to disengage the cord from the valve, caused an opening in the lower part of the balloon, from which the gas escaping at the height of their heads, occasioned them frequent illness; then they found that the balloon was torn considerably, and they were falling very fast; they threw away everything possible, and came to the earth in a vineyard, having left it only forty-seven minutes previously. They passed through a mass of clouds 9000 feet in thickness; the decrease of temperature up to 19,000 feet, the highest point reached, seemed to confirm the results obtained by Gay-Lussac in 1804.

In the following month, on July 27, the balloon began to be filled early in the morning with pure hydrogen as before. It proved to be a long operation, occupying till nearly two o'clock; then heavy rain fell, the sky became overcast; and at a few minutes after four o'clock the same gentlemen left the earth, and entered a cloud at 7000 or 8000 feet high, which proved to be fully 15,000 feet in thickness. They never, in fact, reached its highest extent; for when at the highest point, viz., 23,000 feet, at 4 h. 50 m., their descent began before they wished. Owing to a rent in the balloon, they could not check this involuntary descent, and reached the earth at 5 h. 30 m.

On approaching the limit of this cloud of 15,000 feet in thickness, an opening was formed in the vapour which surrounded them, through which they saw the blue sky. The polariscope, when directed towards this point, showed an intense polarization, and when directed to the side away from the opening, there was no polarization. An interesting optical phenomena signaled this ascent. Before reaching to the highest point, the bed of clouds which covered the balloon having become less dense, the two observers saw the sun dim and quite white, and, at the same time, they saw a second sun reflected as from a sheet of water, probably formed by the reflection of luminous rays falling on the horizontal sides of crystals of ice floating in the clouds.

The most interesting and extraordinary result, however, observed in this ascent, was the great change of temperature. At the height of about

19,000 feet, the temperature was about 15°, but in the next 2000 feet the temperature fell to *minus* 39°. This wonderful degree of cold was experienced whilst still in the cloud. What, we may ask, can the composition of such a cloud be? In this voyage, a height short of Gay-Lussac's by 50 feet was reached, yet a temperature of 50° lower value was experienced, and their clothes were covered with fine needles of ice. Since this time, I do not know of any ascent made in France in the service of science.

In the year 1852, Mr. Welsh, of the Kew Observatory, under the auspices of the British Association, made four ascents in the great Nassau balloon, from London, with the veteran aeronaut, Mr. Green, who had had the experience of 500 ascents. On August 17, August 26, October 21, and November 10, he reached the respective heights of 19,500, 19,100, 12,640, and 22,930 feet, and he took a series of observations in each ascent, from which he deduced, as far as temperature is concerned, "that the temperature of the air decreases uniformly with the height above the earth's surface, until, at a certain elevation, varying on different days, the decrease is arrested, and for a space of 2000 or 3000 feet, the temperature remains nearly constant, or even increases by a small amount; the regular diminution being afterwards resumed, and generally maintained at a rate slightly less rapid than in the lower part of the atmosphere, and commencing from a higher temperature than would have existed, but for the interruption noticed.

The facts recorded by Gay-Lussac relative to the decline of temperature with increase of elevation, appeared to confirm the law which theory, based upon observations made on mountain-sides, assigns for gradation of temperature in the atmosphere, viz., a *decrease* of one degree for *every* increase of height of 300 feet; and the deduction of Mr. Welsh from his experiments, tended to the confirmation of the same theory, though somewhat modified. Up to the present time, therefore, the high expectations entertained on the discovery of the balloon have never been realized; it has not led to any important results, and, with the exception of the instances which I have named, and a very few others, it has been used as a toy to please a crowd. Yet it is by no other means that we can free ourselves from the disturbing influences to which I shall presently allude; and ever since its invention, now eighty years ago, the question has been put again and again, and especially since the formation of the British Association, Whether the balloon does not afford a means of accomplishing, with advantage and great facility, the solution of many problems in physics, which are seriously affected by the influences in question, and which problems, without its use, would occupy many years of research, *under great disadvantages*, with this additional drawback, that the results obtained would always labour under certain suspicious.

Whether delicate and accurate observations can be made therein? Whether an observer, in such a position, can be sufficiently at ease to observe as well as on the earth? Whether the observations can be made with tolerable safety to himself?

No answer could be given to these questions, except by the personal experience of one well acquainted, by long practice, with the several instruments to be used, and who had acquired the power of concentrating all his energies upon his work irrespective of his position, and who would trust himself in a voyage through the air. This latter risk must necessarily be run; a risk honourable, I think, if the objects sought be *definite*, of *high value*, and *not otherwise* to be attained; but unquestionably foolhardy, if these objects were *indefinite*, of *little value*, or attainable by *other means*. For many years I have been anxious that these questions should be answered; and when we consider that all philosophical inquiries carried on near the surface of the earth are of necessity fully within the earth's influence, and are affected by the radiation, conduction, and reflection of heat, of ever-varying currents of air, and of the reflection of the rays of light; are within the influences of large or small evaporating surfaces on the one hand, or of condensing surfaces on the other, and of many other disturbing causes, every one of which is a source of error, and from which we cannot escape even by *going to the top of the highest mountain*. When we consider, also, what sciences would be benefited thereby, such as *astronomy*, *meteorology*, and allied sciences certainly, *magnetism*, *physiology*, and other sciences probably, the objects surely become sufficiently definite, worthy of some effort, and, if needs be, of some risk. Perhaps of all branches of physical research, the greatest good would accrue in the departments of *meteorology* and *astronomy*; and remembering the influence which a clear sky or a cloudy one exercises on the temperature and weather, and what an important part the condition of the sky has on our own comfort and wellbeing, there seemed to be a high probability that, by studying the laws that govern the higher strata of the air, and cultivating some acquaintance with these regions themselves, not only our knowledge of aerial phenomena would be much advanced, but it may be hoped that a mighty contribution would eventually be made to the cause of human welfare; while as to *astronomy* there is no more important point in the whole range of physics, to which experiments can be directed, than the improvement of our knowledge of the laws of refraction, since the ascertainment of the true position of any heavenly body is dependent upon our correct acquaintance with these laws. The objects attainable by means of a balloon seem to be, therefore, of high importance, and those attempted in the late ascents are as follows:—

To determine the pressure of the atmosphere.

To determine the temperature of the air.

To determine the hygrometrical states of the air at heights as high as possible.

To compare the readings of an aneroid barometer with those of a mercurial barometer up to five miles, or even higher.

To determine the electrical state of the air.

To determine the oxygenic state of the atmosphere by means of ozone papers.

To determine the time of vibration of a magnet on the earth, and at different distances from it.

To determine the temperature of the dew-point by Daniell's dew-point hygrometer, and Regnault's condensing hygrometer, and by the use of the dry and wet bulb thermometers as ordinarily used, and their use when under the influence of the aspirator, which caused considerable volumes of air to pass over both their bulbs; at different elevations as high as possible, but particularly up to heights where man may be resident, or where troops may be located, as in the high table-lands and plains in India; with the view of ascertaining what confidence may be placed in the use of the dry and wet bulb thermometers at those elevations, by comparison with Daniell's and Regnault's hygrometers; and also to compare the results as found by the two hygrometers together.

To collect air at different elevations.

To note the height and kind of clouds, their density and thickness at different elevations.

To determine the rate and direction of different currents in the atmosphere, if possible.

To make observations on sound.

To note atmospherical phenomena in general, and to make general observations.

JOURNEY IN A BALLOON SIX MILES HIGH.

When it is intended to ascend five or six miles high, the balloon is but little more than one-half full; because gas expands to double its bulk at three and three-quarters miles high, and to three times its bulk at five or six miles; to fill the balloon before starting would therefore be to waste gas, and possibly annoy the occupants of the car by its escape from expansion at the neck of the balloon.

The processes of expansion and contraction are constantly going on, and varies with every variation in the height of the balloon. On passing from a cloudy state of the sky to a clear one, it is necessary to go through the clouds, during which time the cordage and the balloon become bedewed with moisture, so increasing its load; but on breaking into bright sunshine, the expansion, from the sun shining on the balloon causes it to rise rapidly; two agencies being at work, viz., increase of heat and loss of weight by evaporation. But in passing from bright sunshine into cloud, the gas becomes contracted by loss of heat, and the balloon every instant absorbs moisture and so increases its load; both causes combining to make the balloon descend with great rapidity.

Moreover, this continual variation in the expan-

sion or contraction of the gas causes perpetual changes in the shape and course of the balloon, and so necessitates the constant attention, skill, and judgment of the *aéronaut*.

In the case of the extreme high ascents, the operations were performed where no eye but mine could witness them.

At the same time, a journey through the air, reaching to the height of five or six miles, is of so rare an occurrence, the position so novel, the phenomena which present themselves so peculiar, that nothing short of personal experience could give a correct knowledge of them, that I propose to give a descriptive account of a journey through the air, blending the experiences of the several ascents I have made somewhat together.

BEFORE LEAVING THE EARTH.

Imagine the balloon somewhat more than half inflated, eager for flight, with only one link connecting it with the earth, viz., a rope attached to an instrument called a liberating iron or catch.

When all the ballast, instruments, and everything else are placed in the car, with the grapnel attached outside, so as to be readily detached, and these amount to 4000 pounds, the balloon is brought to a *nice* and *even* balance, so that the addition of 20 pounds would prevent it from rising, but if removed would give it the required ascending power.

When all is ready, Mr. Coxwell, with his hand upon the catch, looks up at the sky, and is, apparently, staring at vacancy; but he is not. If the sky be partially cloudy, he watches till he is midway between the cloud that has passed and that which is coming, so that he may have a clear sky, and at least see the earth beneath, and avoid, if possible, passing through a cloud, though it may be cloudy all round; for the cloud which preceded will always precede, and that which follows will always follow. Nor is that all, he knows that in every wind, how strong soever it may be, there are periods of calms, and if he can start in one of them he avoids much rotatory motion; so he awaits for an opportune moment for a fair start, to combine these two states together, if possible.

THE DEPARTURE.

When the sun shines, the wind lulls, and the balloon stands proudly erect; the favourable moment arrives; the catch is pulled, and we are free. We are free, but not only so, we are in profound repose; no matter how violent soever the wind may be, no matter how agitated the balloon may have been swaying to and fro, now on this side, now on that, with sudden and violent action, notwithstanding all the efforts of the many individuals who were struggling to hold it; all agitation in a moment ceases, and we are in perfect stillness, without any sense of motion whatever, and this continues throughout our entire flight.

Once away, we are both immediately at work;

we have but little time for graceful acknowledgments to cheering friends. Mr. Coxwell proceeds to put the car in order, and accordingly looks to it, to his balloon, and to the course we are taking; and I must get my instruments in order. Without delay, therefore, at once place them in their situations, adjust them, and take a reading as soon as possible.

In a few minutes we are from 1000 to 2000 feet high; Mr. Coxwell looks intently upwards, to see how the huge folds of the balloon fill into the netting. If we have started from a town, its busy hum attracts our attention, and a glance shows us the many upturned faces in every street, and the town itself, which looks like an engineer's model in motion; and the now fast fading cheers of our assembled friends next attract our attention, and another glance shows us the quickly-diminishing forms of the objects we so recently left.

REACHING THE CLOUDS.

On approaching the clouds, Mr. Coxwell recommends me to take a farewell peep at the earth; and as I do this, the clouds receive us, at first in a light gauze of vapour, and then in their chilly embrace, where I examine their structure, note the temperature of the dew-point particularly. Shortly it becomes lighter, the light gradually increasing, till it is succeeded by a flood of light, at first striking, then dazzling; and we pass out of a dense cloud, to where the clouds open out in bold and fantastic shapes, showing us light and shade and spectral scenes, embellished with prismatic colours, disporting themselves around us in wild grandeur, till at length we break out into brilliant sunshine, and the clouds roll away into a perfect sea of vapour, obscuring the earth entirely; then in the line from the sun passing us, we see the shadow of the balloon and car and ourselves upon the clouds, very large and distinct, with encircling ovals of rainbow tints; forming altogether a wonderful scene—a wonderful contrast to that of their lower surface.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

When approaching the height of three miles, Mr. Coxwell directs my attention to the fact, that the balloon is full, and the gas is issuing from the safety-valve. He then directs my attention to the fit and proportions of the netting. I find the gas, which was before cloudy and opaque, is clear and transparent, so that I can look right up the balloon, and see the meshes of the network showing through it; the upper valve, with its springs and line, reaching to the car, and the geometrical form of the balloon itself. Nor is this an idle examination.

I have already said, that in passing through the cloud, the netting would gather moisture, augmenting the weight of the balloon; if this should not all have evaporated, the network would have become frozen, and be as wire-rope; so that, if

the diamond shape of the netting when under tension, and the form of the crown of the balloon, be not symmetrical, the weight might not be equally distributed, and there would be danger of it cutting the balloon. A sense of security, therefore, follows such an examination.

THREE MILES HIGH.

A stream of gas now continually issues from the neck, which is very capacious, being fully two square feet in area, which is always left open; and after a time I see Mr. Coxwell, whose eye has been continually watching the balloon, pass his fingers over the valve line, as if in readiness to pull the cord. I look inquiringly at him. He says, I have decided to open the large upper valve, and carefully explains why. "The tension," he says, "on the balloon is not greater than it would bear in a warm stratum of air with safety; but now that we are three miles up with a chilled balloon, it is better to allow some to escape at the top, as well as a good deal from the bottom.

FOUR MILES HIGH.

We are now far beyond the reach of all ordinary sounds from the earth. A sea of clouds is below us, so dense that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have passed through them. Up to this time, little or no inconvenience is met with; but on passing above four miles, much personal discomfort is experienced; respiration becomes difficult; the beating of the heart at times is audible; the hands and lips become blue, and at higher elevations the face also; and it requires the exercise of a strong will to make and record observations.

FIVE MILES HIGH.

Before getting to our highest point, Mr. Coxwell counts the number of his sand-bags, and calculates how much higher we can go, with respect to the reserve of ballast necessary to regulate the descent.

Then I feel a vibration in the car, and, on turning round, see Mr. Coxwell in the act of lowering down the grapnel; then looking up at the balloon; then scanning the horizon, and weighing apparently in his mind some distant clouds, through which we are likely to pass in going down.

A glance suffices to show that his mind is made up how much higher it is prudent to rise, and how much ballast it is expedient to preserve.

SIX MILES HIGH.

The balloon is now lingering, as it were, under the deep blue vault of space, hesitating whether to mount higher, or begin its descent without further warning. We now hold consultation, and then look around, giving silent scope to those emotions of the soul which are naturally called forth by such a wide-spread range of creation.

Our course is now about to change, but here I

interpose with "No, no; stop! not yet; let us remain so long, that the instruments are certain to take up their true readings, so that no doubt can rest upon the observations here. When I am satisfied, I will say, pull."

THE HIGHEST POINT.

Then, in silence, for here we respire with difficulty, and talk but little; in the centre of this immense space; in solitude, without a single object to interrupt the view for 200 miles or more all round; abstracted from the earth; upheld by an invisible medium; our mouth so dry we cannot eat; a white sea below us; so far below, we see few, if any, irregularities. I watch the instruments, but forcibly impelled again, look round from the centre of this immense vacuity, whose bounding line is 1500 miles, including an area of 130,000 square miles.

BEGINNING OF THE DESCENT.

When I find no further changes are proceeding, I wave my hand and say, "Pull." A deep resonant sound is heard overhead; a second pull is followed by a second report that rings as with shrill accompaniment down the very sides of the balloon. It is the working of the valve which causes a loud booming noise, as from a sounding-board, as the springs force the shutters back.

But this sound in that solitary region, amid a silence so profound that no silence on earth is equal to it; a drum-like sound meeting the ear from above, from whence we usually do not hear sounds, strikes one forcibly. It is, however, one sound only; *there is no reverberation, no reflection*; and this is characteristic of all sounds in the balloon, *one clear sound*, continuing during its own vibrations, then gone in a moment. *No sound ever reaches the ear a second time.* But though the sound from the closing of the valve in those silent regions is striking, it is also cheering, it is reassuring, it proves all to be right; that the balloon is sound, and that the colder regions have not frozen tight the outlet for gas.

ONE OR TWO MILES DOWN.

We have descended a mile or more, and our feelings improve with the increase of air and warmth. But silence reigns supreme. Mr. Coxwell turns his back upon me, scanning the distant cloudscape, speculating as to when and where we shall break through, and catch sight of the earth.

APPROACHING THE CLOUDS FROM ABOVE.

On nearing the clouds we observe the counterpart of our own balloon reflected upon them, at first small in size, momentarily increasing. This spectral balloon is charming to look upon, and presents itself under a variety of aspects, which are magnified or diminished by the relative distance of our balloon from the clouds, and by its position in relation to the sun, which produces the

shadow. At mid-day, it is deep down, almost underneath; but it is more grandly defined towards evening, when the golden and ruby tints of the declining sun impart a gorgeous colouring to cloud-land. You may then see the spectre balloon magnified upon the distant cloud-tops, surrounded with three beautiful circles of rainbow tints. Language fails utterly to describe these illuminated photographs, which spring up with matchless truthfulness and choice decoration.

DIPPING INTO THE CLOUDS.

Just before we enter the clouds, Mr. Coxwell having made all preparations for the descent, strictly enjoins me to be ready to put up the instruments, lest, when we lose the powerful rays of the sun, and absorb the moisture of the lower clouds, we should approach the earth with too great rapidity.

We now near the confines of the clouds, see the spectral balloon approaching us, nearly as large as our own, and just then dip swiftly into the thickest of them. We experience a decided chill, and hear the rustling of the collapsing balloon, which is now but one-third full; but cannot see it, so dense is the mass of vapour; one, two, three, four, or more minutes pass, and we are still in the cloud; how thick it must be, considering the rapidity of the descent.

BELOW THE CLOUDS.

Presently we pass below, and the earth is visible. There is a high road intersecting green pastures; a piece of water like polished steel. An open country lies before us; a shout comes up and announces that we are seen, and all goes well, save the rapidity of the descent, caused by the thick clouds through which we have just passed, shutting us out from the sun's rays, and loading us with moisture. Mr. Coxwell counteracts this by means of the ballast, and streams out one bag, which appears to fly up instead of falling down; now another, and another he casts forth, but still it goes up, till the wayward balloon is reduced within the bounds of moderation. Mr. Coxwell exultingly exclaims, "I have it now under perfect control, with sand enough, and to spare."

Glad to find the balloon checked, with the prospect of an easy descent, I read the several instruments as quickly as I can, noticing at the same time the landscape below, charming in its constant variation, rich with its mounds of green foliage, fields of various shades of green, intersected by roads, rivers, rivulets, etc.; and all this is seen with a distinctness superior to that on the earth; the line of sight is through a purer and less dense medium,

everything seems clearer, though smaller. At the height of four miles over Birmingham, both Mr. Coxwell and myself distinguished readily the New Street station, and the several streets in the town, with the naked eye. After descending slowly for a little time, Mr. Coxwell selects a spot for our descent, distant then two or three miles. The current near the earth, which is often stronger than the upper, wafts us merrily in that direction.

NEARING THE EARTH.

We are but a few hundred feet from the earth, when Mr. Coxwell requests me to put up the instruments, and he will keep on that level till I am ready. He throws out a little more sand, and I pack up the instruments in their wadded cases. Mr. Coxwell's eye is on the balloon—the course it is taking with respect to the inclination of its descent on the spot where he has chosen to land. Shortly he calls out, "Are you all right?" "All right," I respond. "Look out, then, and hold fast by the ropes, the grapnel will stop us in the large meadow, with the hedge-row in front."

AT ANCHOR.

Sure enough the grapnel catches in the hedge, and once again we are connected with the earth by one link. The valve line is drawn, and a little gas is allowed to escape. The sheep, which have been watching the descending balloon, huddle together and run away; and the cattle, becoming very frightened, place their tails horizontal, and wildly scamper off in all directions.

ON THE EARTH.

Villagers break through the hedges on all sides, and we are soon surrounded by an agricultural crowd, some of whom take hold of the rope attached to the grapnel, and, as directed, pull us down, or hold it whilst we float to the centre of a field. The valve is again opened, gas is allowed to escape by degrees, nothing is allowed to be touched till the reduced buoyancy of the balloon permits the removal of the instruments. The car is gradually lightened, till finally we step out, when a group of friends from among the gentry draw up near us; and although some few may question whether we belong to this planet, or are just imported from another, all doubt on the subject is soon set at rest, and we are greeted with a hearty welcome from all when we tell our story,—how that we have travelled the realms of space, not for the purposes of pleasure, not from motives of curiosity, but for the advancement of science and the good of mankind.

HE HEADED NOT.

THE song of singing brook to hear,
Or sermon of the silent stone,
Or, lapt in depth of shadow clear,
To watch how Nature works alone—
That man hath neither eye nor ear,
Who careth not for human moan ;

Who holds the city for a waste
In his refined poetic eye ;
The weak antennæ of whose taste
From touch of alien grossness fly ;
And draw themselves, in shrinking haste,
From sin that passeth helpless by.

And he whose heart is full of grace
To brothers, sisters, round about,
Finds more in any human face,
Beclouded all with wrong and doubt,
Than shines in nature's holiest place,
Where mountains dwell and streams run out.

A sound of strife assailed my ear,
As through the street I went one morn :
A wretched alley I drew near,
Whence plainer still the sound was borne—
Grows breaking into curses clear,
Retorted with a shriller scorn.

Straightway from round the corner came
A man consumed in smouldering ire :
Scarce fit to answer to his name,
His senses drowned with revels dire,
Flashes of sullen, fitful flame
Broke from the embers of his fire.

He cast a glance of stupid hate
Behind him, every step he took ;
Where followed him, like following fate,
An aged crone, whose bloated look
Outdid her son's. With feeble gait,
She tottered, rated him, and shook.

But why should I such lawless things
Weave into cadence ordered right ?
What, answering them, yet higher strings
Should sound in praise of love's own might,
Obedient to the law that brings
From evil good, from darkness light.

For he was haunted in his haste
By love that bred him some annoy :
In front, no higher than his waist,
Close to him stood a tiny boy ;
A feeble child, ill-clothed, pale-faced,
Whose eyes held neither hope nor joy—

But earnestness. You think he pled
With drunken siren to keep the peace ?
And home his wayward footsteps led,
To find in sleep his sin's release ?
The child, in evil born and bred,
Strove thus to make the evil cease ?

Not so. The boy spoke never word ;
But, seeming only to aspire,
Like a half-fledged, worm-hungry bird,
He stood on tiptoe—reaching higher :
With anxious care his soul was stirred,
With anxious service to his sire.

With waking pale, with anger red,
He, forward leaning, held his foot,
Lest on the darling he should tread :
A sense, somehow, had taken root,
Even in his poor bewildered head,
That kindness round him hovered mute.

And o'er the child his words of ill
Were gently, dumbly, powerless borne.
They hurt him not : the fleet bee will
The falling hail, uninjured, scorn.
He heeded not, but reaching still,
Buttoned his father's waistcoat worn.

Over his calm, unconscious face,
There passed no troubled change of mood ;
It kept its quiet earnest grace,
As round it seeing all things good ;
Clear as a pool in its own place,
Unsunned within a sunless wood.

Was the child deaf—the tender palm
Of Him that made him, folded round
The little head, to make it calm
And fearless ; so that every sound
Grew nothing there ; nor curse nor psalm
Could thrill the globe thus grandly bound ?

Or was it that, by nature's law
Accustomed words themselves efface ?
Or was he too intent for awe,
Love filling up the thinking place ?
I cannot tell ; I only saw
An earnest, an untroubled grace.

From evil men whose tongues are swords,
Who speak and have not understood,
Lord, keep us ! From the strife of words,
Fold up our hearts in something good.
Make silence with the hand that girds
The silent mountain, silent wood.



"He heeded not, but reaching still,
Buttoned his father's waistcoat worn."



REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MANSE GIRLS AND THEIR
EDUCATION.

"Dost thou remember all those happy meetings,
In summer evenings round the open door;
Kind looks, kind words, and tender greetings
From clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more—
Dost thou remember them?"

THE manse girls were many. They formed a large family, a numerous flock, a considerable congregation; or, as the minister expressed it in less exaggerated terms, "a heavy handful." One part of their education, as I have already noticed, was conducted by a governess. The said governess was the daughter of a "governor," or commandant of one of the Highland forts—whether Fort-Augustus or Fort-William I remember not—where he had for years reigned over a dozen rusty guns, and half as many soldiers, with all the dignity of a man who was supposed to guard the great Southern land against the outbreaks and incursions of the wild Highland clans, although, in truth, the said Highland clans had been long asleep in the old kirkyard "among the heather," for, as the song hath it,—

"No more we'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is the Highland glen,
And mossy cairns are o'er the men
Who fought and died for Charlie."

The "major"—for the commandant had attained that rank in the first American war—left an only daughter who was small and dumpty in stature, had no money, and but one leg. Yet was she most richly provided for otherwise with every womanly quality, and the power of training girls in "all the branches" then considered most useful for sensible well-to-do women and wives. She was not an outsider in the family, or a mere teaching machine, used and valued like a mill or plough for the work done, but a member of the household, loved and respected for her own sake. She was so dutiful and kind, that the beat of her wooden leg on the wooden stair became musical—a very beating of time with all that was best and happiest in her pupils' hearts. She remained for some years educating the younger girls, until a batch of boys broke the line of feminine succession, and then she retired for a time to teach one or more families in the neighbourhood. But no sooner was the equilibrium of the manse restored by another set of girls, than the little governess returned to her old quarters, and once more stumped through the schoolroom, with her happy face, wise tongue, and cunning hand.

The education of the manse girls was neither learned nor fashionable. They were taught neither French nor German, music nor drawing, while

dancing as an art was out of the question, with the wooden leg as the only artist to teach it. The girls, however, were excellent readers, writers, and arithmeticians; and they could sew, knit, shape clothes, and patch to perfection. I need hardly say that they were their own and their mother's only dressmakers, and manifested wonderful skill and taste in making old things look new, and in so changing the cut and fashion of the purchases made long ago from the packman, that Mary's "everlasting silk" or Jane's merino, seemed capable of endless transformations; while their bonnets, by judicious turning, trimming, and tasteful placing of a little bit of ribbon, looked always fresh and new.

Contrasted with an expensive and fashionable education, theirs will appear to have been poor and vulgar. Yet in the long course of years, I am not sure but the manse girls had the best of it. For one often wonders what becomes of all this fashionable education in the future life of the young lady. What French or German books does she read as a maid or matron? With whom does she, or can she, converse in these languages? Where is her drawing beyond the Madonna's heads and the Swiss landscape which she brought from school, touched up by the master? What music does she love and practise for the sake of its own beauty, and not for the sake of adding to the hum of the drawing-room after dinner? The manse girls could read and speak two languages, at least—Gaelic and English. They could sing, too, their own Highland ditties: wild, but yet as musical as mountain streams and summer winds; sweet and melodious as song of thrush or blackbird in spring, going right to the heart of the listener, and from his heart to his brimming eyes. And so I am ready to back the education of the poor manse against that of many a rich and fashionable mansion, not only as regards the ordinary "branches," but much more as developing the mental powers of the girls. At all events they acquired habits of reflective observation, with a capacity of thoroughly relishing books, enjoying Nature in all her varying scenes and moods, and of expressing their own thoughts and sentiments with such a freshness and force as made them most delightful members of society. A fashionable education, on the other hand, is often a mere tying on to a tree of a number of "branches" without life, instead of being a developing of the tree itself, so that it shall bear its own branches loaded with beautiful flowers and clustering fruit.

But the manse school included more rooms than the little attic where the girls met around that familiar knot of wood which projected from be-

neath the neat calico of the major's daughter. The cheerful society of the house ; the love of kindred, —each heart being as a clear spring that sent forth its stream of affection with equable flow to refresh others ; the innumerable requirements of the glebe and farm ; the spinning and shearing ; the work in the laundry, the kitchen, and the dairy ; the glorious out-door exercise over field and moor, in the glens or by the shore ; the ministrations of charity, not with its doled-out alms to beggars only, but with its "kind words and looks and tender greetings" to the many cottagers around,—these all were teachers in the Home School. And thus, partly from circumstances, partly, it must be acknowledged, from rare gifts of God bestowed upon them, they all grew up with a purity, a truthfulness, a love and gladness, which made the atmosphere of the manse one of constant sunshine. Each had her own strong individual character, like trees which grow free on the mountain side. They delighted in books, and read them with head and heart, undisturbed by the slang and one-sided judgments of hack critics. And it occasionally happened that some Southern friend, who in his wanderings through the Highlands enjoyed the hospitality of the manse, sent the girls a new volume of pleasant literature as a remembrance of his visit. These gifts were much valued, and read as volumes are seldom read now-a-days. Books of good poetry especially were so often conned by them that they became as portions of their own thoughts.

The manse girls did not look upon life as a vain show, aimless and purposeless ; upon everything and every person as "a bore ;" or upon themselves as an insupportable burden to parents and to brothers,—unless they got husbands ! Choice wives they would have made, for both their minds and bodies had attractions not a few ; and "good offers," as they were called, came to them as to others. Young men had been "daft" about them, and they were too sensible and womanly not to wish for a home they could call their own ; yet it never crossed their thoughts that they *must* marry, just as one must get a pair of shoes. They never imagined that it was possible for any girl of principle and feeling to marry a man whom she did not love, merely because he had a number of sheep and cattle in a Highland farm ; or had good prospects from selling tea and sugar in Glasgow ; or had a parish as a minister, or a property as a "laird." Poor foolish creatures were they not to think so ? without one farthing they could call their own ; with no prospects from their father, the minister ; with no possessions save what he had last purchased for them from the packman ! What on earth would come of them or of their mother if the parson was drowned some stormy night with Ruari and "the Roe ?" Were they to be cast on the tender mercies of this or that brother who had a home over their heads ? What ? a brother to afford shelter to a sister ! Or could they seriously intend to trust Providence for the future,

if they only did His will for the present ? Better far, surely, to accept the first good offer ; snatch at the woolly hand of the large sheep-farmer, the sweet hand of the rich grocer, the thin, sermon-writing hand of the preacher ; nay, let them take their chance even with James, the tutor, who has been sighing over each of them in turn ! But no ; like "fools," they took for granted that it never could come wrong in the end to do what was right at the time, and so they never thought it to be absolutely incumbent on them to "marry for marrying sake." Neither father nor mother questioned the propriety of their conduct. And thus it came to pass that none of them, save one, who loved most heroically and most truly unto death, ever married. The others became what married ladies and young expectants of that life-climax call—Old Maids. But many a fireside, and many a nephew and niece, with the children of a second generation, blessed God for them as precious gifts.

I feel that no apology is required for quoting the following extract from a letter written by the pastor, more than sixty years ago, when some of the eldest of the manse girls left home for the first time. It will find, I doubt not, a response in the heart of many a pastor in similar circumstances :—

"It was, my dear, my very dear girls, at seven in the morning of Thursday, the 31st August, you took your departure from the old quay—that quay where often I landed in foul and fair weather, at night and by day ; my heart always jumping before me, anticipating the happiness of joining the delightful group that formed my fireside,—a group I may never see collected again. How happy the parents, the fewest in number, who can have their families within their reach ! happier still, when, like you, their families are to them a delight and comfort ! You left the well-known shores of —, and your parents returned with heavy steps, the weight of their thoughts making their ascent to the manse much slower and harder to accomplish than ever they found it before. We sat on the hill-side bathed in tears, giving many a kind and longing look to the wherry, which always went further from us, till our dim eyes, wearied of their exertions, could see nothing in its true state ; when, behold, cruel Castle Duart interrupted our view, and took out of our sight the boat that carried from us so much of our worldly treasure. Our thousand blessings be with our dear ones, we cried, and returned to the house,—to the manse of — ; a house where much comfort and happiness were always to be found ; where the friend was friendly treated, and where the stranger found himself at home ; where the distressed and the needy met with pity and kindness, and the beggar never went off without being supplied ; where the story and the joke often cheered the well-pleased guests, and were often accompanied with the dance and the song, and all with an uncommon degree of elegance, cheerfulness, and good humour. But with me these wonted scenes of merriment are now

over. The violin and the song have no charms for me; the dance and the cheerful tale delight no more. But hold, minister! what mean you by these gloomy thoughts? Why disturb for a moment the happiness of the dear things you write to, and for whose happiness you so earnestly pray, by casting a damp upon their gay and merry hours? Cease, foolish, and tempt not Providence to afflict you! What! have you not many comforts to make you happy? Is not the friend of your bosom, the loving dutiful wife, and the loving dutiful mother, alive to bless and to comfort you? Is not your family, though somewhat scattered, all alive? Are they not all good and promising? None of them ever yet caused you to blush; and are not these great blessings? and are they not worthy of your most cheerful and grateful acknowledgments? They are, they are, and I bless God for his goodness. But the thought—I cannot provide for these! Take care, minister, that the anxiety of your affection does not unhinge that confidence with which the Christian ought to repose upon the wise and good providence of God! What though you are to leave your children poor and friendless? Is the arm of the Lord shortened that he cannot help? is his ear heavy that he cannot hear? You yourself have been no more than an instrument in the hand of his goodness; and is his goodness, pray, bound up in your feeble arm? Do you what you can; leave the rest to God. Let them be good, and fear the Lord, and keep his commandments, and he will provide for them in his own way and in his own time. Why then wilt thou be cast down, O my soul; why disquieted within me? Trust thou in the Lord! Under all the changes and the cares and the troubles of this life, may the consolations of religion support our spirits. In the multitude of the thoughts within me, thy comforts, O my God, delight my soul! But no more of this preaching-like harangue, of which, I doubt not, you wish to be relieved. Let me rather reply to your letter, and tell you my news."

It was after this period that he had to mourn the loss of many of his family. And then began for the manse-girls the education within the school of sickness and death, whose door is shut against the intrusion of the noisy world, and into which no one can enter, except the Father of all, and "the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother."

The first break in a family is a solemn and affecting era in its history; most of all when that family is "all the world" to its own members. The very thought—so natural to others who have suffered—that this one who has been visited by disease can ever become *dangerously* ill—can ever die, is by them dismissed as a dreadful night-mare. Then follow "the hopes and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng;" the watchings which turn night into day, and day into night; the sympathy of sorrow which makes each mourner hide from others the grief that in secret

is breaking the heart; the intense realization, at last, of all that may be—ay, that must be—until the last hours come, and what these are they alone know who have loved and lost. What a mighty change does this first death make in a family, when it is so united, that if one member suffers all suffer! It changes everything. The old haunts by rock or stream can never be as they were; old songs are hushed for years, and, if ever sung again, they are like wails for the dead; every room in the house seems, for a time, tenanted more by the dead than by the living; the books are theirs; the seat in church is not empty, but occupied by them; plans and purposes, family arrangements and prospects, all seem for a time so purposeless and useless. No one ever calculated on this possibility! The trial which has come verily seems "strange." Yet this is, under God, a holy and blessed education. Lessons are then taught, "though as by fire," which train all the scholars for a higher school. And if that old joyousness and hilarity pass away which belong to a world that seemed as if it could not change—like a very Eden before the Fall—it is succeeded by a deeper life; a life of faith and hope which find their rest in the unchanging rather than the changing present.

Such was a portion of the education which the pastor and his family received for many succeeding years in the old manse; but its memory was ever accompanied by thanksgiving for the true, genuine Christian life and death of those who had died. I need hardly say that the girls, more than the other members of the family, shared these sorrows and this discipline; for whatever men can do in the storm of ocean or of battle, women are the ministering angels in the room of sickness and of suffering.

Before I turn away from the manse-girls, I must say something more of their little governess. She lingered long about the manse, as a valued friend, when her services were no longer needed. But she resolved at last to attempt a school in the low country, and to stamp some uneducated spot with the impress of the wooden knob. Ere doing so, she confided to the minister a story told her by her father, the fort-commandant, about some link or other which bound him to the Argyle family. What that link precisely was, no history records. It may have been that her mother was a Campbell, or that the major had served in a regiment commanded by some member of that noble house, or had picked an Argyle out of the trenches of Ticonderoga. Anyhow, the commandant fancied that his only daughter would find a crutch of support, like many others, in "the Duke," if he only knew the story. Never up to this time was the crutch needed; but needed it is now if she is to pursue her life-journey in peace. Why not tell the story then to the Duke? quoth the minister. Why not? thoughtfully ruminated the little governess. And so they both entered the manse-study—a wonderful little sanctum of books and

mss., with a stuffed otter and wild-cat, a gun, compass, coil of new rope, the flag of the "Roe," a print of the Duke of Argyle, and of several old divines and reformers, in wigs and ruffs. There the minister wrote out, with great care, a petition to the Duke for one of the very many kind charities, in the form of small annuities, which were dispensed by his Grace. The governess determined to present it in person at Inverary. But the journey thither was then a very serious matter. To travel now-a-days from London to any capital on the Continent is nothing to what that journey was. For it could only be done on horseback, and by crossing several stormy ferries, as wide as the Straits of Dover. The journey was at last, however, arranged in this way. There lived in one of the many cottages on the glebe, a man called "old Archy," who had been a servant in the family of the pastor's father-in-law. Archy had long ago accompanied, as guide and servant, the minister's wife, when she went to Edinburgh for her education. Having been thus trained to foreign travel, and his fame established as a thoroughly qualified *courier*, he was at once selected to accompany, on horseback, the governess to Inverary. That excellent woman did not, from nervous anxiety, go to bed the night previous to her departure; and she had laboured for a fortnight to produce a new dress in which to appear worthily before the Duke. She had daily practised, moreover, the proper mode of address, and was miserable from the conviction that all would be ruined by her saying "Sir," instead of "your Grace." The minister tried to laugh her out of her fears, and to cheer her by the assurance that a better-hearted gentleman lived not than the good Duke John; and that she must just speak to him as she felt. She departed with her black trunk slung behind Archy; and also with extraordinary supplies of cold fowls, mutton, ham, and cheese—not to speak of letters commendatory to every manse on the road. What farewells, and kissings, and waving of handkerchiefs, and drying of eyes, and gathering of servants and of dogs at the manse-door as the governess rode off on the white horse, Archy following on the brown! The proper arrangement of the wooden leg had been a great mechanical and æsthetic difficulty, but somehow the girls, with a proper disposal of drapery, had made the whole thing quite *apropos*. Archy too had patched up a saddle of wonderful structure for the occasion.

Time passed, and in a fortnight, to the joy of the household, the white mare was seen coming over the hill, with the brown following; and soon the governess was once more in the arms of her friends, and the trunk in those of Archy. Amidst a buzz of questions, the story was soon told with much flutter and some weeping—how she had met the Duke near the castle; how she had presented her petition, while she could not speak; how his Grace had expressed his great re-

gard for "his minister;" and how next day, when she called by appointment, he had signified his intention of granting the annuity. "It is like himself," was the minister's only remark, while his eyes seemed fuller than usual as he congratulated the little governess on her success; and gave an extra bumper, with many a compliment, to old Archy for the manner in which he had guided the horses and their riders. The little governess taught a school for many years, and enjoyed her annuity till near ninety. During her last days, she experienced the personal kindness and tender goodness of the present "Argyle," as she had long ago done, of the former "Argyles."

CHAPTER V.—THE MINISTER AND HIS WORK.

"A genuine priest,
The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
The father of his people. Such is he;
And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
Under his spiritual sway."

"When his course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory."

WORDSWORTH.

In Dr. Macculloch's "Tour to the Highlands of Scotland," we have the most perfect and eloquent descriptions of scenery; but in Dr. Johnson's, the truest yet most complimentary delineations of the character and manners of the people. The physical features of the country are, no doubt, abiding, while its social condition is constantly changing; so that we can now-a-days more easily recognise the truth of the sketches by the former than by the latter tourist. But the minister of whom I write, and the manners of his time, belonged to the era of Johnson, and not to that of Macculloch.

There is something, by the way, peculiarly touching in that same tour of the old Doctor's, when we remember the tastes and habits of the man, with the state of the country at the time in which he visited it. Unaccustomed to physical exercise, obese in person and short-sighted in vision, he rode along execrable roads; and on a Highland shelly cautiously felt his way across interminable morasses. He had no means of navigating those stormy seas but an open boat, pulled by sturdy rowers, against wetting spray, or tacking from morning till night amidst squalls, rain, and turbulent tideways. He had to put up in wretched pot-houses, sleeping, as he did at Glenelg, "on a bundle of hay, in his riding-coat; while Mr. Boswell, being more delicate, laid himself in sheets, with hay over and above him, and lay in linen like a gentleman." In some of the best houses, he found but clay floors below and peat-reek around, and nowhere did he find the luxuries of his own favourite London. Yet he never growls or expresses one word of discontent or peevish-

ness. Whether this was owing to his having for the first time escaped the conventionalities of city life; or to the fact of the Highlands being then the last stronghold of Jacobinism; or to the honour and respect which was everywhere shown towards himself; or, what is more probable, to the genial influence of fresh air and exercise upon his phlegmatic constitution, banishing its "bad humours,"—in whatever way we may account for it, so it was, that he encountered every difficulty and discomfort with the greatest cheerfulness; partook of the fare given him and the hospitality afforded to him with hearty gratitude; and has written about every class of the people with the generous courtesy of a well-bred English gentleman.

His opinion of the Highland clergy is not the least remarkable of his "testimonies," considering his intense love of Episcopacy, and its forms of public worship, with his sincere dislike of Presbyterianism. "I saw," he says, writing of the clergy, "not one in the Islands whom I had reason to think either deficient in learning or irregular in life, but found several with whom I could not converse without wishing, as my respect increased, that they had not been Presbyterians." Moreover, in each of the distant islands which the Doctor visited, he met ministers with whom even he was able to have genial and scholarly conversation. "They had attained," he says, "a knowledge as may be justly admired in men who have no motive to study but generous curiosity, or, what is still better, desire of usefulness; with such politeness as no measure or circle of converse could ever have supplied, but to minds naturally disposed to elegance." When in Skye, he remarks of one of those clergymen, Mr. M'Queen, who had been his guide, that he was "courteous, candid, sensible, well informed, very learned;" and at parting, he said to him, "I shall ever retain a great regard for you. Do not forget me." In another island, the small island of Coll, he paid a visit to Mr. Maclean, who was living in a small, straw-thatched, mud-walled hut, "a fine old man," as the Doctor observed to Boswell, "well dressed, with as much dignity in his appearance as the Dean of a cathedral!" Mr. Maclean had "a valuable library," which he was obliged, "from want of accommodation, to keep in large chests;" and this solitary, shut up "in a green isle amidst the ocean's waves," argued with the awful Southern Don about Leibnitz, Bayle, etc., and though the Doctor displayed a little of the bear, owing to the old man's deafness, yet he acknowledged that he "liked his firmness and orthodoxy." In the island of Mull, again, Johnson spent a night under the roof of another clergyman, whom he calls, by mistake, Mr. Maclean, but whose name was Macleod,* and of whom he says that he was "a minister

whose elegance of conversation, and strength of judgment, would make him conspicuous in places of greater celebrity." It is pleasant to know, on such good authority, that there lived at that time, in these wild and distant parts, ministers of such character, manners, and learning.

The minister of our Highland parish was a man of similar culture and character with those of his brethren, two of whom mentioned by the Doctor were his intimate friends. He had the good fortune, let me mention in passing, to meet the famous traveller at Dunvegan Castle; and he used to tell, with great glee, how he found him alone in the drawing-room before dinner, poring over some volume on the sofa, and how the Doctor, before rising to greet him kindly, dashed to the ground the book he had been reading, exclaiming, in a loud and angry voice, "The author is an ass!"

When the minister came to his parish, the people were but emerging from those old feudal times of clanship, with its loyal feelings and friendships, yet with its violent prejudices and intense clinging to the past, and to all that was bad as well as good in it. Many of his parishioners had been "out in the '45," and were Prince Charlie men to the core.* These were not characterized by much religion. The predecessor of our minister had been commanded by this party not to dare in their hearing to pray for King George in church, or they would shoot him dead. He did, nevertheless, pray, at least in words, but not, we fear, in pure faith. He took a brace of pistols with him to the pulpit, and cocking them before his prayer began, he laid them down before him, and for once at least offered up his petitions with his eyes open. There was no law-officer of the crown, not even a justice

* The minister himself was a keen "Hanoverian." This was caused by his very decided Protestantism, and also, no doubt, by his devotion to the Dunvegan family, which, through the influence chiefly of President Forbes, had opposed the Pretender. The minister, on a memorable occasion, had his Highland and loyal feeling rather severely tried. It happened thus:—When King William IV., like our noble Prince Alfred, was a midshipman in the royal navy, his ship, the "Cæsar," visited the Western Isles. The minister, along with the other public men in the district, went to pay his respects to his Royal Highness. He was most graciously received, and while conversing with the prince on the quarter-deck, a galley manned with six rowers pulled alongside. The prince asked him to whom it belonged. On being informed that it belonged to a neighbouring proprietor, the additional remark was made, with a kind smile, "He was out, no doubt, in the '45? Of course he was! Ah, doctor, all you Highlanders were rebels, every one of you! Ha—ha—ha!" "Please your Royal Highness," said the minister, with a low bow, "I am thankful to say *all* the Highlanders were not rebels, for had they been so, we might not have had the honour and happiness of seeing your Royal Highness among us now." The prince laughed heartily, and complimented the minister on the felicity of his reply.

* The grandfather of the present, and the father of the late Rev. Dr. Macleod of New York, U.S., both distinguished clergymen.

of the peace at that time in the whole parish. The people were therefore obliged to take the law to some extent in their own hands. Shortly after our minister came to the parish, he wrote stating that "no fewer than thirty persons have been expelled for theft, not by sentence of the magistrate, but by the united efforts of the better sort of the inhabitants. The good effects of this expulsion have been sensibly felt, but a court of law having been established since then in the neighbourhood, the necessity for such violent means are in a great measure obviated."

The minister was too far removed from the big world of Church politics, General Assembly debates, controversial meetings and pamphlets, to be a party man. It satisfied him to be a part of the great catholic Church, and of that small section of it in which he had been born. The business of his Presbytery* was chiefly local, and his work was confined wholly to his parish.

After having studied eight years at a university, he entered on his charge with a salary of £40, which was afterwards raised to £80. He ministered to 2000 souls, all of whom—with the exception of perhaps a dozen families of Episcopalians and Roman Catholics—acknowledged him as their pastor. His charge was scattered over 130 square miles, with a sea-board of 100! This is his own description of the ecclesiastical edifices of the parish at the beginning of his ministry:—"There are two churches *so called*, but with respect to decency or accommodation, they might as properly be called sheds or barns. The dimensions of each is no more than forty by sixteen feet, and without seats or bells. It is much to be regretted that since the Reformation little or no attention has been paid to the seating of churches in this country." No such churches can now be found. How the congregation managed

to arrange themselves during service in those "sheds," I know not. Did they stand? sit on stones or bunches of heather? or recline on the earthen floor? Fortunately the minister was an eloquent and earnest preacher, and he may have made them forget their discomfort. But the picture is not pleasing of a congregation dripping wet, huddled together in a shed, without seats, after a long walk across the mountains. Sleeping, at all events, was impossible.

It is worth noticing, as characteristic of the times, that during the first period of his ministry there was no copy of the Gaelic Scriptures in existence, except the Irish Bible by Bedell. The clergy translated what they read to the people from the English version. The Highlanders owed much to Gaelic hymns, composed by some of their own poets, and also to metrical translations of the Psalms.* But even if there had been Bibles, most of the people had not the means of education. What could one or two schools avail in so extensive a parish? To meet the wants of the people, a school would require to be in almost every glen.

But preaching on Sunday, even on a stormy winter's day, was the easiest of the minister's duties. There was not a road in the parish. Along the coast indeed for a few miles there was what was charitably called a road, and, as compared with those slender sheep-tracks which wormed their way through the glens, and across some of the wilder passes, it perhaps deserved the name. By this said road country carts could toil, pitching, jolting, tossing, in deep ruts, over stones, and through the burns, like waggons in South Africa, and with all the irregular motion of boats in a storm. But for twenty miles inland the hills and glens were as the Danes had left them.

The paths which traversed those wilds were journeyed generally on foot, but in some instances by "the minister's horse," one of those sagacious creatures which, with wonderful instinct, seemed to be able, as Ruari used to say, "to smell out the road" in darkness. It is hardly possible to convey a just impression, except to those acquainted with Highland distances and wildernesses, of what the

* It may interest some of our southern readers to know that the government of the Established Church of Scotland is conducted as follows:—(1.) Over a single parish is the court called the *Kirk-Session*, composed of lay members, who are ordained for the office as Elders and as Deacons (to attend to the poor). The number of this court varies according to the size and circumstances of the congregation and parish. (2.) Over a number of parishes is the *Presbytery*, composed of all the clergy within a certain district, and a representative Elder from each Session. (3.) Over the Presbyteries of a Province is the Synod, composed of all the members of the several Presbyteries; and, finally, over the whole Church is the General Assembly, presided over by a nobleman, representing the Sovereign, and a "moderator" or chairman, elected by the Church, and composed of representatives, lay and clerical, from every presbytery, and also laymen from the Royal Burghs and Universities. These several courts have many privileges conferred upon them by Act of Parliament. Beyond Scotland, they are no more "established" than the Church of England. Both Churches are, by the Act of Union, placed on an equal footing as regards the State in the Colonies. The government of the Church of Scotland is very similar to that of all the Established Protestant Churches on the Continent.

* It is just as strange that the eldest son of "the manse" was the first to prepare a metrical translation of the Psalms in Irish, for the use of the Irish Protestant Churches. He also was the chief means of obtaining a new edition of the Gaelic Scriptures for his own countrymen, and of originating and helping on the Education Scheme of the Church of Scotland, which now instructs 20,000 children in the Highlands. In order to supply the hunger for knowledge which these additional means of education would create, he prepared admirable Gaelic school-books, and conducted a monthly magazine in Gaelic for several years, which, it is not much to say, was, in point of talent, interest, usefulness, and genius, the most precious literary boon ever conferred on the Highlands. A volume of selections from his writings will soon be issued, accompanied by a sketch of his life. I hope this allusion to one so recently departed may be kindly interpreted.

ordinary labours of such a minister was. Let us select one day out of many of a Highland pastor's work. Immediately after service, a Highlander saluted him, with bonnet off and a low bow, saying "John Macdonald in the Black glen is dying, and would like to see you, sir." After some inquiry, and telling his wife not to be anxious if he was late in returning home, he strode off at "a killing pace" to see his parishioner. The hut was distant sixteen Highland miles; but what miles! Not such as are travelled by the Lowland or Southern parson, with steps solemn and regular, as if prescribed by law. But this journey was over bogs, along rough paths, across rapid streams without bridges, and where there was no better shelter than could be found in a Swiss chalet. After a long and patient pastoral visit to his dying parishioner, the minister strikes for home across the hills. But he is soon met by a shepherd, who tells him of a sudden death which had occurred but a few hours before in a hamlet not far off; and to visit the afflicted widow will take him only a few miles out of his course. So be it, quoth the parson, and he forthwith proceeds to the other glen, and mingles his prayers with those of the widow and her children. But the longest day must have an end, and the last rays of the sun are gilding the mountain-tops, and leaving the valleys in darkness. And so our minister, with less elastic step, is ascending towards the steep *Col*, which rises for 2000 feet with great abruptness, and narrow zig-zag path from a chain of lakes up past the "Rhigi" I have already described. But as he nears the summit, down comes thick, palpable, impenetrable mist. He is confident that he knows the road *nearly* as well as the white horse, and so he proceeds with caution over deep moor-hags until he is lost in utter bewilderment. Well, he has before now spent the night under a rock, and waited until break of day. But having eaten only a little bread and cheese since morning, he longs for home. The moon is out, but the light reveals only driving mist, and the mountain begins to feel cold, damp, and terribly lonely. He walks on, feeling his way with his staff, when suddenly the mist clears off, and he finds himself on the slope of a precipice. Throwing himself on his back on the ground, and digging his feet into the soil, he recovers his footing, and with thanksgiving changes his course. Down comes the mist again, thick as before. He has reached a wood—where is he? Ah! he knows the wood right well, and has passed through it a hundred times, so he tries to do so now, and in a few minutes has fallen down a bank into a pool of water. But now he surely *has* the track, and following it he reaches the spot in the valley from where he had started two hours before! He rouses a shepherd, and they journey together to a ferry by which he can return home by a circuitous route. The boat is there, but the tide is out, for it ebbs far to seaward at this spot, and so he has to wait patiently for the return of the tide.

The tide turns, taking its own time to do so; half wading, half rowing, they at last cross the strait. It is now daybreak, and the minister journeys homeward, and reaches the manse about five in the morning.

Such land journeys were frequently undertaken, with adventures more or less trying, not merely to visit the sick, but for every kind of parochial duty—sometimes to baptize, and sometimes to marry. These services were occasionally performed in most primitive fashion at one of those green spots among the hills. Corrie Borrodale, among the old "shielings," was a sort of half-way-house between the opposite sides of the parish. There, beside a clear well, children have been baptized; and there, among the bonnie blooming heather, he has married the Highland shepherd to his bonnie blooming bride. There were also in different districts preaching and "catechising," as it was called. The catechising consisted in examining on the Church Catechism and Scriptures every parishioner who was disposed to attend the meeting, and all did so with few exceptions. This "exercise" was generally followed by preaching, both of course in the open air, and when weather permitted. And no sight could be more beautiful than that of the venerable minister seated on the side of a green and sheltered knoll, surrounded by the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets, each, as his turn came, answering, or attempting to answer, the questions propounded with gravity and simplicity. A simple discourse followed from the same rural pulpit, to the simple but thoughtful and intelligent congregation. Most touching was it then to hear the Psalms rise from among the moorland, disturbing "the sleep that is among the lonely hills;" the pauses filled up by the piping of the plover or some mountain bird, and by the echoes of the streams and water-falls from the rocky precipices. It was a peasant's choir, rude and uncultivated by art, but heard, I doubt not, with sympathy by the mighty angels who sung their own noblest song in the hearing of shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem.

That minister's work was thus devoted and unwearied for half a century. And there is something peculiarly pleasing and cheering to think of him and of others of the same calling and character in every church, who from year to year pursue their quiet course of holy, self-denying labour, educating the ignorant; bringing life and blessing into the homes of disease and poverty; sharing the burden of sorrow with the afflicted, the widow, and the fatherless; reproving and admonishing, by life and word, the selfish and ungodly; and with a heart ever open to all the fair humanities of our nature;—a true "divine," yet every inch a man! Such men, in one sense, have never been alone; for each could say with his Master, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." Yet what knew or cared the great, bustling, religious world about them? Where were their public meetings,

with reports, speeches, addresses, "resolutions," or motions about their work? Where their committees and associations of ardent philanthropists, rich supporters, and zealous followers? Where their "religious" papers, so called, to parade them before the world, and to crown them with the laurels of puffs and leading articles? Alone, he, and thousands like him have laboured, the very salt of the earth, the noblest of their race!

CHAPTER VI.—PASSING AWAY.

- "I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
- "I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.
- "Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.
- "Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling!
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—
- "How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

THE minister, when verging on fourscore, became blind. A son of the manse, his youngest, was, to his joy, appointed to be his assistant and successor in the ministry. I cannot forget the last occasion on which "the old man eloquent" appeared in the pulpit. The Holy Communion was about to be dispensed, and, before parting for ever from his flock, he wished to address them once more. When he entered the pulpit, he mistook the side for the front; but old Rory, who watched him with intense interest, was immediately near him, and seizing a trembling hand placed it on the book-board, thus guiding his master into the right position for addressing the congregation. And then stood up that venerable man, a Saul in height among the people, with his pure white hair falling back from his ample forehead over his shoulders. Few, and loving, and earnest were the words he spoke, amidst the profound silence of a passionately devoted people, which was broken only by their low sobs, when he told them that they should see his face no more. Soon afterwards he died. The night of his death, sons and daughters were grouped around his bed, his wife on one side, old Rory on the other. His mind had been wandering during the day. At evening he sat up in bed; and one of his daughters, who supported his head, dropped a tear on his face. Rory rebuked her and wiped it off; for it is a Highland superstition (?), that no tear should ever drop on the face of a good man dying;—is it because it adds to the burden of dying, or is unworthy of the glorious hopes of living? Suddenly the minister stretched forth his hand, as if a child was before him, and said, "I baptize thee into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," then

falling back, he expired. It seemed as if it were his own baptism as a child of glory.

The widow did not long survive her husband. She had, with the quiet strength and wisdom of love, nobly fulfilled her part as wife and mother. But who can know what service a wife and mother is to a family, save those who have had this staff to lean on, this pillow to rest on, this sun to shine on them, this best of friends to accompany them, until their earthly journey is over, or far advanced?

Her last years were spent in peace in the old manse, occupied then and now by her youngest son. But she desired, ere she died, to see her first-born in his lowland manse far away, and with him and his children to connect the present with the past. She accomplished her wishes, and left an impress on the young of the third generation which they have never lost during the thirty years that have passed since they saw her face and heard her voice. Illness she had hardly ever known. One morning a grandchild gently opened her bedroom door with breakfast. But hearing the low accents of prayer, she quietly closed it again, and retired. When she came again, and tapped and entered, all was still. The good woman seemed asleep in peace; and so she was, but it was the sleep of death. She was buried in the Highland kirkyard, beside her husband and nine of her children. There, with sweet young ones, of another generation, who have since then joined them from the same manse, they rest until the resurrection morning, when all will meet "in their several generations."

Old Rory next followed his beloved master. One evening, after weeks of illness, he said to his wife, "Dress me in my best; get a cart ready; I must go to the manse and bless them all, and then die." His wife thought at first that his strange and sudden wish was the effect of delirium, and she was unwilling to comply. But Rory gave the command in a tone which was never heard except when, at sea or on land, he meant to be obeyed. Arrayed in his Sunday's best, the old man, feeble, pale, and breathless, tottered into the parlour of the manse, where the family were soon around him, wondering, as if they had seen a ghost, what had brought him there. "I bless you all, my dear ones," he said, "before I die." And, stretching out his hands, he pronounced a patriarchal blessing, and a short prayer for their welfare. Shaking hands with each, and kissing the hand of his old and dear mistress, he departed. The family group felt awe-struck,—the whole scene was so sudden, strange, and solemn. Next day, Rory was dead.

Old Jenny, the henwife, rapidly followed Rory. Why mention her? Who but the geese or the turkeys could miss her? But there are, I doubt not, many of my readers who can fully appreciate the loss of an old servant who, like Jenny, for half a century, has been a respected and valued member of the family. She was associated with

the whole household life of the manse. Neither she nor any of those old domestics had ever been mere *things*, but living persons with hearts and heads, to whom every burden, every joy of the family were known. Not a child but had been received into her embrace on the day of birth; not one who had passed away but had received her tears on the day of death; and they had all been decked by her in their last as in their first garments. The official position she occupied as hen-wife had been created for her in order chiefly to relieve her feelings at the thought of her being useless and a burden in her old age. When she died, it was discovered that the affectionate old creature had worn next her heart, and in order to be buried with her, locks of hair cut off in infancy from the children whom she had nursed. And here I must relate a pleasing incident connected with her. Twenty years after her death, the younger son of the manse, and its present possessor, was deputed by his church to visit, along with two of his brethren, the Presbyterian congregations of North America. When on the borders of Lake Simcoe he was sent for by an old Highland woman, who could speak her own language only, though she had left her native hills very many years before. On entering her log-hut, the old woman burst into a flood of tears, and, without uttering a word, pointed to a silver brooch which clasped the tartan shawl on her bosom. She was Jenny's youngest sister, and the silver brooch she wore, and which was immediately recognised by the minister, had been presented to Jenny by the eldest son of the manse, when at college, as a token of affection for his old nurse.

Nearly forty years after the old minister had passed away, and so many of "the old familiar faces" had followed him, the manse boat, which in shape and rig was literally descended from the famous "Roe," lay becalmed, on a beautiful summer evening, opposite the shore of the glebe. The many gorgeous tints from the setting sun were reflected from the bosom of the calm sea. Vessels, "like painted ships upon a painted ocean," lay scattered along "the Sound," and floated double, ship and shadow. The hills on both sides rose pure and clear into the blue sky, revealing every rock and precipice, with heathery knoll or grassy Alp. Fish sometimes broke the smooth unrippled sea, "as of old the Curlews called." The boating party had gone out to enjoy the perfect repose of the evening, and allowed the boat to float with the tide. The conversation happened to turn on the manse and parish.

"I was blamed the other day," remarked the minister, who was one of the party, "for taking so much trouble in improving my glebe, and especially in beautifying it with trees and flowers, because, as my cautious friend remarked, I should remember that I was only a life-renter. But I asked my adviser how many proprietors in the parish—whose

families are supposed to have a better security for their lands than the minister has for the glebe—has yet possessed their properties so long as our poor family has possessed the glebe? He was astonished, on consideration, to discover that every property in the parish had changed its owner, and some of them several times, since I had succeeded my father!"

"And if we look back to the time since our father became minister," remarked another of the party, "the changes have been still more frequent. The only possessors of their first home, in short, in the whole parish, are the family which had no "possessions" in it!

"And look," another said, "at those who are in this boat. How many birds are here out of the old nest!" And strange enough there were in that boat the eldest and youngest sons of the old minister, both born on the glebe, and both doctors of divinity, who had done good, and who had been honoured in their time. There were also in the boat three ordained sons of those old sons born of the manse, in all, five ministers descended from the old minister. The crew was made up of an elderly man, the son of "old Rory," and of a white-haired man, the son of "old Archy," both born on the glebe.

But these clergy represented a few only of the descendants of the old minister who were enjoying the manifold blessings of life. These facts are mentioned here in order to connect such mercies with the anxiety expressed sixty years ago by the poor parson himself in the letter to his girls, which I have published.

One event more remains for me to record connected with the old manse, and then the silence of the hills, in which that lowly home reposes, will no more be broken by any word of mine about its inhabitants—except as they are necessarily associated with other "reminiscences." It is narrated in the memoir lately published of Professor Wilson, that when the eldest son of our manse came to Glasgow College, in the hey-day of his youth, he was the only one who could compete, in athletic exercises, with the Professor, who was his friend and fellow-student. That physical strength, acquired in his early days by the manly training of the sea and hills, sustained his body; while a spiritual strength, more noble still, sustained his soul, during a ministry, in three large and difficult parishes, which lasted, with constant labour, for more than half a century, and until he was just about to enter on his eightieth year—the day of his funeral being the anniversary of his birth. He had married in early life the daughter of one of the most honourable of the earth, who had for upwards of forty years, with punctilious integrity, managed the estates of the Argyll family in the Western Highlands. Her father's house was opposite the old manse, and separated from it by the "Sound." This invested that inland sea which divided the two

lovers, with a poetry that made "The Roe" and her perilous voyages a happy vision that accompanied the minister until his last hour. For three or four years he had retired from public life, to rest from his labours, and in God's mercy to cultivate the passive more than the active virtues in the bosom of his own family. But when disposed to sink into the silent pensiveness and the physical depression which often attend old age, one topic, next to the highest of all, never failed to rouse him—like a dying eagle in its cage, when it sees far off the mountains on which it tried its early flight—and that one was converse about the old parish, of his father, and of his youth. And thus it happened that on the very last evening of his life he was peculiarly cheerful, as he told some stories of that long past; and among others a characteristic anecdote of old Rory. How naturally did the prayer of thanksgiving then succeed the memories of those times of peace and of early happiness!

That same night, his first and last love—the "better half," verily, of his early life, was awoke from her anxious slumbers near him, by his complaint of pain. But she had no time to rouse the

household ere he, putting his arms round her neck, and breathing the words "my darling" in her ear, fell asleep. He had for more than twenty-five years ministered to an immense congregation of Highlanders in Glasgow; and his public funeral was remarkable, not chiefly for the numbers who attended it, or the crowds which followed it—for these things are common in such ceremonies—but for the sympathy and sorrow manifested by the feeble and tottering Highland men and women, very many of whom were from the old parish, and who, bathed in tears, struggled to keep up with the hearse, in order to be near, until the last possible moment, one for whom they had an enthusiastic attachment. The Highland hills and their people were to him a passion, and for their good he had devoted all the energies of his long life; and not in vain! His name will not, I think, be lost in this generation, wherever, at least, the Celtic language is spoken; and though this notice of him may have no interest to the Southern reader, who may not know, nor care to know, his name, yet every Gael in the most distant colony, who reads these lines, will pardon me for writing them. He belongs to them as they did to him.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

III.—THE EXPEDIENCY OF CHRIST'S DEPARTURE.

WE can understand how difficult it was for Christ's disciples to perceive the truth of that saying, "It is expedient for you that I go away." It must have been hard for them to comprehend how they could gain by losing him. There are men, indeed, of whom it may be said with truth that it is for the world's advantage that they should go away; with respect to whom we can clearly see that it would be well for society to be rid of them. But these are not such as He from whose dying lips this strange intimation fell. The selfish man who absorbs, in the gratification of his own desires, what was meant for the general good; the profligate whose base delights are purchased at the cost of others' ruin; the ruthless, malicious, revengeful man, whose unbridled passions render him the torment of his associates; the tyrant and oppressor, whose selfish lust of power is gratified at the expense of the freedom and happiness of thousands, whose wealth is their poverty, whose exaltation the trampling of their rights under foot; of these, nay, of every wicked man, whose presence, influence, example, are a curse and not a blessing to mankind, it may, without hesitation, be pronounced that it is expedient for the world that they should leave it. But can the same thing ever be averred with respect to the good, the

gentle, the generous-hearted and open-handed, whose resources are ever employed, not for self, but for the good of others? Is it possible to think that when the man of profound wisdom and large experience, whose far-seeing, sagacious mind constitutes him the intellectual guide, the revered instructor, the ever-trusted master of less gifted men; or the man of eminent piety, whose pure and saintly life, breathing the spirit of heaven, hallows, softens, ennobles all within the reach of its influence;—is it possible to think that when these, and such as these, are taken away from us, it is a gain to us, and not rather a grievous privation? And is not the difficulty greatest of all when we are asked to believe this of the world's Greatest and Best; of the only perfect Life this world has ever seen; of Him from whose lips flowed wisdom such as its sages had never reached; from whose life streamed forth beneficent influence on all around Him; whose whole history is but a record of benignity and love, of self-devoted, self-sacrificing zeal for the good of men? Is it conceivable that men's advantage could ever lie in the loss of a being such as this? There are indeed those who seem to themselves to gain by the passing away of greatness or goodness from the world. Envy or interested selfishness, wounded pride or

jealous inferiority, may feel relieved by the removal of those for whom others mourn. The expectant heir not seldom grudges long life to the man who keeps him out of the inheritance; the death of a rival in place or power may, in the secret soul of a selfish competitor, be regarded with a guilty complacency. But not so could it be in the case before us. Neither worldly power nor wealth belonged to Jesus; from fame or fortune His continued presence constituted no barrier to any; and those to whom He now spoke knew no honour that was not theirs because they dwelt in the shadow of His greatness. Their whole hope and happiness were embarked in his cause, and their sole dependence for the successful prosecution of it was on His leadership. Strange, then—may, had they fallen from other lips, almost bitter and mocking—must have seemed to them those words in which Jesus announced that it was for their advantage that He should leave them. As well almost might it seem expedient for the hapless voyagers that the sagacious and experienced pilot should be swept overboard, while in darkness and storm the ship is being guided by his firm hand through shoals and breakers; or for the army that their great captain should be shot down in the very act of carrying out his dispositions in the heat of the fight; or for the family that the beloved father, on whose exertions their present support and future welfare depend, should be torn from them by sudden disease in the midst of his years and his usefulness; as well might it seem expedient for these that their head should be removed, as for Christ's followers, in their ignorance and weakness and dependence, that their Lord should "go away."

Yet, I need scarcely go on to say, this declaration of Christ contains a deeper truth than meets the eye, and one the import of which it will be most instructive for us to consider. Let us, then, proceed to inquire how it could be said to be expedient for Christ's disciples, and for His Church in all ages of her history, that the visible presence of their Lord should cease. Can we discover the grounds or reasons for the averment, "It is expedient for you that I go away?"

1. It may be suggested as one consideration preliminary to other and deeper reasons, *that the conceptions which the disciples formed of Christ, of his person, character, and mission, were rendered much more true and elevated by his removal.* Paradoxical as it may seem, they could entertain truer thoughts of Christ in His absence than when He was visibly and palpably before them. It may help us to understand this, if we reflect how often our conceptions of earthly greatness are vivified by death. It not seldom happens that great men are never truly known or adequately honoured till after they have passed from amongst us. There is something in the very fact of their bodily presence with us which tends to falsify our estimate of their character, and to render our impression of

their greatness less reverential and profound. The loftiest spirit is, alike with the meanest of mortals, compelled to submit to the commonplace conditions and necessities of life. Genius, with all its glowing aspirations and rapt contemplations, and communion with truth and beauty, must eat and drink, and dress and sleep, like base and common men. The poet must fold the ethereal wing of fancy, and stoop to the dull region of appetite and sense; the philosopher must come down from the mount of vision, where with eternal truth he has held high fellowship, to mingle with the crowd whose thoughts never range beyond the commonplace toils and gross cares of life; and whilst all men are capable of seeing and noting the lower half of his life in which he is on the same level with themselves, few or none may be capable of following him into the sphere of hidden thought and feeling which constitutes the higher and truer moiety of his being. There is in the mere daily familiarity with a great man's person, in coming into contact with him amidst the little minutiae of common life, a strange power to refine away the feeling of respectful inferiority which is due to his inner and spiritual excellence. So that often the last to recognise a distinguished man's merit are his familiar friends and associates. And the world may be ringing with his fame long before his neighbours and immediate connexions have permitted themselves to recognise it. No man is a hero to his personal attendant. "Is not this the carpenter's son, whose father and mother we know? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brothers, James and Joses; and his sisters, are they not all with us?" Moreover, besides this illusion of familiarity, the estimate which his contemporaries form of a great or good man is often further biased by personal rivalries, class prejudices, and the like, so that not till this refracting atmosphere has been swept away can they discern his real position and eminence. And finally, it is to be considered that the effects of a great man's labours, the results of his life and work, are often slowly developed, and only become fully apparent in the progress of time, and after he himself has passed away. A great principle is slow of being recognised, encounters often a thousand stubborn prejudices and antiquated but deep-rooted absurdities, before it begins to spread and obtain general recognition. A great discovery in science or art flashes in some moment of inspiration on the mind, but it may be long before the rude conception can be perfected, and embodied in a presentable form; for years it may be known only to a few men of thought and research; and perhaps not till the great author of it is beyond the reach of earthly honour does his work become the world's admiration, and his name a household word.

Now these considerations may open up to us one view of the expediency of Christ's departure. No little weaknesses or imperfections, indeed, ever discovered themselves to the closest inspection of His

earthly life, yet that illusion of familiarity, that unconscious underrating of greatness near at hand, of which we have spoken, could not fail to operate even more fatally in His case than in any other. If the littleness of common life contracts our estimate even of earthly greatness, how much more of that wondrous Being whose inner, spiritual grandeur transcended, by the distance between the finite and the infinite, the loftiest excellence that ever dwelt in human form. If it be difficult for the friends or associates of human genius to emancipate their minds from the deceptive influence of the mean details, the vulgar trivialities in which it is enveloped, to pierce through the coarse robe of common life, and discover the concealed kingly nature within, how much greater, how almost insuperable, the difficulty of shaking off this illusion, in the case of Him who was Lord of heaven and earth,—of seeing the Eternal Purity in the beggar's raiment. Looking on but one side, and that the mean and carnal one, of His nature, insensibly their conceptions of him became carnalized, and the carnal must be dissolved ere the spiritual could be truly discerned. In the Being so simple, lowly, gentle; who wandered by their sides in the same daily journeys, and retired at night to the same slumbers of exhausted nature; who looked like themselves, was hungry and weary like themselves, wore the same raiment, partook of the same meals,—in that most gentle companion, that kind, ever accessible friend, who took up little children in his arms, who went out to spend quiet nights with the family at Bethany, who suffered one loved disciple to lean on his bosom, and who washed the feet of all,—in that most intensely real human nature, how almost impossible for them to realize what a transcendent presence was ever near them. Through the rudely-shapen lamp they could catch but an occasional gleam of the inner glory; and the lamp must be broken ere the full brightness of that light of the world could burst forth upon their eyes. Death must dissolve the illusion of familiarity, and gather around the Man of Nazareth the mystery and awe of the world unseen, before they could rise to the apprehension of His awful greatness, and see in Him at once the Son of Man and Son of God. His great life must be seen no longer in separate parts and isolated incidents, but from the standing-point of enlightened reminiscence, viewed in all its completeness and symmetry as one perfect whole. The mighty power of His mission must begin to tell upon the world, the heavenly leaven to spread, the seed sown by His life and watered by His blood, begin to germinate and spring forth in a world's regeneration, ere they could learn to comprehend what a glorious contiguity had been theirs. Inasmuch, therefore, as only when He had vanished from their earthly eyes, could they see Him truly with the inner vision of the spirit, it was "expedient for them" that Jesus should "go away."

2. The more important explanation of this declaration of Christ yet remains. It was expedient

that He should go away, *because the outward and bodily presence of God in Christ was to be succeeded by an inward and spiritual manifestation of God to the souls of his people.* It was this to which Christ especially pointed in the text, as we are taught by the following words: "For if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send him unto you." "I will pray the Father," He elsewhere declares, "and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth . . . whom ye know, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

Great as their privilege had been who had lived in personal contact with the Son of God, a nearer, deeper, more blessed divine presence even than that of God manifest in the flesh, was in reserve for them; and the departure of Jesus would be no loss but a gain to them, if He who vanished as a visible material presence should come again as an inward and spiritual power and life dwelling within their hearts. As it has been sometimes expressed, in the religious history of the world God has manifested himself as dwelling successively in three temples; first in the visible material temple at Jerusalem, then in the temple of Christ's body, greater than the former, and finally in the temple of his redeemed Church, the hearts and souls of believers, which is the greatest of all. Now, as the destruction of the first temple would have been no loss, if it were necessary in order to the coming of one greater than the temple, so it was expedient, advantageous to man, and not the reverse, that the second temple, glorious though it was, should be removed, in order to the final manifestation, the climax of all God's revelations of Himself to man. And the truth of this statement you will perceive, if you consider one or two of the points in which the dispensation of the Spirit or Comforter is superior even to the dispensation of the Son.

It is so, for instance, in this respect, that the presence of God in Christ was an *outward and sensible*, whilst that of God the Spirit is an *inward and spiritual* presence.

In ordinary cases we lose for ever a good man's presence by his departure. His remembrance may be cherished in the hearts, his influence may be felt in the lives of the survivors, but with himself the world has no more direct and immediate intercourse. Poetry or affection may sometimes entertain the fond fancy that the dead are with us still, cognisant of the fortunes of those whom they loved on earth, hovering over us like unseen guardian spirits, when we wot not of their presence. But this is at best but the fanciful expression of our own yearning and wistful hearts to which reason lends no countenance. Our loved ones return no more. Their place who but as yesterday were with us, our advisers, guides, associates, entering with all our own earnestness into life's many interests, is vacant for ever. The gap can never be filled, the broken thread never taken up. Their

influence is a finished thing, their life an accomplished fact. If we need counsellors or friends, objects of love and fellowship, we must turn to others; for *their* voice we shall hear no more; we shall never more speak to them, consult them, feel the strengthening power of their stronger minds, or the sweet consciousness of their ever-watchful love. They have been borne away into regions and worlds unknown, and all that they were to us is a blank, a dead loss, never in the slightest measure to be retrieved till the eternal morning dawn.

But not so is it in the case before us. That which, with reference to our earthly friends, is but a dream or a fancy, is with reference to Jesus a sober fact, a most blessed reality. Heaven indeed was enriched, but earth, nevertheless, was not despoiled of her best treasure when Jesus passed away. He departed but in form, to return and dwell in more real and intimate communion with his people for ever. The wondrous phenomena of Pentecost, the rushing wind and lambent flames, the miraculous gifts and simultaneous conversions, were but the glorious inaugural of the returning Lord of the Church, no more as a mere outward and occasional visitant, but as an everlasting resident in the inmost souls of His people. It might seem to many, perhaps, an unspeakable privilege, beyond which they could not conceive a greater, if Jesus Christ, their divine Lord, should return in visible form, and, in like manner as of old he frequented earthly homes, so come and abide in theirs. What would it be to have the Lord Jesus himself coming back to spend a year, a month, a single day beneath your roof and within your family circle? What a home would that be where such a presence rested! What an atmosphere of heaven would pervade it! What a resource would its happy inmates possess in all difficulties and perplexities! What holy ardour, what strength for duty would fill every heart! And as the intelligence of this glorious visitation spread throughout the Church, might we not conceive the whole world filled with amazement at the signal honour conferred on this highly-favoured home, and multitudes from every land flocking to share in their privilege, and to catch if but a glimpse of the glorious visitant!

But we do not hesitate to say that a more inestimable privilege even than this is, in the dispensation of the Spirit, bestowed not upon one favoured family or individual, but upon every true-hearted member of the Church of Christ. Jesus comes no more as an outward visitant, He crosses in visible form no earthly threshold, and sits at no man's board; but He comes to every believer in a visitation nearer and more intimate than that. He enters not into the home, but, passing through all material barriers, into the very heart, and becomes a presence transfused, as it were, through the inmost soul of the believer. If it would be any help to you, longing for the good-

ness which you cannot reach, harassed by the evil from which you cannot escape—if it would be an unspeakably blessed resource to you in your contrition, your sorrow, your struggles and difficulties, to betake yourself to the visible presence of the Lord, to pour out your sorrow and faith at His feet, to take hold of His hand, to touch but the hem of His garment, to hear Him speak to you and comfort you, and to retire from that holy and august Presence soothed, strengthened, nerved for duty,—then surely it must be a most blessed thing to know that He is nearer still than this. Open the door of your heart to Him, and He will come in to you and bless you. He will not touch the hand, but dispensing with outward organizations, pass into and thrill the heart; your spirit will be suffused with His; the very heart of God will be beating within your breast. Say then, if this be the glorious fellowship by which it was to be succeeded, was it not indeed, in order to the bestowment of it, “expedient” that even the visible presence of Jesus should “go away.”

Another respect in which the dispensation of the Spirit may be conceived of as an advance on that of the Son, is that the latter implied only a *local and occasional*, the former involves a *universal and constant* presence of Christ with his people.

The visible, corporeal presence of Christ was of course possible only at one spot, and to, at most, a few of his personal followers at a time. The consecration which, it is natural to feel, that august Presence lent to every scene in which He moved was of necessity only an occasional and limited one, narrowed by the inevitable conditions of space and time. It is no mere fanciful or sentimental feeling that leads us to attach a special interest to the scenes of the Saviour's earthly life—that bears the steps of the Christian traveller to Palestine, and fills his mind with a strange awe as he gazes on the Galilean hills, or pushes off in the fisher's boat upon the lake of Gennesareth, or sits pensively on Olivet, or breathes a silent prayer in Gethsemane. It is a natural instinct which impels us to trace with interest the external scenes associated even with earthly greatness. You remember the well-known words of the great moralist when visiting our own country: “We were now treading,” he writes, “that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and foolish if it were possible. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as would conduct us unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.” And surely if local associations lend interest to scenes of earthly greatness or goodness,

such feelings may well attain their deepest intensity when we revisit

“Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

It is something, we feel, to breathe the very air he breathed, to gaze on the very mountains and valleys on which His eyes looked, to stand where once of old He stood who is the Lord of our salvation: for every spot associated with His presence is to us holy ground.

And yet, all this admitted, it is our blessed privilege to rise above the mere sentiment of local association into the far more spiritual, more truly Christian experience of communion with an everywhere present and living Lord. Not the traveller standing at Bethlehem, or Nazareth, or Jerusalem, but the devout and loving-hearted Christian in every scene and spot on earth, may feel himself near to Jesus. The memories and associations of that sacred presence may linger still on the hills and valleys, the shadow of His earthly form haunt the cities and villages, of Palestine. But if the mere pietistic and sentimental mind should seek Him only there, the voice of the angel by the vacant sepulchre might well seem to sound in his ear the intimation, “He is not here, he is risen.” Not these plains, and hills, and streams only are

hallowed by His presence. Not amidst a few humble followers or scanty groups of listeners is the great Teacher to be found. Love Him, believe in Him, trust in Him, open your inmost heart and soul to Him, and lo! He is with you always unto the end of the world. Wherever you go, every hill will be to you a Carmel, every brook a Kedron, every home a Bethany. The cross where eternal love incarnate bleeds will rise before the eye of faith in every scene you behold, for the world will be crucified unto you, and you unto the world. You will “bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus,” and Christ will be “in you the hope of glory.” “Wherever two or three are gathered together in Christ’s name”—not in sacred temples or at solemn communion seasons only—but in every family circle, at every common meal, in all the daily intercourse of life between Christian men, Christ will be in the midst. Work will become worship, daily toil as temple service, our common garments priestly robes, the world and human life, with all its manifold scenes, and objects, and events, holy and sacramental, because hallowed by the presence, transubstantiated into the symbols, and vivified by the communion and fellowship of Christ. By how much therefore the constant and universal is better than the occasional and local presence of the Lord, by so much was it “expedient for” His people that He “should go away.”





THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

IV.—THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

LUKE x. 30-37.

ON those summer mornings, when dews—sowing, as Milton says, the earth with orient pearl—lie thick on the meadow, and hang the trees with diamonds, and the smoke from cottage chimneys rises through the still air in blue and wreathed and graceful columns, the water of a lake looks like a mirror for Nature to admire her beauty in; cloud and mountain, rocks and hanging woods, the cattle that pasture and the flowers that adorn the banks, all faithfully reflected in this beautiful image of a soul at peace. On such an occasion, let a stone be thrown far out into the bosom of the quiet waters, and so soon as it goes down with a sullen plunge, a wave rises. This assumes the form of a circle, and, widening out equally on all sides, extends itself to embrace a larger and larger sphere. Symbol of our love, such it should be.

To love all in an equal degree is indeed impossible because, though some have larger hearts than others, the affections, like our other powers, act within certain limits. Our understanding is confined within bounds that it cannot pass; many subjects lie beyond its reach. Our eyes have a limited range of vision; we see the stars, not those who inhabit them. Our ears have a still more limited range of hearing; we see the flash of lightning when, too distant on the horizon or in the upper regions of air for us to hear the thunder, no sound reaches us. On the other hand, God embraces all creatures—those which are farthest removed from him, as well as the lofty archangels that stand nearest his throne. His heart has room enough to hold them all. Infinite, not less than eternal and unchangeable, unaffected by space or place, knowing neither distance nor nearness, he embraces this world with all its creatures, and all other worlds with theirs, in his heart, as he embraces them all in his arms. But though we were originally made after his image, our affections are of limited capacity. They diminish in strength in proportion as the objects we love are removed from us—as the circle in the lake, the larger it grows in size grows the less in height, till it is lost in the distant waters, or dies with a feeble ripple on the shore. It cannot be otherwise, else we were gods, not men.

We must admit this, and that, as a candle, shining brighter on near than remote objects, gives more light to the room where it burns than to the traveller who sees it gleaming afar in the cottage window, our love necessarily grows weaker the

more it is diffused. Still, like light, or the circle in the water, it ought, not moving in one direction rather than in another, nor limited in its outgoings to our own party, or sect, or race, or country, to diffuse itself on all around. Such is the grand and most necessary lesson which the parable of the Good Samaritan was designed to teach. In considering it, let us attend to

ITS OCCASION.

The Jews had no class whose office corresponded exactly to that of Christian ministers. But in their synagogues, where they met Sabbath by Sabbath to worship, and hear the Word of God enforced and explained, they had assemblies which corresponded more or less with our churches. There, after a fashion now only found among some Baptists and the Society of Friends, the public speaking was not engrossed by the leaders; but any person had the opportunity—which our Lord sometimes embraced—of addressing the congregation. Still, there was a class among the Jews who made the Bible their peculiar study; and who were therefore regarded as authorities on all questions connected with the laws of Moses. These men, the divines as we might call them and probably the common preachers of the country, were therefore called lawyers; and to the question of a man of that class, the world and church owe this beautiful parable.

The Evangelist says that he stood up and *tempted* our Lord, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? But we should do this lawyer injustice, and violate the charity which, thinking no evil, puts a favourable rather than an unfavourable construction on other men's conduct, were we to rank him with those who sought by their question about tribute to entrap our Lord. No doubt the same word is used in both instances. But to *tempt*—as when it is said that God tempted Israel, which in a bad sense we know he could not do—is simply to *try*; and by the law of charity, as well as from a regard to his answers and whole bearing, this man is entitled to a favourable construction both of his motives and object. He had heard of him whose fame filled the whole land; and to ascertain whether he was as great a teacher as fame, prone to exaggerate, reported, to measure his ability, perhaps to try his soundness, he tested him by this fair and momentous question: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" It involved a weighty

matter; and would God that all of us went to Jesus with the same question, but with a still higher object—anxious and eager to be saved.

The words *do* and *inherit* which the lawyer employed, make it probable that there was such confusion in his ideas of the method of salvation as we find among many whose ignorance is less excusable. They seem to think that salvation is half of God's mercy and half of their own merits; that they are to do something, by way of reconciling themselves to an offended God, Christ doing the rest; his merits supplementing their shortcomings. Their prayers and pains, their good conduct and efforts after a holy life, though not sufficient to save them, are to fit them for being saved by the blood of Jesus. Now, how did our Lord meet such a case? As he treated Peter's—humbling his pride by bidding him walk the sea. The disciple who would have lorded it over his fellows, and claimed among them such pre-eminence as Popery has since given him in the Church, steps proudly on the billows; but has hardly left the boat's side, when, turning pale at the sight of the crested waves, he begins to sink. He confessed himself unequal to the ambitious task—crying, Lord, save me; I perish. It was such a course that our Lord followed here; and also on another such occasion. He bids this lawyer try the law; keep it if he can; obtain eternal life through obedience,—just to teach him, or rather to make his own failures teach him, that he cannot. When, in reply to Christ's question, he has recited the sum of the ten commandments, and shown, to his credit be it admitted, that he was acquainted with the spirit as well as the letter of the law, Jesus said to him, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live."

Whether there was anything in our Lord's tone or eye which, while his lips said, "Thou hast answered right: this do and live," said as plainly as words, You have not done it, and know you have not done it,—I do not know. But his own conscience smote the lawyer—telling him that what it was necessary and right to do, he had not done. To whatever extent he might deceive himself as to his loving God, he knew and remembered—as we all do—many cases in which he had not loved his neighbour as he loved himself. Well had it been for him had he instantly thrown himself at the feet of Jesus, to cry, "Save me; I perish!" And well for us, if convincing us of sin and misery, and teaching us our inability to obtain salvation by its works, the law has been a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. These words, "This do, and thou shalt live," certainly shut us all up to Christ. Too blind to see this, or too proud to acknowledge it, the lawyer, driven to his shifts, attempts to escape from the dilemma in which he finds himself. One door seems open—offering him escape. If he can confine the term neighbour within very narrow limits, he may evade the difficulty, and, though he had failed doing to many what he

would have wished them to do to him, satisfy himself that he had kept the whole law. So, hoping to escape by this door—as Luke says, "willing to justify himself"—he immediately replied: "And who is my neighbour?"—a question that our Lord answers by a story, which, launching out beyond its limits, illustrates, in her active and true benevolence, the queen of graces—Christian Love. Let us attend now to the story of the Good Samaritan, as it divides itself into three distinct parts.

THE FIRST ACT.

The curtain rises to show a district of country lying between Jerusalem and Jericho. It is wild and rocky; a savage place—whose mountain caves conceal men, savage as the scenes they haunt. When one reads what crimes of violence and robbery were, less than a century ago, committed on travellers in the immediate neighbourhood of London, and remembers how in their early days the mails were conveyed along the high-roads by guards carrying fire-arms, we cease to wonder that the road between two such towns as Jericho and Jerusalem was infested by bold and bloody robbers. Between these two large cities there was, of course, much correspondence. Men of wealth and means often travelled the road—offering amid these wild and rocky solitudes a good chance for plunder; and where the carcass was, in outcasts, desperate men, and roving Bedouins, the eagles were gathered together. The gospel narrative represents this road as dangerous; and since some are now getting up objections to the Bible, which they are ignorant enough to fancy new—though they be as old as Tom Paine, and vain enough to deem unanswerable—though, answered over and over again, to refute them be to slay the slain, it may be worth while here to mark the perfect harmony between sacred and common history. Now, to say nothing of other authors, Josephus—the Jewish historian and no Christian, mentions that that road was in his day infested by robbers. It was the scene of such crimes as to be called, The Bloody Way; and so dangerous had it become to travellers, that Jerome states that the Romans found it necessary to erect a fort there for their protection.

Now, it is somewhere among its rocky defiles that the scene of this tragedy is laid. A solitary man appears—travelling from Jerusalem; from which it is said he went *down* to Jericho, just as we speak of going *up* to London, or coming *down* from it, because it is in point of fact our capital. Issuing from one of the defiles, or springing up from behind some rock, a band of ruffians fall on him. Very probably he stands on his defence. Swords are drawn; blows are struck; overpowered at length by superior numbers, he is felled to the ground. With all haste they plunder his person, nor stop till they strip him naked; and parting with a blow or two to finish their work, on the rule that dead

men tell no tales, they hurry off—leaving him on the ground, insensible, helpless, dying, in a pool of blood. So the first act closes, and the curtain falls.

SECOND ACT.

The curtain rises on the same scene—the man is where he fell, the pool of blood growing larger as life ebbs away. But he is not alone now. Two new characters appear on the road, travellers also going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. The foremost is a priest; the second we might call a priest's assistant—a Levite. He also is a minister of religion, and an official of the temple. Here again mark the correspondence between this story and what we know from other sources to be well-attested facts. Judging by these, the priest and Levite are the very men we would have expected to appear. The Jewish priests, though their homes were scattered over the country, were required, somewhat as the canons do in English cathedrals, to serve by turns in the temple at Jerusalem; and since no fewer than twelve thousand priests and Levites had their ordinary residence in Jericho, you will see how often they must have travelled this road, and how natural therefore their appearance on the scene.

Ministers of religion, fresh from the service of the holy sanctuary, men to whom others looked for an example of all that was humane, magnanimous, and godlike, in them surely help was at hand! It seemed a happy fortune for this unfortunate man that countrymen, strangers neither in faith nor speech nor blood; men devoted to duties calculated not to harden but to soften the heart; not to secularise and lower, but to improve and elevate the mind, and to form, in short, a noble character—should be the first to find him. Alas! this poor, bleeding victim may live or die for them. First the one, and then the other approaches—the Levite making a closer inspection than the priest. What then? No sooner do they see his naked form bleeding to death on the ground, than instead of hastening to his aid, shouting for help, and doing their utmost to save him, both pass on the other side; and, pressing forward, leave him to his miserable fate. David says, Put not your trust in princes; nor—says this story, and many portions of history besides—in priests.

Not that some excuse may not be pleaded for the priest and Levite. Not long years ago, in some cities of fair and sunny Italy, if a man was assassinated in broad day, and on the public streets, people fled the scene, leaving the wretch to die, lest, found by the bloody corpse, they should be accused of the murder. Such might be the fears which moved these men to what seemed a cruel neglect. Besides, it is plain that they themselves were in some danger of sharing a similar fate. The ship steers wide of the rock on which another lies wrecked. Its inhabitants fly from a house on fire—consulting their own safety, and thinking more how they themselves shall escape the danger, than how they may save others from it. And naturally

enough supposing that these rocks, in the perpetrators of this bloody deed, concealed men who waited to repeat it on the next passenger, they only did what thousands would have done—when, leaving this poor wretch to his fate, they hurried from the scene. Besides, his case seemed hopeless. To attempt to save him, therefore, was only to waste time, and rashly expose themselves—to risk their own lives without any great probability of being able to save his. Then they had this flattering unctiousness to lay to their souls, that they had not done this wrong; his blood was not on their hands: neither their friend, nor brother, nor acquaintance, he had no special claim on them. It was other people's business as much as theirs to aid him. What was he to them, or they to him?

I do not say that these were good excuses. Still, they are as good, and better than many have to offer, who, passing by misery on the other side, indulge a hateful selfishness—heaping up riches at the expense of the poor and needy, to the neglect of such as are ready to perish. God forbid that I should even seem to justify this priest and Levite! “With them mine honour be not thou united!” Yet there are thousands who have no right to condemn them. Condemning them, we are happy if we do not condemn ourselves. The same spirit of hateful and ungodly selfishness still walks the world; and, though in less tragic circumstances, how often have I encountered it—wearing a new face, perhaps a fair mask, but the same old enemy of God and man? The Jewish economy is gone; its temple is a ruin; its priests and Levites have passed from the stage of time—but not that selfish spirit. It belongs to our fallen nature. Nor will it ever be eradicated till God pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, and Christian love, in millennial days, reigns over a regenerated world, and crime and selfishness, if not all suffering, banished from earth, the golden rule shall be universally owned and acted on—“Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you.” Even so come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!

THIRD ACT.

This story recalls another which I could not read without mingled feelings of anger and admiration. Dismasted and waterlogged on the wide ocean, a thousand miles away from the nearest land, a bark had drifted about till all hope of relief was dead in her starving crew. The cry, a ship! a ship! roused their flagging energies. Shawl and shirt on the end of boat-hooks were waved as signals of distress. The stranger changed her course and bore down on the miserable wreck. They put forth their utmost strength to send a long, loud shout over the deep: and as, on her nearing them, they discovered their country's flag, they congratulated each other on being saved. Who can fancy what men felt who had been for days hanging over a horrible death, at this blessed change? But still less can we fancy the sudden revulsion of feeling, the terrible sinking of heart, the awful howl which rose to heaven,

when the other vessel, sailing near enough to see the ghastly wretches who implored their pity, put about, and, going off on the other tack, left them to despair. Nor was that all. Recalling that scene in the infernal torments of the heathen poet, where Tantalus fills the cup, and no sooner raises it to his thirsty lips, than the water vanishes, the same hopes had been raised before by another ship—manned also by their countrymen, to suffer the same cruel disappointment. Sometimes cold and thin, blood, as their rescue proved, is not always thicker than water. When death had seized some, and despair all, a Norwegian bark, by God's good providence, came sailing across their path. Pity filled the hearts and eyes of the foreign sailors; nor till they had carried the last survivor on board their ship, did they desert the wreck, and leave it to drift away over the ocean—a wandering coffin with its unburied dead. A noble act! but still nobler his who now appears on the scene of this bloody tragedy to redeem the character of humanity, become an exemplar, in Christ's hands, to all future ages, and gaining an immortal renown, win for himself the famous title of The Good Samaritan. To appreciate his conduct aright, let us consider

WHO HE WAS.

He was "a certain Samaritan," is all that we are told. His name has not been preserved. No matter—he has left a broad footprint on the sands of time; and we may hope that, like many more nameless ones, his memorial is in the "book of remembrance" of which Micah speaks, saying, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his son that serveth him." On him, as a Samaritan, the wounded man has no claim; they are not countrymen—one either in blood or faith. The Samaritans were not, as some suppose, a race of degenerate Jews, with the blood of Abraham, though adulterated by admixture, flowing in their veins. When the land that had been occupied by the ten tribes was cleared, and they were carried away into perpetual captivity, their place was supplied thus: "The King of Assyria brought men from Babylon, and from Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamoth, and from Sepharvaim, and placed them in the cities of Samaria instead of the children of Israel: and they possessed Samaria, and dwelt in the cities thereof." Heathen colonists, they brought their gods with them; and though, with the view of being delivered from the lions, which, multiplying rapidly while the country lay waste, disputed possession of it with the new settlers, they adopted some Jewish forms, and stood in some awe of him they counted the God of the land, they clung long by their old faith. It is said of them in the book of Kings, what is remarkably descriptive of many professing Christians, "they feared the Lord, and served their own gods." Being enlightened in the course of time by the truth which streamed in on them from

the Jews, whose territories surrounded theirs, the Samaritans came at last to abandon the faith and practices of their heathen fathers. Setting up a temple and worship in Samaria, in opposition to that which had its seat in Jerusalem, they became worshippers of the true God. They had ceased to be heathens; still they were heretics. For, though they admitted the divine authority of the first five Books of Moses, they utterly rejected the Psalms, the prophets, and all the remaining portions of the Bible. For these reasons the Jews hated them—their rivalry, their heresy, and their heathen blood, breeding a bitterly rancorous hatred. So strong was this antipathy, that the woman by Jacob's well was astonished that our Lord would ask of her even a drink of water, saying, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for, adds the evangelist, "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Refusing them the common civilities of life, they used their name as a term of the bitterest reproach—for everything that was bad and abhorrent. When his enemies, for example, were so transported with rage against our Lord that, forgetting the sacredness of the place, they rose up in the temple to stone him, their passions found vent in this speech as the very concentration of the fiercest hatred, "Say we not well," they cried, as they gnashed their teeth on him, "Say we not well, that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?"

It was to one of this race that the priest and Levite left their wounded countryman. Many a bitter gibe and sneer had this Samaritan suffered of the Jews; but now with that wretched man in his hands his hour of vengeance had arrived—and nobly he avenged himself! Alone with the victim,—no eye on him but the vulture's that, perched on a rock, waited the close of life's struggle to descend with foul beak and flapping wing on its prey,—he approaches, and bends over the dying man; but not to finish what the robbers had all but completed. Risking his property, venturing even his life, he treats a fallen enemy as if he had been a wounded brother—his own mother's son. How beautiful is humanity!

And how hateful the antipathies over which love won this signal triumph! Hateful in the Jew, they are, whether connected with churches, sects, nations, races, or colours, doubly hateful in the Christian—the follower of the meek and lowly and loving Jesus, of him in whom there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free. Yet see how the laws of humanity and Christian love are outraged by the antipathy which the white man bears to the patient and injured African! In America, for instance, colour is worse than a crime. The Bible declares that God has made of one blood all nations of the earth, and by one blood redeemed them; and in practical contempt both of God and his word, they refuse to eat at the same table, ride in the same carriage, worship in the same church, or, unless under the pressure of a dire necessity, even to fight

in the same ranks with the negro; it is the old story,—"the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans."

Here are the old, bad human passions. What if time should bring round as remarkable a parallel in God's righteous and retributive providences? Those whom one age sees riding on the top of the wheel of fortune, the next often sees eating dust. The fate of nations, as of individuals, has not seldom illustrated the laws expressed in these sayings: Pride goeth before destruction; The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge. May those who have enslaved the unhappy negroes, bought and sold their brethren like cattle, trampled them under foot, and, using their name also as a term of reproach, repudiated something more sacred than their State debts—the claims of a common parentage and a common redemption, take warning! The haughty, intolerant, contemptuous Jews would not hear the warning, "Woe to the crown of pride!" and now they are a by-word, a proverb, and a hissing,—a nation scattered and peeled. As ages roll on, the providence of God will continue to show that it is not war with its bloody triumphs, nor commerce with its wealth, nor science with its arts, but righteousness that exalteth a nation. Depend on it, that the bread we cast on the waters, whether for evil or for good, will return though after many days. There is one true policy for nations and individuals. Regardless of immediate consequences, let them do what is right; if they have done wrong repent it, and, if possible, repair it—this their rule: What doth the Lord require of thee? but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God.

WHAT THE SAMARITAN DID.

So soon as he saw the man weltering in his blood, it is said, "he had compassion on him." So, perhaps, had the priest and Levite. But observe, no mention is made of that; no account is kept of it, any more than we keep account of the blossoms in the orchard that come to nothing—are beautiful, but nipped by late frosts or blown away by winds, never turn to fruit. In that respect, this book is an exemplar of another, the book of judgment. It is deeds only that are entered there. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." "Go and do thou likewise."

Now what did the Samaritan do? Conquering his prejudices, and those fears for his safety which amid such scenes and with such a sight before him were not unnatural, he hastes to the rescue. Throwing himself from his steed, he bends over the bleeding form, and finding life still there, applies such remedies as circumstances permitted and his skill suggested. It was and is still common in the East, for travellers to carry their provisions with them; and it providentially happened here that what the Samaritan had for eating was not unsuit-

able for healing—the one man's meat was fit to be the other man's medicine. For that purpose he uses it—esteeming it better that he should suffer hunger than that this poor wretch should suffer death. Nor in oil and wine were his applications so unsuitable, and his surgery so rude, as some might fancy. In ancient times oil was employed to mollify wounds and deaden their pain; and wine to staunch their bleeding; and Galen, one of the greatest of Roman physicians, pronounces them excellent means for such ends. They were at any rate the best he had. Like the woman in the gospel, he did what he could—pouring them into wounds, which he hastily tore his own robes to bind. And as he watched with eager interest the signs of returning life, I can fancy the joy that thrilled through all his frame, when the pulse began again to beat, and colour returned to the bloodless cheek, and, opening his eyes, this poor man fixed them with looks of eloquent gratitude on the face of his kind benefactor.

Some, on beginning a good work, go at it at first with zeal; but, lacking perseverance, and loving change, they soon turn to something else—tiring of it, as children of their toys. But the Samaritan stuck by the cause on which he had embarked; and so presents a humble illustration of him who will perfect that which concerneth his people, and wherever he begins a good work carry it on to the day of the Lord Jesus. Tenderly lifting up the wounded, he places him on his own beast, and conveys him to an inn, which he (type as we shall see of our Lord) approaches in the form of a servant—walking while the other rides. In these countries no other accommodation was commonly provided for travellers than what the caravanserais still offer in bare walls and the shelter of a roof; but here the inn was one of the few which, anticipating our modern civilisation, in landlord and other provisions resembled our own.

Having ventured his life to save the Jew, and plucked him, I may say, from the wreck, bringing him safe to shore, the Samaritan's work was in a sense done. As the prophet said to the Shunamite, when, having called her boy back to life, he laid him in her happy arms, saying, "Woman, behold thy son," my work is done, it is yours now to care for him,—so he, casting the poor Jew on the kindness of his countrymen, might have left him; and had done so crowned with the highest honours of humanity. But he does more. He will finish what he has so well begun. Business calls him away next morning, but before leaving he undertakes all the expenses of this man's board and cure. "Twopence," the sum he left with the host, may seem to us inadequate; but money then had a different value from what it has now—a single penny being a good day's wage for a good day's work. Moreover, wise as he was humane, provident as he was generous—qualities that commonly shine in conjunction like binary stars, the Samaritan undertook, in case the sum should fall short, to

make good the deficiency when he next came that way. So, earning the admiration of the inn, and followed by the blessings of the wounded man, bringing a blush, let us hope, to the cheek of priest and Levite, and winning for himself an imperishable renown, this most noble philanthropist went on his way—his purse lighter, but his heart happier; in one sense poorer, but in another richer; finding a fame he never sought; and little dreaming of the finger that pointed the eyes of the world to his example, or the voice that said in words which shall ring, in never-dying echoes, on its ear, Go, and do thou likewise.

“Go, and do thou likewise”—this is the moral of the story. It was told to rebuke the narrow-minded prejudices and selfishness of the Jews. May it rebuke our own! Our love is confined within narrow channels, because it is a tiny stream. Let it swell into a bigger volume, and these could not contain it; and therefore may God, pouring out his Spirit in showers from heaven, so flood our hearts with love, that it shall burst the boundaries within which education, ecclesiastical, or national prejudices confine it, and, burying, drowning them, flow forth to all mankind! Py this story Jesus teaches us to do good to all men as we have opportunity, and to rejoice in the opportunities of doing it. If any man's sorrows need our sympathy, his bodily or spiritual wants our help, let us think no more of asking whether he belongs to our country or family, our party or church, than if we saw him stretching out his hands from the window of a burning house, or found him, like this object of the Samaritan's kindness, expiring in a pool of blood. Thus Christ loved us; and thus he teaches us to love one another. This leads me to remark, in bringing these observations to a close, that

JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF WAS THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

To jaundiced eyes blushing rose, blue sky, and green earth, everything, looks yellow; and so much does the appearance of objects depend on the medium through which we regard them, that viewed through stained glass, for instance, they assume its peculiar hue. Thus, if it is coloured red, the gentle moon puts on a fierce and angry aspect; and as if, at the sounding of the second angel, the burning mountain of the Apocalypse were cast into the sea, its waters change to blood. Fancy, under the influence of our affection, plays us, if I may say so, such tricks—is equally illusive. Distempered by grief, the weeping mother, in sounds that startle only her, hears the pattering of her dead infant's feet. Looking through superstitious fears, the peasant sees a ghost in the tombstone which the moon, bursting from a cloud, suddenly whitens; and as the owl hoots from the grey steeple, or brushes past him on noiseless wing, he rushes in frantic terror from the quiet dwellings of the dead. The Romans, bringing to the invasion of our country, tender recollections of their own, on reaching the top of the hill which

looks down on the Tay, exclaimed, Behold the Tiber! And under the influence of feelings stronger than fear, more sacred than grief, and loftier than patriotism, fancy has created resemblances and seen things in the Bible, that had no existence other than in a pious imagination. One example of that shines in a constellation of southern skies, and another blooms in the flowers of our conservatories. It was the reverence and love of Jesus Christ in the bosom of the ancient mariner, which, working through fancy, when his ships first ploughed the waters of southern seas, saw suspended in the heavens, and formed of brilliant stars—and looking down on the world, the tree on which its Saviour hung; and it was the same piety that discovered in the passion-flower an imitation by the hand of nature of the instruments of our Redeemer's torture, and of the halo which now crowns his head in glory. And it is the same piety which, by a pardonable mistake, has in some instances discerned types, symbols, and shadows of Jesus in the Bible, that belong more to the regions of fancy than of fact.

It may be that in seeing Christ in this Good Samaritan, we have passed into this cloud-land; it may be that this is no more than a devout imagination. But the fancy does not, at any rate, pervert God's word from its grand purpose, nor in the pulpit prostitute to mean and common purposes a place that should be sacred to the saving doctrines of “Jesus Christ and him crucified.” Here we rise, not sink; and as if we ascended on a sunbeam to its source in the sun itself, here we turn from contemplating Christian love in the Samaritan, to contemplate it in the Saviour—its celestial source and perfect pattern.

Viewed in this light, the story of the Good Samaritan grows in interest, and assumes the grandest character. The whole scene changes: and with it the characters that act their various parts upon the stage. Jerusalem, the city of the living God, with the mountains standing round about her, and crowned by the temple where Jehovah dwelt, now stands for man's originally happy and holy state. Man leaves it. He goes down from it; travelling downward to that place of misery, so aptly typified by that Jericho, against which the ark and armies of the living God waged war, and whose walls lay under this fatal shadow—“Cursed,” said Joshua, as he stood on its smoking, blood-stained ruins, “cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up, and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it.” In the fierce and savage robbers, who issue from their haunts in this gloomy gorge to spring on the traveller, assault him, rob him, strip him, wound him, leaving him to die in his blood, we see the enemy of souls—the spoiler of Eden—the robber of man's innocence and happiness and honour—Satan, who was a murderer, says our Lord, from the beginning. In the priest and Levite, its fit, official representa-

tives, the law comes with its works. But it does, nothing for man—it can do nothing. These, its representatives who pass on the other side, and refuse even to own this wounded wretch, teach us, that “by the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified.” The law has not the heart of mercy that takes compassion on the lost; nor in atoning merits oil and wine to stop the bleeding of sin’s mortal wounds. These are brought to the scene, to the rescue, to save at the uttermost, by Him who painted his own portrait in the Good Samaritan. “What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law

might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.” There is balm in Gilead, and a physician there.

If that Good Samaritan was a figure of the God-man, Jesus Christ, would God the man he saved at death’s door was a figure of us! May we be as willing as he to be saved! May we look to Jesus with the love that burned in his heart and beamed in his eyes! May we give ourselves as much over to Christ’s care and cure, as he to his kind benefactor, when he lay in his arms, and hung helpless on his neck; and with still warmer gratitude than his, may we ever cherish in our very heart of hearts, the memory of this world’s Good Samaritan!

COAL;

ITS NATURE, ORIGIN, DISTRIBUTION, AND MECHANICAL EFFICIENCY.

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To the reflective instructed student of Nature, few varieties of lifeless matter have so much of meaning in them, or awaken so many enlarged suggestions, as a lump of coal. Interpreted by the light of science, coal is at once a most legible and expressive page in the history of our earth, and a record to man unsurpassed in the physical system of things, of the sublimity and beneficence of purpose of the Supreme Intelligence.

To justify this admiration of its import and worth, I propose to set before my readers in this paper some account of the geology of coal, embracing a sketch of its distribution within the earth, and the conditions under which it originated, and also some attempt at estimating the fields of wealth it constitutes, and the vastness of the *mechanical power* it embodies in aid of man’s industrial triumphs, and social and moral progress.

THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF COAL.

Contemplating it in its first aspect, or geologically, let us in the outset examine what the coal beds and their associated earthy or stony deposits are, and what they signify as to the state of the earth’s surface at the time of their formation. We will select any single layer of the coal itself, and ask of the chemist, naturalist, and geologist, what it is. They will tell us, that it is not a mineral mass nor earthy deposit of any sort, that it cannot from its composition and structure be, like the strata which enclose it, the wash of any of the rocky materials of the land, that it contains no pebbles, no granules of sand, and nothing derived from a mineral source, save a minute amount of much-diffused fine clay, or argillaceous sediment. They will, on the other hand, allege that it is of a vegetable nature and origin, a mass of semi-aquatic moss-like chiefly flowerless plants, matted intimately together, and decomposed by long soaking *where they grew* into

broad, thin, interblended layers, of a soft, pulpy, peaty texture, forming together one minutely laminated stratum. The geologist, accustomed to note the signs of the conditions under which beds of matter of all kinds accumulate, avers that the vegetable substance recognised as such by the chemist and the botanist can never have been washed or *floated* into this pure, uniform, compact, carbonaceous layer; for he well knows that no raft-like assemblage of entangled timber, or herbage of any sort, can have arisen without the introduction among it of a large proportion of clayey or other earthy matters, in irregular patches, filling the interspaces. Now, a bed of coal exhibits no such structure, its little amount of earthy matter is never in such lumpy accumulations, but occurs only in thinner or thicker layers, more or less coaly too, implying that they were formed as gentle sediments, slowly settling from very still, and but slightly turbid swampy waters. The whole structure, in fact, of any seam or bed of coal, most plainly intimates that its materials *grew* almost on the spots where they now lie; grew on flat, wide, watery plains, each successive stratum being the accumulated organic residuum of a vast wet meadow or fen. The striking continuity and evenness of the laminae of a coal bed, strongly demonstrate it to have had this original levelness. It is a horizontality which we cannot suppose compatible with any physical situation, but the marvellously beautiful plane which divides still water from the atmosphere. Nothing of irregularity of contour in the bottom of a seam of coal is anywhere to be seen, which indicates, when strictly examined, that the original floor was either dry land or very deep beneath the surface of the water; but this lower limit shows that the coal, or its generating vegetable bog, grew almost precisely at the water-level of its native home. A passing allusion has been made to

the absence of any mineral source for the materials of the coal beds. This is a fact, patent to every mineralist: and there is another fact disclosed by chemistry, that both the *carbon*, and the second other main ingredient of coal, the *hydrogen*, could have come together from no sources but the earth's atmosphere and waters, and only by the process of vegetative growth or plant life. Strange to say, this truth was very long overlooked. Indeed, it is only as it were yesterday, that the vegetable nature and origin of coal have become a doctrine of general acceptance in geology.

Directing a brief glance next to the attendant strata which immediately imbed the coal-seam between them, we learn from these deposits a further lesson as to the physical conditions which accompanied, or directly foreran and followed, the state of long repose and growth represented by the coal itself. The *underlying bed* or *floor* on which the coal reposes is almost invariably a layer of clay or finely comminuted mud, and this has seldom much lamination, but on the contrary every internal indication of its deposition in very tranquil water. This *under-clay*, as the miners (who were the first to draw the attention of geologists to it) term it, includes very generally the undisturbed roots of two or three gigantic varieties of now fossil, and long extinct plants, the relics of the very vegetation which, in their great size and redundant growth, contributed largely to the formation of the peaty matter, which by subsequent decay and chemical change became ultimately the coal. The prevalent under-clay is, in fact, the *old soil*, preserved to us almost intact, in which the vast coal meadows grew. The general absence of other kinds of less congenial or life-sustaining floor or soil, is itself a fact strongly corroborative of the views now adopted of the bog-like origin of all coal. In striking contrast with the under-clay is the overlying stratum or *roof rock*. For the most part it is a coarsely-bedded sandstone, or distinctly-leaved slate, or some other species of rock easily recognised as having been spread over the coal marsh or vegetable layer, by rather rapidly moving, often indeed very turbulent, water. Whether finely or coarsely grained, it abounds in that obliquity and those irregularities of bedding, which betray this turbulence. A further indication of such commotion is the almost invariable occurrence of broken, bent, and dismantled stems, or crushed branches and leaves of the coal-producing plants.

Thus each coal seam and its adjuncts discloses to us, in the state of the surface, three epochs. One was a period of deposition of fine mud in very quiet shallow water, the next a tranquil time—how prolonged it is difficult to say—of growth upon this mud as its soil of an exuberant matting of colossal forms of the lower tribes of vegetation, in the manner of a level and wide marine moss, or peaty sea-moistened meadow; and the last was an epoch of more or less sudden incursion of the waters over the surface of the air-breathing boggy growth; in

some instances merely a softly flowing on of the sea to form a limestone or calcareous shale, imbedding the shells or other preservable remains of sea-frequenting animals: but far more frequently a violent and wide inundation of the verdant plain, washing the sea-ooze upon its surface, uprooting or snapping off the more assailable of the giant weeds, rushing in upon the fast land, and dislodging thence of a quantity of fragmentary and earthy material strewn in the rebound of the flood in a promiscuous and more or less irregularly bedded stratum, composed of the tangled plants and all the earthy wreck. Thus was the submerged jungle covered, and the roof-rock of the future coal seam formed.

I would not have it be understood, that every coal-bed indicates just this series of phases in the earth's surface at its birth; but a somewhat wide and careful survey of many coal-fields, and the concurring testimony of the best observers, convince me, that, very commonly at least, the physical conditions and events in their creation and imbedding approximated closely to those I have here depicted.

If, now, we extend our attention from the coal-beds themselves, and their next underlying and over-resting deposits, to the whole great group of strata including these layers of fuel; that is to say, to all that coal-bearing division of the yet grander carboniferous system of rocks, called commonly the *coal-measures*, we shall see the entire formation to be everywhere composed of an alternation of these three-fold assemblages of the especial coal strata, with many other intervening sets of water-strewn and water-formed deposits of coarser or finer texture. All these intermediate masses are the remnants of a succession of level, wide, and for the most part shallow, sea-beds. And these sea bottoms were the recipients, in the intervals between the periods of growth of the successive coal-making meadows, of a vast variety of sediments quietly left by the gentlest currents, or swept from the land by inundations engendered during sudden disturbances and oscillations of the ocean's bed, or, in other words, during great *earthquakes*.

What a grand eventful epoch in the physical history of our earth is here developed! In the oft-repeated recurrence of the many coal-beds, each is a record of a term of long repose; while the many intervening groups of strata testify to ages of turmoil and agitation. The better to recognise the length and nature of this strange alternately turbulent and quiet period, the especial *day of plant-life*, in the youth of our globe, let us take a summary view of the bulk or thickness, and superficial breadth, of the coal-measures, and learn a little of the number and magnitude of the better-known individual coal seams.

DIMENSIONS OF THE EARTH'S COAL-FIELDS.

We have it, on the authority of competent surveyors, that the great coal-field of *South Wales*, the largest and deepest in Europe, covers a surface

of not less than 1000 square miles, and has a maximum thickness of from 7000 to 12,000 feet in its coal-measures. In this prodigious "book of time," there are, it has been computed, not less than 50 beds of coal, from 6 inches to 6 feet in thickness, and 25 of these are said to be each at least 2 feet thick. The smaller Forest of Dean coal basin contains, according to the Memoirs of the Geological Survey, 31 coal-beds in a thickness of coal-measures of 2400 feet. From the same source (the Survey) we learn that the North Staffordshire coal-measures have an aggregate depth of about 5000 feet; while those of the Newcastle district are believed to be at least 2000 feet thick, and to embrace a total thickness of coal equivalent to 60 feet. In the deepest portions of the extensive coal basin of Scotland, the upper productive coal-measures of Mid-Lothian have been found by the Survey to possess a thickness of not less than 1800 feet. The number of the seams of coal wrought in the Lanarkshire field is in all eighteen.

Turning to other countries, the depths or thicknesses of the coal-measures, and the numbers of the coal-beds, will be found to be on an equally grand scale.

But we can hardly get a just conception of the magnitude of the formation, the lapse of time and the physical changes involved in its production, and the wonderful stores of riches for man's future use which it contains, until we take a survey of the areas, the depths, the thicknesses in coal, and the present relative products in fuel of the chief coal tracts of the earth at present known. Looking, first, to the western side of the Atlantic, North America displays, commensurately with the breadth of her physical features generally, several enormous coal regions, three at least of which are the largest known upon the globe. One of these, the Appalachian basin, has a length of 875 and a maximum breadth of 180 miles, with an area in square miles of 55,500. Where deepest its coal-beds have an aggregate thickness of 40 feet. A second, the coal-field of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, has length 370, maximum breadth 200, and area 51,100 miles. This basin has fifteen or sixteen good coal seams, with a maximum thickness of 50 feet. And the third, and largest, but least opened, shows length 550, breadth 200, and superficial area 73,913 miles. In the anthracite basins of Pennsylvania the thickness of coal-measures amounts to 3000 feet, while that of the workable coal is not less than 120 feet.

The aggregate area of the five chief coal-fields of the American continent amount, by a careful estimate, based upon the latest surveys and best geological maps, to rather more than 200,000 square miles; a surface greater by about twenty times than the sum of all the coal-fields of Europe, or, indeed, of the whole Eastern world. The British carboniferous basins may be estimated to embrace some 5400 square miles of coal; the French a little less than 1000; and the Belgian about 510. Rhenish Prussia has 960; Westphalia 380; the Bohemian field

some 400; that of Saxony only 30; that of Spain probably 200; and that of all Russia scarcely 100 square miles. Comparing the coal areas with the total surfaces of the respective coal-producing countries, the United States has one square mile of coal to each fifteen of land; Great Britain one to every 22½; Belgium a like proportion; and France but one of coal to every 200 of country. Adopting for the computed total area of the coal-fields of the world 220,000 square miles, and accepting twenty feet (a low estimate) for the average thickness of the available coal, the entire mass of the fuel under the soil for the future wants of man, amounts by calculation to a cubic lump of very nearly ten miles linear dimensions, or to a square plateau of coal 100 miles wide in its base, and something more than 500 feet in height. The British lump of coal is a cube of a little more than three miles in diameter.

Some of these coal-endowed nations have certainly capacious and well-supplied coal-bins for their present and future comfort, and industrial strength. Let us now turn our mental gaze for a brief while to the statistical figures which exhibit the relative rates at which some of them are drawing on these stores.

The history of the consumption of coal in the British Isles is especially interesting. It was for the first time regularly mined in pits at Newcastle, in the beginning of the 13th century. In the 15th century, Eneas Silvius relates, in a visit to Scotland, the novel sight of the giving of coal to beggars at the gates of monasteries. Curiously enough, the prejudice against the use of coal in London was such during the days of Queen Elizabeth, that in that reign there were stringent acts of parliament restricting its use there during the sessions. For a long while in that age two ships sufficed to supply the entire coal trade between Newcastle and London. In 1855 the annual consumption of London amounted to about 5,000,000 tons. In 1854 Great Britain extracted from her mines more than 64,000,000 tons. In 1861 the product was about 80,000,000 tons, equal to a cubic block of 430 yards in height. For the present year the probable product may be safely estimated at not less than the enormous quantity of 100,000,000 of tons. In the Preliminary Report lately printed on the census of the United States for 1860, it is shown that the coal product of the state of Pennsylvania amounted in that year to about 11,500,000 tons, while that of all the coal-yielding states together exceeded 15,000,000 tons. In the year 1850, Belgium took from her mines nearly 6,000,000 tons, France some 4,500,000 tons, and Prussia 4,000,000 tons. It has been calculated that one-fifth at least of the present vast product in coal of the civilised world, which fifth part we may roughly estimate at nearly 30,000,000 tons annually, is applied in the smelting and manufacture of iron alone, and it is probable that more than one-tenth of the whole of the fuel lifted, or some 15,000,000 tons, are converted

directly into mechanical *power*, through the generation of steam for the propulsion of machinery.

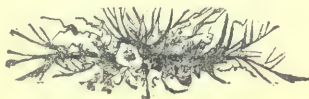
THE POWER REPRESENTED BY COAL.

Interesting and impressive comparisons have been instituted between the mechanical force of a given weight of coal applied as fuel in the steam-engine and the dynamic energy of a man. The human labourer exerting his strength upon a tread-mill,—a very economical mode of using it,—can, it is stated, lift his own weight,—we will say 150 lb.,—through a height of 10,000 feet per day, the equivalent of which is 1 lb. raised 1,500,000 feet in the same time. Now, the mechanical virtue of fuel is best estimated by learning the number of pounds which a given quantity—let it be *one bushel*—will elevate to a given height, say one foot, against gravity. Applied in the steam-engine, this performance of the bushel measure of coal is called its *duty*. In some improved modern Cornish engines, this duty,—the bushel's work,—is equivalent to the amazing result of raising 125,000,000 lb. one foot high, or 1 lb. 125,000,000 feet high. Now, as there are 84 lb. of coal in one bushel, this divisor 84, gives 1 lb. as equal to 1,488,000, or nearly one million and a half of feet, which, as we have seen above, is just the result of a man's toil for one day upon a tread-mill. Thus, *a pound of good coal is in reality worth a day's wages*. If, again, we estimate a lifetime of hard, muscular toil at twenty years, and portion three hundred working days to each year,—a full allowance,—we have for a man's total dynamic effort, six thousand days. But 6000 lb. constitute only three tons, so that we have arrived at the almost amusing fact, the cheering truth, that every three tons of coal in the earth is the convertible equivalent of one man's life-long muscular activity.

What a promise is here of the capacity of civilised inventive man to find an ample substitute for the life-wearing, brutalising and mind-benumbing expenditure of nerve and animal power exacted now of the *slaves of all complexions*. What a pledge has the all-bountiful and good Creator here given us, that the common lot of mankind is not to be, as always in the past, a lot of physical labour, but in the long future, at least one of a far higher, happier mode of effort. When I behold a section or block from out of a coal seam, and reflect that each cubic yard is in weight somewhat more than a ton; and that a column of it a yard in base and only three yards tall has more work in it than a man, more

mechanical energy than any force which willing effort, necessity, or the lash of the tyrant master, can exact from the human organisation, I exult in the reverential thought of the superabundant provision bequeathed to our race against the curse of over-physical toil in this marvellous condensation of mechanical strength. Looking at the tall column of the material, thirty-seven feet high, representing a coal-bed in Nova Scotia, displayed in the recent Great Exhibition in London, I said to myself, here is a black man, of the strength of some *four* of the stoutest dark-skinned men ever held in serfdom, and see what a willing service, what a painless bondage it can be made to undergo. This, our inanimate slave, can be compelled to work at any rate of gentleness or speed we choose. We can induce him to lengthen out his efforts for almost any term of years, or bid him convert himself into a herculean giant, concentrating the total force of four able-bodied men, spread over twenty years of life, and applying the whole of it in some titanic triumph against brute matter within a week or even a day.

Here it may be worth our while to turn from our *giant man of all work*, and take the Census of those populations of this sort which rest sleeping beneath the ground, but are ever ready, under the magic summons of a little art, to muster at the surface in any strength and await our bidding. Every acre of a coal seam, only four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard depth of pure fuel, will produce, if fitly mined, about 5000 tons—equivalent to the life-labour of more than 1600 strong men. Every square mile of such coal-bed contains about 3,000,000 tons of fuel, and represents one million of men labouring steadily through twenty years of their ripest vigour. Recalling our estimate that the existing annual product of the British mines is 100,000,000 of tons, and that some 15,000,000 of this supply is employed for the production of mechanical force, is it not clear that England virtually summons annually to her aid an obedient army of 5,000,000 of fresh men. Nor is this all; each of these represents a man toiling through twenty years, and as the above number comes every year, the actual population of workmen in the shape of coal is twenty times the 5,000,000 men, or it is the vast multitude, 100,000,000. Were *all* the coal annually lifted in Britain converted into *power* as well as mere heat, its aggregate energy would surpass the combined strength of more than all the adult human population of the Earth.



A FEW DAYS IN SPAIN.

THERE are several ways of getting to Spain. If you go by sea, there are good steamers from Southampton to Gibraltar; but then you strike the hot country first. The route by Marseilles and Valencia is the quickest, but it is the dearest, and there is a risk in that case of missing Burgos, just the sort of place to be dropped out of the fag-end of a tour. So we determined to go by Paris (which every one in his secret heart is glad to find an excuse for going to, if only for a day), and then on through western France by queenly Angoulême enthroned among her vineyards, and the quays of stately Bordeaux, and across the Landes—not without their mournful beauty, being a kind of Scotch steppe waving like the sea with heather and firs—to Bayonne, which is as much Spain in France, as St. Sebastian is France in Spain.

The drive across the spurs of the Pyrenees is often pretty, but never sublime. Its chief interest is that on all sides are the footprints of our great Wellington. At Irun, the first Spanish town, we showed our passports, which were never asked for again till we were leaving Malaga; and when we stopped at St. Sebastian we had our first glimpse of Spanish manners. The conductor of the diligence told us we were to take supper, and then vanished. There was no person from the inn to show us in the dark where the inn was, or to give us reason to suppose that our going there was of the slightest consequence to any one. We saw an open door and a flight of stairs, and then a room, with a table and plates on it, and being hungry and adventurous, we went in and waited for what was to come next. A handsome Spanish girl attended on us with a kind of dainty stateliness, taking round dish after dish, without volunteering a remark, and not condescending to show that she could speak French till we asked what we had to pay. The French conductor, too, furnished us with another glimpse of Spanish character; for, coming up in a kind of rollicking simplicity to the top of the table, he was quietly told by the Spaniards present to go down to the bottom, which he did instantly with a good-humoured grimace, and soon showed that his rebuff had not taken away his appetite.

Our ten mules pulled us on merrily till we joined the railway at Olazogoitia somewhere about 3 A.M. (the journey from Bayonne to Madrid is now performed in less than thirty hours); and then, by Vittoria, which we reached at sunrise, and where we shivered for cold, we went on through a barren and dreary land till the spires of a lofty cathedral, rising above a mass of dull yellow houses and under the crest of a fortified hill, told us that we were at Burgos. At our inn there (Fonda del Norte) we found iron beds, prettily papered rooms, a fair *cuisine*, and reasonable charges. The Cathedral of course we visited without delay. At the west end

are two crocketed and not very lofty spires. Behind these rises up an octagonal tower, built by the son of the Duke of Alva, and behind this again a lower tower, in itself a good-sized church. The interior is somewhat spoilt by bronze gates a good deal out of order, which “imprison the choir,” and give the church the look of being in handcuffs; but its airiness, loftiness, and lightness are quite wonderful, and the elaborate stone carvings, both in the octagonal tower and the mighty pillars which support it, make it a gem of Gothic art.

The convent of Miraflores, about a mile out of the town, possesses perhaps the very noblest monument in Spain, erected by Isabella of Castile to her parents; and though the French cruelly mutilated it, and a wretched painted railing makes it impossible to get near enough to examine it quite minutely, it well deserves a visit. The tomb is of the very finest alabaster, about three and a half feet high. On the top are the recumbent effigies of the king and queen,—he in his armour, she in her robes, ornamented with lace most marvellously chiselled,—while all round the monument are carved figures of martyrs and Apostles, each a gem of art. There are seven monks here, all on the silent system, and I did not know how sufficiently to pity them, or to execrate the cruelty that condemned them to their silence. We came across one of them, an accomplished man, who spoke fluently several European languages. He looked lost and unhappy; and a sickly smile lit up his face as he showed us a stick he had been chiselling, and observed (for they may speak to strangers), touching his forehead, “this would fail me if I might not thus employ myself.” It seemed perfectly natural that when we parted from him, he did not cast back one glance at us, but became instantly absorbed again in his tools and bits of wood. They were his best friends, while we were nothing to him, and to converse with us was but to remind him of his living grave.

Burgos is a dull, decayed place, and we were glad to get into the *correo*, or mail-coach, for Madrid; though, after a journey of twenty-four hours, during which we could buy nothing to eat or drink on the road, we were still more glad to get out of it. The drive is not quite without interest; occasionally we came on bits of wooded country; and, as the sun went down, the distant hills with their lights and shadows reminded us of the Westmoreland fells. Whenever we changed horses, the curé, and the gossips, and the children came to have a peep at us, and so we got a peep at them; and, provided you have no dust, and can have the *coupé* to yourself, a diligence journey now and then is a pleasant way of travelling, permitting meditation and talk more easily than a railway, and much better opportunities for seeing the country.

Madrid, which disappointed us when we entered it, grew on us afterwards; and though it cannot be compared with Paris, Naples, or Berlin, may fairly be ranked with Bordeaux or Milan. The *Puerta del Sol* (where was our excellent hotel, *Fonda de los Principes*) has recently been ornamented with a very effective fountain, and at night when lighted and crowded with people would be striking even in Paris. The *Prado* is said to be a brilliant scene on a summer's evening. The *Palace* is quite the grandest I know, but I have never been to *St. Petersburg*. The shops are third-rate, and enormously dear. Cabs are good and cheap. House-rent is becoming exorbitant. The best hotels are expensive (ours was sixteen francs a day), but provisions are dear, and the *cuisine* is equal to *Meurice's*. In summer the heat is frightful, and in winter the cold blasts from the *Guadarrama* mountains cut with the sharpness of a razor, but in spring and autumn the climate is perfect, and while we never once felt it hotter than chilly Englishmen wish to feel it, we also felt that we had not come in vain in search of the sun.

The glory of Madrid is its *Picture Gallery*. Externally the building is not remarkable, but the long gallery as you enter is very imposing, and in this respect superior to the *Louvre*, that there is neither gilding nor ornament to distract you from what you have come to see. The pictures moreover are well lighted; there is abundance of civil attendants, and you generally have the place to yourself.

Pictures are a tempting subject, and I have a wholesome fear of the editor's scissors. The main fault of the gallery is that there is no real attempt to classify the pictures in their several schools. The merit of it is the astonishing collection of really excellent pictures of all countries, as well as in the numbers of *chefs d'œuvre* of the greatest masters. Here moreover you come across painters not much known in England, such as *Velasquez*, the most natural and vigorous of portrait painters, and the somewhat sombre, but most meritorious productions of *José Ribera*. I would only add that, after a somewhat careful study of *Raphael* and *Murillo* in this gallery, I felt most thankful for the natural way in which they have painted the human life of Christ. In a cabinet picture by *Raphael* the infant Jesus is putting his arms round the Baptist's neck, and kissing him. In another, the Holy child is riding on a lamb, Joseph holding him. But the most domestic picture is perhaps one by *Murillo*, in which the boy Jesus, standing at Joseph's knee, holds in his hand a white bird towards which a dog is preparing to spring, while the Virgin at her spinning wheel looks on. To be made to feel that the joys and sensations of childhood have been shared by One who, when He became man, took to himself a humanity complete in all its sympathies and emotions; and that our Blessed Saviour was once a childlike child as well as a true man, is surely a help and light of no common value.

From pictures to bull-fights is a rapid transition, but the Bull-ring is near the *Museo*, which possibly accounts for the connection in my own mind. We did not see a bull-fight, for the only one that took place while we were there was on a Sunday, and under any circumstances it is hardly the place for a humane Christian man. From all I heard of it, the spectacle must be sickening and disgusting. The men no doubt are brave enough, and the bulls fierce enough, and the excitement must be appalling; but the horses, instead of being what they used to be, and in Spanish America are still, noble blood animals, capable of leaping over the bull, if he comes too near them, are worn-out jades, fit only for the knacker, and have to be goaded to their death. It often happens that, after the bull has gored them, they run round the ring trampling on their own entrails: and sometimes a boy will run up, stuff the wound with straw, and so they do for the next day.

The most hopeful feature about the thing is that the Queen in Madrid hardly ever goes to them; that the press is steadily writing them down, and that society very much takes its tone from France and England. It is possible therefore that in a few years' time this barbarous remnant of the old gladiatorial games may pass away.

Of course we went to the *Escorial*. Standing on a platform of granite at the foot of the *Guadarrama* range, it seems part of the mountain, which overshadows without dwarfing it: and partly monastery, partly palace, in more senses than one, it is the *Versailles* of Spain. Built on the plan of a gridiron, it is in shape a rectangular parallelogram, at each end flanked with towers surmounted by a grey spire, and with four tiers of windows. In the centre is the dome of the church, a grand and simple building, that reminded me of *St. Peter's*. The material is granite, so fresh that it looks as if it was finished yesterday, and the severe simplicity of the whole building is its chief merit. Under the dome is the burial-place of the sovereigns of Spain, from *Charles V.* to *Ferdinand VII.*, each in his own sarcophagus of marble.

The library, with the *edges* of the books turned outwards, is chiefly interesting for a portrait of *Philip II.* in his old age, who glares at you out of the canvas with a dull, cruel stare. The royal apartments are small and tawdry, but any one who has read *Motley's* histories would take an intense interest in visiting the suite of rooms where *Philip II.* spent his life in the deliberate infliction of pain. There is the rough chamber, where it was his whim to receive ambassadors—the tiny cabinet, with no window in it, where he sat at his desk hour after hour (for he was a glutton of work), reading despatches, and scrawling upon them; there is the chair on which he sat, the table where he wrote, the stool on which he rested his gouty leg, and just beyond, inside the church, and in view of the altar, is the spot where, in frightful agonies of body and mind, he breathed his last, gazing at the crucifix

that could not save him, and listening to the priests, who could not give him peace.

Toledo is one of the most interesting cities in Spain, and you can go and return to Madrid in the same day. It is perched on a kind of eagle's nest above the Tagus, which rushes beneath it through solid walls of granite, on its three hundred miles' journey to the Atlantic. The streets are very narrow, narrower than at Vienna. The inhabitants, who speak the purest Castilian, do not live in flats as in Madrid, but each in his own house, with its patee or inner court, musical with a fountain always playing, sweet and green with flowers, and cool with its thick awning to keep off the sun. Constantly our guide stopped us to point out some arabesque carving, or some ancient door studded with nails of a wonderful shape and thickness (the Moors were great in nails), or a deep well with its old iron lid. There are two beautiful synagogues here, which, since the Jews were expelled from Spain, have been turned to all kinds of uses, ornamented with Moorish tracery in brilliant colour; and there is also a noble fragment of a church built by Ferdinand and Isabella, hung outside with iron fetters taken off the Christian captives at the surrender of Granada. The cloisters here, wofully defaced by the French, seem to have been more beautiful than the Campo Santo at Pisa.

But the crown of Toledo is her Cathedral, worthy indeed of the seat of the Primate of all Spain (who ranks next to the Pope), and which impressed us almost more than Seville. Here, as elsewhere, the exterior is not remarkable (our English cathedrals far surpass in this respect those of Spain), but the interior is sublime to the last degree. Four tiers of enormous columns, themselves decorated with smaller columns, divide the nave. The choir, as is the case in all Spanish cathedrals, is quite in the way, and spoils the effect of the rest of the building, but the walnut stalls are very beautiful, and it contains a gorgeous chapel to the memory of Spain's greatest prelate, Cardinal Mendoza, the friend, and almost the equal of the Catholic kings. The numerous chapels are richly decorated. The sacristy is full of jewelled dresses, and gold and silver plate of a fabulous value. The reliquary is as well stored as that of St. Anthony at Padua, and as the afternoon sun streamed in through the windows of richly-painted glass, the church was filled with glory.

From Madrid to Granada is a journey of about twenty-nine hours, of which the first eight are now by railway. It is the great distances in Spain, and the expensiveness of good places in the diligence, that make travelling costly. Till you come to Santa Cruz (with the exception of an oasis of verdure at Aranjuez) you might imagine yourself in the desert; and this arises not only from the fact that in autumn much of the country is in stubble, but also that a good deal is not in cultivation; for as there is no means of transport, there is no use in growing corn which is not needed for home consumption.

The soil and climate of Spain produce the finest wheat in the world. In some places the bread is so white and rich that it looks like cake, and does not need butter. When the railway system at present in progress is completed to Barcelona in the north-east, to Santander in the north-west, and to Seville in the south-west, Spain will become the granary of Western Europe, and an impetus will be given to the trade of the Peninsula—the results of which it is impossible to foretell.

Santa Cruz is in the district of La Mancha, Don Quixote's home, and a very desolate land. Three hours from here, the road begins to climb the Sierra Morena (the backbone of this part of Spain), and by a really Alpine gorge, and past mountains, not indeed so brilliantly coloured as those of Wady Shellal, but still quite metallic with red and sulphur, leads down into Andalusia. On all sides, till the eye rests on a mighty background of mountains forty miles off, there stretch vast plantations of olives, carefully planted in rank and file: and here for the first time we come on the cactus, the wild aloe, and the pomegranate. At Bailen, the scene of a battle in 1808, where the Spaniards defeated the French, and were so frightened at what they had done, that they made no use of it, the road to Cordova and Granada diverge. Jaen was the next town we came to, a city set on a hill, and surrounded by fruit gardens of a delicious greenness. Then on we drove through a valley of Italian richness, where the fig and the vine, the peach and the nectarine, the melon and the pomegranate, the maize and the olive, told us of a land of milk and honey: as the sun fell, the moon rose, and through gorge after gorge, glittering in the silver air, we drew nearer to the majestic shadows of the Sierra Nevada, till we were roused out of a snatch of uneasy sleep, to find our journey over.

Granada is the Salzburg of Spain. Built at the extreme end of a most fertile valley, and embracing with both its arms the noble hill on which the Alhambra is built, it has a climate deliciously tempered by mountain breezes, and was the brightest jewel that Islam lost, and that Christendom won. I am not sure that the view from the bell tower of the Alhambra does not quite equal the famous view of Damascus: and when the Nevada is glittering with snow, and the plain fresh with its spring greenness, like Jerusalem of old, it is beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth.

The Cathedral is a bad St. Paul's, but its great feature of interest is the Royal Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella. There are two of the most exquisite marble tombs that ever the hand of man chiselled, and underneath, in the vault, their remains repose. They show you Ferdinand's own sword, and a splendid vestment worked by Isabella for Cardinal Mendoza: and then you go down into the narrow chamber, where a tall man could hardly stand upright; and before you are two plain lead coffins, one marked F., the other I., that contain all that is left of those strong and royal hearts.

The Carthusian convent outside the town commands a fine view of the plain, and of the Duke of Wellington's estate, the value of which is absurdly exaggerated by the Spaniards. In the sacristy you get a notion of the mineral wealth of Spain in some superb marbles, and the doors of the chapel are exquisitely inlaid in ebony and tortoiseshell.

But the Alhambra is the pride of Granada and the boast of Spain. A noble avenue of English elms leads up to it out of the town, and English tourists cannot be too strongly recommended to take up their quarters at a pretty little inn, called the Siete Suelos, which is right under the palace walls, and in every respect all that can be wished. The first thing to do is, if possible, about sunset, to climb the Torre de la Vela, where the Christian flag was first hoisted by Cardinal Mendoza, and where there is as glorious a panorama of mountain and plain as can be seen in Europe. We spent two evening hours there on our first visit, for the Alhambra, like Venice, is best seen in twilight: and we looked down on the city, and the dim outline of the distant mountains, and the grand sweep of plain at our feet till the moon rose over the shoulder of the Nevada, and with its silver splendour put out the lights beneath.

It is very difficult to describe the Alhambra, but the ornamentation of one room is very much like that of another; and the kind of thing is familiar to any one who has visited the Crystal Palace. Like all Oriental edifices, its beauty is within, and from without it is remarkable only for the thickness of its masonry, the imposing appearance of its towers, and the commanding elevation on which it is built. Even the interior at first disappoints some persons, for all colour is gone, except where you come across the admirable restorations now going forward, and there meet you everywhere marks of the tooth of decay. Never was I myself so much impressed with its size, as with the admirableness of proportion, and the exquisiteness of taste; and the feeling is rather one of delight at the refined handiwork of an inventive genius, than awe in the presence of commanding power. The Hall of Ambassadors is perhaps the most imposing part of it; while the Court of Lions, with its 128 pillars of white marble, so slender and delicate that you wonder how the roof is supported by them, gives the best impression of the capabilities of Moorish architecture. But the place will grow on you, as you visit it again and again, by yourself, and at all hours, especially in the moonlight: and when you succeed in forgetting the dilapidation and ruin that surrounds you, when you try to imagine that whitewashed plaster radiant in gold and colours: when you people those silent halls with the beauty, and the prowess, and the wisdom, and the nobility of those stately Moors: when you trace through the length and breadth of the land, how all that was honest, and true, and good in them, still blesses Spain,—you will see that if at last the Fleming conquered the Moor, in some things still the Moor

is master of the Fleming: and while you are thankful for the conquest of Granada, while in our age we have better things than Moorish palaces, and through God's goodness could tell those Moors, what their Koran could never tell them; we may still feel that God's Providence had a purpose in suffering them to be all those centuries in Southern Europe: we can all learn from each other, and we can all give to each other: let us be as great in our time with our advantages as they were then with theirs.

While at Granada I twice visited Matamoros in prison; a most true and noble sufferer for conscience sake, and not yet spoiled by sympathy. On another occasion I may relate what I saw.

From Granada to Malaga we went on horseback across the mountains, and a fagging ride of two long days we found it. The dip down from the Alhambra into the plain is as fine as anything in Italy; and Alhama, which we reached in the afternoon, a thoroughly Moorish town, and built on the edge of some enormous fissures in the hills, is most singular to look at, but woe to the flesh and blood of any Englishman that sleeps there. Soon after this we got more into the heart of the mountains, and passed through some glens that reminded me of the road from Dhahariyah to Hebron. Here however the rain came down smartly, and as it was dusk, we took refuge in a village posada, where everything was in common, and the muleteers came in to dry themselves by the fire, and then passed the night on the floor. One bed was made for us upstairs, on the outside of which we tried to snatch an hour's sleep, but the voracity of the insects soon disturbed us; and as no amount of capital punishment produced any effect on the survivors, we got up, and read till the moonlight and the approach of dawn made it prudent for us to proceed. For six hours we were scrambling about from one precipice to another in our descent towards the sea, which we saw at a great distance beneath us, and for the first two hours it was very cold; but when we got into the sunlight it was hot enough, and we found ourselves in a valley tropical both in its climate and vegetation, with the orange and the lemon, the sugar-cane and the palm. From Velez Malaga, where we breakfasted, it is a six hours' ride further to Malaga, by the side of the sea; and as we entered the town at sunset in a flood of golden mist, it seemed impossible ever to think Turner extravagant again.

From Malaga, where we stayed only one night, we went on to Gibraltar by steamer; an affair of eight hours. There too we remained just long enough to visit the lines, to find that none of our friends were in the place, to read the papers, and to be very anxious to get away.

The Spanish press is now agitating for the restoration of Gibraltar, but two questions have first to be settled. Does Spain deserve it, and could she keep it? It must always be remembered that England holds the Rock, not merely in the pride of

conquest, but in the interests of the rest of Europe, Austria, Turkey, Italy, and even Spain herself. It is certain that if England at this moment were to give up Gibraltar, every Spaniard in the country would instantly say, that we had given it up in fear of them; and instead of respecting us for our justice, they would despise us for our weakness. But the point is, how long would she keep it out of the hands of France?

And then surely it is a fair question, Does she deserve it? When Spain joins with the rest of the civilised world in honestly putting down the slave trade; when she permits foreigners to worship God according to their own conscience, and to have the rites of Christian burial if they die on her soil; when she grants to her own children full liberty of faith; when she pays her just debts, and becomes once more a solvent nation; when she has an independent diplomacy; when she has an army that can do something more than slaughter Moors; and when she has a navy to protect Gibraltar, if she gets it,—then it may be time for England to begin to listen to proposals which now even to think of would be high treason.

From Gibraltar to Cadiz is a voyage of eight hours, and in the finest weather trying to weak stomachs, when the boat gets fairly into the roll of the Atlantic. Of all the beautiful cities I ever saw, Cadiz is the most beautiful, rising like a lustrous pearl out of a sea of sapphire. The houses are clean and elegant, and with flat roofs. The streets are full of good shops, and crowded with people. The harbour is busy with shipping, for Cadiz is the great port for exporting the Xeres wines, and for communication with the American colonies.

In pursuance of our settled plan always to avoid the Queen on her state progress, we left Cadiz before she reached it, and passing Seville, where a grand display of fireworks was going on, made for Cordova. This is an old Moorish city, once almost the greatest in Spain, and now in its decay numbering 50,000 souls; but the streets are vastly dull, the shops poor, the heat clammy and sickening, the mosquitoes audacious, and our inn (the Fonda Suisse) the only one in Spain where we were over-charged. Still it is quite worth coming to for the Cathedral, or Mesquita, as it is still called, that is, the ancient mosque turned into a church. I do believe there is nothing like it in the world. You approach it through an open court filled with orange-trees, and with one noble palm laden with fruit. Outside it is long, low, and heavy. When you enter you almost imagine yourself in a forest; for no less than 850 marble pillars, all different in shape, colour, and carving, support the roof, and divide the cathedral; and as they are somewhat small, and by no means lofty, you seem all the closer to them. The effect perhaps is curious, rather than imposing; in fact, at first you hardly know what to make of it; but when you imagine yourself in a mosque, all seems natural, and the air of the place is much more Mahomedan than Christian. There is one exquisite fragment, a

sacred recess, where in old days the Koran was kept, and in which the arabesque carving and columns are in excellent preservation. The building is spoilt by a modern gilded choir stuck in the very centre, and even Charles V., who tried to do worse at the Alhambra, found grievous fault with this.

Seville, which is about four hours from Cordova by railway, is the capital of Andalusia, and in some respects the second city in Spain. The birthplace and the residence of Murillo, it contains some of his finest pictures, and those open to the public are chiefly to be found in the Chapel of the Caridad, the picture gallery, and the Cathedral. The two most important of those at the Caridad represent Moses striking the rock, and Christ, in a sitting posture, blessing the loaves before they were distributed to the multitude. The colouring and the drawing are of course irreproachable, but I confess they were just a proof to me that no artist, great as he may be, can excel in everything, and that historical painting, which requires great dramatic power and conception, was not Murillo's gift. In the picture gallery, all his pictures, by a most fatal mistake, are collected into a single room. Certainly you have not the feeling of sickening disgust that comes over you in the gallery at Munich, in the room devoted to Rubens, but painters want a foil more than any people, and you have here too much at once of the same thing. Among many gems the picture that struck us both most is one of St. Francis and Christ. The Saviour on his cross with one arm free is bending down to embrace the saint, to whom He seems to say, "Art thou equal for this cross, and am I sufficient to help thee to bear it?" while St. Francis (the world under his feet), to whom two infant angels, evidently not understanding what they do, hold out a scroll, with the words "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be my disciple," clasps his Divine master with a look that seems to say, "A hundred crosses with Thee."

The picture in the Cathedral which Borrow admires most—that of the Guardian Angel—was completely covered up by velvet drapery, placed there in honour of the Queen: but really, one fine thing is enough at a time, and the Cathedral is enough to admire by itself. Its finest external feature is the Moorish tower, called the "Giralda," which you ascend by a raised pathway, as in the Campanile at St. Mark's, and from the summit of which is a noble view of the country and town. It is unnecessary to say that the building is unfinished, and certainly it must not be mentioned the same day with the Duomo of Milan; but it is the purest and the largest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, and I should be sorry for the man who could enter it for the first time without a real awe. Its vastness, its loftiness, and, to use a very hackneyed expression, its dim, religious light, impress themselves on you instantly. All the windows are in painted glass, and the organs are almost more magnificent than usual in Spanish cathedrals, which is saying a great deal. The

church music we thought beneath criticism, but there is no singing abroad that I have ever heard like our cathedral music at home. The son of Columbus is buried here; his father sleeps across the sea.

I wonder what Dean Close would say if he were to go over the tobacco manufactory here, which employs about 500 men and 5000 women daily in the manufacture of snuff, cigarettes, and cigars. The very sight of 5000 gowns and petticoats hung up against the wall, and the sound of 5000 female voices, not always of the gentlest, and all of course speaking at the same time, are astonishing enough by themselves. I greatly fear that a very cursory glance at Spain would convince him that tobacco is a national institution, and that smoking is the intemperance of the Spaniards. It will, however, I am sure, please him to know that the building is entirely closed on Sunday.

The Alcazar, or Moorish Palace, could not be seen, as it was being used by the Court: and for the same reason the Palace of St. Telmo, the residence of the Duke of Montpensier, flanking the Guadalquivir, and surrounded by gardens planted with very choice shrubs from all parts of the world, was not visible. But Seville itself is full of interest. There is much that is old, still mingled with the new. Orange and lemon-trees spring up everywhere—oranges are now the chief trade of the place—and the ladies of Seville are the most beautiful and fascinating in Spain. Let me venture to whisper it, there are two things, *two things only*, in which they surpass Englishwomen. They walk better; a Spanish lady glides, rather than walks, with a grace and dignity you see nowhere else: and then, as they never wear bonnets, but simply a black lace veil thrown over their heads (a most becoming head-dress), and invariably choose the quietest colours (when they go to church, they always wear black), they are preserved from that incredible rashness in mixing colours, which, with many of our own countrywomen, rob face and complexion and figure of more than half their due.

The great drawback to Seville is the plague of mosquitoes; and the inns are far from being equal to those of Madrid. Our way home we had intended to be by Lisbon, but circumstances made it expedient for us to return by the quickest route; and so we struck across the country for Valencia, a journey of forty-four hours, going by diligence to Santa Cruz, and then taking the railway to Alcazar, which there diverged in a branch line to the Mediterranean.

We were not prepared for the astonishing fertility we found in the district of Valencia, and which is mainly owing to the system of irrigation handed down from the Moors. The view from the Cathedral tower is a very panorama of richness, and the city itself is a thriving and bustling place. Evidently there is great heat, for the very streets are awned over from the sun. In the markets we saw frogs and snails for sale as articles of food; and economical

persons can buy as small an article as a chicken's leg. Tiles are manufactured here in great abundance, and also black silk. Here we finished Spain, ending well; and in a tartana, a kind of covered cart without springs, which has been compared to a gondola on wheels; we jolted down to the harbour, where we took the French steamer for Marseilles.

And now for a few closing sentences on Spain and Spaniards. In soil, in climate, in mineral wealth, in natural resources of all kinds, Spain is unrivalled; and it only needs a wise development of her commercial system to restore her to the level that she has so long lost. It is a great misfortune to her that the Tagus flows into the sea at Lisbon; and it was Philip the Second's fatal mistake in making Madrid the capital, that alienated Portugal. The settlement of the dynasty and the liberal constitution have done much to consolidate the institutions of the country; and the introduction of foreigners into Spain, as well as the taking of Spaniards out of it by increased facilities of travelling, must tend to introduce new ideas and principles into the country, and may pave the way for religious liberty. Borrow and Ford speak so severely of Spaniards, that I hesitate to give impressions which must be superficial, and are likely to be erroneous. But from what I heard from Englishmen resident in Spain, and from what I saw with my own eyes—which I did my best to keep open—I quite came to the conclusion that, with all their faults, they are a great people, and are certainly a nation of gentlemen. They seemed social and light-hearted, with neither the heaviness of the Germans, nor the levity of the French, nor the somewhat sad gravity of the English. There is a great deal of real dignity in them; you can see this in the way they dress, for they are certainly the best-dressed people you will find anywhere; and masters treat their servants with a consideration that would surprise us here. As an instance of this, one person told me that a maid-servant had refused to come to him unless she was called Señora. They have great veneration for their parents, for whom they mourn two years, and during that time never enter a theatre nor listen to music. Their faults remind one of a large family of brothers and sisters living together in a remote place, and who, compelled by circumstances to be independent of others, come to think there is nobody like themselves. Pride and poverty make them inhospitable. Their self-love creeps out sometimes very amusingly, and an English acquaintance told us that during the royal festivities at Seville, when a few regiments were being reviewed, he overheard the people saying to each other, "What a wonderful people we are. Who is like the Spaniards? No wonder we conquered the Moors." They dislike foreigners, though they are very civil to them. One Spaniard, who had lived as a political refugee in England, remarked to a gentleman, who repeated it to me, that he should like to banish all foreigners and foreign productions out of Spain altogether, and leave Spain to herself. But of all foreigners they



T. Morten

DAZIER

COUSIN WINNIE.

dislike us most, and for four reasons. We are heretics ; we have laid them under great political obligations, which they to a man ignore ; we have lent them money which they do not mean to repay ; and we hold Gibraltar. And yet one Spaniard, who began his sentence by the flattering observation, "I hate England," finished it by adding, "yet I never come into contact with an Englishman without liking him."

The serious faults of the Spaniards are pride, idleness, and corruption of morals. They have no

domestic life : their faith is alloyed and encrusted with superstition : the shadow of the Inquisition still haunts them ; even now no man dares speak out his mind where the Church has dogmatised ; and their Bible is sealed.

So, as we cross the Channel, and climb the old white cliffs, and rush up through the Weald of Kent, and enter once more the crash and roar of London, our one deep feeling is thankfulness that we are Englishmen.

A. W. THOROLD.

COUSIN WINNIE.

THE glad spring-green grows luminous,

With coming Summer's golden glow ;

Merry Birds sing as they sang to us

In far-off seasons, long ago.

The old place brings the old time back,

To eyes that mirage the Dawn i' their dew ;

My heart goes forth along the track

Where oft it danced, dear Winnie, with you.

A world of Time, a sea of Change,

Have rolled between the paths we tread,

Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I

Was your "*OWN LITTLE, GOOD LITTLE NED.*"

There's where I nearly broke my neck,

To harry a nest ! and hid my pain :

And then I thought your heart would break,

To have the Birds put back again.

Yonder, with lordliest tenderness,

I carried you across the Brook ;

So happy in my arms to press

You, triumphing in your timid look :

So lovingly you lean'd to mine

Your cheek of sweet and dusky red :

You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I

Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

My Being in your presence bask'd,

And kitten-like for pleasure purr'd ;

A higher heaven I never ask'd,

Than watching, wistful as a bird,

To hear that voice so rich and low :

Or sun me in the rosy rise

Of some superb, frank smile ; and know

A thrill of opening paradise.

The Boy might look too tenderly ;

All lightly 'twas interpreted :

You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I

Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

Well I remember, Winnie, how

I felt the heartbreak, bitterly,

When the Well-handle smote your brow,

Because the blow fell not on me.

Such holy longing fill'd my life,

I could have died, Dear, for your sake ;

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But, never thought of you as Wife :

A cure to clasp for love's heart-ache.

You enter'd my soul's temple, Dear,

Something to worship, not to wed :

You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I

Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I saw you, heaven on heaven higher,

Grow into stately womanhood ;

Your beauty kindling with the fire

That swims in noble English blood.

Away from me—a radiant Joy !

You soar'd ; fit for a Hero's Bride :

While I a Man in soul, a Boy

In stature, shiver'd at your side.

You saw not how the poor little Love

Pined dumbly, and *thus* doubly pled :

You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I

Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

And then that other voice came in !

There my Life's music suddenly stopp'd :

Silence and darkness fell between

Us, and my Star from heaven dropp'd.

I led Him by the hand to you—

He was my Friend—whose name you bear :

I had pray'd for some great task to do,

To prove my love. I did it, Dear !

He was not jealous of poor me ;

Nor saw my life bleed under his tread :

You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I

Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I smiled, Dear,—at your happiness—

So Martyrs smile upon the spears—

The smile of your reflected bliss

Flash'd from my heart's dark tarn of tears !

In love, that made the suffering sweet,

My Blessing with the rest was given :

"God's softest flowers kiss Her feet

On Earth, and crown Her head in Heaven."

And lest the heart should leap to tell

Its tale i' the eyes, I bow'd the head :

You were my "*Cousin Winnie*" and I

Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I do not blame you, Darling mine ;
 You could not know the love that lurk'd
 To make my life so intertwine
 With yours, and with mute mystery work'd.
 And, had you known, how distantly
 Your calm eyes would have look'd it down,
 Darkling with all the majesty
 Of Midnight wearing her star-crown !
 Into its virgin veil of cloud,
 The startled dearness would have fled.
 You were my "*Cousin Winnie,*" and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I stretch my hand across the years ;
 Feel, Dear, the heart still pulses true :
 I have often dropp'd internal tears,
 Thinking the kindest thoughts of you.
 I have fought like one in iron, they said,
 Who through the battle follow'd me.
 I struck the blows for you, and bled
 Within my armour secretly.
 Not caring for the cheers, my heart
 Far into the golden time had fled :
 There you were my "*Cousin Winnie,*" and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

Sometimes I see you in my dreams ;
 You ask for aid I may not give :
 Down from your eyes the sorrow streams,
 And helplessly I look and grieve
 At arms that toss for wild heartache,
 And secrets writhing to be told :

I start to hear your voice, and wake !
 There's nothing but the moaning cold.
 Sometimes I pillow in mine arms
 The darling little rosy head,
 And you are my "*Cousin Winnie,*" and I
 Am your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I wear the name of Poet now ;
 And flowers at my feet are cast :
 I feel the crown about my brow ;
 So keen the thorns that hold it fast !
 Ay me, and I would rather wear
 The cooling green and luminous glow
 Of one you made with Cowslips, Dear,
 A many golden Springs ago.
 Your gentle fingers did not give
 This ache of heart, and throb of head,
 When you were my "*Cousin Winnie,*" and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

Unwearying, lonely, year by year,
 I go on laying up my love.
 I think God makes no promise here
 But it shall be fulfill'd above.
 I think my wild weed of the waste
 Will one day prove a Flower most sweet ;
 My love shall bear its fruit at last ;
 'Twill all be righted when we meet :
 And I shall find them gather'd up
 In pearls for you—the tears I've shed
 Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie,*" and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

SOLDIERS' WIVES.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

OF late years there has been a marked improvement among our soldiers' wives, because there has been a marked improvement among our soldiers themselves. These two facts stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect, and the remark, we believe, extends to the whole British army, though it has been more immediately suggested by our knowledge of the character and habits of the household troops. There are ruffians and desperados amongst them, no doubt, as the defaulters' books and the police reports prove ; but we question whether six thousand better conducted men could be selected from the same class in any part of the United Kingdom. This moral improvement has been owing to different causes. The great sympathy shown for them and their wives and children during the Crimean war, softened their hearts ; the truths of religion preached by earnest and devoted chaplains obtained the mastery over many minds ; the establishment of reading rooms, soldiers' clubs and institutes, and the regulation now enforced in several of our battalions that every soldier must

attend the regimental school till he obtains a certificate that he can read and write ;—all these causes have united in making our soldiers something different from those old ruffians who were almost as terrible to their friends as to their enemies. Whoever remembers the character and habits of the old pensioners, scattered through our villages, some thirty years ago, will admit that this language is not exaggerated.

Paul tells us that marriage is honourable in all ; but the authorities at the Horse Guards affirm that marriage is honourable only in the case of six soldiers in every Company who have received the permission of their commanding officers, and decidedly to be disapproved of and discouraged in the case of all others. We shall have occasion afterwards to explain the cause of this exclusive arrangement, which, as matters stand at present, we believe to be necessary, and dictated by a feeling of kindness to the soldier himself. The pay-sergeant of every Company has a right, or at least is always allowed to marry if he chooses, as soon as he receives that

appointment. All the other non-commissioned officers are placed, in this respect, on the same footing as the privates of the regiment; they have all to wait their turn, and their promotion to the ranks of Hymen depends on length of service and priority of application. As soon as Sergeant Smith or Private Brown comes to the conclusion that the young woman with whom he keeps company, is a suitable partner for life, he applies through his pay-sergeant to have his name inserted in the list of intending Benedicts, kept in the orderly-room of the regiment. He knows that years may elapse before his turn comes, so as soon as he sees the smallest prospect of Hymen looming in the distance, he loses no time in making his application. Meanwhile he and Mary continue to keep company when the latter has her Sunday out, and on such other occasions as they can contrive to meet. It is well for them if they have patience and prudence to wait till they reach the top of the list; to marry without leave would be to entail on themselves certain misery.

None of our military chapels are consecrated or registered for the celebration of marriages, so that the chaplains are either debarred from marrying, or must perform the ceremony at some civil place of worship. In point of fact, however, very few of our soldiers are married by the chaplains. The ladies have always the right of choice in this matter, and Mary usually prefers the minister of the chapel where she attends worship. As soon as the knot is tied, she becomes an institution. She is part of the regiment, and has a recognised rank in it. She is entitled to certain privileges, which are never extended to the outsiders who are married without leave. She has a share in the washing of the Company, which is divided equally among the six married women. Every soldier pays sixpence a week for his washing, and of course, her income depends very much upon the strength of the Company. Soldiers in hospital have their washing done there, and there are always a good many men absent on furlough or duty. At an average throughout the year, she will have to wash for eight men, and will thus earn four shillings a week. The officers usually give their washing to the wives of the pay-sergeants of their Companies, or to those of their servants, if the latter happen to be married. One officer (merely of course in the matter of washing) is considered equal to six men.

A share in the washing of her husband's Company is not the only privilege which she enjoys. Her husband is exempted from attending the mess of his Company, and from contributing to the expenses which absorb the greater part of the soldier's pay. He may spend all his time, when off guard and free from duty, in her society, and they can sit at the same table (sometimes they only do so metaphorically, being unprovided with that article of furniture), and partake together of the same meal. The raw material for that meal is obtained chiefly from the government stores. They are entitled to

draw rations twice a week at the government price, which is very much beneath the usual market price. The rations for the two consist of two pounds of bread and one pound and a half of meat, for which they pay 9*d.* The pay of a private soldier is 8*s.* 2*d.* a-week, or, with the 4*s.* earned by his wife, 12*s.* 2*d.* From this we must deduct 5*s.* 3*d.* paid for rations, which leaves 6*s.* 11*d.* in hand. The allowance for lodging-money to every man married with leave is 1*s.* 2*d.* a-week for the Guards, and 2*s.* 4*d.* for the regiments of the line. It would be difficult to account for this difference, as lodgings are everywhere cheaper than in London. It is felt to be a hardship, also, though the Guards are too well-disciplined ever to make any complaint, that when they are sent to country quarters where a regiment of the line is stationed, they still receive only one half of the lodging-money allowed to the latter. This seems the more unaccountable, as the Guards have to change their quarters every six months, and married men have to remove their wives and children and other *impedimenta* at their own expense.

We left the married private with 6*s.* 11*d.* a-week after deducting the price of rations, or 8*s.* 1*d.* with the allowance for lodging-money. It is impossible to get a corner in the most miserable den in London for 1*s.* 2*d.* a-week; even in the lowest slums in Westminster, he will have to pay 3*s.* a-week for a room where he can scarcely turn or stand upright. A room of even these dimensions can only be had in the most wretched lanes, where fever is endemic and the lowest outcasts of society have sought to hide their shame. One cannot touch pitch without being defiled, and it is impossible for our soldiers' wives to breathe such an atmosphere without being more or less tainted. The only ground for surprise is, that, surrounded by such vitiating influences, they should still remain such an industrious, sober, hard-working class as they generally are. We do not know a single soldier's wife in the Guards who can be called a drunkard, though the temptations to this vice, owing to the causes already mentioned, must be very great.

After paying for his lodgings, the soldier has 5*s.* 1*d.* in hand to provide fuel and light (which cost at an average 1*s.* 6*d.* a-week), tea, sugar, beer, clothing for his wife and children,—in a word to meet all expenses, necessary or contingent. How every penny must be eked out before they can make ends meet; and what a clear head the wife, who is usually Chancellor of the Exchequer, must have, to pare down the expenditure so as not to exceed the revenue! And how she must labour, and toil, poor woman, that "her bairns may be like other folks' bairns," for soldiers' wives have this pardonable pride as much as any other class; and long may it be before they cease to have it. When there are five or six children, the mother leaves the younger ones under charge of the elder, and goes to work at some laundry in the neighbourhood, where she receives 2*d.* an hour. Occasionally she leaves her

baby at a public nursery established by the Sisters of Charity in Westminster, where, by paying 4d., she can have it taken care of during the day, and restored to her at night. This nursery, however, is generally pronounced a failure, and given up after a few trials. "The sisters don't know how to manage babies—they have no ways." How should they? They must be as much frightened at the babies as a young curate on the occasion of his first baptism.

A series of life-like sketches of English life and manners have appeared from time to time in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from the pen of M. Esquiros, a foreign gentleman, who seems as much at home in the tents of the wandering gypsies as in the *salons* of our highest aristocracy. Among others, our soldiers have not escaped his notice, and he gives one characteristic anecdote which we cannot avoid quoting. On one occasion he was passing through Charles Street, Westminster, a locality frequented chiefly by recruiting-sergeants, who may be seen there at any hour of the day, marching up and down with flaunting ribbons and martial tread. M. Esquiros saw one of these heroes make certain advances to a good-looking servant girl, who happened to be passing, but he met with no encouragement. M. Esquiros, with the easy gallantry peculiar to his countrymen, made up to her, and hinted that she might make a worse choice. "Ah!" she answered, with an emphasis which showed that she thoroughly understood the subject, "I have no mind to spend my life at the wash-tub." She knew that, if she married a soldier, she must become a slave of the tub; and, great as might be the attractions of her martial admirer, she was not prepared to submit to such a fate. We have heard somewhere of a recruiting-sergeant who had gone to a country fair to beat up for recruits. He was descanting with much eloquence to a circle of gaping bumpkins on the glory and the charms of a military life, when an old lame beggar, who had been disabled in the service, pushed his way through the crowd, and holding aloft his meal-pock and his crutches, shouted "Ay, ay, and this is what it will all come to!" The sergeant got no more recruits that day. And so when Mary's military admirer is whispering soft nothings in her ear, let her think of the wash-tub, and it may have the same effect as the beggar's meal-pock on the rustics.

And yet we are afraid that it will not. Mary's military admirer is so spruce, so smart, so neat, so different from all her other admirers, that the red-coat is always sure to carry the day. Nor does she stand alone in this respect: others still higher in rank act on the belief that none but the brave deserve the fair. Visions of crutches and a meal-pock will not deter young men from serving Her Majesty, nor will the phantom of a tub-full of soap-suds frighten Mary from accepting the hand of her admirer when they obtain leave. It is a well-known fact that our Guardsmen may have the *élite* of the

servant girls of London to choose their wives from; and no wonder, considering what tall, handsome, fine-looking men are to be found in the ranks of the household troops. We often hear of the beauty of the British aristocracy, but we undertake to select from the ranks of the Guards men who, so far as regards mere *physique*, will bear comparison with our young nobility or any other class. When the *Times'* correspondent examined the slain on the fields of battle in the Crimea, he never failed to be struck with the manly beauty of our dead Guardsmen, especially when contrasted with the half-savage Tartar features of the Russians by their side; and we venture to say that no country can show a body of men equal to our household troops. When the Emperor Nicholas was over in this country, some years before he discovered the mortal illness of the sick man, and, from a feeling of mercy, tried to throttle him, he expressed himself to the same effect after a review in Hyde Park.

There are three classes of women from which our Guardsmen select their wives, *viz.*, domestic servants, laundresses and needle-women. Hyde Park of a Sunday serves the same purpose as a ball-room in Belgravia. It is there that, in most cases, they first meet and form one another's acquaintance. There is no necessity for a formal introduction; it is quite in accordance with etiquette for the Guardsman to march up to and address any servant girl enjoying her Sunday out who may strike his fancy. This, instead of being resented as a freedom, is appreciated rather as a compliment. There is no *mauvaise honte* on either side; if Mary is engaged, she frankly says so; if she is fancy-free, she takes her admirer on trial. The length of the ordeal to which he is subjected, depends upon her obduracy or prudence; but, if he passes through it unscathed, they then begin openly and publicly to keep company. He is introduced to her friends, and received as her acknowledged lover. All his spare hours are spent in her society; and many of these poor fellows are as faithful in love as they are daring in war. It is quite a prejudice to suppose that our Guardsmen are worse than the same class in civil life; and Mary will be quite as safe under the protection of her red-coated admirer, as if she were keeping company with the baker or the butcher. It very often happens that two comrades marry two sisters, the one being introduced by the other; and there are some families that never marry out of the regiment, and are as much identified with it as the old battered colours that are carried before it.

Those girls who have been trained as laundresses are most useful as soldiers' wives, and earn more money than those who can merely wash. If they can get up linen well, they are almost sure to obtain some of the officers' washing, as the latter are far more particular in this respect than the men. A good needle-woman may also earn considerable wages by making soldiers' clothing. This used to be done entirely by contract, but trousers and

tunics are now given out from the Military Clothing Establishment at Pimlico, and the greater part of the sewing is done by women.* The work is easier than washing, though it is not considered so healthy, and it is certainly not so remunerative; a good laundress may make 2s. a-day, while the most skilful needle-woman can rarely make more than 1s. Sewing, therefore, is adopted only by those who have not sufficient strength to spend twelve hours a-day in a stooping position over the wash-tub.

Besides the six men in every Company who have received permission to marry, there are also usually ten or twelve who enjoy what is called Weekly Leave. They are a kind of supernumerary Benedicts, tolerated rather than encouraged, and their number depends very much on the character of the commanding officer. If he is a stern old bachelor, he sets his face against these abnormal marriages, but if he is a kind-hearted husband and father, he remembers his own youthful days, and grants the weekly, which is always preliminary to full leave. Weekly leave is obtained when a lover becomes desperate and can hold out no longer. It would be folly, however, to extend this privilege to those who have no other means of subsistence than their pay, and it is enjoyed chiefly by the tailors and shoemakers employed in the regimental workshops, who can earn from 10s. to 12s. a week in addition to their pay, and may, therefore, be regarded as *grands partis*. Those who have weekly leave are permitted to sleep out of barracks and to draw rations from the government stores, the same as those who have full leave, but it confers no other advantage and may be forfeited at any time through misconduct. It is only fair, however, to mention that we have never known any instance of this privilege being thus forfeited; and we are convinced that our married soldiers, in point of morality and good conduct, will bear favourable comparison with any other class of the community.

It is difficult to say how many soldiers in a regiment are married without leave, as they have every reason to conceal the fact. Such marriages are prudently ignored, and every precaution is used to deter the men from contracting them. Every month, a paper is read by the pay-sergeant of each Company, in which the men are warned, that, if it is discovered that any of them are married without permission, their names will be struck off the list of applicants for leave; and they themselves debarred from that privilege at any future period. Passion, however, is often stronger than prudence, and it is only when a regiment is ordered on foreign service, that the actual number of such marriages becomes known. About a year ago, two battalions of the Guards were ordered to Canada, and we accom-

panied them to the Waterloo Station when they left. There were many wives present on that occasion, whose names are unknown in the regimental books: they braved every risk to bid their husbands farewell. It was a heart-rending scene, and even the crowd of roughs who had assembled to witness their departure, were subdued into something like sympathy. There was only one exception: a poor, weak, shivering creature (it was a raw December morning) was clinging to her husband, and weeping as if her heart would break. A voice exclaimed, "Ah, he will get killed; you will never see him again." A cry of "shame!" rose from the crowd, and the brute slunk away and disappeared.

It was only after the departure of these two battalions, that the extent to which marriage without leave prevailed, became known. In a few weeks, the poor creatures, being left utterly destitute, crept forth from their miserable dens, and made their wants known to the commanding officers. Most of them had been married before their husbands enlisted; but this fact had been concealed by the latter when attested, as otherwise they would have been rejected. A fund was immediately formed by the officers, for the relief of such cases, and one or two sergeants told off, to visit the most necessitous, and to report as to their condition. One poor creature was found living in a wretched garret in a low lane in the Borough. The room was so small that there was scarcely room to turn in it: most of the panes of glass in the window were broken and patched up with paper. Three persons had died in the house of typhus fever in the course of a week. Her own child was labouring under an attack of scarlatina and suffering from an abscess in the throat. She had nothing to eat, and every available article of clothing and furniture had been pawned. She stuck to the house, though death was busy around her, because she could not find a room anywhere else for 1s. 6d. a week. She had formerly earned a few shillings a week as a bottle-washer in an export house in the City engaged in the American trade, but, owing to the war, they had reduced their hands, and she had been dismissed.—All her debts were paid, her clothing and furniture redeemed, and she herself put in a position to earn a livelihood.

Another case was that of a middle-aged Scotchwoman, the mother of three children. Her husband had been earning £3 a-week, but gave himself up to habits of intemperance, lost his situation, and enlisted as a soldier in the Guards. It was not known that he was married till after he had left for Canada. One morning another Scotchwoman, a soldier's wife, called upon me and said that Mrs. F. had just been confined, and had no money or friend in London except herself. I obtained her address, and hurried off to the place, which was near the Abbey. Few people, alas! know the amount of misery that lies almost within the shadow of the venerable towers of Windsor Castle and West-

* Since this was written, sewing-machines have been introduced into the Pimlico Establishment, and all the work is done on the premises. This is felt to be a hardship by those married women who cannot leave their homes.

minster Abbey. It was such a street as no respectable person would like to be seen in by day or by night. I soon found myself surrounded by a crowd of thieves and prostitutes, when the happy idea occurred to me to tell them, who I was and what I wanted. Their manner and bearing changed at once, and some of them proffered their assistance, but I was not sorry when a policeman, with whose aid I discovered the place, made his appearance. I deem it better to draw a veil over the rest, but, on inquiry, I found that the woman and her child would both have perished, if the other soldier's wife had not provided her with blankets from her own bed, shared her rations and her money with her, and waited upon her during her confinement. The sympathy of these poor creatures with one another always assumes a practical shape, and is often most touching. Their kindness and tenderness to one another would melt the heart of a misanthrope, and teach the most cynical "mild humanity." If a Saturday Reviewer witnessed such scenes it would take half the gall from his pen in writing his next review. The soldiers themselves though made of sterner stuff, and with little to spare, often club their coppers together to relieve an urgent case of distress, and all the Guards, officers and men, have recently given a day's pay to the Lancashire weavers.

The woman to whom we allude, besides other assistance, obtained relief from the Lying-in charity, a fund bequeathed by a lady (her name is unknown to me, but her memory is blessed) for the benefit of soldiers' wives, and managed by the hospital sergeant of each regiment in London. Its benefits are usually confined to those married with full or weekly leave, but by a generous interpretation, in this case as in others, they were extended to the outsiders. They receive tea, sugar, baby-linen, &c., to the value of £1 5s., and are moreover entitled to medical attendance and medical comforts.

We have often been struck with the tenderness which these women display towards their husbands when sick or dying; though the future that awaits them, when the bread-winner is removed, be dark and gloomy, no word of complaint or despondency ever escapes from them; they feign a cheerfulness which they do not feel, that their husbands' last hours may not be troubled, and use the language of hope and faith, when the latter allude to the subject. We have just left the deathbed of a pay-sergeant, one of the most intelligent and best conducted non-commissioned officers we have ever known; in a few months he would have completed twenty-one years of service, and been entitled to a pension of 2s. a-day; as it is, his wife and five children will receive nothing from government.* The woman was quite aware of this, and spoke to her husband as cheerfully of the future, as if he had left her a rich jointure, though we have some-

times seen her turn away to weep in secret. We have all heard how our soldiers fought on the battle-fields of India and the Crimea; few know how their widows have to fight in the back slums of Westminster. It must be a desperate struggle, almost as desperate as the fatal charge at Balaclava, to fight unnoticed and unknown against such inexorable foes as hunger, disease, and death; for the shadows of all these enemies are darkening the vision of the widow, as she hears the last volley fired over her husband's grave, and sees the last wreath of smoke curling away in the distance. The Dead March in Saul and the death of a comrade are soon forgotten; the band strikes up its liveliest air, and the poor widow creeps back to her garret to weep for him, who will never march again till he hears the last *réveil*.

But there are some of these men who, though dead, still live in the affectionate remembrance of their comrades. Of the number of these is the late pay-sergeant Cosmo Gordon, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, a native of the Cabrach in Banffshire. He was the son of an officer, and deserved to have been an officer himself; he was the tallest, strongest, bravest man in the regiment. "His arm, sir," said an old soldier the other day, "was like a shoulder of mutton, and he had the strength of ten men. At the battle of Inkerman, he climbed a wall as we were charging up the hill, and stood on the top of it exposed to the fire of the enemy, till he had pulled the last man of his company up." "And then?" "And then he fell down dead with several balls in his body." We have seen the kind letters which the officers of his Company wrote to his widow; and what was still more interesting, we have seen the *moustaches grises* of the regiment gather round his two boys, at the Wellington Chapel, pat them fondly on the back, and point them out proudly to us: "Their father was a brave man, sir, one of the bravest of those who fell in the East." These old fellows felt that the boys were in some measure their own property, or, at least, that they had a vested interest in them. Both of these boys were educated in the Caledonian Asylum, a noble institution of which Scotland has reason to be proud, and their mother has also been provided for.

Nor is Robert Bruce, the gentle, the tender-hearted, the Christian soldier, forgotten. There was not a rough in all the regiment but loved Bruce, and respected his consistent piety. His wife was one of the four women belonging to the Guards who weathered the whole Crimean campaign, and returned in safety to England. A mite of a woman, whom a strong wind might have blown away, and yet with the heart of a lioness protecting her young, she watched over her husband in every danger, and received his last breath in the Vauxhall Hospital. "God has blessed you with a good wife, Robert," we said, a few minutes before his death. He put his arm round her neck, raised himself slightly on his pillow, and looked up in her face with ineffable tenderness. "No man ever had a better, sir; no-

* An effort is being made to get one of his children admitted into the Royal Caledonian Asylum.

one knows what she has been to me, or all that she has done for me. Once when I was in the trenches she braved all the bullets of the enemy to bring me a bottle of porter. She has often—"but here the poor fellow was stopped by a fit of coughing, which left him so weak that he never spoke again, but, as long as his soul was in his body, his eye was never turned aside from his wife's face. That look of love he carried with him into the other world, and she will know him by it when they meet again.

Enough has been said to show that soldiers' wives are not the disreputable class which many suppose them to be, and perhaps to enlist a little sympathy in their favour. It may seem a hardship at first sight that so few soldiers are permitted to marry, but we are convinced that this restriction, as matters at present stand, is the means of preventing a far greater amount of suffering. A share in the washing of the company is the chief privilege which their wives enjoy at present, and if this privilege were extended to a larger number, it would diminish its value. And, after all, the hardship is more apparent than real. The soldier knows, or ought to know, when he enlists, that he will have to wait his turn before he can marry, and if he objects to this arrangement he need not enter the army at all. Moreover, the same hardship exists among classes far superior to the soldier in social rank. Few lawyers, doctors, or clergymen are in a position to marry before they are thirty years of age. The average age of our soldiers when they enter the army is eighteen, and they can always receive permission to marry before they have been ten years in the service, or return to civil life at the end of that period. A much more real and substantial grievance is this, that while the widows of commissioned officers, who have completed ten years' service, receive a pension equal to one-fourth of their husbands' full pay, the widows of non-commissioned officers and privates receive nothing at all. It would be a great boon to a poor woman, struggling with poverty, to receive 6*d.* or even 3*d.* a day.

Much good might be done by the establishment of a female agency to visit these women, few of whom, we are sorry to say, attend any place of worship. For obvious reasons, officers' wives, however anxious to do so, could not venture into the miserable and dangerous localities which they inhabit, but a few Bible women or Female Scripture Readers might be appointed to visit them, and to bring the worst cases of distress under the notice of the Chaplains or a Relief Committee. These poor creatures suffer in silence and give no sign; there is no friendly press to advocate their cause, and to call forth the sympathy of the public, so that they are often left without bread, while the nation is rejoicing in the victories achieved by their husbands' bravery.

Something also might be done to improve the lodgings occupied by married soldiers. So long as

the married soldier in London receives 1*s.* 2*d.* a week from Government as lodging-money, and pays 3*s.* for such wretched accommodation as we have already described, he cannot provide sufficient or wholesome food for himself, his wife and children; and we have known cases where the husband was struck down by fever, through starving himself, that his wife and children might eat. Such things ought not to be, and the greatest boon which could be conferred on married soldiers and their wives, would be to withdraw the allowance for lodging-money, and to erect three or four model lodging-houses, similar to the one in the Vauxhall Road. It is not one of the finest, but it is certainly one of the most useful buildings in London. It was built by subscription, and Albert the Good was one of those who contributed most liberally, and ever took a warm interest in its success. It provides accommodation for fifty married soldiers, their wives and children; each family is provided with two rooms, with a separate entrance, so as to ensure as much privacy as if each compartment were a distinct house. The rooms are supplied with every convenience for cooking and washing, and are far more comfortable than the single apartments allotted to the pay-sergeants in all the barracks in London, except St. George's, where they have two. The whole establishment is under the care of a Barrack Sergeant, whose duty it is to see that the regulations established to secure cleanliness and proper ventilation are duly observed. There is also an excellent school for the education of the children in this Model Lodging House, which is worthy of its name.

At first the married soldiers had to pay 3*s.* a week for their two rooms, and as only a limited number of applicants could be received, the preference was given to those who had been longest married. About two years ago, the government, acting under the advice of the late Lord Herbert, that noble-hearted Christian gentleman, who died too soon for his country though not for himself, purchased the building from the subscribers, and threw it open, free of any charge, to the oldest married soldiers. Seven married soldiers from each of the seven battalions of the Foot Guards were provided with lodging and fuel at the expense of the government, and now that the wives and children of the two battalions in Canada have been sent out to them, there are ten soldiers' families from each of the five remaining battalions in the Model Lodging House. No political economist could object to this expenditure of the public money; it encourages good conduct, teaches habits of self-respect, improves the health of our soldiers, and elevates their families in the social scale. At no distant period we hope to see four or five of these Model Lodging Houses in London, and others also erected in the garrison towns where our troops are stationed.

P. C. B.

CHRISTIAN GOTTLOB BARTH.

No more welcome utterer of good words has lived among men than Christian Barth. Before his death he might have presented his guests with the 175th edition of his first book ; he might have given them ample choice of language, for it was printed in half the languages of the globe ; but for his modesty, he might have informed them that his works circulated by the million. Other statistics that reach us are on the same scale. His correspondents included about a thousand missionaries ; he carried on four mission-journals at the same time ; he wrote the most popular of religious stories ; he worked out a Society which is to Germany what *The Religious Tract Society* is to us. With all this he was a genuine man, sincere, simple, unpretending ; a man who, for what he did and what he was, demands some memorial, and the more, as there was little extraordinary about him, save his work, to raise him much above other men. The biography of splendid genius is often chilly and disheartening ; pleasant to read—impossible, if not unnatural, to follow. It is helpful to learn the story of some average man, and how, by exercise of some quality not beyond common reach, he placed himself above the average ; helpful above all when his quality is rather Christian consecration and earnestness, than any one gift or prominence of character.

Barth was born at Stuttgart, in the last year of last century, of humble but devout parents. His father, a painter by trade, belonged to one of those small circles of pious Christian folk that abound in Württemberg. For Württemberg is the religious heart of South Germany, as the Wupperthal is of the North ; and the Württembergers are marked by a certain very warm and impulsive piety not always within the strictness or control of the Church. For, indeed, it is this warmth and force of religious life there which nourishes, and to some extent forms the Church, and produces a freer church-life than elsewhere ; a life sustained more by the communion of saints than the orthodoxy of creeds and ecclesiastical order. The people have their own meetings, unite by mere sympathy of Christian brotherhood, study the Bible for themselves ; and these little groups are thickly scattered over the country, and are so many sources of Christian influence, and a pleasant sign in any Christian land. But not without dangers and drawbacks, and many party differences on minute points, and singular small heresies and hobbies, like that of Mr. Hoffmann for the rebuilding of Jerusalem ; just such aberrations and divisions as are associated with the history of Pietism, and prove it, for all its attractiveness, to be one-sided, and to need the definiteness of the Church.

To one of these pious circles the elder Barth had attached himself, and from schoolmaster Gundert and others his son (left early fatherless) heard

an excellent report, and grew up with the dear memory of a Christian father. His mother is described as a woman of great force of character and even majesty, and graceful in her true simplicity ; a woman of the temper of good Monica, and of many prayers and tears for her children. Thus, in pious atmosphere and a happy home, young Barth grew up, and even at eleven was a lad of great promise. In the gymnasium he was painter, musician, poet ; and wrote political ballads during the stirring close of the European war, but merely, it would seem, to work off some natural effervescence, for almost immediately there followed grave hexameters on Jung Stilling, whom he had visited, and who left on him, as on most earnest men of the time, a profound impression. Till his death it was his habit to read Stilling's *Homelongings* once a year. At Tübingen he had the reputation of a brilliant student, of humour, quickness, and thorough earnestness. He joined a set of afterwards eminent men, almost exclusively Pietists, Passavant, Hoffacker, Roos, Burk, and others, to whom he was a perpetual marvel and uneasiness, as not knowing whether his restlessness and genius might lead him. He chose for his motto *Odi tranquillitatem* ; studied classics and philosophy ; read hard in the Talmud ; painted his friends ; taught ; wrote pamphlets ; preached occasionally. His pamphlets were successful ; people flocked to hear his sermons ; yet his friends were still uneasy, his mother more than all. He was unsettled, would be a missionary at one time, then a pastor, then a writer. She longed to see him enter with more consecration on the duties of a minister. She criticised his sermons ; told him it was a mercy he ever got through them. She put down his pamphlets as much as others put them up ; "don't believe those who flatter you," she would say, "but kneel down and ask forgiveness for all your sins." Barth stoutly maintained his views even in the face of such counsel, and proved that there was less vanity than she dreaded, more truth than she hoped. Still he found afterwards that there was much truth in hers ; and faithfully and unshrinkingly she dealt out her counsel, and rejoiced in secret over any sign of his spiritual progress. He left the university with the testimony of *Fallen away into the errors of mysticism*, and entered at once into close intercourse with Pietists of every school. After two or three curacies, he was appointed pastor of Möttingen in the Black Forest, and commenced the work of his life.

One leading thought of his was the unity of Christians ; a prevalent thought with the genuine mystic—more prevalent in Barth's early days from the necessity for true Christians of every type working heartily together. His friends were chosen in no narrow circle. Their aspirations, the aspirations of most pious men then, were the same ; strong

sectional barriers in the Church were ignored, Christ only was sought. Even Roman Catholics dropped their exclusiveness for the sake of Christian union. In the north Protestants and Romanists met at the table of Princess Galitzin; in the south Gossner and Bois were welcome guests in Christian circles; the Romanist Van Ess took Barth's place at a missionary society. For the mission in Germany sunk its confessional element in its origin; it rose out of the free intercourse and zeal of private Christians: it offered a meeting point and common sphere of work for those who lamented the carelessness of the churches as well as for those who longed to forget church differences in the love of God. It was natural that the mission should take its strongest hold upon Barth; that his sermons should be touched with it; that he should seek content with missionary workers. Its breadth, and union, and downright earnestness were irresistibly attractive. Wherever he was he founded some missionary society; and at last altogether withdrew from the pastorate to work out the cause of missions at Calw. His pastorate was faithful, and a blessing that was long thankfully remembered in the parish. But it was not as pastor God had chosen him. To increase the interest in missions he proposed adding a new periodical to the only one then existing. The friends at Basel laughed at the notion. He matured it, and in January, 1828, there appeared the first number of the Calwer Missionary Journal, a paper which speedily rose to a large circulation. Three other mission periodicals were added by him and carried on simultaneously, each addressing itself to a special class of readers. The income, which grew to be considerable, was his donation to the Basel Society. By the interest of his papers he mainly fought the battle of missions. From being scorned and few, he lived to see them honoured and wide-spread. And Gossner's name was not oftener nor kindlier spoken than Christian Barth's. What the man himself was like at this time and afterwards, what impression he made, cannot be better told than in a letter which I have received from a friend who was also his friend:—

“I visited Dr. Barth in the winter of 1851. Having reached his door by an eilwagen long after sunset, and left it next morning before dawn, I have no knowledge of the town of Calw or its neighbourhood. Amidst the darkness which in memory broods over that district of the Black Forest, the only luminous spot is Dr. Barth's room, with his own glowing countenance as its sun, radiating ‘godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity.’

“The feature of that house of his which survives every other minor impression made by it, was its singular missionary character. One felt as if in some centre of telegraphic communication with all the missions of the world, and that the Doctor had only to touch some mysterious wire and ascertain what was doing in Otaheite or Sumatra, Greenland or New Zealand. When I entered his

study, I found a comfortable table spread for me, but it was all redolent of missions. I was welcomed with a glass of wine sent by missionaries from Lebanon; helped to reindeer tongue sent by missionaries from Greenland; and to honey gathered by the bees of Bethlehem. My footstool was a stuffed panther, the original stuffing having been made by Gobat in Abyssinia. The room in which we sat was hung with large mission maps. Primitive working clocks were ticking from its walls, which had been made and presented to him by Moravians, and they were set so as to tell the time at Jerusalem, New York, Otaheite, and Peking. ‘Ah! see now,’ Barth would say, pointing to one of them somewhere or other during the night, ‘the sun is setting just now to the missionaries in Jerusalem;’ or, ‘It is wakening them up in Sumatra.’ On his desk were mementos of names ‘familiar as household words’ in the Church, such as Oberlin, Neff, &c. In another room he had an interesting missionary museum, full of minerals, coins, dresses, arms, models of houses, ever illustrative of the natural history, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of those lands in which missionaries laboured. Letters had come in that evening, as I presume they had come in every evening for years, from different missionaries, telling him, as if to a Pope or General of an ‘Order,’ all they were doing, and asking his counsel. We sat up until it struck three in the morning, and never did I spend a more delightful night. He was so full of information, so genial and frank, with so much freshness and humour, and so thoroughly sincere, truthful, and godly, that it did good to heart and head to gaze on those full hazel eyes, twinkling through the large spectacles, with the broad forehead above, and the brown hair which strewed down on each side of the full cheeks, with the large knotted white neckcloth that supported the broad chin. I felt as if talking to some mediæval portrait that had walked out of a picture frame. The only thing one saw in the living man, which has never, as far as I know, been pictured in the portrait of a clergyman, was a cigar, which either lasted for hours, or was a successor or predecessor of similar luminaries.

“When at length I retired to my room, to snatch a little rest ere resuming my winter journey, I found every inch of its walls covered with engravings of the clergy of all lands—a large, interesting, and most powerful Evangelical Alliance. The likenesses seemed taken from every available quarter, books having evidently afforded a considerable number of them. The Doctor called them his ‘cloud of witnesses.’

“I need not trouble you with any part of our conversation that night, which was wholly on the work of the Christian Church. . . . I shall ever retain a most affectionate remembrance of him, as one of the simplest, purest, best, and most interesting men whom I have ever had the happiness of meeting or the high privilege of knowing.”

How in this quiet forest village he grew to be a man of fame in the broad world; how visitors came to him from every part of Europe, missionaries from every corner of heathenism, a Russian princess one day, a native preacher from India the next; how he wrote wonderful tales for children, and Bible stories that have been translated into fifty languages, and all manner of histories, and even an edition of the Bible of no little notoriety; how his publishing office at Calw grew into importance, and furnished half the juvenile Christian books of Germany; how he received crosses and ribbons from almost every sovereign of Europe, and quietly put them away in his drawer; how he did the same by university honours, and the like, that crowded on him: this and the rest will no doubt be one day related. Through all, his character remained unchanged—his freshness, naïveté, homeliness, and strong individuality. To the last he held a free position in the Church, and sought his early ideal

of union. To the last, he was singular in some of his views, entertaining some theological speculations with which the Church has little sympathy. But to the last, also, the love of Christ sustained him, filled his heart with life, and peace, and brotherly love; and none that loved Christ could resist the infection of his sympathy. On a November day of last year, a modest funeral wound up from the picturesque Calw,—up, and over the rough forest-paths, over the dead red leaves, and under the silent pines; and through every hamlet that they passed the mourners chanted funeral psalms, and the villagers came out to meet them, and stood with bared head bent in prayer as the train passed by, until at last they came to Möttlingen. And there, in his old cure, beside his faithful mother, they laid the good man to his rest. Other men will fill a larger space in the eye of the world, but Christian Gottlob Barth will always have a large place in the story of God's kingdom.

S. W.

NOT ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

THOSE who are very familiar with the old town of Greenwich, particularly with that most ancient portion which lies off the High Street towards the river, may probably have noticed a little barber's shop distinguished by the usual outward signs of the barber's trade, and the inscription, "Hackblock: established 1750." The top part of this house is built of wood—of black tarred planks which would be like the side of a ship, if they were not as frail-looking as an egg-chest. The shop part is very low, and is entered by a sunken narrow doorway at the bottom of two well-worn stone steps. The outside of this house might be considered rather repulsive by people who are fond of new brickwork and stucco, but the inside leaves nothing to be desired in neatness and cleanliness. The roof, of course, is low, the floor has a downhill tendency towards the fireplace; the looking-glass over the mantel-shelf is of that quality which makes the human face look as muddy as a bad photograph; but the floor is always well sanded, the towels are spotless, and those who keep the shop are evidently devoted to their business. They are a father and son, and though the bulk of the work falls on the younger of the two, the elder does all he can to help, and they evidently live very comfortably together. The father is a little, thin man, nearly eighty years of age, always dressed in drab knee-breeches, with very white stockings, and wearing an apron, and a waistcoat with black sleeves. His hair is very scanty and white, but it is made the most of by judicious brushing and combing, and the son, though a young man about thirty-eight, and careful about his appearance, hardly looks as thoroughly healthy and fresh as his father. Both are what are popularly called well-spoken persons, that is persons

who have had some little education in their youth, which has clung to them in after life; and they are consequently free from the flippancy which is so general amongst common barbers.

Anybody who entered the shaving-shop of the Hackblocks, father and son, for the first time, might suppose that the calm life within had gone on for years without any break or hindrance; that the son was a young man without impulse or ambition, who had always been tied to his father's apron-strings, and was content with an apparently stagnant existence. To those who are drunk with the romance of self-help, who believe that to wander is to thrive, that every boy can become at will a Lord Mayor, or a Lord Chancellor, this contentment of young Hackblock must appear very mean and degrading. Young Hackblock, however, would not be fairly judged by such observers, though his youthful ambition, fed by a restless uncle, an old Greenwich pensioner, was not much to be proud of, if estimated by results.

Commonplace as this old barber's shop and their keepers look, still they have their story, to tell which—and we think it is worth telling—we must go back nearly ten years.

Early in the year 1853, on a cold spring morning, old Hackblock entered his shop, the same shop we have just been describing, rather dejected in appearance. He was then ten years younger than he is now, but he looked quite as old, and more careworn. His niece, Fanny Hackblock, was in the shop when he entered, dusting the scanty furniture, and arranging the old-fashioned shaving-chair with its crutch-like back, for the day's business. Fanny's father, old Hackblock's brother, was a Greenwich pensioner, and Fanny, though she

attended to her uncle as much as possible, got her living in the town as a bonnet-maker. She was a young woman about eight-and-twenty, not what is called pretty, and very plainly dressed.

"Good morning, uncle," said Fanny, as old Hackblock entered.

"Ah, Fanny," said old Hackblock, with a slight air of abstraction, "making the old place tidy, as usual? No customers have been in to be shaved?"

"No, uncle," returned Fanny, "or I should have called you."

"They never do come on a Wednesday," said old Hackblock. "I might as well shut the shop up on that day, if it wasn't for cutting children's hair in the afternoon, because it's half-holiday at the schools."

"I see that father was here yesterday," continued Fanny, "by the mess the stove was in with tobacco-ashes. I wish you wouldn't let him smoke so much; I'm sure it isn't good for him."

"He does as he chooses, Fanny; just as he chooses. Though I'm his elder brother, I don't like to stint him in his pipe, because they're rather strict up at Greenwich Hospital yonder; but I'll never forgive him for causing my Harry, my poor boy, to run away, by his wild yarns about glory, adventures, and foreign countries."

"Let bygones be bygones, uncle," said Fanny, persuasively.

"That's the way with relations," continued old Hackblock, partly to himself; "they always interfere with your family affairs, always know better what to do with your children than you do yourself."

"Father thought he was doing all for the best."

"It was cruel, very cruel; just as the boy was nearly ready to take my place, and handled his razor so cleverly."

"Cousin Harry was quite as much to blame for going as father was for persuading him to go, when he knew you were almost alone in the world."

"There's the pinch, Fanny, there's the pinch," continued old Hackblock, this time addressing his remarks to his niece. "Perhaps I ought to be glad that he had the spirit to go, but I'm not. When *she* dropped off, the mother of them all, and they all followed her except him, I certainly hoped to keep him near me. It may have been a weak, womanish feeling, but I couldn't help it."

"Of course not," replied Fanny, sympathising with her uncle's evident emotion.

"And then the business, too," continued the old man; "it requires a young, steady hand to keep it together. I sometimes think that it's going, slipping through my old fingers."

"Oh, no, uncle," returned Fanny; "that's impossible. You've been established too long to lose your customers. People don't forget those who've served them for fifty years."

"Fifty years?" exclaimed old Hackblock, in a tone of petulant pride. "More than that, Fanny; more than that. A hundred years at least, if you count the time my father had it before me."

"Of course; I'd forgotten that, which makes it all the better."

"I wish I could think so," continued old Hackblock, in a desponding manner, as he fetched a razor from a side-table, and stropped it slowly on a strop; "I wish I could think so; but my hand is sometimes very shaky, and people are so nervous about razors."

"Oh, no, they're not, uncle," said Fanny, trying to re-assure him. "I heard old Mr. Jones, the baker, say, the other day, that he'd rather be shaved by you in the dark, than by all the chattering shopmen at the new hair-cutting 'saloon,' as they call it, in the High-street, by broad daylight."

"Ah, that's because I know all his pimples."

"Oh, no, uncle! I've heard others say the same who've got no pimples."

"Have you, Fanny?" said old Hackblock, brightening up a little. "Well, well, I know my business thoroughly, and that goes a long way. Half your barbers now-a-days who call themselves *professors* ought no more to be trusted with a chin or a head of hair than with a rowing-boat on the Thames. I don't care what a man's trade may be, but I do like him to learn it thoroughly and to take a pride in it."

Old Hackblock, at this point of the conversation, sat down in the shaving-chair, continuing his task of stropping the razor, and at the same moment his brother, Boatswain Hackblock, the old Greenwich pensioner, entered the shop. Boatswain Hackblock was about five years younger than the barber, much stouter and stronger, with a red face, bushy eyebrows, and a very obstinate expression. His dress was the ordinary Greenwich pensioner's dress, he had a wooden leg of the old clumsy make to supply the place of a lost right limb; and to compensate him for this disfigurement, two medals, hanging by ribbons, glittered on his breast.

"Halloo, my hearties," roared out the boatswain, as he stumped heavily into the little shop, making the fire-irons tremble in the fender; "what cheer?"

"For goodness' sake, father," said Fanny, going up to him, "don't be quite so boisterous: you alarm the neighbourhood, and uncle's got his living to get!"

"Ay, ay," returned the old pensioner, a little softened; "give us a pipe of tobacco, and I'll bring myself to an anchor."

Fanny looked towards her uncle when she heard this request. Old Hackblock nodded his head, and then Fanny went to a jar in the window, from which she took what her father asked for.

"Don't make the stove in such a mess as you did yesterday," said Fanny, as she gave the tobacco to her father; "it took me half-an-hour to clean it this morning, and I shall have to fetch the time up at my bonnet-work."

"Oh, shiver the work," returned the old pensioner; "I believe, if the Hackblocks had their rights, they'd be riding in their carriages like admirals."

"Well, father," said Fanny, putting on her

bonnet and shawl, "when you've got a fortune to give me, I'll be a fine lady; but till that time comes I must grub on in the old hard-working way."

When Fanny had delivered this speech, she ran off to her work at the bonnet-maker's in the town, leaving her father and uncle together. The old pensioner prepared to enjoy himself with his pipe, while old Hackblock seemed to have sunk back into his former melancholy.

"Do you know what day this is?" said old Hackblock, addressing his brother, and stropping the razor slowly.

"I never keep any log, now," returned the old pensioner, through puffs of smoke, "and only remember the days when my pension becomes due, and the big-wigs come down to inspect us at the Hospital."

"Ah, it must be very pleasant to have such a bad memory, Jack," continued the old barber.

"What tack are you on now, Harry?" asked the old pensioner.

"This is the day on which *he* went away, exactly fourteen years ago; stole off in the night like a thief, without thinking of anybody but himself."

"Don't drag up that story: the boy thought it was all for the best."

"Of course *you* say so. If you hadn't filled his head with dreams about prize-money, glory, and Trafalgar, he might now have been a well-to-do barber."

"Of course he might," retorted the old pensioner, getting excited; "or a well-to-do tailor, or a bonnet-builder, like my girl,—or—*or*—or any other landlubber."

The delivery of this speech, far from calming the old pensioner, seemed to excite him still more, and he stamped about the room with his wooden leg in a way that endangered the rather tender flooring.

"Now do be careful, Jack," exclaimed the old barber, anxiously, "with that wooden leg of yours: you're not dibbling a potato-field. I can't afford to pay another pound this quarter to mend the holes which you make in the floor."

"Ay, ay," returned the old pensioner, becoming a little quieter. "You're all very well, Harry, but you've got no pride."

"What good's my boy done by his pride, or rather your pride, which you put into him? He ran away from steady, honest work, became a private soldier, was ordered about for years from station to station like a dog, wrote home just when he wanted a little money, and now Heaven only knows whether he's alive or dead."

"That's because he went into the wrong service. I didn't want him to become a soldier, did I? If he'd not been cross-grained, and had listened to me, he'd have been a chief-mate by this time, perhaps a captain."

"Not he: it's not in the family."

"Oh, isn't it?" returned the old pensioner, with great self-importance, displaying the two medals on his breast rather ostentatiously.

"Ah," said the old barber, rather sadly, "it's not the first time, by a good many, that I've seen those medals, and heard of them, too. It's my belief the sight of their glitter helped to make the boy discontented."

"If you can't understand what glory is, Harry, that's not my fault; I can."

"Especially when your wooden leg goes through my floor, and you bawl to me to pull you out."

"You wouldn't have me wear these medals for nothing, would you?—walking about like a beadle who's never earned his ribbons? You know you're as proud of the bits of metal as I am, and, if not, you ought to be."

"Perhaps I am, Jack," replied the old barber, a little softened. "Perhaps I am."

"They're no disgrace, are they?"

"No, no," said the old barber, pettishly; "but one hero's quite enough in the family."

"Yes," retorted the old pensioner, "and so's one barber—more than enough."

"I take it very unkindly of you, Jack," said old Hackblock, "coming here and taunting me about my business. I've never disgraced the family in it, have I? It's what our father got his living at before us."

"I can't stomach it, Harry; it isn't manly. I can't bear to see a brother of mine compelled to take every scrubby fellow by the nose who pays him a penny to do so. Why, when I was in active service—"

"There," interposed old Hackblock, stopping his brother's words, "I don't want to hear any slaughter-house yarns. You'd have done your duty."

"Of course I should."

"And I'm doing mine. I only want to be left alone to do it. You've driven one member of the family out of the business—perhaps to die amongst strangers—be content with that."

"Well, come, Harry," said the old pensioner, after a slight pause, and in a softened manner, "don't let you and I be at sixes and sevens. There's plenty of people to quarrel with without two brothers going at it tooth and nail. Give us a bit more tobacco."

"You know where to find it," returned the old barber; adding, to himself, "you smoke all my little profit away on that article."

Boatswain Hackblock went to the window, helped himself out of the jar, and re-filled his pipe. After this he came towards his brother.

"Harry," he said; "it wants six weeks to quarter-day."

"I'm glad to hear it, Jack," returned the old barber.

"That's because you've got to pay instead of to receive, Harry: I think I must get you to let me have another half-a-crown to keep me afloat till then."

"Afloat in grog, you mean."

"No, no," returned the old pensioner, apologetically.

Old Hackblock gave his brother the money, after a pause, but with a remark about barber's work not being quite as profitable as it used to be.

"You'd better make it a crown," said the old pensioner, "and then I shan't have to ask you again."

This second request was complied with, though not with a very good grace. Old Hackblock had not the firmness to say no, and yet he always felt irritated after he had given the money—for it was generally a gift in the name of a loan. To avoid more bickering on this occasion, he put on his hat to go out to shave a customer, asking his brother to mind the shop.

"I'll do my best, Harry," said the old pensioner, in answer to this request, "though it's not exactly in my way."

When old Hackblock had gone out, the old boatswain settled down over the fire with his pipe and a newspaper. It was the period when the Crimean war was at its height, to the great delight of the old pensioner. He had waited so long for a good war, as he called it, since the great French war in which he was engaged, that he began to think the art of fighting was lost for ever. The fact that the English were fighting side by side with the French, instead of against them, seemed to puzzle him a little, but he solved the difficulty by supposing that it was all for the best. Of course he retained his old prejudices, and called the French "Mounseers;" but in this he was not far behind many better-educated persons who now called them "Mossoos." Like all obstinate, self-willed people, he never liked to admit, even to himself, that he had made a mistake, and, therefore, he persisted in believing that his nephew, young Harry Hackblock, was alive, well, and prosperous, though the runaway had not been heard of for several years. The last that had been heard of him was from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had been sent with his regiment from the West Indies to quell a disturbance amongst the Kaffirs. From the Cape his regiment had been sent to the Crimea, at the outbreak of the war; and though there was no evidence to show that he went with it, old boatswain Hackblock was determined to regard him as alive and in the thick of the battle.

"He *must* be alive," said the old pensioner, as he pored over the warlike news in the paper, "and *must* be doing great things, for he's got more of my spirit in him than his father's. He was never cut for a barber; oh, no; and he'll turn up some day to prove that I was right, as I always knew I was from the first."

Judgments formed on much surer grounds than those which seemed to satisfy the old pensioner have been proved to be false before now in the most striking manner, and we can, therefore, hardly feel surprised that at that moment the person old boatswain Hackblock was talking and thinking about appeared in the low doorway. His dress looked rather shabby and travel-stained, with

nothing like military stiffness about it, and in stepping suddenly into the shop he made an odd hat look even worse by crushing it against the door-sill. He was fourteen years of age when he left home, and twenty-eight when he returned, and had forgotten, for the moment, that he had grown two feet higher in his wanderings.

"Everything seems very small," he said to himself, looking round; "the streets seem narrow, the distances short, the houses low. Most things have changed very much: I wonder whether father has changed with them."

Young Harry Hackblock, like all persons returning home after an absence of many years, seemed to have acquired a sudden delicacy of feeling. He felt that his father, whom he knew to be alive, from inquiries he had made in the town, must be getting old and feeble, and that it would hardly be kind to show himself too suddenly. Trusting to the disguise of a dense brown beard, which he had suffered to grow during his travels, and also to the change in his growth and appearance, he resolved to play the part of an ordinary customer for half-an-hour. He was curious to hear what his father really thought of his conduct in running away, and he was candid enough to admit to himself that he deserved very little tenderness.

He had no sooner entered the little shop in the manner we have described, than he observed old boatswain Hackblock reading the newspaper.

"I do believe that old Greenwich pensioner is my uncle," he said to himself, "and he's sitting, as usual, by father's fire. I don't think he's altogether a humbug, but he deceived me nicely with his yarns about glory."

Knowing his uncle's chief weakness, young Hackblock shouted out "shop," very loudly.

"Sir!" said the old boatswain, leaping in his seat, and turning round suddenly.

"Shop!" repeated young Hackblock, with marked emphasis.

"What d'ye come in without knocking for?" asked the old pensioner, indignantly.

"We never knock at *shops*," returned young Hackblock.

"I don't know anything about shops; what d'ye want?"

"A barber, of course."

"You'd better call another time. My brother (hem), Mr. Hackblock, is out."

"No, I shan't; I shall wait."

"Very well, sir, wait."

When boatswain Hackblock had finished his part in this dialogue, he turned round rather sulkily to read his paper, sitting more closely than before over the fire, and leaving young Hackblock to do as he liked.

"A good guard to leave in charge of a shop," said the disguised nephew to himself, "if you want to drive all the customers away. Ah," he continued, looking round the shop, "I suppose that's the old block on which I used to dress wigs, and

that's the old strap on which I used to sharpen razors. I might have learnt a worse trade than that, though I didn't think so at one time."

The mummings of the young man appeared to disturb the old pensioner, and it is possible that another altercation would have ensued, if Fanny Hackblock had not entered at that moment. She had a large bonnet-box in her hand, which she placed on a side-table near the fireplace; and as young Hackblock was seated in the old, deep shaving-chair, she did not notice him for a minute or two.

"There," she said, audibly, taking off her bonnet and shawl, "I've brought as much work as I shall be able to get through this afternoon; and then, as it's a slack day with uncle, I can mind the shop while he takes a walk—I'm sure he wants it."

By this time she had observed young Hackblock, though without recognising him, and she apologised for her uncle's absence, saying that he would be back in a few minutes.

"That must be my cousin Fanny, then," said young Hackblock to himself; "I'm sure I shouldn't have known her if I'd met her in the street. She's more improved than her father has. His wooden leg's the only thing about him that's not altered for the worse; but that, perhaps, is a new one."

Young Hackblock's further reflections were here interrupted by the entrance of his father, who looked as if something had just occurred to annoy him.

"Fanny," said the old man, rather sadly, beckoning his niece towards him, and not seeming to notice any one else, "you told me something this morning about old Mr. Jones, the baker."

"Yes, uncle," replied Fanny; "about his confidence in you."

"Was it true?" asked the old man, with a slight look of suspicion.

"Uncle!" returned Fanny, hurt and astonished, "you don't think I'd deceive you?"

"No—no."

"What's the matter?"

"He's gone over to the rival shop—the 'saloon,' as they call it."

"Oh, he'll soon get tired of that," said Fanny, in a re-assuring tone, though she inwardly hoped that some harm from careless shaving would happen to Mr. Jones's pimples.

"I suppose there's a good reason for it," said old Hackblock, resignedly; "I'm not so quick and certain as I was,—I can't be,—I can't be."

"Rubbish," replied Fanny, rather coarsely, but with a good intention; "I know the reason. They take more loaves at the 'saloon' than we do. He's been bought over by that."

"Very likely, Fanny," continued the old man, "we can't eat more bread than we do unless another mouth was present. We eat as much now as we can pay for."

Young Hackblock overheard this conversation, and it had a strong effect upon him. He was just about to rise from the chair, and declare who he

was, when he was checked by Fanny recalling the old barber to his business.

"You're forgetting a new customer, uncle," said Fanny, pointing to young Hackblock.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old man, addressing his son without knowing him, "but I've been rather put about. I'm not one who likes to neglect his business."

"I know that; I know that," replied young Hackblock.

Fanny went to the side-table and began her work, leaving the old barber to do his.

"Hair cut, or shaved, sir," said the old man, in a familiar, tradesmanlike tone.

"Well," returned young Hackblock, who had suddenly hit upon a plan for gradually making known who he was; "it may seem strange to you, but I want to get rid of this beard."

"Oh, no," returned old Hackblock; "not at all strange,—not at all. It seems stranger to me that anybody should wear such a load of hair."

"What!" shouted boatswain Hackblock, rousing himself, and looking round when he heard this,— "Wants his beard shaved off?—a full-grown beard shaved off? He'll want his head shaved next!"

Young Hackblock merely smiled at this petulant outburst; but old Hackblock, thinking his customer would be offended, felt very nervous, and Fanny, sharing in the same feeling, tried to quiet her father. The old barber fetched his razor and strop, and prepared his lather, and the old boatswain turned once more to his newspaper.

"No one seems to know me," said young Hackblock to himself, as if he felt rather disappointed; "surely my father will recollect me when my beard is shaved off? I can't have grown entirely out of remembrance?"

"Are you a stranger in Greenwich, sir?" asked old Hackblock, as he made his preparations.

"Oh, no!" returned young Hackblock. "I know it very well, though I've been away from it for a long time. It seems a good deal changed."

"Still it's a nice place; I don't know a nicer place," said old Hackblock, admiringly.

"Of course not, and why?" again interrupted boatswain Hackblock. "Because you've lived here, like a mushroom, all your life."

"I don't think that's any disgrace, father," said Fanny, defending her uncle.

"Nor I, either," said young Hackblock.

"I've not done as well as I might," replied the old barber, meekly; "but that's not altogether my fault. I know many rolling stones that haven't done much better."

"Ah, you may well say that," responded young Hackblock, with earnestness.

"Have you travelled much, sir?" inquired the old barber, as he stropped his razor.

"A good deal too much," was the answer.

"No one but a born landlubber can travel too much," exclaimed boatswain Hackblock, again aroused.

"I *am* a born landlubber," returned young Hackblock.

"I'm sorry to hear it."

Fanny and old Hackblock again got very nervous, and the old barber even offered to check his brother; but young Hackblock motioned him to take no notice of the interruption, and he returned to his task.

"Your hair's very grey, sir, for a young man, and rather bald, too," said the old barber, speaking the truth, though he was uttering the common jargon of his trade.

"I wouldn't advise you to say much about that," replied young Hackblock.

"Why not?"

"Because I had it of you."

The old boatswain joined in here again with a loud, mocking laugh.

"If it's one of my wigs," returned the old barber, with some pride, "I don't wonder that it deceived me. They were always thought to be more natural than the real hair."

"I know they were," replied young Hackblock, beginning to be sorry for his joke; "but my hair is not a wig. When I said it was yours, I meant that it grew up under your guidance. You used to dress it and cut it," he added, feelingly, "and take a pride in it as if it was your own."

"Yes," roared out boatswain Hackblock; "and soak it, as he does the whole of his customers, with dripping-pomatum. Ha, ha! I don't wonder that it turned grey. You were caught there, brother Harry, completely caught."

"You always know everybody's business, Jack, better than your own," exclaimed the old barber, this time with some spirit. "I'm not responsible for a head of hair after it leaves my shop, am I? My memory's not as good as it was; but I'm sure this gentleman"—alluding to his unrecognised son—"has not been here for some years."

"Twelve or fourteen years, at least," replied young Hackblock.

"Ah," said the old barber, sadly, "about the time my foolish boy, Harry, ran away from his bread."

"Your name's Hackblock, isn't it?" asked the young man, with suppressed emotion.

"It is."

"Wasn't your son once in the army—a private in the 42nd Foot, which was moved from Jamaica, some years ago, to the Cape of Good Hope?"

"He was," replied the old barber, leaving off shaving his customer, while Fanny leaned forward to listen.

"Yes, yes, he was," exclaimed boatswain Hackblock, this time chiming in anxiously, though pettishly.

"Then I'm sure I knew him," returned the young man, watching keenly the effect of his words or his father.

The old barber dropped his razor, and put up his hands towards his ears.

"Is—he—alive?" he asked, pausing between his words, and dreading to hear the reply.

Fanny and the old boatswain came forward.

"He is," replied the young man, quickly.

"Thank Heaven," said Fanny; but old Hackblock could not speak. He wiped his face with a towel which he held in his hand, and trembled violently. Boatswain Hackblock took the good news less quietly.

"Of course he is; I knew he was," he shouted, stamping his wooden leg violently on the floor, "and doing well, too? Eh, young man?"

"What would you call well?" asked the young man, as the old barber tried to compose himself once more for his task of shaving.

"What should I call well?" asked boatswain Hackblock, almost derisively; "why, promotion—rewards—reputation. Has he been in action? Did he wound many people, eh?"

"Yes, several," returned young Hackblock.

"Good, good," was the response.

"How can you be so bloodthirsty, father," said Fanny, "when you've retired from business?"

"Don't talk to me," returned boatswain Hackblock, impetuously; "an old salt never retires from business. What did he wound them with, eh, young man? the gun or the bayonet?"

"Neither."

"Neither?" asked the old barber, anxiously.

"What with, then?" inquired boatswain Hackblock, with growing impatience. "A sword?"

"No," replied young Hackblock, still playing with his uncle's curiosity.

"What with, then? what with, then?" asked the old boatswain, now growing very red in the face, and stamping his wooden leg upon the ground.

"Well, if you must have it," replied young Hackblock, while his eyes twinkled, "it was a razor."

"A razor!" exclaimed the old pensioner, his brother, and Fanny, in chorus.

"Yes, a razor; there's nothing extraordinary in that; people are very easily wounded with razors."

"Don't beat about the bush, sir," said the old boatswain, testily. "Is he promoted?"

"Yes," replied young Hackblock. "He became the barber of his regiment."

This announcement had the effect of making old Hackblock smile with satisfaction, while Fanny laughed outright. Boatswain Hackblock, after the first explosion of rage, recovered himself sufficiently to speak, but not before he had stamped half round the shop in his usual style.

"Barber to his regiment!" he said, bitterly, "barber to his regiment! Why, hang me, he'd better have stopped at home—much better."

"I always said so, Jack, I always said so," returned the old barber, rather triumphantly. "What's bred in the bone, you know—it's my turn to laugh now."

"There's one comfort," retorted the old boatswain, clinging to his last chance of escape from defeat. "He'll have to fight in the Crimea—barber or no barber."

"He's not in the Crimea," said young Hackblock.

"Not in the Crimea?—not at the seat of war?" shouted the old boatswain, with renewed excitement.

"No; he bought out of his regiment some years ago, and started a small easy-shaving shop—much smaller than this—at Cape Town."

"Easy-shaving shop!"—shouted boatswain Hackblock, with riotous contempt, while the old barber's delight increased. "Easy cats'-meat shop! He's a disgrace to the family."

"No, Jack," said the old barber, interposing with much natural dignity and feeling; "I'm the best judge of that. I don't approve of his clumsiness with the razor, which this gentleman has mentioned,—I can hardly believe in it when I know what a careful education I gave him, and how he used to shave the customers here.—I don't approve of his not writing home for so many years—but—but I've heard nothing that tells me he's disgraced his family.—He's not disgraced *me!*"

Young Hackblock could hardly suppress the emotions naturally-aroused by this speech, but, by a great effort, he prevented himself rising and declaring himself at once.

"You may well say what's bred in the bone," grumbled boatswain Hackblock, as he retired to the fire-place to smoke, followed by Fanny,—"none of you've got any proper pride, except me."

The old barber, after this, resumed his task of shaving his customer, with a very shaking hand, and with many anxious inquiries about his supposed absent son.

"Tell me more, sir, about him," he said, "tell me more. Why didn't he write? He ought to have written."

"He ought," returned the young man, "but he has an excuse. He grew ashamed of drawing money from home after having run away, and made up his mind not to write until he could say that he was better off."

The old barber had now nearly half finished his task, and nearly one side of young Hackblock's

beard had been shaved off. The old man seemed to be struggling with some thought, or recollection, for he walked a few steps away from the shaving-chair, and looked curiously at his customer.

"He started in the business he had been bred up to," continued young Hackblock, appearing not to notice his father's change of manner, "hoping to get on, but several years soon passed without any luck."

"Strange!" murmured old Hackblock to himself, leaving his task again, and looking at his customer keenly from another point of view; "I can hardly hold the razor! I cannot be dreaming?"

"As he couldn't make a fortune," still continued young Hackblock, though with decreased command over himself, "he scraped together his passage-money."

The old barber by this time had finished his task, and his son's face stood before him free from all its unfamiliar covering. The old man hesitated once more for a moment, but only for a moment, and before Fanny and the old boatswain could get round the old shaving-chair, the father and son were re-united and the truth was revealed. After the first burst of joy and astonishment was over, the old boatswain could not refrain from amusing himself at the expense of his brother.

"Harry," he said to the old barber, who was now sitting down half exhausted in the shaving-chair, "you're caught again. It's a wise father who doesn't know his own son, isn't it?"

"I *must* have known him all along, Jack," returned the old man, almost crying, "for I'm sure I never shaved anybody so badly in my life."

"Ah, tell that to the marines," replied the old boatswain, incredulously.

"Let us settle all family differences now," said the old barber, kindly, "and start afresh. We can't all be big-drummers, that we know; but we can all try with heart and soul to be good little ones."

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

DECLENSION AND REVIVAL.

"From Me is thy fruit found."—Hosea xiv. 8.

DIE to thy root, sweet flower,
If so God wills, die even to thy root;
Live there awhile an uncomplaining, mute,
Blank life, with darkness wrapp'd about thy head;
Oh, fear not for the silence round thee spread,
This is no grave though thou among the Dead
Be counted, but the Hiding-place of Power!
Die to thy root, sweet flower.

Spring from thy root, sweet flower,
When so God wills, *spring even from thy root;*

Send through the earth's warm breast a quicken'd
shoot,
Spread to the sunshine, spread unto the shower,
And lift into the sunny air thy dower
Of bloom and odour; life is on the plains,
And in the woods a sound of birds and rains
That sing together; lo, the winter's cold
Is past; sweet scents revive, thick buds unfold;
Be thou, too, willing in the Day of Power,
Spring from thy root, sweet flower!



NOT ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.



THE SUN.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BARR.

THE subject we have chosen for this paper is perhaps an ambitious one, for it is no less than an attempt to convey to our readers some faint impression of the vastness and grandeur of the most magnificent object in nature—of that glorious body which occupies the centre of our planetary system, and on which not only our own globe, but all the other planets, many of them of far greater magnitude and possibly too of greater importance in the scale of being than our own, depend in the most immediate manner for the fulfilment of those conditions without which animated existence and organic life are impossible—THE SUN. There is a poem of Byron's entitled "Darkness," which begins thus:—

"I had a dream which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the earth
Did wander darkling in th' eternal space
Rayless and pathless,"

and so on: describing, or trying to describe, the horrors of that desolation which would ensue. They are assembled and piled on one another in this powerful poem with the hand of a master of the horrible; and in the end everybody goes mad, fights with everybody else, and dies of starvation.

But there would not be time for starvation. In three days from the extinction of the sun there would, in all probability, not be a vestige of animal or vegetable life on the globe, unless it were among deep-sea fishes and the subterranean inhabitants of the great limestone caves. The first forty-eight hours would suffice to precipitate every atom of moisture from the air in deluges of rain and piles of snow, and from that moment would set in a universal frost such as Siberia or the highest peak of the Himalayas never felt—a temperature of between two and three hundred degrees below the zero of our thermometers. This is no fanciful guess-work. Professor Tyndall has quite recently shown that it is entirely to the moisture existing in the air that our atmosphere owes its power of confining, and cherishing as it were the heat which is always endeavouring to radiate away from the earth's surface into space. Pure air is perfectly transparent to terrestrial heat—so that but for the moisture present in the atmosphere, every night would place the earth's surface as it were in contact with that intense cold which we are certain exists in empty space, a degree of cold which from several different and quite independent lines of inquiry we are sure is not less than 230 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer below zero. No animal or vegetable could resist such a frost for an hour, any more than it could live for an hour in boiling water. Such a frost exists, no doubt, over the dark half of the moon, which has no atmosphere, neither air nor vapour, and in all probability quite as violent an

extreme of heat, a boiling temperature at least, over the bright half; so that we may pretty well make up our minds as to that half of the moon at least which we see, being uninhabited; while on the other hand, if it would not lead too far away from our immediate subject, I think it might be shown on admissible principles, that Venus and Mercury, in spite of their nearness to the sun, and possibly also Jupiter and Saturn, in spite of their remoteness, may have climates in which animal and vegetable life such as we see them here, might be maintained.

But it is with the sun itself that we are now concerned. What I am going to say about the sun will consist of a series of statements so enormous in all their proportions, that I dare say, before I have done, some of my readers will almost think me mad, or intending to palm on them a string of rhodomontades, like some of the mythical stories of the Hindûs. And yet there is nothing more certain in modern science than the truth of some of the most extravagant of these statements; and, wild as they may seem to those who for the first time hear them, they appear not only not extravagant, but actually dwarfed into littleness by the still vaster revelations of that science respecting the scale of the visible universe; in every part of which when we come to measure in figures either the magnitude or the minuteness of its mechanisms, we find our arithmetic almost breaking down in the attempt, and numbers of ten or twenty places of figures, as it were tossed about like dust, and turning up on every occasion.

To come then to our subject. The first and most important office the sun has to perform in our system is to keep it together, to keep its members from parting company, from *seceding*, and running off into outer darkness, out of the reach of the genial influence of his beams. Were the sun simply *extinguished*, the planets would all continue to circulate round it as they do at present, only in cold and darkness; but were it annihilated, each would from that moment set forth on a journey into infinite space in the direction in which it happened then to be moving; and wander on, centuries after centuries, lost in that awful abyss which separates us from the stars, and without making any sensible approach even to the nearest of them in many hundreds or even thousands of years. The power by which the sun is enabled to perform this office,—to gather planets round its hearth and to keep them there—is the same in kind (though very different in intensity) with that which when a stone is thrown up into the air draws it down again to the earth. As to the manner in which this is effected by the weight of the stone, or its tendency to fall straight down, aiding to turn or draw it out

of its right-lined course oblique to the surface, and oblige it to move in a curve,—with the explanation of that we have here nothing to do. That belongs to mechanics, and we must take it for granted. But in order to understand how it is possible to pass from this familiar case that we see every day before our eyes, to that of a vast globe like the earth revolving in an orbit about the sun, it will be necessary to enlarge the scale of our ideas of magnitude. We must try to conceive a similar degree of command and control exercised over such a mass as our globe, and over the much greater masses of the remote planets, by the sun as a central body, hardly moved from its place while as it were swinging all the others round it. And for this purpose it is necessary to possess some distinct conception of what sort of a body the sun really is—of its size—of its distance from us—of its weight or mass—and of the proportion it bears to the other bodies, the earth included, which circulate round it.

It is strange what crude ideas people in general have about the size of very distant objects. I was reading only the other day a letter to the *Times* giving an account of a magnificent meteor. The writer described it as *round, about the size of a cricket-ball, and apparently about 100 yards off*. Many persons spoke of the tail of the great comet of 1858 as being several yards long, without at all seeming aware of the absurdity of such a way of talking. The sun or the moon may be covered by a threepenny-piece held at arm's length, but it takes a house, or a church, or a great tree to cover it on a near horizon, and a hill or a mountain on a distant one; so that it must be at least as large as any of these objects. Among the ancient Greek philosophers there was a lively dispute as to the real size of the sun. One maintained that it was "precisely as large as it looks to be," a thoroughly Greek way of getting out of a difficulty. All the best thinkers among them, however, clearly saw that it must be a very large body. One of them (Anaxagoras) went the length of saying that it might be as large as all Greece, for which he got laughed at. But he was outbid by Anaximander, who said it was twenty-eight times as large as the earth. What would Anaximander or the scoffer of Anaxagoras have said, could he have known what we now know, that, seen from the same distance as the sun, the territory of Greece would have been absolutely invisible; and that even the whole earth, if laid upon it, would not cover more than one thirteen-thousandth part of its apparent surface,—less in proportion, that is to say, than a single letter in the broad expanse of type which meets the reader's eye as this volume now lies open before him.

Our object in this notice is not to put before our readers, except in one single instance, any connected chain of reasoning and deduction, or to show how, from the principles of abstract science combined with observation, the results I have to state have been obtained. This would lead me a great deal

too far, and would require not one but a whole series of such essays. What I aim at is to convey to their minds, as matters of fact, what those results *are* in the case of the sun, and to enable them to form a conception of it as a reality. Still it is reasonable for any one to ask how it is possible to prove such a statement, for instance, as that just made; and as the kind of process by which our conclusions as to the size and mass of the sun are arrived at may be put in a few words, it will not be amiss to give a sketch of it.

The first step towards ascertaining the real size of the sun is to determine its distance. Now, the simplest way to find the distance of an object which cannot be got at, is to measure what is called a base line, from the two ends of which it can be seen at one and the same moment, and then to measure with proper instruments the angles at the base of the triangle formed by the distant object and the two ends of the base. Geography and surveying in modern times have arrived at such perfection, that we know the size and form of the earth we stand upon to an extreme nicety. It is a globe a little flattened in the direction of the poles,—the longer diameter, that across the equator, being 7925 miles and five furlongs, and the shorter, or polar axis, 7899 miles and one furlong; and in these measures it is pretty certain that there is not an error of a quarter of a mile. And knowing this, it is possible to calculate with quite as much exactness as if it could be measured, the distance *in a straight line* between any two places whose geographical positions on the earth's surface are known. Now there are two astronomical observatories very remote from one another, the one in the northern hemisphere, the other in the southern, viz., at Hammerfest in Norway, and on the Cape of Good Hope, both very nearly on the same meridian, so that the sun, or the moon, or any other heavenly body attains its greatest altitude above the horizon of each (or as astronomers express it, passes the meridian of each) very nearly at the same time. Supposing then that this, its *meridian altitude*, is carefully observed at each of these two stations on the same day, it is easy to find by computation the angles included between each of the two lines of direction in which it was seen from the two places, and their common line of junction; so that taking this latter line for the base of a triangle, of which the two sides are the distances of the object from either place, those two sides can thence be calculated by the very same process of computation which is employed in geographical surveying to find the distance of a signal from observations at the ends of a measured base. Now, the distance between Hammerfest and the Cape in a straight line is nearly 6300 miles, and owing to the situations of the two places in latitude, the triangle in question is always what a land surveyor would call a highly favourable one for calculation: so that with so long a base we may reasonably expect to arrive at a considerably exact knowledge of its sides,—after which a little addi-

tional calculation will readily enable us to conclude the distance of the object observed from the earth's centre.

When the moon is the object observed this expectation is found to be justified. The triangle in question, though a long one, is not extravagantly so. Its sides are found to be, each about thirty-eight times the length of the base, and the resulting distance of the moon from the earth's centre about thirty diameters of the latter, or more exactly sixty times and a-quarter its radius, that is to say, 238,100 (say 240,000) miles, which is rather under a quarter of a million—so that, speaking roughly, we may consider the moon's orbit round the earth as a circle about half a million of miles across. In the case of the sun, however, it is otherwise. The sides of our triangle *are* here what may be called extravagantly out of proportion to its base, and the result of the calculation is found to assign to the sun a distance very little short of four hundred times that already found for the moon—being in effect no less than 23,984 (in round numbers 24,000) radii, or 12,000 diameters of the earth, or in miles 94,880,700 or about 95,000,000.

When so vast a disproportion exists between the distance of an object and the base employed to measure it, a very trifling error in the measured angles produces a great one in the result. Happily, however, there exists another and a very much more precise method, though far more refined in principle, by which this most important element can be determined; viz., by observations of the planet Venus, at the time of its "transit" (or visible passage) across the sun's disc. It would lead us too far aside from our purpose to explain this, however, at length. The necessary observations were made at the time of the last "transit" in 1769, and will no doubt be repeated on the next occasion of the same kind, in 1874.*

From the distance of the sun so obtained, and from its apparent size (or, as astronomers call it, its angular diameter), measured very nicely by delicate instruments called micrometers, the real diameter of the sun has been calculated at 882,000 miles, which I suppose may be taken as exact to a few odd thousands.

Now, only let us pause a little, and consider among what sort of magnitudes we are landed. It runs glibly over the tongue to talk of a distance of 95,000,000 of miles, and a globe of 880,000 miles in diameter, but such numbers hardly convey any distinct notion to the mind. Let us see what kind of conception we can get of them in other ways. And first then, as to the distance. By railway, at an average rate of 40 miles an hour one might travel round the world in 26 days and nights. At the same rate it would take 270 years and more to get to the sun. The ball of an Armstrong 100-pounder leaves the gun with a

speed of about 400 yards per second. Well, at the same rate of transit it would be more than thirteen years and a quarter in its journey to reach the sun; and the sound of the explosion, supposing it conveyed though the interval with the same speed that sound travels in our air, would not arrive till half a year later. The velocity of sound, or of any other impulse conveyed along a steel bar, is about sixteen times greater than in air. Now, suppose the sun and the earth connected by a steel bar. A blow struck at one end of the bar, or a pull applied to it, would not be delivered, would not begin to be felt, at the sun till after a lapse of 313 days. Even light, the speed of which is such that it would travel round the globe in less time than any bird takes to make a single stroke of his wing, requires seven minutes and a half to reach us from the sun.

The illustration of the distance of the sun which I have just mentioned, by supposing it connected with the earth by a steel bar, will serve to give us some notion of the wonderful connection which that mystery of mysteries, gravitation, establishes between them. The sun *draws* or pulls the earth towards it. We know of no material way of communicating a pull to a distant object more immediate, more intimate, than grappling it with bonds of steel; and how such a bond would suffice we have just seen. But the *pull* on the earth which the sun makes is instantaneous, or at all events incomparably more rapid in its transmission across the interval than any solid connection would produce, and even demonstrably more rapid than the propagation of light itself.

Let me now try to convey some sort of palpable notion of the size of the sun itself. On a circle six feet in diameter, representing a section of it through the centre, a similar section of the earth would be about represented by a fourpenny-piece, and a distance of a thousand miles by a line of less than one-twelfth of an inch in length. A circle concentric with it, representing on the same scale the size of the moon's orbit about the earth, would have for its diameter only thirty-nine inches and a quarter, or very little more than half the sun's. Imagine now, if you can, a globe concentric with this earth on which we stand, large enough not only to fill the whole orbit of the moon, but to project beyond it on all sides into space almost as far again on the outside! A spangle, representing the moon, placed on the circumference of its orbit so represented, would require to be only a sixth part of an inch in diameter.

It is nothing to have the size of a giant without the strength of one. The sun retains the planets in their several orbits by a powerful mechanical force precisely as the hand of a slinger retains the stone which he whirls round till the proper moment comes for letting it go. The stone pulls at the string one way, the controlling hand at the centre of its circle the other. Were the string too weak, it would break, and the stone, prematurely released,

* The distance above stated is that which results from this more precise mode of procedure.

would fly off in the wrong direction. If a mechanist were told the weight of the stone (say a pound), the length of the string (say a yard, including the motion of the hand), and the number of turns made by the stone in a certain time (say sixty in a minute, or one in a second), he would be able to tell precisely what ought to be the strength of the string so as *just not to break*; that is to say, what weight it ought at least to be able to lift without breaking. In the case I have mentioned, it ought to be capable of sustaining 3 lb. 10 oz. 386 grs. If it be weaker it will break. And this is the force or effect which the hand must steadily exert, to draw the stone in towards itself out of the direction in which it would naturally proceed if let go, and to keep it revolving in a circle at that distance.

Now, what the string does to the stone in the sling, that, in the case of the sun retaining the earth in its orbit, is done—that same office is performed—that effort (in some mysterious way which the human mind is utterly incapable of comprehending) is exerted—that pull communicated, in an instant of time, and so far as we can discover, without any material tie, by the force of gravitation. We know the time the earth takes to revolve about the sun. It is a year, of so many days, hours, minutes and seconds, and we know its distance—95,000,000 of miles, which may easily be turned into yards. Well, now, suppose a stone or a lump of lead of a ton weight to be tied to the sun by a string, and slung round it in such a circle and in such a time. Then, on the very same principles, and by the same rules of arithmetic, one may calculate the amount of pull, or tension of the string, and it will be found to come out 1 lb. 6 oz. 51 grs.

We all know what sort of lifting power—what amount of muscular force—it takes to sustain a pound weight. Multiply this by 2,240 and you have the muscular effort necessary to sustain a ton. It would require three or four strong horses straining with all their might. Well, now, it is one of the peculiarities of this mysterious power of gravitation, that its intensity—the energy of its pull—is less and less as the distance of the thing pulled is greater: and *that* in a higher proportion. At double the distance, the force of the pull is not halved, but quartered: at triple, it is not a third part, but a ninth. There are mountains in the world five miles high; that is to say, whose summits are five miles farther from the centre of the earth than the sea-level. If a ton of lead were carried up to the top of such a mountain, though it would still balance another ton, or 2,240 weights of a pound each on the scales, then and there; yet it would not require so great an effort, such an exertion of muscular force, to raise and sustain it by five pounds and a half. Now, fancy it removed to a height of 94,900,000 miles, and estimating by the same rule its apparent weight, you will find, if you make the calculation, that it would not require more effort to sustain it from falling, than would suffice to lift one thirty-

seventh part of a grain from the surface of the earth.

This, then, one thirty-seventh part of a grain, is the force which the earth, placed where the sun is, would exert on our lump of lead. But we have seen that to retain such a lump in such an orbit requires a pull of 1 lb. 6 oz. 51 grs. Of course, then, the earth, so placed, would be quite inadequate to retain it from flying off. To do this would require as many earths to pull it as there are thirty-seventh parts of a grain in 1 lb. 6 oz. 51 grs.: that is to say, by an easy sum in arithmetic, 356,929; or in round numbers, 360,000. Now, this is equivalent to saying, that to do the work which the sun does upon each individual ton of matter which the earth consists of, it must pull it as if (mind I say *as if*) it were made up of 360,000 earths. And this is what is meant by saying, that the mass or quantity of gravitating matter constituting the sun is 360,000 times as great as the mass or quantity of such matter in the earth.

Thus, now, you see, we have weighed as well as measured the sun, and the comparison of the two results leads to a very remarkable conclusion. In point of size, the globe of the sun, being *in diameter* 110 times that of the earth, occupies *in bulk* the cube of that number, or 1,331,000 times the amount of space. The disproportion in bulk, then, is much greater than the disproportion in weight,—very nearly four times greater: so that you see, comparatively speaking, and of course on an average of its whole mass, the sun consists of *much lighter* materials than the earth. And in this respect it agrees with all the four great exterior planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; while all the others—Mercury, Venus, and Mars—agree much more nearly with the earth, and seem to form a quite distinct and separate family.

From this calculation of the mass of the sun, and from its diameter, we are enabled to calculate the pressure which any heavy body placed on its surface would exercise upon it, or what power it would require to lift it off. It is very nearly thirty times the power required to lift the same mass here on earth. A pound of lead, for instance, transported to the sun's surface, could not be raised by an effort short of what would lift thirty pounds here. A man could no more stand upright there, than he could here on earth with twenty-nine men on his shoulders. He would be squeezed as flat as a pancake by his own weight.

Giant Size and Giant Strength are ugly qualities without beneficence. But the sun is the almoner of the Almighty, the delegated dispenser to us of light and warmth, as well as the centre of attraction; and as such, the immediate source of all our comforts, and indeed of the very possibility of our existence on earth. Even the very coals which we burn, owe their origin to the sun's influence, being all of vegetable materials, the remains of vast forests which have been buried and preserved in that form for the use of man, millions of ages before he was placed on the earth, and which, but for the

solar light and heat, would have had no existence.* Indeed, the theory of heat which is now gaining ground would go to prove that it is the actual identical heat, which the sun put into the coal, while in the form of living vegetation, that comes out again when they are burnt as coals in our grates and furnaces; so that, after all, Swift's idea of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which he attributes to his Laputan philosophers, may not be so very absurd. †

But how shall I attempt to convey to you any conception of the scale on which the great work of warming and light is carried on in the sun? It is not by large words that it can be done. All "word-painting" must break down, and it is only by bringing before you the consideration of great facts in the simplest language, that there is any chance of doing it. In the very outset here is the greatest fact of all—the enormous waste, or what appears to us to be waste—the excessive, exorbitant, prodigality of diffusion of the sun's light and heat. No doubt it is a great thing to light and warm the whole surface of our globe. Then look at such globes as Jupiter and Saturn and the others. This, as you will soon see, is something astounding; but then look what a trifling space they occupy in the whole sphere of diffusion around the sun. Conceive that little globe of the earth, such as we have described it in comparison with our six feet sphere, removed 12,000 of its own diameters, that is to say, 210 yards from the centre of such a sphere (for that would be the relative size of its orbit)! why, it would be an invisible point, and would require a strong telescope to be seen at all as a thing having size and shape. It occupies only the 75,000th part of the circumference of the circle which it describes about the sun. So that 75,000 of such earths at that distance, and in that circle placed side by side, would all be equally well warmed and lighted,—and, then, that is only in one plane! But there is the whole sphere of space above and below, unoccupied; at any single point of which if an earth were placed at the same distance it would receive the same amount of light and heat. Take all the planets together, great and small; the light and heat they receive is only one 227 millionth part of the whole quantity thrown out by the sun. All the rest escapes into free space, and is lost among the stars; or does there some other work that we know nothing about. Of the small fraction thus utilized in our system, the earth takes for its

share only one 10th part, or less than one 2000 millionth part of the whole supply.

Now, then, bearing in mind this huge preliminary fact to start with, let us see what amount of heat the earth *does* receive from the sun. The earth is a globe, and therefore, taken on an average, it is constantly receiving as much, both of light and heat, as a flat circle 8000 miles in diameter, held perpendicularly to receive it. Now, that section is 50,000,000 square miles, so that there falls at every instant on the whole earth 50,000,000 times as much heat as falls on a square mile of the hottest desert under the equator at noonday with a vertical sun and with not a cloud in the sky—and in fact nearly a third more; for more than a quarter of the sun's heat is absorbed in the air in the clearest weather, and never reaches the ground. Now, we all know that in those countries it is much hotter than we like to keep our rooms by fires. I have seen the thermometer four inches deep in the sand in South Africa rise to 159° Fahr., and I have cooked a beef-steak and boiled eggs hard by simple exposure to the sun in a box covered with a pane of window glass, and placed in another box so covered.

From a series of experiments I made there, I ascertained that the direct heat of the sun, received on a surface capable of absorbing and retaining it, was competent to melt an inch in thickness of ice in 2^h 13^m, and from this I was enabled to calculate how much ice would be melted per hour by the heat actually thrown on a square mile exposed at noon under the equator, and the result is 58,360,000 lb. or in round numbers, 26,000 tons, and this vast mass, has to be multiplied 50 million-fold to give the effect produced on a diametral section of our globe.

And, now, let us endeavour to form some kind of estimate of the *temperature*; that is to say, the degree or intensity of the heat at the actual surface of the sun. By a calculation, with which I will not trouble you, it turns out to be more than 90,000 times greater than the intensity of sunshine here on our globe at noon and under the equator—a far greater heat than can be produced in the focus of any burning-glass, though some have been made powerful enough to melt, not only silver and gold, but even platina, and, indeed, all metals which resist the greatest heats that can be raised in furnaces.

Perhaps the best way to convey some sort of conception of it, will be to state the result of certain experiments and calculations recently published; which is this—that the heat thrown out FROM EVERY SQUARE YARD of the sun's surface is equal to that which would be produced by burning on that square yard six tons of coal per hour, and keeping up constantly to that rate of consumption—which, if used to the greatest advantage, would keep a 63,000 horse steam-engine at work.—And this, mind, on each individual square yard of that enormous surface which is 12,000 times that of the whole surface of the earth!

* See the treatise on Astronomy, by the author of this paper, in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia," published in 1833.

† Not more so at least than some of his other Laputan speculations; such as calcining ice into gunpowder; or moving vast locomotive masses by magnetism, both which feats have, in a somewhat altered form of expression, been accomplished (as in the explosion of potassium when laid on ice, and the movement of a ship by electro-magnetism); or than his plan for writing books by the concurrence of accidental letters, and selection of such combinations as form syllables, words, sentences, &c.

Let me say something now of the *light* of the sun. The means we have of measuring the intensity of light are not nearly so exact as in the case of heat—but this at least we know—that the most intense lights we can produce artificially, are as nothing compared *surface for surface* with the sun.—The most brilliant and beautiful light which can be artificially produced is that of a ball of quicklime kept violently hot by a flame of mixed ignited oxygen and hydrogen gases playing on its surface. Such a ball, if brought near enough to appear of the same size as the sun does, can no more be looked at without hurt than the sun—but if it be held between the eye and the sun, and *both* so enfeebled by a dark glass as to allow of their being looked at together—it appears as a black spot on the sun or as the black outline of the moon in an eclipse, seen thrown upon it. It has been ascertained by experiments which I cannot now describe, that the brightness, the intrinsic splendour, of the surface of such a lime-ball is only one 146th part of that of the sun's surface. That is to say, that the sun gives out as much light as 146 balls of quicklime *each the size of the sun*, and each heated *over all its surface* in the way I have described, which is the most intense heat we can raise, and in which platina melts like lead.

On the benefits which the sun's light confers on us it cannot be necessary to say much; only one thing, I think, may not be known to all who may read these pages; viz., that it is not only by enabling us to see that it is useful, but that it is quite as necessary as its heat to the life and well-being both of plants and animals. Animals, indeed, may live some time in complete darkness, but they grow unhealthy, lose strength and pine away, while plants very quickly lose their green colour, turn white or pale yellow, lose all their peculiar scent and flavour, refuse to flower, and at last rot and die off. What I have now to say about the light of the sun is of quite a different nature.

The sun's light, as we all know, is purely *white*. If the sun sometimes looks yellow or red, it is because it is seen through vapours, or smoke, or a London fog of smoke *and* vapour *mixed*. It has been seen blue; but when high up, in a clear sky, it is quite white. The whiteness of snow, of a white cloud, of white paper, is the whiteness of the sun's light which falls upon them. Whatever reflects the rays of the sun *without choice or preference*, *appears white*. Whatever does not do so appears coloured, and if it does not reflect them at all—black. Now I must explain what I mean by saying—"without choice or preference." Every ray of light which comes from the sun is not a simple but a compound *thing*. Here, again, I must explain. The air we breathe is not a simple but a compound *thing*. It is separable at least into four distinct *things*, as different from one another as any four things you can name. Well, then, so of a ray or beam of the sun; it may be separated, split, subdivided, not into four, but into many hundreds, nay

thousands, of perfectly distinct rays or things, or rather of three distinct sorts or species of rays, of which one sort affects the eyes as light; one the sense of feeling and the thermometer as heat; and one the chemical composition of everything it falls upon, and which produces all the effects of photography. Each of these three classes (and I believe there are several more, indeed I have proved the existence of one more) consists of absolutely innumerable *species* or sorts, every one of which is separated from every other by a boundary line, as sharp and as distinct as that which separates Kent and Sussex on a map. A ray of light is a world in miniature, and if I were to set down all that experiment has revealed to us of its nature and constitution, it would take more volumes than there are pages available for the rest of this paper.

When the sun's light is allowed to pass through a small hole in a dark place, the course of the ray or sunbeam may be traced through the air (by reason of the small fine dust that is always floating in it), as a straight line or thread of light of the same apparent size, or very nearly so, from the hole to the opposite wall. But if in the course of such a beam, be held at any point the edge of a clear angular polished piece of glass called a *prism*, the course of the beam from that place will be seen to be bent aside in a direction towards the thicker part of the glass—and not only so bent or *refracted*, but spread out to a certain degree, so that the beam in its further progress grows continually broader, the light being *dispersed*, into a flat fan-shaped plane: and if this be received on white paper, instead of a single white spot which the unbroken beam would have formed on it, appears a coloured streak, the colours being of exceeding vividness and brilliancy, and following one another in a certain fixed order—graduating from a pure crimson red at the end least remote from the original direction (or least *deviated*), through orange, yellow, green, and blue, to a faint and rather rosy violet. This beautiful phenomenon—the *Prismatic Spectrum* as it is called—strikes every one who sees it for the first time, in a high degree of purity, with wonder and delight; as I once had the gratification of witnessing in the case of that eminent artist the late David Wilkie, who, strange to say, had never seen a "Spectrum" till I had the pleasure of showing him one, and whose exclamations, though a man habitually of few words, I shall not easily forget. I shall not attempt to give any account of the theory of this *prismatic dispersion* of the sunbeam, but an illustration of it may be found in a very familiar and primitive operation—the winnowing of wheat. Suppose I had a sieve full of mixed grains and other things—shot, for instance, wheat grains, sand, chaff, feathers; and that I flung them all out across a side wind, and noticed where they fell. The shot would fall in one place, the wheat in another, the sand in another, the chaff in another, and the feathers anywhere—nowhere; but none of them in

the straight direction in which they were originally tossed. All would be *deviated*; and if you marked the places of each sort, you would find them all arranged in a certain order—that of their relative lightness in a line on the ground, oblique to the line of their projection. You would have separated and assorted them, and formed a *spectrum*, so to speak, on the ground, or a picture of what had taken place in the process, which would in effect have been the performance of a mechanical analysis of the contents of your basket.

Bearing always in mind that it is an illustration of a series of facts, not a theoretical explanation of a natural process, which is here intended, I will now proceed to observe that the analogy of this case to that of the prismatic analysis of a sunbeam may be pursued still further. If the original contents of the basket had been all of one material, such as sand, consisting of a mixture of particles of every gradation of coarseness and fineness, from small pebbles down to impalpable dust, the trace upon the ground, the sand spectrum, however long, would be **uninterrupted**: the coarsest particles lying at one end, the finest at the other, and every intermediate size in every intermediate place. On the other hand, in the case first supposed, and supposing the shot to differ *inter se* in respect of size within certain limits, the wheat grains again within certain other, the sand within other, and so on; they would be found after projection all indeed lying in a line, but that line an interrupted one—consisting first of shot occupying a certain length, then an interval, then wheat grains to a certain extent—another interval—then sand, chaff, and so on. Now this is by no means an inapt though a coarse representation of the constitution of the Prismatic spectrum. When it is formed by an extremely pure prism, and with certain precautions (which need not here be detailed) to ensure the perfect purity of its colours, it is found to be *discontinuous*: that is to say, not a simple streak like a riband of paper coloured from end to end by tints graduating insensibly from red to violet, but like such a riband marked, *across its breadth*, by perfectly black lines of exceeding delicacy, yet some wider some narrower than others, and where these lines are the paper is not illuminated at all. Into these spaces (for narrow as they are, they have each a certain breadth) none of the light dispersed by the prism falls. These lines, be it also observed, are not occasional or accidental, but permanent, and belong to the sun's light *as such*. They divide the spectrum into compartments as the boundary lines between counties on a map divide the soil into regions, and each individual of these compartments differs in other qualities besides colour from its neighbours on either side; much as contiguous regions of a country differ in soil and cultivation as well as in climate. It is as if our assorted grains were distinguished not only by being coloured according to their respective sizes, but each particular size and weight distin-

guished also by differences in the material of which they consisted.

Every observer who has examined the spectrum with more care than the last, has added to the number of these lines. Dr. Wollaston first noticed two or three of the most conspicuous. Fraunhofer registered and fixed the places of some thirty or forty more, and later observers have mapped down with all the precision of a geographical survey, not less than two thousand of them. The knowledge of them, and the precise measurement of their distances from one another, has proved most valuable in a great many lines of scientific inquiry, and most particularly in Optics and Chemistry, and, quite recently, has been the means of revealing facts respecting the constitution of the sun itself, which one would have supposed it impossible for man ever to have become acquainted with. One word more on these lines—for we must husband space, as there remains a great deal more ground to go over. I have said that they are not *occasional*, but belong to the sun's light *as such*. But they may be considered as in some sort *accidental* as regards the sun—for the light of each of the stars when thrown into a spectrum, is found to have a different system of these "fixed lines." And what is more, the light of every flame has its peculiar lines, which indicate the nature of the burning substance. And in this way there seems to arise a possibility that by studying these lines carefully, as exhibited by terrestrial flames and other sources of artificial light, we may come to a knowledge of what the sun and stars are made of. This is what men of science are now very busily occupied about, and it seems to have been rendered at least highly probable—I do not say that it has been proved—that a great many of the chemical elements of this our earth exist in the sun—such as, for instance, iron, soda, magnesium, and some others. We cannot here state the extraordinary facts on which this conclusion rests. But the conclusion itself is not so absolutely strange and startling as it may at first appear. The analysis of meteorolites, which there can be no doubt have come to the earth from very remote regions of the Planetary spaces, has, up to the present time, exhibited no new chemical element—so that a community of nature, at least as regards material constitution between our earth and the rest of the bodies of our system, is at all events no unexpected, as it is, in itself, no unreasonable conclusion.

Not that it is meant, by anything above said, to imply that the light of the sun is that of any flame, in the usual sense of the word. A late celebrated French philosopher, M. Arago, indeed, considered that he had proved it to be so by certain optical tests. But in the first place his proof is vitiated by an enormous oversight, and the thing, besides, is a physical impossibility. The light and heat of the sun cannot possibly arise from the burning of *fuel*, so as to give out what we call flame. If it be the sun's substance that *burns* (I mean consumes), where

is the oxygen to come from? and what is to become of the ashes, and other products of combustion? Even supposing the oxygen supplied from the material, as in the cases of gunpowder, Bengal light, or gun cotton, still the chemical products have to be disposed of. In the case of gun cotton, it has been calculated that, if the sun were made of it so condensed as only to burn on the surface, it would burn out, at the rate of the sun's expenditure of light and heat, in eight thousand years. Anyhow, fire, kept up by fuel and air, is out of the question. There remain only three possible sources of them, so far as we can perceive—electricity, friction, and vital action. The first of these was suggested by the late Sir William Herschel in 1801; the second, at least as a possibility, though without indicating any mode by which the necessary friction could arise, by myself, in a work* published in 1833. The theory at present current of it is founded on what may not unfairly be considered a further development of this idea, the friction being supposed to arise from meteoric matter circulating round the sun, and gradually subsiding into it, and either tearing up its surface, or ploughing into its atmosphere. But on this we cannot dilate, as nothing has been hitherto said about the appearance of the sun in telescopes, and the strange phenomena its surface, so examined, exhibits.

One of the earliest applications of the telescope was to turn it on the sun. And the first fruits of this application (which originated about the same time), in the year 1611, with Harriot, in England, Galileo in Italy, and Fabricius and Scheiner in Germany, was the discovery of black spots on its surface, which, when watched from day to day, were found to change their situation on its disc, in a certain regular manner; coming in, or making their first appearance on the eastern edge or border of the disc: *i. e.*, on the left-hand side of the sun when seen at noon day; and going off, or disappearing at the west, or on the right-hand side. It very soon became evident that, whatever these spots might be, they adhered to the body of the sun, and that their apparent motions could only be accounted for by a real motion of rotation of the sun on an axis nearly, but not quite, perpendicular to the ecliptic. By following out this indication by careful observation and calculation, it has become known that the sun does so rotate; that the time occupied in a single rotation is very nearly 25 days, 7 hours, 48 minutes; that the axis of rotation is about 7° inclined to a line perpendicular to the ecliptic, its direction in space being that of a line pointing nearly to the star τ (tau), in the constellation of the Dragon; in consequence of which on and about the 11th of June, the spots appear to pass across the sun in straight lines, from the apparent northern to the apparent southern hemisphere of the sun, and the reverse on and about the 12th of December, while at inter-

vening times, their course across the sun is a flattened elliptical or oval curve, a necessary consequence of their real motion being in a circle much inclined to the line of sight. Their ellipses are most open on the 11th of March, and the 13th of September; on the former of which days we get the best view of the south pole of the sun, and on the latter of the north.

But here comes the strange part of their history. These spots are not permanent marks on the sun's surface. They come and go. They begin as small dim specks, grow to be great blotches, and then dwindle away. Sometimes they are large enough to be seen without a telescope, when the sun is near setting or just risen, so as to have its dazzling splendour mitigated by the vapours of the horizon, and admit of being looked at steadily. Many instances of such appearances are recorded, some very remarkable ones, long before the invention of the telescope. Two were so seen by my son, Mr. A. Herschel, in London, in November, 1861, who sent me a drawing of them, which I found verified on comparison with a drawing taken from the telescope on the same day, by a very assiduous observer in my immediate neighbourhood.

Ever since the first discovery of the solar spots, they have been watched with great interest, and it has been ascertained that they do not make their appearance indiscriminately upon every part of the globe of the sun. At or near either of its poles they never appear, and very rarely indeed on its equator, or on any part of its body beyond the 40th degree of latitude—understanding that term on the sun in the same acceptation which geographers attach to it on our own globe. They mainly frequent two zones or belts parallel to its equator, bearing very nearly the same relation to that great circle of its sphere which the regions on our own globe, in which the trade winds prevail, bear to the equatorial region of the earth—extending, that is to say, to some 25 or 30° of north, and not quite so far, or in such abundance in south latitude, with a comparatively spotless intermediate belt, of five or six degrees broad between them, answering to our region of equatorial calms. The resemblance is so striking as most strongly to suggest some analogy in the causes of the two phenomena—and it has been held that as our trade winds originate in a greater *influx* of heat from without on and near the equator than at the poles, combined with the earth's rotation on its axis, so the maculiferous belts of the sun may owe their origin to a greater equatorial *efflux* of heat, combined with the axial rotation of that luminary. There is another extremely remarkable feature in the appearance and disappearance of these spots. I have said that they are not *permanent*. Sometimes, indeed, but rarely, one and the same spot lasts long enough, after disappearing at the western edge of the sun, to come round again and re-appear at the eastern; and it has happened that a spot has lasted long enough to re-appear four or five times; but for the most part this is not the

* "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia," Astronomy, s. 337, p. 212.

case. But as regards the number of spots which appear on the sun at different times, there is the greatest possible difference. Sometimes it is quite spotless; at others the spots swarm upon it, and as many as fifty or sixty spots or groups, large and small, have been seen at once, arranged in two belts.

Now, it has lately been ascertained by a careful comparison of all the recorded observations of the spots, that the periods of their scarcity and abundance succeed one another at regular intervals of a trifle more than five years and a half, so that in eleven years and one-tenth, or nine times in a century, the sun passes through all its states of purity and spottiness. Thus, for instance, in the present century, the years 1800, 1811, 1822, 1833, 1844, 1855-6 were years in which the sun exhibited few or no spots, while in the years 1805, 1816, 1827, 1838, 1849, 1860, the spots have been remarkably abundant and large. Several attempts have been made to connect this with periodical variations in the weather, with hot and cold years—wet and dry ones—years of good and bad harvests, &c.; but though I believe there is some such connection, it is so overlaid and, as it were, masked by the multitude of causes which act to produce what we call the prevalent weather of a season, that nothing satisfactory has been made out. But there are two classes of phenomena or facts which occur here on earth which certainly do stand in very singular accordance with the appearance and disappearance of the sun's spots. The first is that splendid and beautiful appearance in the sky which we call the Aurora or Northern lights, and which, by comparison of the recorded displays, have been ascertained to be much more frequent in the years when the spots are abundant, and extremely rare in those years when the sun is free from spots. The other is a class of facts not so obvious to common observation, but of very great importance to us, because it is connected with the history and theory of the mariner's compass, and with the magnetism of the earth, which we all know to be the cause of the compass needle pointing to the north. This is only a rough way of speaking. It does *not* point to the north, but very considerably to the west of north, and that, not always alike. Three centuries ago it pointed nearly as much east as now west of north. From year to year the change is very perceptible; and, what is more, at every hour of the day there is a small but perfectly distinct movement to and fro, eastward and westward, of its average direction. But besides this, the compass needle is subject to irregular, sudden, and capricious variations—jerking, as it were, aside, and oscillating backwards and forwards without any visible cause of disturbance. And, what is still more strange, these disturbances and jerks sometimes go on for many hours and even days, and often at the same instants of time, over very large regions of the globe, and in some remarkable instances, over the whole earth—the same jerks and

jumps occurring at the same moments of time (allowance made for the difference of longitude). These occurrences are called magnetic storms, and they invariably accompany great displays of the Aurora, and are very much more frequent when the sun is most spotted, and rarely or never witnessed in the years of few spots.

The last four years have been remarkable for spots, and there occurred on the 1st September, 1859, an appearance on the sun which may be considered an epoch, if not in the sun's history, at least in our knowledge of it. On that day great spots were exhibited, and two observers, far apart and unknown to each other, were viewing them with powerful telescopes, when suddenly, at the same moment of time, both saw a strikingly brilliant luminous appearance, like a cloud of light far brighter than the general surface of the sun, break out in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the spots, and sweep *across* and *beside* it. It occupied about five minutes in its passage, and in that time travelled over a space on the sun's surface which could not be estimated at less than 35,000 miles.

A magnetic storm was in progress at the time. From the 28th of August to the 4th of September many indications showed the earth to have been in a perfect convulsion of electro-magnetism. When one of the observers I have mentioned had registered his observation, he bethought himself of sending to Kew, where there are self-registering magnetic instruments always at work, recording by photography at every instant of the twenty-four hours the positions of three magnetic needles differently arranged. On examining the record for that day, it was found that at that very moment of time (as if the influence had arrived with the light) all three had made a strongly marked jerk from their former positions. By degrees, accounts began to pour in of great Auroras seen on the nights of those days, not only in these latitudes, but at Rome, in the West Indies, on the tropics within 18° of the equator (where they hardly ever appear), nay, what is still more striking, in South America and in Australia, where, at Melbourne, on the night of the 2nd of September the greatest Aurora ever seen there made its appearance. These Auroras were accompanied with unusually great electro-magnetic disturbances in every part of the world. In many places the telegraphic wires struck work. They had too many private messages of their own to convey. At Washington and Philadelphia, in America, the telegraph signal-men received severe electric shocks. At a station in Norway the telegraphic apparatus was set fire to; and at Boston, in North America, a flame of fire followed the pen of Bain's electric telegraph, which, as my readers perhaps know, writes down the message upon chemically prepared paper.

I must now proceed to tell you what the telescope has revealed to us as to the nature and magnitude of these spots. And here again, the closer we look, the more the wonder increases. The spots were at

first supposed to be clouds of black smoke floating over the great fiery furnace beneath,—then great lumps of fresh coal laid on, then comets fallen in to feed the fire, then tops of mountains standing up above a great surging ocean of melted matter. They are none of all these things; they are not clouds floating above the light, nor protuberances sticking up above the general surface; they are regions in which, by the action of some most violent cause, the bright, luminous clouds, or what at all events we may provisionally call clouds, which float in the sun's atmosphere, are for a time cleared off, and through the irregular vacuities thus created, allow us to see perhaps thousands or tens of thousands of miles below them: *first*, a layer of what we may consider real clouds, which appear comparatively dark, *as if* they were not self-luminous, but were seen only by the reflected light of the upper layer of bright ones; *secondly*, through other openings in this first layer, a second still darker layer, independent of the first, and probably still thousands of miles below that, and reached by some—but very little—light from above; and *thirdly*, through again other openings, what at present we must consider to be the solid body of the sun itself—at some vast and immeasurable depth still lower—and receiving so little light in comparison as to appear quite black, though that does not prevent its being in as vivid a state of fiery glare as a white-hot iron, when we remember what has been said of the lime light appearing black against the light of the sun's surface. And it is a fact, that when Venus and Mercury pass across the sun, and are seen as round spots on it, they do really appear sensibly blacker than the blackest parts of the spots.

The sun then has an atmosphere, and in that atmosphere float at least three layers of something, that, for want of a better word, we must call clouds. The two nearest the body are not luminous. They cannot possibly be clouds of *watery* vapour, such as we have in our air, for water in a non-transparent state could not exist at that heat; but they may be what perhaps we might call smokes, that is to say, clouds in which the metals or their oxides and the earths exist in the same intermediate form that water does in our clouds. The third or upper layer of luminous clouds, or, as it is called, "the photosphere," is a sort of thing that three or four years ago we might be said to know nothing at all about; I mean as to its nature and constitution; but within that time a most wonderful discovery has been made by Mr. Nasmyth. According to his observations, made with a very fine telescope of his own making, the bright surface of the sun consists of separate, insulated, individual objects or *things*, all nearly or exactly of one certain definite size and shape, which is more like that of a willow leaf, as he describes them, than anything else. These leaves or scales are not arranged in any order (as those on a butterfly's wing are), but lie crossing one another in all directions, like what are called spills in the game of spillikins; except at the borders of

a spot, where they point for the most part inwards towards the middle of the spot, presenting much the sort of appearance that the small leaves of some water-plants or seaweeds do at the edge of a deep hole of clear water. The exceedingly definite shape of these objects, their exact similarity one to another, and the way in which they lie across and athwart each other (except where they form a sort of bridge across a spot, in which case they seem to affect a common direction, that, namely, of the bridge itself),—all these characters seem quite repugnant to the notion of their being of a vaporous, a cloudy, or a fluid nature. Nothing remains but to consider them as separate and independent sheets, flakes, or scales, having some sort of solidity. And these flakes, be they what they may, and whatever may be said about the dashing of meteoric stones into the sun's atmosphere, &c., are evidently the *immediate sources of the solar light and heat*, by whatever mechanism or whatever processes they may be enabled to develop and, as it were, elaborate these elements from the bosom of the non-luminous fluid in which they appear to float. Looked at in this point of view, we cannot refuse to regard them as *organisms* of some peculiar and amazing kind; and though it would be too daring to speak of such organisation as partaking of the nature of life, yet we do know that vital action is competent to develop both heat, light, and electricity. These wonderful objects have been seen by others as well as by Mr. Nasmyth, so that there is no room to doubt of their reality. To be seen at all, however, even with the highest magnifying powers our telescopes will bear when applied to the sun, they can hardly be less than a thousand miles in length, and two or three hundred in breadth.

Next as to the actual size of the spots themselves: the distance of the sun is so vast, that a single second of angular measure on its surface as seen from the earth corresponds to 460 miles; and since, to present a distinguishable *form*, so as to allow of a certainty, for instance, that it is round or square, in the best telescopes, an object must present a surface of at least a second in diameter, it follows that to be seen at all so as to make out its shape, a spot must cover an area of not less than two hundred thousand square miles. Now, spots of not very irregular, and what may be called compact form, of two minutes in extent, covering, that is to say, an area of between seven and eight hundred millions of square miles, are by no means uncommon. One spot which I measured in the year 1837 occupied no less than three thousand seven hundred and eighty millions, taking in all the irregularities of its form; and the black space or "nucleus" in the middle of one very nearly round one, would have allowed the earth to drop through it, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on every side: and many instances of much larger spots than these are on record. What are we to think, then, of the awful scale of hurricane and turmoil and fiery tempest which can in a few days

totally change the form of such a region, break it up into distinct parts—open up great abysses in one part, such as that I have just described, and fill up others beside them? As to the forms of the spots, they are so conspicuously irregular as to defy description.

But we must proceed, for there are more wonders yet to relate. Far beyond the photosphere, or brilliant surface of the sun, extends what perhaps may be considered as its true atmosphere. This can only be seen at all in the rare opportunities afforded by total eclipses of the sun. Everybody knows that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon coming between it and us. Now, by an odd coincidence, it so happens that the sun being 400 times farther off than the moon, is also ALMOST exactly, but a trifle less than 400 times as large in diameter; so that when the centre of the moon comes exactly in the line with the centre of the sun it appears to cover it, and a very little more, so as to project on all sides a very little beyond it. Now, as the moon is opaque (or not transparent), it completely stops all the light from every part of the bright disc of the sun, so long as the total eclipse continues, which is sometimes as much as two or three minutes; and then are witnessed, what at no other time can be seen, viz., certain wonderful appearances of rose-coloured masses of light projecting, as it were, from the dark edge of the moon, for the most part like knobs, or cones, or long ranged ridges of what would seem to be mountains, rising from it, but sometimes like clouds or flaring flag-shaped masses of red light, some of which have been seen quite detached from all connection with the moon's border. That they belong to the sun, however, and not the moon, is evident from the fact that the moon in its progress over the sun's face gradually *hides* those to which it is approaching, and discloses those which belong to that side of the sun which the moon is going to leave; for I should mention that they are seen irregularly placed all round the edge of the sun.

Now, what *are* these singular lights? Flames they certainly are not; clouds of some sort it is extremely probable that they are, of most excessively thin and filmy vapour, floating in a transparent atmosphere which must for that purpose extend to a very considerable height above the luminous surface of the sun. We are all familiar with the beautiful appearance of those thin vapoury clouds which appear in our own atmosphere at sunset. But these solar clouds must be almost infinitely thinner and more unsubstantial, since even in that intense illumination they are only seen when the sun itself is hidden; and when it is remembered that the head of the comet of 1843 was seen at noon-day within two or three degrees of the sun by the naked eye.

Then, again, as to the magnitude of these cloudy masses, it must be enormous. Some of them have projected or stood out from the edge of the sun to a distance calculated at no less than forty or fifty

thousand miles. They have now been observed in three great eclipses, that of 1842, 1851, and 1859, on which last occasion they were photographed in Spain by Mr. De la Rue, under such circumstances as left no possibility of doubting their belonging to the sun. I dwell upon this, because there is another luminous appearance seen about the moon in total eclipses of the sun, which can only be referred to vapours of excessive tenuity, existing at an immense height in our own atmosphere, and which exhibits the disc of the moon like a glory, or *corona*, as it is called. By the accounts of all who have witnessed a total eclipse of the sun, it is one of the most awful of natural phenomena. An earthquake has "rolled unheededly away" during a battle, but an eclipse has on more than one occasion either stopped the combat or so paralysed one of the parties with terror, as to give the others who were prepared for it an easy victory: and I may as well add that two very remarkable battles in ancient history, the one on the 28th May, B.C. 585, the other the 19th May, B.C. 557, which were in progress during total eclipses, have had the years and days of their occurrence thereby fixed by calculation with a certainty which belongs to no other epochs in ancient chronology.

There is only one more point which my limits will allow me to touch upon. I will go back to my original metaphor. Our giant may be a huge giant and a strong giant, and a good-natured giant, but if he be a sluggard he is no giant worth the name. We have seen that he is a little slow to turn on his axis and roll himself round in his nest. But take him in his relation to the outer world, he is lively enough; he "rejoices as a giant to run his course;" and vindicates his credit as a swift runner with a vengeance! Hitherto I have only spoken of the sun as a sun, the centre of our system; and, as such, regarded by us as immovable. Even in this capacity he is not *quite* fixed. If he pulls the planets, they pull him and each other, but such family struggles affect him but little. *They amuse them*, and set them dancing rather oddly, *but don't disturb him*. As all the gods in the ancient mythology hung dangling from and tugging at the golden chain which linked them to the throne of Jove, but without power to draw him from his seat, so if all the planets were in one straight line, and exerting their joint attractions, the sun, leaning a little back as it were to resist their force, would not be displaced by a space equal to his own radius; and the fixed centre, or, as an engineer would call it, the centre of gravity of our system, would still lie within the sun's globe.

But the sun has another and, so far as we can judge, a much vaster part in creation to perform than to sit still as the quiet patriarch of a domestic circle. He is up and active as a member of a community like himself. The sun is not only a *sun*, he is a *STAR* also, and that but a small one in comparison with individual stars (one of which, Sirius, would make two or three hundred of him), and

among these glorious compeers he moves on a path which is just beginning to become known to us, though in what orbit, or for what purpose, will never be given to man to know. Yet we do know—almost to a nicety—the direction in which that path is leading, and the rate of his travel (though this is less exactly determined). Still this rate, at the very lowest estimate, cannot be taken under four or five hundred thousand miles a day; and yet this speed, vast as it is, in the 2000 years which separate us from the observations of Hipparchus (who made the first catalogue of the stars), would not suffice to carry it (and of course our system along with it) over one sixtieth part of the distance which now separates it from the very nearest of the stars. When we travel through a diversified country, we become aware of our change of situation by the different grouping and presentation of the objects around us; but though travelling at this amaz-

ing rate through space, successive generations of mankind witness no change in the order and arrangement of the stars; and Hipparchus, were he to come once more among us, would recognise the old familiar forms of his constellations, and, without better means of observation than he then possessed, would be unable to detect, with certainty, any change in their appearance; though we, who are better provided in that respect, are enabled to do so.

Such, then, is the scale of things with which we become familiar when we contemplate the sun. In what has been said, it will be perceived that I have been more anxious to dwell upon facts than theories, and rather to supply the imaginations of my readers with materials for forming a just conception of the stupendous magnificence of this member of God's creation, than to puzzle them with physical and mathematical reasonings and arguments.

CHRIST'S ATONEMENT FOR SIN.

BY WOLFGANG FRIEDRICH GESS.

THE atonement of Christ for the sins of men, the blessed mystery to the contemplation of which we devote one solemn week in every year, this is to be the subject of our paper.

God has given Free-will to men; it is with us a matter of choice whether we shall act in this way or in that, more especially whether we shall follow the voice of our conscience or not. But how if man perverts this his liberty to a consciously sinful course of action? And, in truth, fearful is the stream of unrighteousness which has for ages run through the history of humanity. What an amount of cruelty of man to man, not only on the battle-field of the invader, or in the markets of the slave-holder, but in the stately houses and the lowly cottages of our own land! And what an amount of wrong inflicted by the licentiousness of man! But how immeasurably greater would this dark tide of sin appear could we pierce below the surface of action into the thoughts and motives of the heart! Plato on one occasion divided human beings into three classes. He placed the unjust and the dissolute in the lowest class, as deserving to be transformed, after their death, into wolves and apes. The second class was made up of moral and well-behaved people, who were temperate and upright indeed, but lacked the spiritual sense, and held no communion with the Eternal; these he, in his half-jesting, half-earnest strain, pronounced well-qualified for transmigration into wasps and ants. We see, therefore, that the Greek philosopher had no very profound respect for mere outward propriety. It was only those belonging to the third class, those who occupied their lives with the contemplation of the Eternal, and departed this world free from stain of any sort, who were after

their death to be admitted among the gods. Thus this wonderfully gifted man anticipated in a measure the great Christian verity, that not mere morality of conduct, but inward and spiritual righteousness leads to blessedness. We seldom find this recognised amongst ourselves. We are far too ready to judge character from without. This tendency to rest in the external is a very prevalent evil now-a-days in theory and practice.

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength;” this is the eternally stringent law for beings made in the image of God. Now, if this be the law, how heavy the condemnation that attends upon our actual condition! The law of God is *holy*. Consequently from the opposition of our lives to this law, a fearful alienation, a profound unhappiness, must needs ensue. And so indeed it is, and we each know by experience how heavy a burthen of woe rests upon our race.

This burthen of woe is ordained by God for a twofold purpose: for the purpose of discipline, and the purpose of retribution.

The purpose of discipline:—The wretchedness which proceeds from sin is intended to lead us to see the folly of ungodliness; they who will not believe shall feel experimentally that out of God there is no life: and it is thus that the Holy One, who delighteth not in the death of the sinner, would recall us to Himself, the only fount of life and joy. The inspired writers are unwearied in their forcible declarations of this purpose of divine love to improve us by suffering. But God's chastening has also another aim. The sin of man is a violation of the divine law, a dishonouring of the divine name. This is especially evident in the case of perjury, but it is

true also of all sin; God has made himself known to man, He has revealed his name in our midst; sin is an ignoring of God, a desecration of the Divine Spirit who dwells or desires to dwell in the human soul, just as impurity is a desecration of the Temple of the Holy Spirit, whose temple the human body should be. Now, as surely as God is a living God, so surely must He support his holy law and name; the consequence of such desecration must fall on him who has attacked the sanctuary; the sinner must, in the language of Scripture, "bear his sins;" God must recompense sin by punishment.

This purpose of retribution is not less emphatically dwelt on by the prophets, apostles, and our Lord Jesus Christ himself, than that other purpose of discipline. Take, for instance, the passage—"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again;" and where is the man whose conscience does not at once recognise the incontrovertible truth and justice of these words? The necessity of retribution is most deeply imprinted upon the human mind. When misfortune comes, how frequently is it accompanied by a flash of conviction that it is the righteous reward of some evil action or other. This law of retribution is the fundamental idea of many of our noblest poetical works; not only do we trace it in the lives of individual men, but in the life of nations also. Whoever sets himself in good earnest to gain a comprehensive view of the history of humanity, will infallibly find, on the one hand, such clear traces of a fixed and wise plan, as in spite of co-existing confusion force upon him the conviction that the course of human events is ordered by the wisdom of a personal God; on the other hand, such disturbances and hindrances as can only be viewed as punitive acts of this same God. I would instance the fearful sway permitted for many centuries to the fanaticism of Mahometans. How many lands that might else have yielded a rich harvest of spiritual life they have trodden down into barrenness! But, above all, the law of retribution has been displayed in the history of the Jewish people, the people of revelation as we may emphatically call them. A long series of prophets down to Jeremiah had foretold (this every critic concedes) their carrying away by the Assyrians first, and then by the Babylonians, as God's judgment upon their disloyalty; and this really did come to pass 600 and 700 years before Christ. Again, Christ himself prophesied their overthrow as the retribution for their rejection of the Messiah, and in the following generation Jerusalem was destroyed, and for 1800 years Israel has been scattered abroad among the nations; still retaining so marked an individuality, that wherever they may meet Jew recognises Jew; a people without land or home, indestructible limbs of a torn and scattered body, a body from which the spirit has fled, because they sinned against the Spirit of Life. Schiller has missed the truth in saying that the history of the world is the judgment the world passes upon itself; the true statement is rather this,—the world's

history is a judgment upon the world,—“The wrath of God is declared from heaven upon all ungodliness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness.” In these words St. Paul deliberately states the nature of that relation of things and events which history records for us.

What follows, then? If each one of us individually, and the race as a whole, lie under the retributive justice of God, how are we to escape its sentence? Many have their answer ready prepared: “God is Love, consequently God will forgive us.” But this is too hasty a conclusion. Doubtless God is love; He, the God of life, has called us into existence that we might enjoy it, and He is willing to call the dead in sin out of that death into life again. But, on the other hand, humanity lies under the retributive government of God. The sorrow that weighs upon the sinner practically teaches him, that joy, well-being, life itself is inconsistent with alienation from God, since He alone is the source of these blessings. Thus must the majesty of God be glorified in those who have desecrated it. Every one who has reflected upon the Divine Being will acknowledge that God's actions are not as ours, *arbitrary*, but that what He does is *necessary*. And it is equally clear from the very nature of God, that He cannot enter upon any course of action and then relinquish it, as is often the case with us changeable mortals. God's purpose cannot fail of its accomplishment. Hence it follows inevitably, that since men lie under the divine law of retribution, that law must take its full course, and attain its ultimate purpose, which is no other than the triumph of the Divine Majesty over the sins of men. God is indeed love; He delights not in killing, but in making alive; but his quickening and saving of those who have dishonoured his great Name *can* only be brought about by a full display of that Name's inalienable glory. Imagine one called to the death-bed of a friend, imagine that dying friend confiding to him that his conscience is heavily laden by guilt, and entreating some consolation; what would he say to him? We are often told, that according to the fundamental principles of Protestantism, all Christians should be priests, and doubtless this ought to be the case; what priestly word then have you to utter on an occasion like this? Imagine one ignorant of all connected with Christ's atonement, and retaining at the same time a firm hold of the truth that God by his very nature can neither be arbitrary nor changeable, and you will find that this alone remains for him to say: “My friend, God's justice must indeed mete to you that measure with which you yourself have measured; you must needs bear whatever retribution you have incurred. But submit yourself humbly to God's sentence, acknowledge its justice, let your heart be melted in the fire of the divine judgments, and turn under their influence to the Lord, so will He who is still Love,—after his majesty has been manifested in you, as well as practically acknowledged by your humble submission,—manifest also his quickening and saving power in your behalf.”

This is the only answer that he could possibly—of course I am now excluding Christ's atonement—make to his sorrowful and dying friend.

But is this a comforting answer? He who looks deeper into the human heart will find no comfort here. "Bear ye the weight of the divine judgments!" Surely these are fearful and melancholy words. "Be converted by the divine judgments!" Good,—but Christ has said, "He that doeth sin is the servant of sin;" and even the heathens of antiquity were well aware that nothing is so difficult as to gain the empire over one's own heart. "Let your hearts be softened by the chastening fires." That were well, did not experience teach us that a self-seeking heart—and this is what a sinful heart is sure to be—does *not* become softened by the furnace of tribulation, but rather embittered, rather kindled with hatred and even blasphemy against its judge. "The law worketh wrath,"* says St. Paul. "The people when hungry and hardly treated shall fret themselves and curse their king and their God," wrote Isaiah nearly three thousand years ago; and as it was in his day, so is it experience teaches us in our own. And as it is on this side death, so will it be on the other, for death can in no way change the heart of man.

How then do we stand? On one side, so certainly as the voice of conscience which proclaims the fact of a divine law of retribution is no self-delusion, and so certainly as the hallowing of the Divine Name is the highest law of all, that is, so certainly as God is a living God, even with equal certainty must the sinner remain separated from God, that is, from the Source of life, till he bears the divine judgments in a fitting spirit,—in other words, till he is sanctified by them; and on the other side, if we must needs bear the judgment our dishonouring of God's name has incurred to the end, we shall infallibly wax worse and worse, and add new debts and new guilt to our old. And taking these two truths in connection, we must needs come to the conclusion, that no one can show us a way of escape from the penalty we lie under.

But now let us look to Christ. He tells us that He is come to seek and to save the lost. In what way then does Christ propose to save these? Even his first step towards such an end is of the utmost importance. He submits, we find, to that very baptism in Jordan which the Baptist instituted as a typical confession of sin for the sinful people to whom Messiah came. While the baptism of the people in the Jordan typically declared that only in the way of deep repentance could they meet their Messiah, the Messiah's own participation in the rite testified, that only by the way of *Death* could He bring help to the people. Messiah must die to save the lost; with this conviction Jesus went on his saving way. But how does this death of the Messiah bring salvation within the reach of the lost? I will content myself with citing some of the Lord's most striking

statements upon this subject. On his last journey to Jerusalem, two of his disciples entreat as a mark of favour to be placed the one on his right hand and the other on is left when He shall come in his kingdom. He however replies that they must leave domination to the princes of this world, that their greatness must consist in serving, "even as the Son of man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." This expression clearly denotes the significance of his death. Are any disposed to inquire how it was that a just God could deliver over Jesus to death? He himself gives the answer: the Son of Man came to give away his life for you. And for what purpose did the Son of man give his life away? Hear his own words: "To be a ransom for many." Now, when a ransom is needed there must needs be prisoners. And where the ransom is a life, clearly the life of the prisoners must be involved. And if this ransom has to be paid for many, it is plain that they are unable to pay it themselves, though they owe it; and therefore He steps into their place. A few days later the Lord was keeping the holy festival of the Passover, the memorial of the gracious sparing of Israel in Egypt at the time of the slaying of the first-born in every Egyptian family, as well as of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. This supper was the last, the parting meal of Jesus and his disciples, for his death was to take place on the morrow. The Lord therefore took bread and said, "Take, eat, for this is my body; and after that the cup, and said, Drink ye all thereof, for this is my blood, the blood of the new covenant which was shed for many for the remission of sins: this do in remembrance of me." He substituted the feast of the new testament for that of the old, and this feast was to commemorate his death. But why should the remembrance of Christ be most especially a remembrance of His *death*? He answers, "My blood is the blood of the new testament." But how can Christ's blood ratify the new testament? He says, "It is shed for many, for the remission of sins." Thus it is the forgiveness of sins that leads to a new covenant, this forgiveness being brought about through the shedding of Christ's blood. It was on the selfsame evening that Christ offered up that prayer (John xvii.), which we are accustomed to call a sacerdotal prayer. I may here mention that even De Wette speaks of this as the most exalted portion of the gospel, the purest expression of the divine consciousness and divine peace of Jesus, having previously observed of several others of our Lord's discourses, recorded by the same Evangelist, that they ray forth a greater than earthly brightness, so that it is inconceivable that John should have himself invented them. In this prayer, then, the Lord says, in reference to his death, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." And this significant expression, interpreted by the sacrificial language of the Old Testament, is to be understood thus: I devote myself as a *sacrifice* for them; this being the only way by which even the

* Romans iv. 15.

disciples of Jesus became holy men. The last allusion made by Christ to his death which I shall here quote belongs to the same occasion. When he was about, as he was wont, to set out with his disciples to the Mount of Olives, he said: "This that is written must yet be accomplished in me: 'and he was numbered among the transgressors,' for the things concerning me have an end." Christ here alludes to a most remarkable prophecy in the 53rd of Isaiah concerning that servant of the Lord who was to come forth as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness, despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, taken out of the land of the living, but bearing the people's grief and carrying their sorrows, the Lord having laid their iniquity upon him, who like a sheep before the shearers was dumb, opening not his mouth, but making his soul an offering for sin, interceding for the transgressors, being the righteous servant by whom many should be justified because of his having borne their iniquities. It is not possible to set forth in plainer words than these that sinners are saved through the vicarious suffering of one who has borne their penalty in their stead; and Christ, we have seen, declares that these words are accomplished by his death. You know that a few years after Christ's death, Stephen died a martyr for his faith. After a few years followed James, Peter, Paul. And who can count the numbers down to the time of Wickliffe and Huss, who sealed their witness with their blood?

The enemies of Christian truth at the present day would make the death of Jesus nothing more than a martyrdom. The Pharisees, they say, who hated him because of his reproval of their hypocrisy, accused him to Pilate; Jesus remained unshaken in his testimony to the truth, and this cost him his life. Now, it is doubtless a glorious thing to lay down one's life for the truth, and there are not many in this age of ours whose souls are lofty enough for such a sacrifice. But Jesus is so exalted, that a deed which confers the highest renown on mere men, would be in Him poor, and small, and inadequate. If Jesus be the great witness for the truth, and if the most important revolution in the world's history be brought about by Him, those who have any proper historical sense should first of all ask of Jesus himself the meaning of His own death. His answer we find far transcends language applicable to mere martyrdom. "My life," He declares, is a *ransom*, my blood is the blood of the new covenant,—it is shed for the forgiveness of sins. Thus the Saviour reveals the *atonement* character of His death; for, whatever act or suffering is of a quality to expiate offences is called *atonement* for those offences, and it is through *atonement* for human guilt that Jesus brings about the reconciliation of Man with God,—his restoration to the character and privileges of a son.

But how does His death atone for our sins? In order to understand this, we must be careful clearly to *distinguish* between the two fundamental ideas

found in our Lord's own Words. When He says that at His death He sanctifies himself for His disciples, He characterises his dying as a freewill and holy offering of his life to God. And when He declares that the Son of Man came to give His life a ransom for many, this giving His life is represented as a perfectly free act, and the life given as a costly gift—for a ransom must needs be costly. This is the first fundamental idea in all our Lord's statements concerning His death,—in free love He gave up His holy life to the glory of God. But, on the other hand, Christ describes His death as the fulfilment of that prophecy which declares, that the righteous servant dies because God has laid on him the iniquity of the unrighteous,—their sentence being executed upon him,—their transgressions the burthen under which he sinks. This is the second point of view in which the Lord teaches us to consider His dying. If, then, we would know the real truth and the whole truth, we must grasp both points of view in their vital *unity*. And if this be done, one class of objections, often adduced, will die away of themselves. For with regard to all profounder truths, the great desideratum, but at the same time the most serious difficulty, is to apprehend by a living glance the essential oneness in which two different truths converge, and from whence they radiate;—the beating heart, so to speak, from which, and to which, the streams of truth flow; superficial minds discerning often nothing but contradictions in the profound subjects which reward a deeper insight with the highest intellectual enjoyment, because it is just in those profoundest depths that it recognises harmony.

I must now revert to our supposed answer to the dying man, convinced by his awakened conscience that for a guilty sinner it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. We have imagined ourselves telling him that he must needs submit to the consequences of his actions, be they what they may; but that if he, in another world, bows humbly to the just judgment of his God, and turns in penitence to Him, his Creator will, after the expiation of the sentence due, cause His face to shine upon him once more. But, in point of fact, the retributive justice of God does not begin in another world: the life that now is, is often fearfully shattered by sin, and the weight on the conscience most oppressive here; nay, we trace the effects of this law of retribution in national as well as individual life, and through the whole progressive history of the race. Now, there are two points which must be taken into consideration, before we can rightly understand the nature of this retributive justice. The holy men who spake by inspiration of God, both in the Old and New Testament, most distinctly state that physical death is the wages of sin. Not that we can suppose, that even had we been sinless, these earthly bodies of ours could eternally have clothed our immortal spirits. But the manner in which our earthly life now ends, in complete severance of the spirit from all material

organisation whatsoever, this, the Scripture teaches, is not the original ordinance of the Creator. According to that original ordinance our spirits would, during our mortal life, have evolved for themselves out of these earthly and material bodies a higher and an undying corporeity. But physical death as it exists now, or, to adopt the language of St. Paul, the "being *unclothed*" instead of the "*being clothed upon*," this it is which is the wages of sin. Now, what is it that constitutes the distinctive character of the judgment which sinners have incurred,—what is the special root out of which death grows? It is the alienation of the sinner from that communion with God which is the only source of life. If we take a tree out of the soil from whence its roots derive their nourishment, it will die; and so it is with our own life, which we have, by reason of our sin, taken out of the very element of life—that is to say, out of fellowship with the living God.

Thus we see that the sentence of death treads on the heels of sin by invincible necessity. And now remember, also, that since there is no shadow of repentance, or turning with God, this sentence cannot end before it has accomplished its aim, its purpose, which purpose is the manifestation of the Divine Majesty. Just as the symptoms of bodily disease will not disappear, till the cause of the disease be removed, so the processes by which death saps human life cannot disappear till the separation of man from the Source of life be done away with, and the Spirit of the living God be restored to the human race. Yet how shall the Divine Spirit be ours till we have in humble submission borne God's judgment, borne it in a holy frame of mind and borne it to the end? This brings us back to the very point we stood at before: there is no human way of escape from the sentence of condemnation under which we lie! But we stand in a different attitude than we did, for now we have heard the words of Christ. The judgment which we had to bear has been already borne, for Christ declares himself to be that righteous servant who is, according to prophecy, while bearing the sins of many, to give his life as a sacrifice for their guilt. And thus God's judgment has been holly borne, for He who bore it sanctified himself, as He himself says, "I sanctify myself for them." Christ has not merely *suffered* death in consequence of sin. He has suffered it with the full consciousness that Death was the wages of sin, submitting with holy, loving, and reverent submission to the conditions of Divine justice; and hence is it that his death has in it power and virtue to atone for our sins.

But I must show, with still greater distinctness, what we are to understand by Christ's holy bearing of the Divine judgment. Jesus the Holy One, who could declare that no one knoweth the Father but the Son—Jesus might have had joy* uninterrupted;

He might have withdrawn himself from the guilty race who did not desire Him, and have lived solely in the blessed contemplation of His Heavenly Father. For, as He himself says, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God."* It was his zeal for God's glory, his love for mankind, that forbade this; He desired to reveal his Father to men. Why, we may ask, did He not limit this revelation to the true Israelites, to a Nathanael, a Peter, a John? His love could tolerate no such limitation; it impelled Him to seek the publicans and sinners. But why, at least, did He not remain at a distance from the Pharisees, who had been already declared by the Baptist to have rejected the counsel of God?† Because his love could tolerate no limitations of any sort: the Son of Man had come to seek the *lost*, wherever and whatever they might be. Now, any one who is feelingly alive, on the one hand, to the sinless purity of Him who condescended to sit and eat with sinners; and, on the other hand, to the fact, that this pure and sinless one was *very man*,—not a mere, but still a true man; in all things susceptible of pain, sorrow and temptation, even as we are,—will at once discern how great an effort of absolute self-denial is implied in this companionship of Christ with sinners, and will see that his inward agonies, inward crucifixion, must have begun long before his bodily death. If an unholy man feels constrained and distressed in the company of the holy, surely the fellowship of worldly men must have been a deep grief to the Divine holiness of the Saviour. But when we further take into consideration the practical bondage of men to sin, and the hatred of men to God's judgment upon sin, we may well say that Christ, in his intercourse with men, bore the punishment which God has affixed to human guilt.

Christ knew well the inward anguish that awaited Him, when He appeared as a Prophet in the midst of rebellious men; but, for the glory of God and the welfare of those men, He willingly took upon Him all the miseries which Divine Justice has associated with human intercourse ever since the Fall; He, so to speak, accepted the conditions under which alone, according to God's ordinance, it is possible for a holy being to act and work amongst sinners, and in this manner he practically acknowledged the holiness and justice of God, in evolving out of human sinfulness itself the penalty that attends upon all human intercourse. On the other hand, we have seen that Christ gave up his life voluntarily. As He himself said, no one took his life away from Him: He gave it up of himself. At the very moment of his capture in the garden, He might have prayed to his Father, and He would have sent Him down legions of angels; those even who came to take him fell to the earth at his words, "I am he." This voluntariness of the sacrifice of Christ appears prominently from the narrative of his Transfiguration; the Holy Jesus might have returned from the

* Heb. xii. 2.

* St. John xvii. 3.

† See Christ's own words, Luke vii. 30.

Mount to the invisible world, without undergoing death. Wherefore, then, was it that He submitted to die? It was that amidst the myriads of men who *must* of necessity die, being sinners, and who, before Christ's spirit was shed abroad, never rightly *understood* either their sinfulness, or the sentence of death that they lay under,—to say nothing of their powerlessness to undergo that sentence in a right spirit,—it was that amongst all these myriads there should be *one* who suffered death with full *comprehension* both of the nature and penalty of sin; full comprehension that the law of mortality is a holy judgment of God passed upon sin; that one amongst the many should suffer death in holy *submission* of his soul to the *justice* of this divinely-appointed penal law.

Again, in the third place: the root from which Death springs is, as we have before seen, the separation of the sinful soul from life-giving communion with the living God. The bitterest drop in the cup of the lost will be that they have lost their God, torn for ever with their own hands the bond between themselves and Him. For—for him who hath sinned against the Holy Spirit there remaineth no forgiveness, and his will be a fearful isolation when it is finally decreed that he is and must continue separated from Him who created him, and who is the alone source of life. Even now, the men who are without God in the world, know something of this terrible loneliness; but what has only faintly begun here, will be fully developed hereafter; what is now felt in secret will then be made manifest. On the other hand, the highest happiness of the Christian, even now, is that of which St. Paul speaks, the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he is the Son of God. And now consider these words of Christ: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Not, indeed, that this forsaking of the Son by the Father could resemble the forsaking of the wicked by the God whom they have rejected. Christ expressly states, the very evening before his death, "I am not alone, because the Father is with me," and his cry on the cross is, "*My God, my God!*" But for the dread time during which He was given over into his adversaries' hands, the Father's inner voice, witnessing of his communion with the Son, was hushed, that so the Son might, in this *silence* of the Father, experience the darkest portion, the very essence of God's judgment against sin, and, by believing and humble submission, recognise the linking of even *this* awful consequence with sin, to be a righteous law of the Righteous Judge; thus, by his holy bearing of the sentence accomplishing its purpose, and by fulfilling it to the end, doing it away. For the atoning power of all our Lord's sufferings lies in this *holy* bearing of the judgment which God has indissolubly linked with human sin; not in his physical pains, his wounds, his blood as such, but in the holy labour of his soul, when he voluntarily underwent the penalty affixed by God to sin, received the bitter cup from God's hand

into his, the Son of Man's, thus, by fulfilling its purpose, accomplishing its aim—*exhausting* the judgment. This is what is included in the atonement of Christ; a profound suffering, not merely *external* suffering and submission, but inner and intense, the most free and most absolute spiritual act of sacrifice that ever was recorded in the history of humanity.

Any one who has followed the above train of thought with deep attention and spiritual recollection, will find in it an answer to the two following questions: why could not God's forgiveness be obtained except through the death of Christ? and in what manner does Christ's death bring about the forgiveness of sins? But there are two other questions which spring out of the above statements, to which I have yet to reply: and these are, first: How can the holy sufferings of the one man Christ Jesus atone for the sins of hundreds and thousands of millions?—and, secondly, in what way can Jesus appear before God as the representative of humanity? And these two questions I the more willingly propose to answer, because of the deeper insight we shall thus gain both into the wisdom of God, and into the mystery of the Saviour's person.

How, then, can one man's holy endurance of the Divine judgment upon sin atone for the sins of millions? The briefest answer I can give to this question is as follows: If you compare humanity to a tree, Christ's relation to this tree with countless leaves, is not that of a leaf like other leaves; and if you compare humanity to a body with many limbs, Christ is not a limb like other limbs. In all organic life, each part is doubtless vitally related to the whole, but the different parts are not alike vitally important to that whole. Look at the facts of Nature—the tree includes root, trunk, several arms, a multitude of smaller branches, a countless abundance of leaves; if of these leaves you take away numbers, your eyes will scarcely note their loss, the tree will not suffer; but if you take away the root, what becomes of the tree? So with regard to the body—we deprecate the loss of a limb, yet how many a soldier returns, seriously maimed indeed, but in good health and spirits, to his home; whereas if the bullet reach the heart, all is over with him. And so it is in the organism of human society. The members of the family are father, mother, children, but we call the father the *head*: the duty of the children is to obey, even when they do not understand him; while his part is to understand the wants of wife and children better even than they can; and not only to understand, but to supply. The State, too, is divided into members, into citizens and governing authorities, and every citizen is of use to the State, but in the most free Republic it has never been imagined that each citizen could be a statesman. We call statesmen those who have insight to discern, and power to execute, that which is best for the many-sided life of the people at large. So, too, in ecclesiastical organisation; each member is of use to the whole body, but there are some who

have more especially *the cure of souls*; whose vocation it is to assist and support in all questions relating to spiritual life, men of various ages, positions, callings, gifts, and temperaments; and this can only be rightly and really done by one who can connect his own experience with the experience of men of every shade of character, and take by sympathy the varied life of others into his own: only such a one can speak the appropriate word of help to each separate case that comes before him. But how remarkable the extension of the horizon both of thought and action in those highly-gifted spirits that God sends among us from time to time. Some live in the narrowest sphere, and hardly understand themselves; others have not only a deep insight into their own life as well as into the lives of a wide circle of their fellow men, but are able to enrich all alike with special and appropriate gifts. This may, in some degree, prepare us to understand the relation of Christ to the whole of humanity. Christ was an Israelite according to the flesh, and he remained dutifully subject to the law which made the Jews what they were. But the name by which he was wont to name himself was, "*the son of man*," the field in which he sowed the seed was *the world*, all nations were to be his disciples, and of *all his disciples* alike he required that they should love him with their whole power of loving. And, in point of fact, how wondrous the might with which for these eighteen hundred years one Jew has actually subjected to his mild yoke thousands and thousands of souls out of every nation! Syrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Saxons, Celts, Slaves, have said to Him, as said his Jewish disciples of old: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!" Yea, not only hast thou the *words* of life, but *thou thyself art* the life. "He who hath the son of God hath life." For wherever the religious life of Christians really exists, there will be found a fellowship with Christ's person, there the language held will be: "Thou art the vine, we will be the branches." All such souls have acknowledged that it was this Jesus, this personal Saviour, who awakened and quickened their inner man; that it is this fellowship with Him which enables their better nature so to triumph over their lower, that they can partly reach the goal towards which their conscience strives. This intimate and indissoluble bond which unites all such spirits to Christ, to his *person*—and the closer the bond, the completer the liberty—this is the most remarkable fact in the history of the human race, the highest problem with which psychology can possibly occupy itself. Now, the only possible explanation of this fact lies in this, that He who calls himself the *son of man* was not a mere man, but the eternal and incarnate Lord, for whom and by whom all human spirits were created. But however I will not dwell further here on the person of Christ; I will only show in what way this one man can be the priestly representative of the whole race. He who appears before God as the priest of sinful

men must be able to take an adequate view of the guilt of the people whom he represents; he must not look upon it as less than it is in the eyes of a Holy God; he must apprehend its depth, its full extent, its wide-spreading ramifications—I say its *ramifications*, because, as humanity in God's sight is not a mere aggregate of separate men, but an organic whole, having a common moral sense implanted in it by its Creator, sin has necessarily a *common* and corporate existence, the *world* lies in wickedness, the *spirit of the world* is become a spirit of evil. Now no man, except Christ, has ever yet been able rightly to discern the nature and extent of sin, because only one who is sinless can see how black its stain; only one who himself stands in the light can truly know what darkness is. And this *son of man* is also the only one whose penetrating gaze can apprehend the whole of the glory and worth of which God created humanity capable, the whole tenor of its downward way, and the high end it may yet attain; none but Jesus has ever sounded the whole extent of the aberrations, degradations, and disorder of our race. He, however, *has* sounded all these depths, his heart has been pierced with adequate sorrow for all that dishonouring of God's holy name of which the beings whose brother He became are guilty; and consequently He has fully apprehended the righteous severity of divine justice in connecting sin with death, death in its various forms. And because He has manifested the righteousness and justice of the divine sentence—not in words only, but practically by his silent and holy endurance of its penalty—He has accomplished the *purpose* of divine punishment, and has terminated it—on behalf of whom? On behalf of all those who by faith appropriate this his holy endurance of the divine judgment as their own.

This last sentence contains also an answer to the second question—In what sense is it that Christ stands in the place of other men, or how is He to be my representative, and how am I to avail myself of his work? It is in and by faith, living faith, that I appropriate that work, and make it mine. Of course it is essential to the satisfactoriness of this answer that we should thoroughly understand what is meant by faith. No doubt to any who hold, as the opponents of Christian truth in our day generally do, the fundamental error that faith is a mere *belief* or opinion, the whole of Christianity, but most especially the doctrine of the atonement, must remain hopelessly unintelligible. But are these enemies of faith, who would willingly give themselves out to be theologians, quite unacquainted with the writings of the Reformers, or if they know them—if, for instance, they only know Luther's famous Introduction to the Epistle to the Romans, or his work upon Christian Liberty—how is it possible that they can now attribute to us that poor and inadequate conception of the nature of faith with which the Church of Rome sought to oppose the Reformation? Are not these theologians aware that one of the fundamental differences between the Church of Rome and the Reformed Church lies in

this, that the former confounds faith with mere belief, *i.e.*, the assent of the understanding to a fact or facts; whereas the Reformers understand thereby an affair of the heart, the will, the very core, so to speak, of personal consciousness. When our Lord said to the woman who was a sinner, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, thy faith has saved thee;" are we to understand by this: thy opinion, thy mere *belief*, has saved thee? When St. Paul writes to the Galatians, "It is no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me;" are we to cut down these beautiful words to "I live by mere theoretical belief in the Son of God?" And, again, are we to affix this lamentably inadequate interpretation to those other words of St. Paul to the Philippians, "I count all things loss, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having my own righteousness which is by the law, but that which is by the faith of Christ, the righteousness of God by faith; that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings." Truly we need not to be theologians, we need only have a sound intelligence, to discover at once from expressions such as these, that to have faith in Christ means to trust Him, to draw near to Him, to be found in Him, to live in Him. To have faith in Christ implies such an experimental knowledge of our own unrighteousness, as leads us to distrust our own wisdom with regard to the things of God; such deep and dominant conviction of Christ's wisdom, Christ's holiness, Christ's spiritual majesty, and such inward experience of his quickening power, as makes us trust only in his word, and experience in ourselves a real communion with Him who was dead, but who now liveth for evermore. It is self-evident that those who believe in Christ assent to the truth of his mission; but they do this, not from hearsay, not on outward evidence, but from personal spiritual experience, just as he who walks in the sunshine is convinced that the sun is up there in the sky, even if—his sight having been weak from childhood—he has never gazed full at the radiant orb.

Now, it is this personal experience which is the very soul of faith, and without which the mere assent of the understanding is a lifeless thing which the enemies of Evangelical truth ignore in their description of faith, although it is surely illogical and unfair to omit the main point of a definition. But on the other hand, they who know what is really implied in believing in Christ, living by faith of the Son of God, being found in Christ, have no difficulty in understanding how the believer has a property in all Christ is and has, more especially in his holy bearing of the divine punishment of sin. We take an illustration—Christ has given us the Lord's Prayer, a prayer so short, so simple, and yet so perfectly complete, that surely no man will presume to say he himself could ever have invented such a one. Thousands repeat these words

thoughtlessly every day, and call this repetition prayer; and at last fifty repetitions of it at a time are called a rosary, and held to be meritorious, though every intelligent mind knows well what a wide difference there is between parrot-like repetition and prayer. Such saying over the Lord's Prayer as this, of course is alike without virtue or result. But how is it when a man whose soul thirsts for the living God hears this filial prayer of the Lord Jesus, and feels at the same time the holy Spirit of Adoption dwelling within him? It may be that for a long time he fails to apprehend all the depths and heights there are in this prayer, but he breathes its spirit; the Spirit that maketh intercession therein is blended with his own, and when he approaches his Father which is in Heaven in those words which did not, indeed, spring from his mind, but from that of Christ,—think you that, in the eyes of that Father, it is not all one as though from that praying human soul the prayer had originated? Yea, verily, by the very equity of the divine holiness it must needs be so. Here we see that Christ's act of prayer is the property of mankind; just so is it with the work of suffering by which he acknowledged and satisfied the justice of God's sentence upon sin. As the Lord's Prayer was originally not ours but his, so are his holy sufferings his not ours. And as his prayer may be repeated mechanically, and to such repetition the name of prayer be given, so may a lifeless assent be paid to the fact of his atoning work, and that assent may be confounded with faith. And as such repetition of the Lord's Prayer is a useless and barren thing, so this assent of the understanding to the fact of the atonement may leave the soul of the man year by year unatoned for.

But, on the other hand, just as the holy spirit of the Lord's Prayer may take such hold of a human soul that the man's whole delight is in it, that he inhales its spirit as the sick man inhales the pure mountain air, so also may the holy spirit in which Christ submitted to God's just anger against sin, become the spirit of the sinful man who is bowed beneath the sense of personal guilt and divine displeasure. And now, how does such a one stand in relation to Christ's act of expiatory suffering? Christ's death fills him with the keenest sorrow, for he truly says: It is owing to the sins of the world, and to my sins also, that this sentence of death, which the holy Saviour bore, came upon the world; but at the same time, the sacredness of Christ's death inspires him with a joy equally keen; he praises and blesses the Son of Man who bore *righteously* and *holyly* the punishment of sin, and thereby acknowledged and submitted to God's justice, and thus did what the whole world never could have done, *endured* and *exhausted* the penalty, and magnified God's moral government, so that the sentence having accomplished its purpose, was done away with. Such a man will say: I ought to have done what Christ did, but I was not able. I thank the Saviour that he did it. Such a man will confess that his whole being is nothingness and unworthi-

ness. It is the holy sufferings of Christ with which he identifies himself, in which he delights, and which he takes for his only portion. So that henceforth he lives not to himself, but to Him by whom the saving work was done. Of a truth, a very different relation to Christ's death is herein implied than that mere *belief in the fact*, which the unenlightened confound with faith, could possibly afford; *this* faith is nothing short of a dying with Christ in order to live with him, and he who thus identifies himself with the atoning work of Christ, must needs be held by the divine justice to have a property in it; for *not* to forgive a man who thus, in the sufferings of Christ discerns, confesses and magnifies God's holy judgments *upon his own sins*, would be to continue the sentence after it has been undergone, the penalty after its purpose had been fulfilled.

It was thus that the apostles believed in the death of Christ, and history tells us what great things they gladly did in the strength of such a faith. Let, then, the Church of our day so believe therein, and it will once more be strong and joyful as the Apostolic Church was. For the foolishness of the Cross is wiser than men; and as the great poet said of the works of God's creation—of the rushing of the rivers, the flash of the lightning, the waves of the sea, the rotation of the earth, the triumphal march of the sun—"these incomprehensibly great works are glorious as on the first day," so is it true of all Christ's works; it is true of his atoning work (to-day, yesterday, and for ever), that "its love is incomprehensibly great and glorious now, as on its first day."

WHY WILL FEBRUARY HAVE A DAY MORE NEXT YEAR THAN THIS?

MANY readers will be ready to answer this question by repeating these most classic lines:—

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one;
February twenty-eight alone,
Except in leap-year, I opine
When that month's days are twenty-nine."

A very proper answer, gentle reader, so far as it goes; only not a very complete one. It is quite true that the February of next year will be more liberally endowed with days than his brother of this year, because next year will be leap-year, and this is not; but the lines only suggest other questions, without answering them. *Why* does the February of leap-year get a larger portion than his brothers? And then, what is leap-year? and why are there leap-years at all?

The subject is one of considerable interest, and one which everybody, in these march-of-intellect days, would be as well to understand. Most of the readers of *Good Words*, no doubt, know as much about the matter as I do. Of the few who do not, there are probably some who do not care to know any more about it than they do. It is just possible that there may be one or two, also, who will not understand it, with all the clear explanation that I am going to give of it. All of these, then,—those who know all about it, those who do not want to know all about it, and those who are sure that they never can know all about it,—may skip this paper altogether. I have no doubt that they will find in the *Part*, instruction for the most knowing, something more attractive for those who do not care how many days there be in a month; and something simple enough for those who dare not face the little calculations we shall have to make,—those who resemble a certain lady, of whom we have read, who declared

that her sums "would not add up." But perhaps, out of the half-million readers of *Good Words* there may be a few of inquiring dispositions, who would like to know more about the matter than they happen to have learned about it; and to these few I make my bow, and introduce myself as their instructor, and, withal, their very humble servant.

First of all, then, I must begin my lesson by calling you to notice a distinction between the different divisions of time which are in use among us. If I were writing for those who know all about it, I would say that some of these divisions are natural, and some of them arbitrary; but it will be better to say to you that some of the divisions are made *for us*, and that some of them *we* make ourselves. You will understand this if you will think of a *day*, and of an *hour*. The time between one sunrise and another, or between one sunset and another, might be called a day. But it is more convenient, for reasons which I need not explain, to give that name to the time between one noon and another. Now this is what we do; only, as we find that these intervals are not exactly of the same length, we take the average length of them, and call *that* a day. But, for all that we have to do with it at present, we may consider a day to be the interval between one noon and another; that is, between the time when the sun is exactly to the South of us, and the time when he is there again. Now, what I wish you to notice is, that this period is fixed for us. We cannot make it longer or shorter; all that we can do is to give it a name. It is measured and marked off for us by the sun, which its Creator and ours appointed to be "for signs and seasons, and for days." But there is nothing in nature to mark out an hour or a minute. We simply choose to divide the day into twenty-four equal parts; and it is a very convenient division. I do not know that any other division

would be more so; but still there is nothing in nature to hinder our making any other. If we chose, we might divide the day into twenty, or into thirty, or into any other number of hours; and so we might divide the hour into fifty, or into one hundred, or into any other number of minutes. This, then, is what I mean by an arbitrary period or division of time. It is one that is made by men, according to their own will or choice, as distinguished from a natural period, or division, which is fixed by nature, that is, by God, the Creator of the world, the Author of nature.

Now, then, the period of time that we have to do with in this little lesson is the *year*; and the question which we have now to ask about it is, to which of these two classes does it belong? Is it a natural, or an arbitrary period? And the answer to this question is, that it is a natural period, as distinctly pointed out by the sun, as the day is by his coming to noon; for God appointed the sun to be "for years," as well as "for days." I shall tell you how the sun measures off a year.

Of course every one knows that the sun does not always rise, and does not always set, at the same time. In winter we see much less of him than in summer. If we attend to the matter, we shall find that near the end of December, he rises very late and sets very early; but that he begins to rise a little earlier and set a little later every day; that about the middle of March he rises and sets about six o'clock, and that he is twelve hours above the horizon, and twelve hours below it. He still goes on rising earlier and setting later till about the middle of June, when he begins to shorten the period of his shining, just as he had lengthened it before; so that in September we have him again above the horizon for just twelve hours, the time being gradually shortened until it comes to the shortest in December; yet so that the longest night, in December, is of the same length with the longest day, in June, (meaning by *day*, here, the period of sunshine). All this we can see in general by the most ordinary attention, indeed by such an amount of attention as it is almost impossible not to give. It is therefore very clear that the interval between one longest day and another; or between one shortest day and another; or between one time when the lengthening days are just twelve hours long and another; or between one time when the shortening days are just twelve hours long and another; is a natural period, over which we have no control. All that we can do is to give it a name, and to accommodate our arrangements and our occupations to it. In point of fact, this is the natural period to which we give the name of a *year*. We may consider it as beginning whenever we like; though perhaps the most natural time for its beginning would be one of the four that we have mentioned, the longest day, or the shortest day, or one of the two days when the time is equally divided between light and darkness. In point of fact, we do not begin our year at any of these

periods, but a few days after the shortest day. But while it is quite optional with us to make the year begin when we please, the length of the year is absolutely fixed, so that it is altogether beyond our power to alter it.

Suppose now that we have means of ascertaining with perfect accuracy the time of the day, say by a clock which is absolutely correct; let us ascertain that on some day in the month of March the sun rises exactly at six o'clock; and let us carefully note the number of days that elapse before this occurs again. We find that it does so after about 180 days; but we need not pay any attention to this, as the explanation already given is enough to show us that it is only a half year, and not a whole year that has elapsed since we began our observations. We therefore wait patiently for 180 days more, and then we begin to observe with intense anxiety the time of the sun's rising. When 360 days have passed since our observation began, we find that the sunrise is a little after six in the morning, and the sunset a little before six in the evening. On the 365th day we find that the rising is very little after, and the setting very little before, six; while on the 366th day the rising is a very little before, and the setting a very little after, six; but that there has not actually been a day on which it rose and set at precisely the same instant as on the day on which we began our observation. We therefore conclude that the year was not quite done on the 365th day, and that it was a little more than done on the 366th; in other words, that the length of the year is 365 days and a fraction of a day. We might also find, if we could make our observations with sufficient accuracy, that the time the sunrise was after six on the 365th day, was only about one-third of the time that it was before six the next day; and so we conclude that the length of the year is very nearly 365 days and a quarter of a day.

Well, then, it appears that Nature's year consists of so many days and a part of a day; but our year must consist of complete days. If, however, we make our year to consist of 365 days, it will be about a quarter of a day too short; and if of 366 days, it will be about three-quarters of a day too long. In the former case we shall be gaining upon Nature at the rate of one day, and in the latter, losing at the rate of three days, in four years; or twenty-five days in the one case, and seventy-five in the other, in a century. Now, as the sun is appointed to be for "seasons" as well as for days and years, it would manifestly be inconvenient to have our years thus differing from Nature's years. We, therefore, fall upon the expedient of having three short years and one long one, that is, three of 365, and one of 366, days; and so four years consist of 1461 days: and this is the reason why every fourth year gives an additional day to February, whereas in the intervening years he has "twenty-eight alone."

Now, this would be perfectly accurate, provided that the real year consisted exactly of 365 days and

a quarter. But this is not the case. The most accurate observations give the true length of the year to be about 365 days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, fifty-two seconds. So that four years ought to consist, not of 1461 days, but of 1460 days, twenty-three hours, fifteen minutes, twenty-eight seconds. Our years, therefore, are too long by nearly three-quarters of an hour in four years; which will amount to a day in about 130 years. A correction is therefore necessary. But it would not be convenient to apply it once in 130 years, even if this were the exact time at which it is necessary, which it is not. It is, therefore, applied at the end of 100 years; that is to say, the year that is named by even hundreds, such as 1700, 1800, 1900, which ought, according to the first rule, to be a leap-year, is made a common year. Thus a century consists of twenty-four leap-years and seventy-six common years, that is, of 36,524 days; whereas, it ought to consist of 36,524 days, five hours, twenty-six minutes, and forty seconds. The error now is, therefore, about a quarter of a day in a century, and our years are too short; and we shall therefore come very near correcting it, if we add a year in four centuries. In this way 400 years will consist of ninety-seven leap-years and 303 common years, or 146,097 days, whereas their proper length is 146,096 days, twenty-one hours, forty-six minutes, forty seconds. There is thus an error of about two hours and a quarter in 400 years, which will only amount to a day in about 4000 years. We may therefore rest in tolerable security that all is right for forty centuries to come.

The way in which these corrections are introduced is very simple.

The general rule is, that a year has 365 days.

The exception to that rule is, that every fourth year—that is, every year whose number can be divided by 4 without a remainder—has 366 days.

The exception to that exception to that rule is, that every year whose number is divisible by 100 without a remainder, has 365 days.

The exception to that exception to that exception to that rule is, that every year whose number is divisible by 400 without a remainder, has 366 days; and thus we might lay on tier after tier, after the fashion of the building of Jack's house.

Thus, 1864 will be a leap-year, and every fourth year after that till we come to 1900. That ought, by the first exception, to be a leap-year, but is excluded by the second exception. But 1904 will be a leap-year, and every fourth year until we come to 1996. Then the year 2000 ought to be a common year by the second exception, but it is made a leap-year by the third exception.

Thus I have shown you, inquiring reader, why some of our years should have 365 days in them, and some should have 366. But if you be as sharp as I hope you are, you will be ready to say, "Yes, I see that clearly enough. But why should poor February be the victim of all these experiments and corrections? Why should he be laid in that old

fellow's bed that I have read about, and be stretched out or pared down to suit our convenience?" I am afraid I cannot give you any very good reason for it, excepting that February was once the last month in the year, and perhaps they thought that they could use liberties with him, as being the youngest of the family. It would certainly be altogether a neater year if the months consisted of 31 and 30 days alternately in a leap-year, and the last were shortened to 29 in common years. Somewhat after this fashion—

January 31.	July 31.
February 30.	August 30.
March 31.	September 31.
April 30.	October 30.
May 31.	November 31.
June 30.	December 29 or 30.

If you and I should ever go to found a colony in a desert island, we shall probably adopt some such order as this; but as long as we dwell in the "old country," we must just be content with the old plan; refreshing our memories, if necessary, by an occasional repetition of the fine old lines which I quoted a little while ago.

But perhaps you will not object to my trying my hand at a little allegory.

Once on a time, old father *Annus* was resolved to retire from business, and divide his stock amongst his twelve sons. So they came and stated their claims, each one anxious to secure as large a portion as possible for himself. First came March, a burly blustering fellow, a soldier all over. He had not many words; but what he said was to the point, "I am," said he, "your eldest son, and fairly entitled to a good share; and if you do not give it me, why, I shall take it." So good old *Annus*, afraid of dispute, and knowing that his soldier-son would be as good as his word, allowed his claim, and gave him 31 days. Then came April, a silly inconstant fellow, no favourite either with his father or his brothers; and although he sometimes cried like a baby, and sometimes cringed and flattered and smiled upon the old man, he could not prevail upon him to give him more than 30 days. Next came the fair May, smiling and pleasant, the loved of all, and old *Annus* held out his hand to him and said "Take you as large a share as any"; and all the family clapped their hands. Then June came, and he expected to fare as well; but there were heavy complaints lodged against him. The cattle complained that he sent the gad-fly amongst them, and the milk-maids that he soured the milk in their pails, and the little lambs that he scared them with his thunder. Then the old judge looked very grave and somewhat sad, and he said, "I am afraid that I must decide against you. I confess I should have liked to give you a larger share, but justice must be done; I cannot give you more than 30 days. Then stood forth July and August, twin brothers, and they bore in their hands the heavy horn of plenty, and their heads were wreathed with

garlands of ripe ears of corn; and before they opened their mouth, their old father smiled upon them, and said, "Take 31 apiece," and a hum of approbation was heard in the court. But when September came, there arose a low murmur of complaining from the earth; and accusations were laid against him that he sent malaria, and colds, and agues, and fevers upon the earth, and destructive gales upon the sea; and he had not a word to say in his own defence, and was glad to get even so much as a thirty-days' share. But October put in a better plea for himself. "I," he said, "enable the husbandmen to gather in the later fruits of the earth, and to make all snug and comfortable in preparation for winter. I give the new-shorn flocks time to renew their fleeces, and I clothe the woods with a still richer beauty than that of May." His plea was allowed, and he went off with one-and-thirty days. November was not so fortunate. He was a dark, gloomy, unloving and unloveable character; and when he was going to speak, old *Annus* took him up sharp, and said, "Take a thirty-days' share, and be thankful for it. It is more, I believe, than you deserve." Then December and January came together, for they also were twins, and they were crowned with bright holly leaves, and they sang a blithe Christmas carol, and a thrill of joy went through the old heart of *Annus*, and he heartily shook hands with them both, and awarded them each one of the larger shares. And last of all came February; and there arose a loud complaint against him, that he was a monster of deceit and cruelty; that by flattery and smiles he often seduced the tiny flowers out of their beds in the earth, and the delicate leaf-buds from theirs in the branches, and then sprang upon them and devoured them. Then *Annus* looked very stern indeed; for he could tolerate anything rather than deceit and hypocrisy. He therefore declared that he should cut off this unworthy son with a share less than the least of those that his brothers had received. "Be thankful that you get even 28 days, and consider yourself far better used than you deserve." But then a snowdrop, who had been herself one of the victims

of February's deceit, interceded for him so earnestly, that the stern judge relented, and was prevailed upon to grant him an additional quarter of a day. And then three hearty cheers were given, and the assembly broke up.

Might not a writer of fiction make a telling use of this 29th of February, as a means of introducing into his plot that confusion which is so much admired? The hero-lover vows that, ere revolving suns bring back this day, he will return and claim Amanda as his bride. And he goes to the far east, and does deeds of unheard-of daring at the siege of Babachakhanipore, and the year speeds away, and he returns not; but hope sustains the heart of his lady-love, and she turns a deaf ear to all the entreaties of other lovers; for her heart is with her Rustum in the trenches before Babachakhanipore. So three years pass, and the fourth is on its final stroke, when at 11 o'clock on the 29th of February, the hero arrives by the last train, and pours out a whole carpet-bagful of loot at the feet of his lady-love!

One thing is clear enough, that in real life, it must be no small hardship to have, as one person in every 1500 must have, but one birth-day, and consequently but one birth-day holiday, and but one set of birth-day presents, in four years. I should think there might also be important legal questions dependent upon this day. Suppose, for example, that on a 29th of February, A promises that he will pay £1000 to B "on this day twelve-months"; when does the sum become due? Surely not on the 28th. It has its own burdens to bear. Surely not on the 1st of March. It is no part of February at all. Does it then ever become due? Or, suppose a posthumous child is left under the guardianship of an unprincipled uncle until her twenty-first birthday: must she still remain under pupilage till she attain the ripe age of 84 years? I suppose the lawyers have answers cut and dry for all such questions; but, oh weary and eye-rubbing reader, you and I cannot answer them, for we are no lawyers.

THOMAS SMITH.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.—SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HIGHLAND PEASANTRY.

I KNOW little from personal observation about the Highlanders in the far North or in the central districts of Scotland, but I am old enough to have very vivid reminiscences of those in the West; and of their character, manners, and customs as these existed during that transition period which began after "the 45," but has now almost entirely passed away with emigration, the decay of the "kelp" trade, the sale of so many old properties, and the introduction of large sheep farms,

deer forests, and extensive shootings. I have conversed with a soldier—old John Shoemaker, he was called—who bore arms under Prince Charlie. On the day I met him he had walked several miles, was hale and hearty though upwards of a hundred years old, and had no money save ten shillings which he always carried in his pocket to pay for his coffin. He conversed quite intelligently about the olden time with all its peculiarities. I have also known very many who were intimately acquainted with the "lairds" and "men" of those days, and who themselves had imbibed all the im-

pressions and views then prevalent as to the world in general, and the Highlands in particular.

The Highlanders whom the tourist meets with now-a-days are very unlike those I used to know, and who are now found only in some of the remote unvisited glens, like the remains of a broken-up Indian nation on the outskirts of the American settlements. The porters who scramble for luggage on the quays of Oban, Inverary, Fort William, or Portree; the gillies who swarm around a shooting-box, or even the more aristocratic keepers—that whole *set*, in short, who live by summer tourists or autumnal sportsmen—are to the real Highlander, in his secluded parish or glen, what a commissionaire in an hotel at Innspruck is to Hofer and his confederates.

The real Highland peasantry are, I hesitate not to affirm, by far the most intelligent in the world. I say this advisedly, after having compared them with those of many countries. Their good-breeding must strike every one who is familiar with them. Let a Highland shepherd from the most remote glen be brought into the dining-room of the laird, as is often done, and he will converse with ladies and gentlemen, partake of any hospitality which may be shown him with ease and grace, and never say or do anything *gauche* or offensive to the strictest propriety. This may arise in some degree from what really seems to be an instinct in the race, but more probably it comes from the familiar intercourse which, springing out of the old family and clan feeling, always subsists between the upper and lower classes. The Highland gentleman never meets the most humble peasant whom he knows without chatting with him as with an acquaintance, even shaking hands with him; and each man in the district, with all his belongings, ancestry and descendants included, is familiarly known to every other. Yet this familiar intercourse never causes the inferior at any time, or for a single moment, to alter the dignified respectful manner which he recognises as due to his superior. They have an immense reverence for those whom they consider "real gentlemen," or those who belong to the "good families," however distantly connected with them. No members of the aristocracy can distinguish more sharply than they do between genuine blood though allied with poverty, and the want of it though allied with wealth. Different ranks are defined with great care in their vocabulary. The chief is always called lord—"the lord of Lochiel," "the lord of Lochbuy." The gentlemen tenants are called "men"—"the man" of such and such a place. The poorest "gentleman" who labours with his own hands is addressed in more respectful language than his better-to-do neighbour who belongs to their own ranks. The one is addressed as "you," the other as "thou;" and should a property be bought by some one who is not connected with the old or good families, he may possess thousands, but he never commands the same reverence as the poor man who has yet "the blood" in him. The "pride and poverty" of the Gael have passed into a proverb, and express a fact.

They consider it essential to good manners and propriety never to betray any weakness or sense of fatigue, hunger, or poverty. They are great admirers in others of physical strength and endurance: those qualities which are most frequently demanded of themselves. When, for example, a number of Highland servants sit down to dinner, it is held as proper etiquette to conceal the slightest eagerness to begin to eat; and the eating, when begun, is continued with *apparent* indifference—the duty of the elder persons being to coax the younger, and especially any strangers that are present, to resume operations after they have professed to have partaken sufficiently of the meal. They always recognise liberal hospitality as essential to a "gentleman," and have the greatest contempt for narrowness or meanness in this department of life. Drunkenness is rarely indulged in as a solitary habit, but too extensively, I must admit, at fairs and other occasions—funerals not excepted—when many meet together from a distance with time on their hands and money in their pockets.

The dislike to make their wants known, or to complain of poverty, was also characteristic of them before the poor law was introduced, or famine compelled them to become beggars upon the general public. But even when the civilised world poured its treasures, twenty years ago, into the Fund for the Relief of Highland destitution, the old people suffered deeply ere they accepted any help. I have known families who closed their windows to keep out the light, that their children might sleep on as if it were night, and not rise to find a home without food. I remember being present at the first distribution of meal in a distant part of the Highlands. A few old women had come some miles, from an inland glen, to receive a portion of the bounty. Their clothes were rags, but every rag was washed, and patched together as best might be. They sat apart for a time, but at last approached the circle assembled round the meal *dépôt*. I watched the countenances of the group as they conversed apparently on some momentous question. This I afterwards ascertained to be, which of them should go forward and speak for the others. One woman was at last selected; while the rest stepped back and hung their heads, concealing their eyes with their tattered tartan plaids. The deputy slowly walked towards the rather large official committee, whose attention, when at last directed to her, made her pause. She then stripped her right arm bare, and holding up the miserable skeleton, burst into tears, and sobbed like a child! Yet, during all these sad destitution times, there was not a policeman or soldier in those districts. No food riot ever took place, no robbery was attempted, no sheep was ever stolen from the hills; and all this though hundreds had only shellfish, or "dulse," gathered on the seashore to depend upon.

The Highlander is assumed to be a lazy animal, and not over honest in his dealings with strangers. I have no desire to be a special pleader in his

behalf, with all my national predilections in his favour. But I must nevertheless dissent to some extent from these sweeping generalisations. He is naturally impulsive and fond of excitement, and certainly is wanting in the steady, persevering effort which characterises his Southern brother. But the circumstances of his country, his small "croft" and want of capital, the bad land and hard weather, with the small returns for his uncertain labour, have tended to depress rather than to stimulate him. One thing is certain, that when he is removed to another clime, and placed in more favourable circumstances, he exhibits a perseverance and industry which make him rise very rapidly.

It must be confessed, however, that Highland honesty is sometimes very lax in its dealings with the Sassenach. The Highlander forms no exception, alas, to the tribe of guides, drivers, boatmen, all over Europe, who imagine that the tourist possesses unlimited means, and travels only to spend money. A friend of mine who had been so long in India that he lost the Highland accent, though not the language, reached a ferry on his journey home, and, concealing his knowledge of Gaelic, asked one of the Highland boatmen what his charge was. "I'll ask the maister," was his reply. The maister being unable to speak English, this faithful mate acted as interpreter. "What will you take from this Englishman?" quoth the interpreter. "Ask the fellow ten shillings," was the reply of the honest maister, the real fare being five shillings. "He says," explained the interpreter, "that he is sorry he cannot do it under *twenty* shillings, and that's cheap." Without saying anything, the offer was apparently accepted; but while sailing across, my friend spoke in Gaelic, on which the interpreter sharply rebuked him in the same language. "I am ashamed of you!" he said; "I am indeed, for I see you are ashamed of your country; och, och, to pretend to me that you were an Englishman! you deserve to pay *forty* shillings—but the ferry is only five!" Such specimens, however, are found only along the great tourist thoroughfares, where they are in every country too common.

I have said that the Highlanders are an intelligent, cultivated people, as contrasted with that dull, stupid, prosaic, incurious condition of mind which characterises so many of the peasantry in other countries. Time never hangs heavily on their hands during even the long winter evenings, when outdoor labour is impossible. When I was young, I was sent to live among the peasantry "in the parish," so as to acquire a knowledge of the language; and living, as I did, very much like themselves, it was my delight to spend the long evenings in their huts, hearing their tales and songs. These huts were of the most primitive description. They were built of loose stones and clay, the walls were thick, the door low, the rooms numbered one only, or in more aristocratic cases two. The floor was clay; the peat fire was built in the middle of the floor, and the smoke, when amiable and not bullied

by a sulky wind, escaped quietly and patiently through a hole in the roof. The window was like a porthole, part of it generally filled with glass and part with peat. One bed, or sometimes two, with clean home-made sheets, blankets, and counterpane; a "dresser" with bowls and plates, a large chest, and a corner full of peat, filled up the space beyond the circle about the fire. Upon the rafters above, black as ebony from peat reek, a row of hens and chickens with a stately cock roosted in a Paradise of heat.

Let me describe one of these evenings. Round the fire are seated, some on stools, some on stones, some on the floor, a happy group. Two or three girls, fine, healthy, blue-eyed lasses, with their hair tied up with ribbon snood, are knitting stockings. Hugh, the son of Sandy, is busking hooks; big Archy is peeling willow-wands and fashioning them into baskets; the shepherd Donald, the son of Black John, is playing on the Jews' harp; while beyond the circle are one or two herd boys in kilts, reclining on the floor, all eyes and ears for the stories. The performances of Donald begin the evening, and form interludes to its songs, tales, and recitations. He has two large "Lochaber trumps," for Lochaber trumps were to the Highlands what Cremona violins have been to musical Europe. He secures the end of each with his teeth, and grasping them with his hands so that the tiny instruments are invisible, he applies the little finger of each hand to their vibrating steel tongues. He modulates their tones with his breath, and brings out of them Highland reels, strathspeys, and jigs,—such wonderfully beautiful, silvery, distinct, and harmonious sounds as would draw forth cheers and an encore even in St. James's Hall. But Donald the son of Black John is done, and he looks to bonny Mary Cameron for a blink of her hazel eye to reward him, while in virtue of his performance he demands a song from her. Now Mary has dozens of songs, so has Kirsty, so has Flory,—love songs, shearing songs, washing songs, Prince Charlie songs, songs composed by this or that poet in the parish, and therefore Mary asks, What song? So until she can make up her mind, and have a little playful flirtation with Donald the son of Black John, she requests Hugh the son of Sandy to tell a story. Although Hugh has abundance of this material, he too protests that he has none. But having betrayed this modesty, he starts off with one of those tales, the truest and most authentic specimens of which are given by Mr. Campbell, to whose admirable and truthful volumes I refer the reader.*

* Since the above was in type I have refreshed my memory by reading again Mr. Campbell's admirable introduction to his Highland tales. No man knows the Highlanders better than he does—very few so well—and I am glad to quote his opinions, of which I had no recollection while writing the above gossip. He says—

"I have wandered among the peasantry of many countries, and this trip but confirmed my old impression. There are few peasants that I think so highly of, none that I love so well. Scotch Highlanders have faults in

When the story is done, improvisatore is often tried, and amidst roars of laughter the aptest verses are made, sometimes in clever satire, sometimes with knowing allusions to the weaknesses or predilections of those round the fire. Then follow riddles and puzzles; then the trumps resume their tunes, and Mary sings her song, and Kirsty and Flory theirs, and all join in chorus, and who cares for the wind outside or the peat reek inside! Never was a more innocent or happy group.

This fondness for music from trump, fiddle, or bagpipe, and for song-singing, story-telling, and improvisatore, was universal, and imparted a marvellous buoyancy and intelligence to the people.

These peasants were, moreover, singularly inquisitive, and greedy of information. It was a great thing if the schoolmaster or any one else was present who could tell them about other people and other places. I remember an old shepherd who questioned me closely how the hills and rocks were formed, as a gamekeeper had heard some sportsmen talking about this. The questions which are put are no doubt often odd enough. A woman, for example, whose husband was anxious to emigrate to Australia, stoutly opposed the step, until she could get her doubts solved on some geographical point that greatly disturbed her. She consulted the minister, and the tremendous question which chiefly weighed on her mind was, whether it was true that the feet of the people there were opposite to the feet of the people at home? and if so—what then?

There is one science the value of which it is very difficult to make a Highlander comprehend, and that is mineralogy. He connects botany with the art of healing; astronomy with guidance from the stars, or navigation; chemistry with dyeing, brewing, &c.; but "chopping bits off the rocks!" as he calls it, this has always been a mystery. A shepherd, while smoking his cutty at a small Highland inn, was communicating to another in Gaelic

plenty, but they have the bearing of Nature's own gentlemen—the delicate, natural tact which discovers, and the good taste which avoids, all that would hurt or offend a guest. The poorest is ever the readiest to share the best he has with the stranger; a kind word kindly meant is never thrown away, and whatever may be the faults of this people, I have never found a boor or a churl in a Highland bothy."

"The Highlander sees every year a numerous flood of tourists of all nations pouring through his lochs and glens, but he knows as little of them as they of him. The shoals of herring that enter Loch Fyne know as much of the dun deer on the hill side, as Londoners and Highlanders know of each other. The want of a common language here, as elsewhere, keeps Highlands and Lowlands, Celt and Saxon, as clearly separate as oil and water in the same glass." He remarks with equal truth regarding their stories: "I have never heard a story whose point was obscenity publicly told in a Highland cottage; and I believe that such are rare. I have heard them where the rough polish of more modern ways has replaced the polished roughness of 'wild' Highlanders; and that where even the bagpipes have been almost abolished as profane. I have heard the music of the Cider Cellars in a parlour, even in polished England, where I failed to extract anything else from a group of comfortably dressed villagers."

his experiences of "mad Englishmen," as he called them. "There was one," said the narrator, "who once gave me his bag to carry to the inn by a short cut across the hills, while he walked by another road. I was wondering myself why it was so dreadfully heavy, and when I got out of his sight I was determined to see what was in it. I opened it, and what do you think it was? But I need not ask you to guess, for you would never find out. It was stones!" "Stones!" exclaimed his companion, opening his eyes. "Stones! Well, well, that beats all I ever knew or heard of them! and did you carry it?" "Carry it! Do you think I was as mad as himself? No! I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the cairn near the house, and gave him good measure for his money!"

The schoolmaster has been abroad in the Highlands during these latter years, and few things are more interesting than the eagerness with which education has been received by the people. When the first deputation from the Church of Scotland visited the Highlands and islands, in a Government cruiser put at their disposal, to inquire into the state of education and for the establishing of schools in needy districts, most affecting evidence was afforded by the poor people of their appreciation of this great boon. In one island where an additional school was promised, a body of the peasantry accompanied the deputies to the shore, and bade them farewell with expressions of the most tender and touching gratitude; and as long as they were visible from the boat, every man was seen standing with his head uncovered. In another island where it was thought necessary to change the site of the school, a woman strongly protested against the movement. In her fervour she pointed to her girl and said, "She and the like of her cannot walk many miles to the new school, and it was from her dear lips I first heard the words of the blessed Gospel read in our house; for God's sake don't take away the school!" Her pleading was successful. Old men in some cases went to school to learn to read and write. One old man, when dictating a letter to a neighbour, got irritated at the manner in which his sentiments had been expressed by his amanuensis. "I'm done of this!" he at length exclaimed. "Why should I have my tongue in another man's mouth when I can learn to think for myself on paper? I'll go to the school and learn to write!" And he did so. A class in another school was attended by elderly people. One of the boys in it, who was weeping bitterly, being asked by the teacher the cause of his sorrow, ejaculated in sobs, "I trapped my grandfather, and he'll no let me up!" The boy was immediately below his grandfather in the class, and having "trapped," or corrected him in his reading, he claimed the right of getting above him, which the old man had resisted.

I may notice, for the information of those interested in the education of the Irish or Welsh speak-

ing populations, that Gaelic is taught in all the Highland schools, and that the result has been an immediate demand for English. The education of the faculties, and the stimulus given to acquire information, demand a higher aliment than can be afforded by the medium of the Gaelic language alone. But it is not my intention to discourse, in these light sketches, upon grave themes requiring more space and time to do them justice than our pages can afford.

Another characteristic feature of the Highland peasantry is the devoted and unselfish attachment which they retain through life to any of their old friends and neighbours. An intimate knowledge of the families in the district is what we might expect. They are acquainted with all their ramifications by blood or by marriage, and from constant personal inquiries, keep up, as far as possible, a knowledge of their history, though they may have left the country for years. I marked, last summer, in the Highlands the surprise of a general officer from India, who was revisiting the scenes of his youth, as old men, who came to pay their respects to him, inquired about every member of his family, showing a thorough knowledge of all the marriages which had taken place, and the very names of the children who had been born. "I declare," remarked the general, "that this is the only country where they care to know a man's father or grandfather! What an unselfish interest, after all, do these people take in one, and in all that belongs to him! And how *have* they found all this out about my nephews and nieces, with their children?" Their love of kindred, down to those in whom a drop of their blood can be traced, is not so remarkable, however, as this undying interest in old friends, whether they be rich or poor. Even the bond of a common name—however absurd this appears—has its influence still in the Highlands. I remember when it was so powerful among old people, as to create not only strong predilections, but equally strong antipathies, towards strangers of whom nothing was known save their name. This is feudalism fossilised. In the Highlands there are other connections which are considered closely allied to those of blood. The connection, for instance, between children—it may be of the laird and of the peasant—who are reared by the same nurse, is one of these. Many an officer has been accompanied by his "foster-brother" to "the wars," and has ever found him his faithful servant and friend unto death. Such an one was Ewen McMillan, who followed Col. Cameron, or Fassiefern—as he was called, Highland fashion, from his place of residence,—to whom Sir Walter Scott alludes in the lines

"Proud Ben Nevis views with awe
How at the bloody Quatre Bras
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
Of conquest as he fell."

The foster-brother was ever beside his dear master, with all the enthusiastic attachment and devotion of the old feudal times, throughout the Peninsular

campaign, until his death. The 92nd Regiment was commanded by Fassiefern, and speaking of its conduct at the Nive, Napier says,—“How gloriously did that regiment come forth to the charge with their colours flying and their national music playing as if going to review! This was to understand war. The man (Col. Cameron), who at that moment, and immediately after a repulse, thought of such military pomp, was by nature a soldier.” Four days after this, though on each of those days the fighting was continued and severe, the 92nd was vigorously attacked at St. Pierre. Fassiefern's horse was shot under him, and he was so entangled by the fall as to be utterly unable to resist a French soldier, who would have transfixed him but for the fact that the foster-brother transfixed the Frenchman. Liberating his master, and accompanying him to his regiment, the foster-brother returned under a heavy fire and amidst a fierce combat to the dead horse. Cutting the girths of the saddle and raising it on his shoulders, he rejoined the 92nd with the trophy, exclaiming, “We must leave them the carcase, but they will never get the saddle on which Fassiefern sat!” The Gaelic sayings “Kindred to twenty degrees, fosterage to a hundred,” and “Woe to the father of the foster-son who is unfaithful to his trust,” were fully verified in McMillan's case. I may add one word about Col. Cameron's death as illustrative of the old Highland spirit. He was killed in charging the French at Quatre Bras. The moment he fell, his foster-brother was by his side, carried him out of the field of battle, procured a cart, and sat in it with his master's head resting on his bosom. They reached the village of Waterloo, where McMillan laid him on the floor of a deserted house by the wayside. The dying man asked how the day went, expressed a hope that his beloved Highlanders had behaved well, and that “his country would believe he had served her faithfully;” and then commanded a piper, who had by this time joined them, to play a pibroch to him, and thus bring near to him his home among the hills far away. Higher thoughts were not wanting, but these could mingle in the heart of the dying Highlander with “Lochaber no more.” He was buried on the 17th by McMillan and his old brave friend Capt. Gordon—who still survives to tell the story—in the *Allée Verte*, on the Ghent road. The following year the faithful foster-brother returned, and took the body back to Lochaber; and there it lies in peace beneath an obelisk which the traveller, as he enters the Caledonian Canal from the South, may see near a cluster of trees which shade the remains of the Lochiel family, of which Fassiefern was the younger branch.*

It must, however, be frankly admitted that there is no man more easily offended, more *thin-skinned*,

* A very interesting memoir of Fassiefern, from which these facts are taken, has been written by the Rev. A. Clark, the minister of the parish in which the Colonel is interred. It is published by Murray & Son, Glasgow.

who cherishes longer the memory of an insult, or keeps up with more freshness a personal, family, or party feud than the genuine Highlander. Woe be to the man who offends his pride or vanity! "I may forgive, but I cannot forget!" is a favourite saying. He will stand by a friend till the last, but let a breach be once made, and it is most difficult ever again to repair it as it once was. The "grudge" is immortal. There is no man who can fight and shake hands like the genuine Englishman.

It is difficult to pass any judgment on the state of religion past or present in the Highlands. From the natural curiosity of the Highlanders, their desire to obtain instruction, the reading of the Bible, and the teaching of the Shorter Catechism in the schools, they are on the whole better informed in respect to religion than the poorer peasantry of other countries. But when their religious life is suddenly quickened it is apt to manifest itself for a time in enthusiasm or fanaticism, for the Highlander "moveth altogether if he move at all." The people have all a deep religious feeling, but that again, unless educated, has been often mingled with superstitions which have come down from heathen and Roman Catholic times. Of these superstitions, with some of their peculiar customs, I may have to speak in another chapter.

The men of "the 45" were, as a class, half heathen, with strong sympathies for Romanism or Episcopacy, as the supposed symbol of loyalty. I mentioned, in a former sketch, how the parish minister of that time had prayed with his eyes open and his pistols cocked. But I have been since reminded of a fact which I had forgotten, that one of the Lairds who had "followed Prince Charlie," and who sat in the gallery opposite the parson, had threatened to shoot him if he dared to pray for King George, and, on the occasion referred to, had ostentatiously laid a pistol on the book-board. It was then only that the minister produced his brace to keep the Laird in countenance! This same half-savage Laird was, in later years, made more civilised by the successor of the belligerent parson. Our parish minister, on one occasion, when travelling with the Laird, was obliged to sleep at night in the same room with him in a Highland inn. After retiring to bed, the Laird said, "O minister, I wish you would tell some tale." "I shall do so willingly," replied the minister; and he told the story of Joseph and his brethren. When it was finished, the Laird expressed his great delight at the narrative, and begged to know where the minister had picked it up, as it was evidently not Highland. "I got it," quoth the minister, "in a book you have often heard of, and where you may find many other most delightful and most instructive stories, which, unlike our Highland ones, are all true—in the Bible."

I will here recall an anecdote of old Rorie, illustrative of Highland superstition in its very mildest form. When "the minister" came to the parish, it was the custom for certain offenders to stand before

the congregation during service, and do penance in a long canvas shirt drawn over their ordinary garments. He discontinued this severe practice, and the canvas shirt was hung up in his barn, where it became an object of awe and fear to the farm servants, as having somehow to do with the wicked one. The minister resolved to put it to some useful purpose, and what better could it be turned to than to repair the sail of the Roe, which had been torn by a recent squall. Rorie, on whom this task devolved, respectfully protested against patching the sail with the wicked shirt; but the more he did so, the more the minister—who had himself almost a superstitious horror for superstition—resolved to show his contempt for Rorie's fears and warnings by commanding the patch to be adjusted without delay, as he had that evening to cross the stormy sound. Rorie dared not refuse, and his work was satisfactorily finished, but he gave no response to his master's thanks and praises as the sail was hoisted with a white circle above the boom, marking the new piece in the old garment. As they proceeded on their voyage, the wind suddenly rose, until the boat was staggering gunwale down with as much as she could carry. When passing athwart the mouth of a wide glen which, like a funnel, always gathered and discharged, in their concentrated force, whatever squalls were puffing and whistling round the hills, the sea to windward gave token of a very heavy blast, which was rapidly approaching the Roe, with a huge line of foam before it, like the white helmet crests of a line of cavalry waving in the charge. The minister was at the helm, and was struck by the anxiety visible in Rorie's face, for they had mastered many worse attacks in the same place without difficulty. "We must take in two reefs, Rorie," he exclaimed, "as quickly as possible. Stand by the halyards, boys! quick and handy." But the squall was down upon them too sharp to admit of any preparation. "Reefs will do no good to-day," remarked Rorie with a sigh. The water rushed along the gunwale, which was taking in more than was comfortable, while the spray was flying over the weather bow as the brave little craft, guided by the minister's hand, lay close to the wind as a knife. When the squall was at the worst, Rorie could restrain himself no longer, but opening his large boat knife, sprang up and made a dash at the sail. Whirling the sharp blade round the white patch, and, embracing a good allowance of cloth beyond to make his mark sure, he cut the wicked spot out. As it flew far to leeward like a sea bird, Rorie resumed his seat, and, wiping his forehead, said: "Thanks to Providence, that's gone! and just see how the squall is gone with it!" The squall had indeed spent itself, while the boat was eased by the big hole. "I told you how it would be. Oh! never, never, do the like again, minister, for it's a tempting of the devil!" Rorie saw he was forgiven, as the minister and his boys burst into a roar of merry laughter at the scene.

One word regarding the attachment of the High-

landers to their native country. "Characteristic of all savages!" some reader may exclaim; "they know no better." Now, I did not say that the Highlanders knew no better, for emigration has often been a very passion with them as their only refuge from starvation. Their love of country has been counteracted on the one hand by the lash of famine, and on the other by the attraction of a better land opening up its arms to receive them, with the promise of abundance to reward their toil. They have chosen, then, to emigrate, but what agonising scenes have been witnessed on their leaving their native land! The women have cast themselves on the ground, kissing it with intense fervour. The men, though not manifesting their attachment by such violent demonstrations on this side of the Atlantic, have done so in a still more impressive form in the Colonies,—whether wisely or not is another question,—by retaining their native language, and cherishing feelings of the warmest affection for the country which they still fondly call "home." I have met in British North America very many who were born there, but who had no other language than Gaelic. It is not a little remarkable that in South Carolina there are about fifteen congregations in which Gaelic is preached every Sunday, by native pastors, to the descendants of those who emigrated from their country about a century ago.—

"From the dim Shieling on the misty islands
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas:
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!"

Among the emigrants from "the Parish," many years ago, was the Piper of an old family which was broken up by the death of the last Laird. Poor "Duncan Piper" had to expatriate himself from the house which had sheltered him and his ancestors. The evening before he sailed he visited the tomb of his old master, and played the family pibroch while he slowly and solemnly paced round the grave, his wild and wailing notes strangely disturbing the silence of the lonely spot where his chief lay interred. Having done so, he broke his pipes, and, laying them on the green sod, departed to return no more.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A WIDOW, who was, I have heard, much loved for her "meek and quiet spirit," left her home in "the parish," early one morning, in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child. The mountain-track which she pursued passes along the shore of a beautiful salt-water loch; then through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighbouring lake. It afterwards winds along the margin of this solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way

up a rugged mountain side; and, entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it conducts the traveller at last, by a zigzag ascent, up to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices, with a strip of blue sky overhead, all below being dark and gloomy.

From this mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles distant. She had undertaken a long journey, but her rent was some weeks overdue, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her.

The morning on which she left her home gave promise of a peaceful day. Before noon, however, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds came down upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the lake. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May, and that storm is yet remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld snow-flakes falling faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock!

Little anxiety about the widow was felt by the villagers as many ways were pointed out by which they thought she could have escaped the fury of the storm. She might have halted at the home of this farmer, or of that shepherd, before it had become dangerous to cross the hill. But early on the morning of the succeeding day they were alarmed to hear from a person who had come from the place to which the widow was travelling, that she had not made her appearance there.

In a short time about a dozen men mustered to search for the missing woman. They heard with increasing fear at each house on the track that she had been seen pursuing her journey the day before. The shepherd on the mountain could give no information regarding her. Beyond his hut there was no shelter; nothing but deep snow; and at the summit of the pass, between the range of rocks, the drift lay thickest. There the storm must have blown with a fierce and bitter blast. It was by no means an easy task to examine the deep wreaths which filled up every hollow. At last a cry from one of the searchers attracted the rest to a particular spot, and there, crouched beneath a huge granite boulder, they discovered the dead body of the widow.

She was entombed by the snow. A portion of a tartan cloak which appeared above its surface led to her discovery. But what had become of the child? Nay, what had become of the widow's clothes? for all were gone except the miserable tattered garment which hardly concealed her nakedness? That she had been murdered and stripped, was the first conjecture suggested by the strange discovery. But in a country like this, in which one murder only had occurred in the

memory of man, the notion was soon dismissed from their thoughts. She had evidently died where she sat, bent almost double; but as yet all was mystery in regard to her boy or her clothing. Very soon however these mysteries were cleared up. A shepherd found the child alive in a sheltered nook in the rock, very near the spot where his mother sat cold and stiff in death. He lay in a bed of heather and fern, and round him were swathed all the clothes which his mother had stripped off herself to save her child! The story of her self-sacrificing love was easily read.

The incident has lived fresh in the memory of many in the parish; and the old people who were present in the empty hut of the widow when her body was laid in it, never forgot the minister's address and prayers as he stood beside the dead. He was hardly able to speak from tears, as he endeavoured to express his sense of that woman's worth and love, and to pray for her poor orphan boy.

More than fifty years passed away, when the eldest son of "the manse," then old and grey headed, went to preach to his Highland congregation in Glasgow, on the Sunday previous to that on which the Lord's supper was to be dispensed. He found a comparatively small congregation assembled, for heavy snow was falling and threatened to continue all day. Suddenly he recalled the story of the widow and her son, and this again recalled to his memory the text:—"He shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." He then resolved to address his people from these words, although he had carefully prepared a sermon on another subject.

In the course of his remarks he narrated the circumstances of the death of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And having done so, he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart, if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her clothes, which she had wrapt round him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not touch his heart, and even fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, over the memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, which you are to witness next Sunday, you do not feel them glow with deepest love, and with adoring gratitude?"

Some time after this, a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see the minister. The

request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized him by the hand, as he seated himself beside his bed, and, gazing intently on his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. But while I served my king I forgot my God. Though I have been some years in this city, I never entered a church. But the other Sunday, as I was walking along the street, I happened to pass your church door when a heavy shower of snow came on, and I entered the lobby for shelter, but not, I am ashamed to say, with the intention of worshipping God, or of hearing a sermon. But as I heard them singing psalms, I went into a seat near the door; then you preached, and then I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son,"—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never, did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask, what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me! Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this,—until now I never saw the love of Christ in giving Himself for me,—a poor lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; then pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name, that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which, I was told, she used to offer for me, have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit, for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance now where I found it in my childhood,—in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!" and, clasping his hands, he repeated, with intense fervour, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? She may forget; yet will I not forget thee!"

He died in peace.



TWO EASY LESSONS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

I.

THE friend of a blind man was very anxious to give him an idea of colours, and had a long discussion with him. It was however unsatisfactory and fruitless; he tried in vain to frame an intelligible definition. The blind man, unable to attach any meaning to the words he uttered, became at last impatient and irritated, and exclaimed: "Stop, I beseech you, to torment me with empty words, which convey no meaning. There you go on, saying red, white, white, red—mere vocables, in which there is no sense. I want a regular mathematical definition, something that I can comprehend, and if I may so say, *hear* distinctly. Then I will credit that there are such things in the world as different colours."

Is not the poor obstinate blind man to be pitied? And is not his friend likewise to be pitied, who undertakes to give him a definition of colours, so that he shall comprehend them and perceive them by the sense of hearing? Would not the honest and kind way of treating him be to say: "So long as you are blind it is impossible for you to understand this; in order to *see* the meaning of red and white, it is necessary to *see*? Come to the skilful surgeon and be cured of your blindness. Then you will see what I see, and not stand in need of any definition. The argument is valid and without flaw; the fault is in your eye."

But suppose the blind man should reply: "What do you mean by seeing? I do not see; therefore you do not see, but are dreaming. It is dark all round me, and dark round every one. For I am as much a human being as you are. And as for your assertion, that I was born blind, different from other people, it is contrary to all my knowledge and experience. I have no doubt, the people who talk about light and colours are possessed of a fixed idea, which fills their imagination with these conceptions. There is no such thing as light; I have heard many things, I have listened carefully to all kinds of sounds, and never was able to discover such a thing. And as for your surgeon and the painful operation you propose, why should I subject myself to certain pain? I know you are only mocking me, and would fain deprive me of the inward, true, and real clearness of thought which I possess."

Such blind men cannot of course exist in the natural world, and why not? Because there are thousands of men who see against a few who are blind. But supposing there was only one seeing man among a thousand blind, would they not be tempted to speak in this manner, and would they not be equally foolish and wrong? It is thus that so many who are spiritually blind say with the Pharisees, "Are we also blind? How is this possible?" The natural man says "There is no Spirit of God, because I have not experienced his existence

and influence." We do not deny the latter fact, but we cannot admit that the former statement is a logical inference. And we must add, that there is with the spiritually blind a glimmer, which would fain allure them to the light and the Physician.

II.

"But, friend, this is really too bad! In your obstinacy you isolate yourself completely, and will not allow the light to penetrate into your cell. You reject everything without examination, and adhere to your opinions with the most unjustifiable pertinacity and confidence. You ought to read and examine the learned works of all deep thinkers, ere you presume to give your opinion. You sit here in perfect ignorance of the wonderful activity of thought, which now characterises the world of thinkers in their search after truth. You have not even read the most important work of —, which contains so many new disclosures; you condemn it without having seen it. Do you call this reasonable? Why do you cleave to traditionalism in such an indolent and slavish manner? Excuse my warmth, but I am concerned for you. We must progress with the times and hear every opinion, for it may possibly contain the truth."

Thus one theologian addressed the other, when he was interrupted. "Possibly contain the truth! Do you perceive what you have conceded? You admit that you do not yet know the truth and are only guessing at it, and still profess to be a theologian!"

"What do you mean? We all know that we are imperfect and liable to err, and that no person should have such confidence in himself as to exclude the views of the whole brotherhood of thinkers, and not allow them to modify and correct his opinions."

"You are quite right," replied the true theologian, "so long as it concerns mere opinions, and I do not object in that case to your plan, only take care that you really consult *all* thinkers. But when we possess something more than an opinion, when we have a *conviction*, we do not look out so eagerly for novelties and are indifferent to the variety of views expressed by people; and when we have more than conviction, again, when we have heart-experience, and faith, a gift of God,—when we have found the truth, the real living truth, it is not unnatural, nor is it presumptuous to say, 'No man can give me another truth.' I do not wish to be like the heathen, who asked 'What is truth?' while Truth Personified stood all the time before him. How few stand before the quiet countenance of Him whose silence taught the proud Roman; how few enter into solitude with Him! They admit with Pilate 'I find no fault in the man,' but they allow

Him to be crucified, and prefer continuing asking questions."

"I don't understand you, and instead of your mystic witticisms and allegorising—please speak distinctly."

"You understand me, I dare say, very well. I cannot help speaking in parables, and must take leave to add another, but one which shall give you no cause to complain of obscurity. You have seen several maps of Africa, and you have noticed that there are various and contradictory pictures of the interior country. In a society of geographers, a new map of Africa was examined and discussed. They compared it eagerly with former maps, and the greatest interest and excitement prevailed. Only one man appeared quite indifferent, and showed no desire to see the new map. Blamed on account of his apathy, he replied: 'I have just arrived from Cadiz; I have lived and travelled several years in the interior of Africa.' Was this man's indifference foolish? And was it not clear that the geographers had no other knowledge of Central Africa than that derived from maps?"

The friend replied, not without annoyance, "I see what you mean; but this is the unpardonable

and irrational presumption of your party. You say, 'We alone know the truth, we have been in the land of truth, while you others are merely guessing about it, and know only maps!'"

"Just the reverse," was the reply. "The irrational and presumptuous conduct is on the part of those who deny and oppose the testimony and experience of men, who have been in the land of truth—oppose them solely because their testimony does not harmonise with the imaginary and erroneous maps."

During this explanation the friend had become serious, and instead of thinking about a reply, listened sincerely and earnestly. The true theologian perceiving this, took his hand with a warm, affectionate grasp, and laying hold of a Bible, opened it and read John vii. 17: "If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of this doctrine that it is of God." "This rule refers," he added, "to an understanding of the Old Testament, in which Jesus speaks, and of the New, which is based on the Old. The centre of all is God's will to redeem and renew us. The way: Humility of the sinner, and sincere prayer for grace and illumination."

A. S.

SOUL-GARDENING.

I.

So spake the hoary thyme,
Half hidden in the grass:—
I watch from morning prime
Until my Lord shall pass.

How bright beneath the sun,
How sweet within the glade,
The flow'rets ope, each one
Beloved by him who made,
His flowers that live in light,
His flowers that live in shade.

The primroses are pale,
Yet fair; the violet grows
Beneath her leafy veil,
And be she pale none knows,
Or be she fair, so sweet
Her soul that overflows.

But all my head is strew'd
With ashes gray; and bent
Beneath the footfall rude,
Steals forth my timid scent,
Crush'd from a leaf that curls
Its wound to hide content.

Why should my Lord delight

In me? Behold how fair
His garden is! How bright
His roses blowing there;
His lilies all like queens,
That know not toil nor care,

In white calm peace on high
Each rears a blossom'd rod;
The gentian low doth lie,
Yet lifts from up the sod
An eye of steadfast blue,
That looks up straight to God.

I wait my Lord to greet,
I can but love and sigh;
I watch his eye to meet,
He can but pass me by;
And if his hasty feet
Should crush me, it were sweet
Beneath his feet to die.

II.

My Love, my Lord, has gone
Down to his garden fair,
To tell o'er his roses, one by one,
And to gather lilies there;



SOUL GARDENING.

*Now will I rise and sing
A song which I have made,
Unto my Lord the King,
Nor will I be afraid
To ask him of his flowers that spring
In sunshine and in shade.*

*"Oh, what are these roses bright,
That in thy garland blow?
These roses red as blood,
These roses white as snow?"*

*"These blood-red roses grew
On a field with battle dyed;
These snow-white roses strew
A path that is not wide;
None seek that path but they who seek
Him who was crucified!"*

*"Oh, what are these lilies tipp'd
With fire, that sword-like gleam?
Oh, what are these lilies dipp'd
As in the pale moon-beam,
That quiver with unsteadfast light,
And shine as through a dream?"*

*"These fiery spirits pass'd
From earth through sword and flame;
These quiet souls at last
Through patience overcame:
These shine like stars on high, and these
Have left no trace nor name;
I bind them in one wreath, because
Their triumph was the same."*

*"Oh, what are these flowers that walk
So cheerful to the morn,
All wet with tears of early dew;
And these that droop forlorn,
With heavy drops of night drench'd through?"*
"These little flowers of cheerful hue

*Familiar by the wayside grew,
And these among the corn.*

*"And these, that o'er a Ruin wave
Their crimson flag, in fight
Were wounded sore, yet still are brave
To greet the scent and sight;
And these I found upon a grave
All wet with drops of night.*

*"And some I have that will unfold
When night is dusk and still,
And some I have that keep their hold
Upon the wind-swept hill;
These shrink not from the summer heat,
They do not fear the cold,
And all of these I know for sweet,
For patient and for bold."*

*"Thou bearest flowers within thy hand,
Thou wearest on thy breast
A flower; now tell me which of these
Thy flowers thou lovest best;
Which wilt thou gather to thy heart
Beloved above the rest?"*

*"Should I not love my flowers,
My flowers that bloom and pine,
Unseen, unsought, unwatch'd for hours
By any eyes but mine?"*

*Should I not love my flowers?
I love my lilies tall,
My marigolds with constant eyes,
Each flower that blows, each flower that dies
To me, I love them all.*

*I gather to a heavenly bower
My roses fair and sweet,
I hide within my breast the flower
That grows beside my feet."*

DORA GREENWELL.



ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

IV.—THE ALABASTER BOX OF OINTMENT.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

AMONGST the incidents which marked the close of Christ's earthly history, there is none more touching or suggestive than that which the Evangelist thus narrates:—

“And being in Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her. And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.”

MARK XIV. 3—9.

We have here a noble and beautiful action rescued from detraction, and consigned by One, from whose judgment there is no appeal, to immortal honour. And you will notice with what exquisite delicacy our Lord here balances censure with commendation, sets honour over against detraction. “There were some that had indignation,” it is said, “within themselves,” when the woman, in her lavishness of devotion, poured forth the rare perfume on the head of Him she so loved and honoured. “Nay,” is the burthen of the Saviour's reply, “condemn her not; this very deed which in your narrowness and coldness ye censure, shall go down to unborn ages, and be the theme of praise to countless tongues. Wheresoever this Gospel is preached, this that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.” Or, again, did the censurers regard her action as that of a mere thoughtless, unmeaning prodigality? “Why was this waste of the ointment made? it might have been sold for so much and given to the poor!” “Nay,” is the Saviour's reproof, “her deed is neither meaningless nor profuse:”—not meaningless, for she has in this, her strange demeanour, a deeper meaning than meets the common eye. She has in her heart a love which yearns for expression, and yet which transcends the power of mere uttered language to express; and the only way she can find to give vent to her irrepressible emotion is to declare it thus. All she can do is to symbolise it, to pour forth as if her very soul in the precious ointment with which she besprinkles her Lord's head, and to feel the incense of her gratitude, with the fragrance of the perfume, floating forth on the very air He breathes. “She hath done what she could to express her affection.” Nor, our Lord teaches them, is her act to be regarded as profuse and wasteful any more than unmeaning. For the

precious material she so lavishly expended might indeed have been turned into money, or into meat and drink and clothes, and so, as her censurers suggested, have been given to the poor. But in so conceiving of it, they applied to an act of beauty a mere utilitarian standard; they would fain test by the criterion of material utility a deed belonging to a far higher and nobler order of things. As well might they have sought to weigh love in scales, or measure thought by rule and compass, or try to detect the presence of moral evil by a chemical test, as judge by a money-standard an act of most delicate spiritual nobleness. As well might they have looked on the summer fields and asked to what purpose this waste in the growth of lily and rose? Might not all this fertility of nature, instead of running to waste on useless flowers, have gone to grow provender for cattle or food for man?—as well so have questioned as have asked, in their gross irrelevancy of thought and feeling, “might not” the material wasted on this act “have been sold for three hundred pence?”—might not this beauty have been turned into hard cash, “and given to the poor?” Yes, it might have been, but the world had been no gainer by the exchange. The bodies of a few hungry men might have been fed with bread, but an act had never been done which has fed, age after age, countless hearts with the inspiration of nobleness and self-devotion and love. Saved and turned into money, the means of a slight dole of alms might have been gained, but there had been irrecoverably lost the opportunity for an act of touching pathos of almost prophetic tenderness to the dying Redeemer of the world. “For,” said the Lord to the utilitarians of Bethany, “the poor ye have with you always, but me ye have not always. . . . She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying.”

We have here, then, exception taken to a noble act of Christian feeling and devotion, and our Lord's defence of it: from which defence three thoughts, with reference to acts of which this woman's is the type, suggest themselves, viz. :—

- I. The immortal honour that attends them.
- II. Their symbolic power of expression.
- III. The non-utilitarian standard by which they are to be measured.

I. Condemned by other observers, this woman's action was consigned to immortality by Jesus. “Wheresoever,” said He, “this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.” Though not the motive, yet it constituted one element in the reward of her act of simple devotion to her Lord, that it should be had in undying remembrance, and that her name should

go down to future ages linked with the name of Him she revered and loved. Not many names, amidst the myriads who have lived and died on this earth, have survived in the world's remembrance. Of the deeds which men have done in the past, how few are those which still live in history! But amidst that bright galaxy of men renowned for the great words they have spoken or the noble deeds they have done,—poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, philanthropists, heroes, martyrs,—amidst the world's noblest who have made this earth illustrious by their presence, and who shine as the stars for ever, how strange to reflect that the only one to whom inspiration has assigned a place is this simple villager of Bethany; and that the one act to which undying fame is promised is not an achievement of genius, or power, or heroism; no production even of inspired intelligence, or daring, or devotion; no glorious poet's song, or warrior's victory, or martyr's death; but a simple insignificant tribute of affection offered to her Lord by a lowly woman at a village feast. She aspired not to greatness; she dreamt not of fame; but there, on the firmament of glory, next to that bright and morning star, her pure light in unobtrusive beauty shall shine for ever. To have her name united in honour to the name of Jesus was a destiny to which her humble spirit, in its highest visions of happiness, could never have soared; yet, as the sculptor of old engraved his own name indelibly on the marble of which the statue was fashioned, so that that must perish ere he could be forgotten; so, though by no presumptuous act of hers, this her deed of love has graven her name, as with a pen of iron, on the rock for ever, in that Gospel which is her Lord's everlasting memorial.

And yet it may be said, of what avail to her is all this fame and honour? Of what avail to any man is posthumous fame? Satire has often aimed its keenest invectives against the desire of posthumous fame, and in one view of the matter, not unwisely or unjustly. "What's fame?" exclaims the moralist:

"A fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us even before our death;
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown:
The same to you if others or your own."

Strange illusion, surely, it is, when men throw away life to acquire after death a renown which they can no longer enjoy—when their imagination anticipates a fame they shall never know, and the applauses they are never to hear ring in their ears and prompt them to the sacrifice of present ease and enjoyment. What shall it matter to you, whether you are remembered or forgotten, execrated or applauded, when of neither praise nor censure can you any more be conscious—when you are for ever beyond the reach of the world's honour or the world's malice? Why seek or care for that which will be to you as if it were not, the gain or the loss of which will be alike to you? What worse than childish folly to waste thought and energy in

the pursuit of that honour which is to be won only when the ear is deaf to the voice of applause and the pulse of ambition is stilled for ever! And so, was it not, after all, a boon of little worth which in this promise the Lord conferred on his humble follower? Gone for ever from the world, does it not seem as if it would affect her just as little to be set, like Judas, as the mark of the world's undying scorn and abhorrence, as to be cherished and honoured for ever as the loved and loving friend of Jesus!

Now, though there may be some ground for that view of the matter, which makes the absurdity of the desire of posthumous fame one of the stock moralities of ethical writers, yet, as we might well infer from its forming the subject of an express promise of our Lord, it must be not altogether an unworthy or unchristian object of desire; it must, at any rate, be no despicable result of noble acting, to be cherished in men's remembrances when we are gone, and to have that "which we have done spoken of for a memorial of us."

And of this a moment's reflection will convince us. It is, indeed, unquestionable that fame, applause, glory, the honour that cometh from men, can never, considered in itself, be a legitimate object of a Christian's desire. To interpret the words of our Lord as implying or inculcating such a notion, would be to set them in direct contradiction to other passages of Scripture,—as where those are condemned who "do their works to be seen of men," "who love the praise of men more than the praise of God," who "seek the honour that cometh from man and not the honour that cometh from God only." No! the first aim of a Christian is not to *appear*, but to *be* right, not to gain the *honour* of nobleness and goodness, but to *be*, through Christ's grace, noble and true and good. Reality, not seeming; goodness, not glory; sincerity before God, not show or semblance, however imposing before the eye of man,—this is what a Christian seeks. His love for Christ, and devotion to the will of God, should ever be such as that he would do the right, not only, though in doing right he be unknown and unhonoured, but though it expose him to dishonour and infamy. Who can doubt that obscure goodness is infinitely preferable to illustrious sin? If the two are incompatible, could a Christian hesitate for a moment to sacrifice the love and honour and respect that make life sweet and death less bitter—to tear from his heart the most cherished hope and wish, rather than wound conscience or tamper with truth and holiness? Would it be a light thing, in reason's eye, to gain immortality of renown at the expense of one untrue word? Or to be hooted and hounded out of the world with scorn and shame, and consigned to eternal infamy amongst men—would not this be a fate, however terrible, from which a wise man should not shrink, if only thus could he keep true to Christ? Of what avail the acclamations of a world he has left behind, to the soul that is trembling in dismay beneath the frown of God? Or can it alleviate one pang of a lost

spirit's agony, that the far distant scene of its former life is ringing with its praises at that very moment when it is stretched on the rack of Jehovah's wrath? Nay, better one smile of God, than a world's hallelujahs; more appalling one shadow darkening the brow of Infinite Justice, than to be for ever execrated by the whole race of men.

But, all this admitted, it is yet not the less true, that, though not the motive of a Christian's actions, it is a most noble result, a glorious reward of them, when a good and holy man's memory is embalmed in the affections of mankind. To dwell with God is the chief desire, but who that knows what it is to love and to be loved would not wish to be remembered, when he is gone, by those who were dear to him on earth? If the memory of the sainted dead be dear to us who survive them, if there be homes where the loved and lost, still in the sacredness of an undying affection, may be said to live, if there be scenes which are haunted and hallowed by an invisible presence, where the dear old voices seem sometimes to fall sadly and sweetly on the ear, and we name softly and reverently the household names of those whom God hath taken, is it not natural that we, in our turn, should wish so to be remembered? It is a natural, and by no means an unchristian feeling, that makes us cling to old scenes and friends the longer we live; that makes it sad for a man of strong affections, as the end approaches, to think that the hour is coming when on all he loves and has cherished so long he shall look his last—that in a few brief months his step shall fall no more on the old path or the familiar threshold, and that on these dear faces he shall never, never, in all the ages, look again. And so it is something to be told that, like this woman, we shall still in memory survive, and that our name and our deeds shall live on loving lips. We seem to ourselves to gain thus, even on earth, some triumph over death—to enlarge and prolong existence in the hearts of those that shall never cease to love us. And if we extend the same thought to others beyond the circle of our immediate friends, surely to a man of large and expansive Christian spirit it must be a thought unspeakably delightful, that some word he has spoken, or deed he has done, shall survive, age after age, to enkindle holy ardour in many a mind, and to prompt to deeds of Christian nobleness while the world endures.

And who can tell of what incalculable results each Christian act, a word spoken in season, an act of noble truthfulness, or tenderness, or self-sacrifice, may be the seed? Who can trace the innumerable lines of influence along which a Christian's example may be propagated? What mind can embrace the calculation of all the possibilities of good, on through age after age, down the ever-growing future, which may spring from one holy Christian life? And if earthly greatness has sometimes caught inspiration to deeds of heroism from the dream of posthumous fame, if it fired the poet's heart, old, blind, and poor, to think that he was writing words which the

world would not let die, or if the dying warrior has ever found strange consolation in the thought of his country's gratitude, a name in her annals and a sepulchre among her heroes, surely to a Christian heart not less dear should be the thought, nor less inspiring to holy deeds in Christ's service, that the good we do shall live after us; that our example, if not our name, shall survive us; that our influence at least shall be associated with all that is holiest and purest and noblest on earth, even if it may not be said of us literally as of this woman, "That wheresoever this Gospel is preached this which she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her."

II. The second view of this woman's action to which I propose to direct your attention is its *silent, symbolic, power of expression*. She had in her heart feelings which craved for outward expression, and yet which, in their intensity and illimitableness, transcended the power of mere words to express. And so she did what she could. As always, in such states of mind, feeling clothed itself in the form of imagery or symbol, and she gave vent to her emotion in the expressive act here narrated. And a moment's reflection will teach us how exquisitely true to nature, and so how fraught with instruction in this respect the narrative before us is. For are we not all conscious often of states of mind, of thoughts and feelings, which it is impossible adequately to express in words; and if we try so to express them, we find that we have miserably failed? The attempt to convey by words to others all that is in our hearts is often vain, not simply from our imperfect command of language, but from the inherent insufficiency of language, with all its compass, copiousness, flexibility, as a medium of expression for our internal experiences. And so, when language fails us—when either from intensity of feeling we have not the heart to speak, or when we try, and feel it to be all in vain—we involuntarily betake ourselves to that other mode of telling forth our soul, the silent mode of sign, of symbolic look or act. The word joy is but a poor, cold vocable, that conveys to the outward ear no meaning save, as the auditor already knows, the emotion for which it conventionally stands. But who fails at once to see what is meant by a smile or look of delight beaming on the countenance, or to know what the feeling is that tells itself out in a merry laugh ringing from the lip? The word sorrow is not like the thing it represents, and any other word, if men agreed upon it, would serve as well. But who mistakes the meaning of the trembling lip and tearful eye? and when in deep grief the sufferer's lip is dumb with an anguish which cannot shape itself into words, the blank look of unutterable sorrow may be stamped, in language far more expressive than the tongue could utter, on every lineament and motion of the face and form. Hours would be insufficient to describe emotions that may be conveyed by a glance, and in a moment of high-wrought feeling there may be concentrated into a

single look what the most eloquent observer could not exhaust in the longest verbal delineation. "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter." Imagine yourself present at that scene, and conceive that it had been yours to witness that look, to behold that face, with all its majestic purity, its awfulness, its gentleness, its unearthly sorrow and tenderness, turned upon the wretched disciple when that cruel word of thrice-spoken falsehood had just crossed his lip. Do you think that the most eloquent tongue might not weary itself in the endeavour, by all forms of uttered speech, to convey all the mingled sorrow and love, the reproachful pity, the lofty scorn of baseness, yet unwearied forbearance and love to the base, the more than kingly dignity, yet also more than womanly tenderness, which that one glance of Jesus expressed?

And in the same way with symbolic actions, such as that of the text. The beauty of such actions lies in this, that they condense into a moment thoughts and feelings which it would require a long and elaborate description verbally to portray, and which even then would be but faintly and inadequately expressed. Take, for instance, one most touching incident in the history of David. As he lay, we are told, worn and faint, in a mountain cave, there came on the warrior an irrepressible longing for a draught of water from the well of Bethlehem; and though his longing seemed vain and foolish, for the foe lay encamped between him and the fountain of whose streams he had so often drunk, he could not refrain from giving vent in words to the craving, "Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate!" There were those around him who loved their chief so dearly that they were ready to imperil their life for the gratifying of his slightest wish. And without a word, caring not for the dangers to which for so slight an end they exposed themselves, "three mighty men" fought their way through the host of the Philistines, and brought back to him who was dearer to them than life that for which he craved. But we are told the king, when he received it, would not drink that draught which at such cost had been gained, "but poured it out unto the Lord," saying, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this; is not this the blood of men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" What wantonness, what worse than childish fickleness, are we not at first tempted to exclaim, is here! To what purpose this waste of that for which such a price has been paid? What gross ingratitude in return for heroic devotion. Nay, it was far otherwise. For is there not more in this action than meets the eye? As we try to fathom and express its meaning, do we not begin to perceive what a world of unexpressed feeling, of lofty thought and nobleness, and generosity and piety, is involved in it. This simple draught of water, so procured, is to David's eye the type of that which is most noble in humanity, of love and

faith and courage and self-sacrifice; it is an offering not fit for such as he, too great for mortal to receive. To God alone is it meet to be offered up. And so, in kingly humility, in unselfish piety, he pours it out to Him to whom life and love and all that is noblest in man are due.—This, and infinitely more than this, is involved in that simple act. What long-drawn words would be required to unfold all its expressiveness!

Precisely analogous is the case brought before us in the text. This woman owed herself, and all that made life dear to her, to Jesus. His mysterious hints of a dark doom that was at hand told her that from that dear Lord she soon must part. Love and faith and self-devotion, boundless tenderness and sorrow struggling in her heart, she was conscious of feelings that craved for expression, and yet which, in their intensity and illimitableness, transcended the power of words to express. She could not speak, but she did what she could. Spontaneously feeling clothed itself in a form that was its own. The affection, the self-surrender, the yielding up of all that was precious, the yearning to pour forth as if her very being in the service of this all-glorious One—this, and infinitely more than this, of which she was herself unconscious, she involuntarily shadowed forth in the breaking of the vessel and the pouring forth of its precious deposit on the head of Jesus.

And He to whom the offering was made discerned a meaning in her simple act, which words had been poor to tell. Happy we, let me add, if in our symbolic acts our Lord can discern the same spirit of love and faith and self-devotion. Our holy communion service, for instance, might, in one view of it, seem as the woman's act seemed to the unsympathising spectators, a mere meaningless work, or a waste of substantial food on empty ceremonial. The material of our holy offering, too, might be sold for so much and given to the poor. But not useless or unmeaning will it be, if, like hers, it be to many a devout spirit the medium of holiest thought and feeling. As we assemble at our simple communion feast, there will come amidst us the same Divine guest who sat at that humble board at Bethany. Here, too, to the Lord's side many a Mary-like spirit may repair, to hallow and ennoble these poor earthly elements, by that which to Him who reads all hearts they silently, yet so touchingly, express. Happy we, if, as we break the bread and drink the wine, we feel our Saviour near; and by this our simple act, tell forth a love, a trust, a high resolve and holy aspiration, a boundless affection and self-surrender, such as that which through her offering breathed. Then will the odour of a more precious ointment, a fragrance sweeter far than this earth's rarest incense, fill the house. And of us, too, will our gracious loving Lord declare—"They have wrought a good work on me."

III. The last point to which I call your attention is the *unworldly or unmaterial standard by which the woman's action is to be estimated*. To her censurers

it seemed an act of unmeaning prodigality. They saw in it only a resultless expenditure of what might have been turned to substantial material uses. If there was to be such expense incurred, why not get some substantial result from it?—why not, instead of wasting the costly essence on the empty air, turn it into hard cash and buy meat and drink and clothing with it for the poor? “Why was this waste of the ointment made? for it might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor.”

Now our Lord's reply condemns this view of the woman's action as false and shallow. There was no real waste in its seeming profusion. It was a good and noble action, and it was made to appear otherwise, only by the application to it of a narrow and fallacious standard. In conceiving of it as they did, they applied to an act of beauty a mere utilitarian measure, and would fain test a deed of spiritual nobleness by a criterion which had no relation to the order of things to which it belonged.

Now, the error which these superficial censors committed is one which in principle lies at the root of many of our false judgments, both in matters secular, and in matters spiritual—the error, viz., of reversing the order of importance, and judging of that which is the end, as if it were only the means. There are some things, which, according to the nature which God has given us, we admire and love as ends, others which we come to admire and love in a secondary way as contributing to those ends. The latter may be compared to the ladder by which we climb, useful only because it helps us up; the former to the object we wish to reach. The one is as the road which leads homeward, or the carriage in which we travel, valued only because of the facility and speed with which they enable us to reach our journey's end; the other is as that desired end itself, valued for itself, as our ultimate destination.

Now the error into which, even in secular things, we are very apt to fall, and which in spiritual things may be described as the essential spirit of irreligion, is that, either of stopping short at the means, and prizing them as if they were ends in themselves, or of absolutely reversing the right order, and valuing the ends only as means, while we elevate the means to the place of honour, as ends. To take one of the grossest examples of this error, money, which is obviously only a means to the attainment of something else, may become an ultimate object of desire, in and for itself. It is of course beyond dispute, that money were mere dross if it did not stand for food and raiment, and shelter and comfort; if it were not the conventional representative of innumerable objects of desire, which it is the means of procuring. But it is also notorious, that men often begin to like money as an end, to drop out of sight all that can be got by means of it, and to seek to accumulate it with a more and more intense desire only for its own sake. Nay, sometimes the diseased craving goes to such a height, that everything which money can procure, all that renders money valuable, will be sacrificed

for the sake of money, and the covetous or avaricious man will pinch his appetites, dress sordidly, live meanly, never expend a farthing on the gratification of the intellectual or religious part of his nature—in short, give up all the ends which alone are money's worth for the sake of money's self. And the insane standard by which such an one measures all things, the question by which every action is to be decided, is, “How much money will it save or spend?” Plead with him the cause of religion or charity, set before him some noble end of patriotism, of social or national honour, of intellectual or moral worth—his only answer is, “To what purpose this waste?” Nay, visit the home where the miserly wretch is denying himself and his family the common comforts of life, wholesome food and warm clothing. Pelf is dearer to him than these, and still his answer is, “To what purpose this waste?”

Another and more common, though less palpable example of the same error, is the false estimate of the value of knowledge. There is a constant tendency to degrade knowledge from the position of an end to that of means, to value it only in so far as it contributes to practical uses, and to regard the time and money expended on those kinds of knowledge which cannot be turned to practical account as so much sheer waste. It is undoubtedly true, that knowledge is useful as the means towards a thousand valuable ends. But it is also true that there are few of the things which knowledge can enable us to get,—money, food, sensual gratification, social position and rank, fame, honour, and the like,—which are more worth having than knowledge itself; and to say that the time spent in filling the mind with any kind of knowledge, which cannot help a man to make money and get on in life, is wasted, is to say, that money, and getting on in life, are higher and better things than knowledge.

Of what use are learning and scholarship? Why let your son waste precious years in mastering dead languages, or studying philosophy, or cultivating a taste for poetry and art, when he is intended not to be a clergyman or an author, but a practical man of business? These things won't help him on in life! All the scholarship on earth won't make him a better judge of dry goods. The learning of Porson or Bentley would not help him a bit in a speculation on cotton, or an investment in bank or railway stock. The youth must push his fortune as a manufacturer, or merchant, or engineer,—what will all the poetry and metaphysics in the world do to help him here? No! let the few years he has to spend on education be devoted to the practical branches; let him learn to write a good hand, be ready at accounts, acquire, if need be, a knowledge of the modern languages; but that is all the learning he needs. Other kinds of learning might only make him a book-worm, and at any rate, if they did not spoil him for a man of business, they are practically useless,—to what purpose such waste?

Now it is, as I have said, quite true that in the sense of being directly turned to account in the

business of life many kinds of knowledge are utterly useless. And if the chief end of a man, even in this world, be to be a clever and successful man of business, to spend his time in acquiring such knowledge is sheer waste. Moreover it is also true, that forasmuch as to live is the condition of all other enjoyments, it is a very important thing for a youth to master those kinds of knowledge which are technical or professional, which will qualify him to earn his bread, and creditably to discharge the duties of his secular calling. Nor can any man be such an idiot as to despise money, or the qualifications that enable us to make it, seeing that money is the means not of low enjoyment only, but of all sorts of enjoyment and influence, high as well as low. Yet, on the other hand, when all this is said, it leaves the broad principle unaffected that practical utility is not the test of knowledge, seeing that knowledge in itself, and for its own sake, is, to him who knows its worth, better and higher than all that can be got by means of it. All that can be gained at the very best by excluding what is called useless learning, and confining a boy to the kind of knowledge that will help him to push his fortune in life, —all that at the very best can result from this is, that he makes a fortune. But a fortune is worth only what a man can enjoy out of it; and if his mind is narrow and uncultured, if he has not in youth acquired the invaluable power of conversing with the great minds of all ages, of appreciating and enjoying those things which a cultured taste and a comprehensive, broad, liberal intelligence alone can enjoy, then is he shut out from that which gives its chief value to money and leisure. He may indeed, without this, have everything that can minister to animal and sensuous delight; but a man can't get more than a limited animal enjoyment out of his money. If he try, he is drawn back by the warning hand of physical disease; if he persist, he soon, by the endeavour after excessive sensual enjoyment, destroys the very power of enjoying. The only way in which affluence and leisure can extract more out of life is when its possessor can thereby command the means of wider intellectual happiness, when his large and liberally cultured mind can rise beyond the narrow limits of sense, and by the expansiveness, the elevation, the intensifying of existence which knowledge communicates, live, as compared with the mere moneyed man, three lives for one. It is no waste, then, to cultivate and inform the mind in youth even with what seems useless learning. It is false economy to restrict it to the narrow beat of practically convertible information. There are not a few men of business, who, even in the secular sense, have chosen for themselves and their children this better part—men who, amidst all the toil of business, manage to keep up liberal tastes, and who can escape from the feverishness and shake off the dust and soil of life's conflicts ever and anon, in converse with the great minds of ancient or modern times, of their own or other countries and tongues. But no man who has

ever happened to witness the spectacle which you have sometimes observed—that which is presented by a man who has got on in life, who has succeeded in amassing affluence, yet whose lack of culture leaves him with money but without the larger part of money's worth—the coarse, narrow-minded, ill-informed man of small ideas and a big purse, with a plethora of wealth and a collapse of thought, at whose table your body is overfed and your intellect starved, whose walls are covered with pictures which he cannot appreciate, and shelves filled with books of which he can enjoy nothing but the gilt backs, the man of soulless unrefined affluence and vulgar magnificence—no man, I say, that has ever witnessed and understood such a spectacle, would be disposed, in answer to the exhortation largely and liberally to cultivate the mind, to say, "To what purpose this waste?"

But the last and most deplorable example of the reversal of the order of importance between means and end is that which relates to the highest of all ends—those of religion. Most mournful is it if, with respect to these, a man ever, either in express words or virtually by his conduct, says, "To what purpose this waste?"

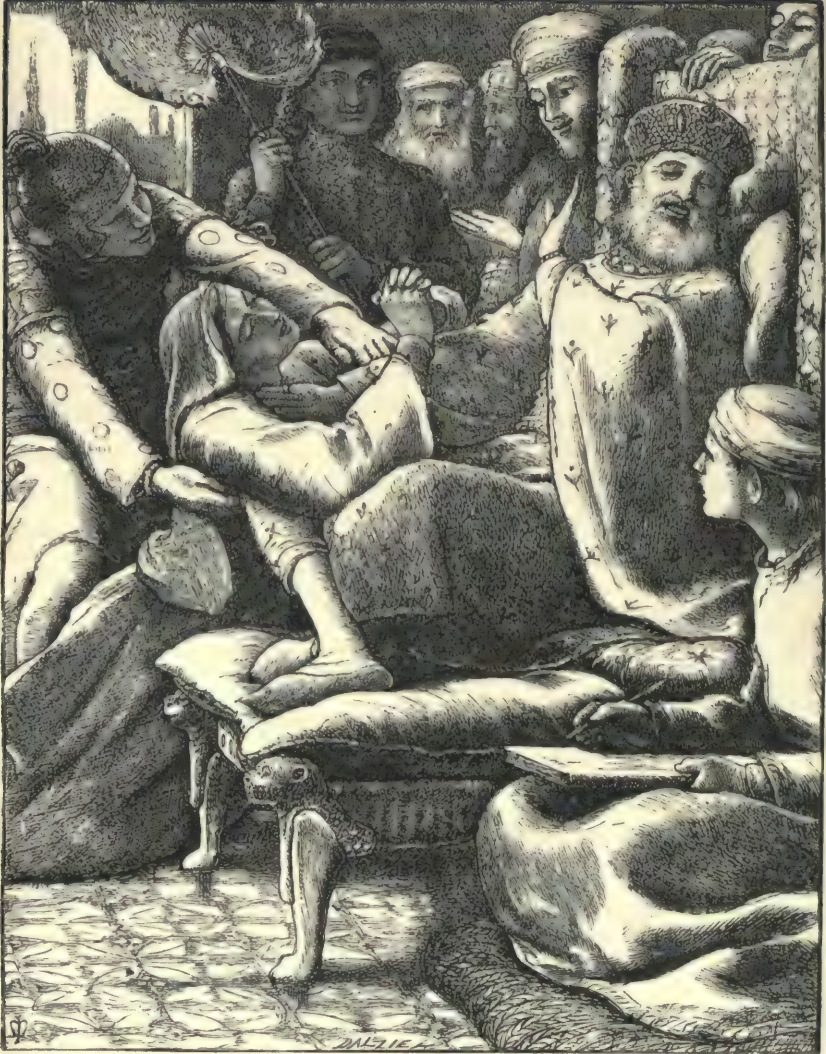
Religion, religious faith, religious acts, are of those things that are their own ends, and with respect to which it is foolish, as well as wrong, to ask of what use are they? what shall we gain by them? or to what purpose this waste? This question may be asked in two ways—one of a more gross and material sort than the other, but both equally false in principle. "To what purpose this waste?" may be an inquiry with reference to the rewards or profitable results of religion, either in the life that now is, or in that which is to come. And in both cases the same answer must be given. The value of religion does not consist in these things—not in anything out of itself—not in what it brings or gains, but in what it is.

There can be no question that, in so far as external advantages in this world are concerned, much that we include under the designation "religion" is utter waste. Religion is not a marketable commodity. Its duties are not only not conducive to temporal gain and advancement, but often in many ways act as a drag or hindrance in the pursuit of them. The time spent on religion, for instance, is so much abstracted from other occupations: a sincerely pious man will, in proportion to the earnestness of his piety, be withheld from that exclusive devotion of his best hours and energies, that unremitted self-surrender to business, which is often the indispensable condition of great success. The man whose heart is set on a heavenly reward cannot throw himself with the same intensity of desire into the pursuit of earthly honour or fame as those who have no higher end in view, to whom these things are all in all. He who is living in habitual communion with God and the things unseen must often slacken the ardour and shorten the hours which the man who lives only for the things of time may devote—and successfully devote—to worldly industry. For the latter objects, much of the time

that is spent in prayer, meditation, holy exercises and employments, is mere waste. Moreover, the *money* devoted to religious objects, to charities, schemes of Christian usefulness—churches, Sunday-schools, religious instructors, missions at home and abroad—all this is a direct abstraction from the gains which a non-religious man is permitted to retain. And, in general, whilst good conduct tends in some sort to success in life, it is yet true that that which constitutes the essence, the life and soul of religion—its internal spirit, its exercises of love and faith and aspiration, its self-denials and struggles, its inward conflicts and triumphs—has no connection with earthly advantage, and has often led to earthly ruin and loss. “We have left all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?” was the miserable question of religious selfishness: and the answer, as we contemplate the earthly issue of many and many a Christian life; its utter lack of earthly good; its poverty, obscurity, ill-health; its family troubles, bereavements, early death—still more if we go back in history and stand by the martyr’s side as he is hurried in shame and horror out of the world, the answer is—“Nothing, worse than nothing.” And we are thus unable, from his point of view, to utter one word in reply when the observer to whom this world is all in all asks, “To what purpose this waste?”

But this world is not all. And the answer, which might seem a sufficient and satisfactory one to many, would be;—there is no waste in all this worldly expense and loss, for the religious man will reap, for all his religious toils and sacrifices in this world, a rich recompense in the world to come. But this is an answer only less defective and fallacious than the other. For my last remark is, that religion, in so far as it is real and pure, is not a thing which is precious to a man because even of an eternal reward to which it leads, but simply because it is in itself, now and for ever, the supreme delight, the chief joy of the soul. It is true that there is a reward in store for the child of God, that there are blessings outward as well as inward awaiting him—a prize of ineffable joy and blessedness in comparison with which this world’s highest moments of rapturous delight are faint and cold; and to this coming joy and happiness, the Christian, in all his efforts and sacrifices, is not forbid to look. Still it is not less true that that which gives to religion its value, to religious acts and exercises their preciousness, is not anything future, anything eternal. They are precious in and for themselves. He is not a true lover of this world’s knowledge who loves it only for the prizes which scholarship wins, for the distinction or emolument which attends it. But he is the true lover of knowledge who loves it for itself;—to whom to know truth, to bring the mind into contact with it, is all the reward he seeks. And in like manner of divine knowledge. The truth of God to the earnest and holy-minded man is not precious only or chiefly because to believe it is the means of salvation, because only by the knowledge

and belief of it can he escape hell and gain heaven. If this were all, in his study of God’s Word the believer would be but getting up his salvation-lesson, going through the necessary drudgery for the prize of a future heaven. But to the truly spiritual man divine knowledge is its own end, the contemplation of truth its own most precious reward. To know God, to have the eye of the soul opened to the perception of infinite purity, to be brought in mind and spirit into contact with that light of the knowledge of the glory of God which is revealed in the face of Christ; this is as much the immediate reward and delight of the soul as natural light and beauty are the immediate delight of the eye or sweet melody the present joy of the ear. And as it is with knowledge, so is it with love. What true-hearted child ever asks of what use is it to love my father or mother? What shall I gain by all this expenditure of affection? To what end or purpose all this waste of tender words, and loving, reverential acts? Or what brother, husband, or friend ever dreamt of inquiring, Why should I repair to the presence, and reciprocate the affection of him who is so dear to me? What practical future benefit shall I gain by all this expression of fondness, by all these words and acts and gifts of love?—Would it not be an insult to love to ask such questions as these? Would not the all-sufficient answer be: “Gain! reward! result! I seek none, dream of none. Love is its own most precious reward; the richest joy that love can confer is simply to love, to love more, to love on for ever.” And so with the divine object of a Christian’s reverential love, the Father of his Spirit, the Lord, Redeemer, Lover of his soul. Earth knows no sublimer emotion than that mingled awe and tenderness, reverence and affection, which breathe in the Christian’s heart towards the Father in heaven. And if it be joy for the loving child to cling to the father’s presence, or to rest in the mother’s arms, ask not of what use it is for the soul, amid the anxieties and perturbations of life, to repose in the Infinite affection, and in all doubt and sorrow, through all change and care and trouble which the changing years are bringing, to rest in the Everlasting arms. If earthly affection or friendship has ever known the strange bliss of sacrifice, the sweetness of toil or sorrow or pain borne for the sake of one who is dearly loved, ask not the Christian soul why, or for what ulterior end, it gives and spends and suffers for Jesus? What practical gain shall issue from it? To what future good or reward does it tend? To what purpose this waste? Oh, cold heart! Oh, ungenerous spirit of calculating selfishness! What reply can such questions merit? The goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the Apostles, the noble army of martyrs, the holy Church of Christ throughout all the world, with one consenting voice reply, “We count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord; for whom we have suffered the loss of all things—rejoicing even in this that we are counted worthy to suffer for His sake.”



THE UNJUST JUDGE.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

V.—THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST JUDGE.

LUKE xviii. 1.

IN descending by one of the passes of the Alps into the lovely valley of the Saarnen, the traveller may notice on the right hand of the path a pine-tree, growing in extraordinary circumstances. Enormous masses of hoary rock lie scattered in the bottom of the ravine; they have fallen from the crags which form its stupendous walls; and it is on the top of one of these, a bare, naked block, that the pine-tree stands. No dwarf, mis-shapen thing, like the birch or mountain ash on an old castle wall, where the wind or passing bird had dropped the seed; it is a forest giant—with rugged trunk, and top that shoots, a green pyramid, to the skies. At first sight one wonders how a tree, seated on the summit of a huge stone, raised above the soil, with no apparent means of living, could live at all; still more, grow with such vigour as to defy the storms that sweep the pass, and the severe, long winters that reign over these lofty solitudes.

A nearer approach explains the mystery. Finding soil enough on the summit, where lichens had grown and decayed, to sustain its early age, it had thrown out roots which, while the top stretched itself up to the light, lowered themselves down the naked stone—feeling for the earth and food. Touching the ground at length, they buried themselves in it, to draw nourishment from its unseen, but inexhaustible, supplies to feed the feeble sapling into a giant tree. So we thought, as we stood looking on this natural wonder, the believer grows. Tempest-tossed by many storms, but, like the pine-tree with its gnarled roots grown into mighty cables, firmly moored to the Rock of Ages, he also raises his head to the skies, and, through his prayers, draws spiritual nourishment and growth in grace from the inexhaustible supplies which lie hidden in Jesus Christ, and are provided for all such as love him. Often placed in circumstances not less unfavourable to his growth than that naked stone to the growth of the pine perched on its summit, his prayers, like the roots that descended to the soil and, penetrating it, brought up its riches to feed the tree, form a living communication between him and God. Thus his life is sustained: thus he grows in grace—green and fruitful where others wither, and living where others die. Such being the office of prayer, and the end it serves, it can surprise none to find one or two of our Lord's parables devoted to so great a duty: indeed, anything else would have surprised us on the part of Him who spent, not hours, but

whole nights, in prayer. The sun, as it sank in the western sea, often left him, and as it rose behind the hills of Moab returned to find him, on his knees.

In almost all our Lord's other parables, the truth which they are intended to teach is stated at their close. We travel through the story before we arrive at the moral. Here that meets us at the entrance, standing like an inscription over the door of a public building to tell its use and purpose, in these words: "He spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." As Matthew Henry says, "This parable has its key hanging at the door." Let us, however, take up the story first, and afterwards the persons it introduces in the order in which they appear.

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

Others besides judges may be unjust—the trustee who takes advantage of his position to defraud the widow or fatherless whom a dying friend has cast on his care; the merchant who, adulterating his goods, deceives his customers, or, removing them, defrauds his creditors; the tradesman who, earning the wages of iniquity, makes bad work pass for good. But these are not to be compared with an unjust judge. Of all men, he is the worst; unless, perhaps, the minister of religion, be he Bishop or Presbyter, who takes advantage of his position to disseminate error, or corrupt the morals of society. To such cases how appropriate the question—If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness? If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

To pollute the fountains of justice is, indeed, one of the greatest evils which can be inflicted on society. It is like poisoning the public wells, or the air we breathe, or the bread we eat. Its inevitable result is anarchy. Denied justice by those who should dispense it, despairing of protection to life, liberty, and property, men will, as our forefathers did, take the law in their own hands—become, as the Apostle says, a law unto themselves; and, executing vengeance on the workers of iniquity, commit deeds which it is easier for us to condemn than it was for them to refrain from,—and which no man will harshly condemn who remembers these words of Scripture, "Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad."

This unjust judge recalls days when in England

one of her greatest sons, the father of modern philosophy, and we trust, notwithstanding his error, a true Christian, Lord Bacon, was ignominiously dismissed from the bench for accepting a bribe; and when, in Scotland, scaffolds reeked with the best blood of the land, shed by iniquity on the seat of judgment. We ought not, and we cannot, recall those times without blessing God that, though not without the frailties that belong to humanity, our judges are just and our exactors righteous. It is certain that hundreds and thousands now living who have done no wrong would have been hanged in olden times; and, when expressing our loyalty to the heir of a throne that, amid the convulsions which shake other nations, stands secure in the affections of our own, let us cherish the memory of the mighty dead; and the gratitude we owe to the patriots who shed their blood to purify the fountains of public justice, and purchase the liberties of the people—making our country the envy of the world. By them the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad, and wherefore we should be grateful.

This parable turns on a state of public affairs of which we happily are ignorant; but it came home to the understanding of those whom our Lord addressed. The most common characteristic of Eastern nations was, and is still, the difficulty of clients obtaining justice. How astonished we should be if any judge, on retiring from the bench into private life, were to protest that he had never sold justice; never, by accepting a bribe, stained the ermine of his robe! Yet a better man than they, or we, did so. In taking his leave of a people, some of whom, judging that noble old man by themselves, were mean enough to suspect him of mercenary ends, Samuel, indignant at the foul suspicion, said—"I am old and grey-headed; behold, here I am; witness against me before the Lord and before his anointed. Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes with, and I will restore it?" It is a sorrowful thing to think that such a man should have had to stoop to this defence; but if calumny had breathed even on Samuel, dimming for a brief moment the lustre of his character, it shows how many unjust judges there were in old times, and how our Lord, in the picture of this one, was painting a very common portrait—as was his wont, drawing his illustrations of divine truth from familiar objects. Now, in studying this picture of the Judge, let us look at

HIS CHARACTER.

A bold, bad man; he says—"I fear not God, nor regard man." What unblushing effrontery! yet in their autobiographies men are seldom so honest. His conduct corresponds to his character. Had he feared God, this widow had not waited so long on justice. "Ye shall not," said the Lord, "respect persons, in judgment; but ye shall hear the small

as well as the great. Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man, for the judgment is God's."

A bold, bad man; he had no regard for the good opinion even of his fellow-men. Not that that morally qualifies a man for an office which he only is fit to fill who believes in the judgment of the oath which he administers, and that he who tries others, stripped of his state and placed at God's bar, shall himself one day be tried. An immoral life debauches the mind as well as the body—blunting the fine edge of conscience.

Nor, unless they are men of principle and of character, has a country any security that her judges will be just, or her exactors righteous? Animated by the fear of God, a man will do right though all the world think him wrong; Pilate would have faced round on the Jewish crowd, and placing himself between Jesus and his enemies, seized a lull in the storm, to say, in answer to their cries of "Crucify, crucify him,"—He shall not be crucified; otherwise than over my dead body you shall not reach this innocent victim. The world, no doubt, has substitutes for the fear of God; and though in their nature inferior motives, a sense of honour, regard to the good opinion of mankind, the love of praise, and the fear of censure, are not without value. But even to these this judge was insensible, caring neither for God nor for man, so he gained his own selfish ends—got his appetites gratified, and enjoyed a life of ease and pleasure.

Let me remark that, in this hateful picture of selfishness incarnate, we see human nature, if I may say so, full blown; and in him, what all of us should be, were God to withhold the influences of his Spirit, or withdraw the restraints of his Providence. In yonder starved and beaten, caged and cowed animal of velvet step and painted skin, that but now and then shows its teeth to utter an angry growl, you do not see the tiger. Unchain him, uncase him; and there now is the bloody tyrant of the jungle, as with roar of thunder and eyes of fire, he leaps from his den, and with a blow of his paw felling one of the flying crowd, fastens on his throat to suck the flowing blood. And never is the sin inherent in our nature fully seen but in cases such as this, where, somehow or other, it grows up to its full development—fearless of God and regardless of man. Hence the necessity of being born again; and that we all should offer, and God to all of us should answer, the prayer of David, "Create in me a clean heart."

THE WIDOW.

Not long years ago you might have seen a pile of wood on the banks of the Ganges, surrounded by a mighty throng. The crowd opens, and up through the vista a lifeless body is carried to be laid on the summit of that funeral pile. Again the crowd opens, and, like a wave in the wake of a ship, it closes behind a woman, the dead man's widow, who comes to share his fiery bed. Attired for the sacrifice, on taking farewell of children and friends, she lies

down by the corpse. As she embraces it in her arms the signal is given, and the pile is lighted; and, though in some instances, mad with agony and all on fire, the victim would leap for life through the flames and smoke, commonly, while her piercing shrieks were drowned in shouts, the poor widow submitted with patience to her fate. She submitted to it very much to escape a worse one. These funeral piles throw a lurid glare on the wretched state of widows in that heathen land; and, though not doomed in all other lands to so hard a fate, oppression and cruelty was the common lot of a class than which there is none that owes more to the humanising influences of Christianity. I suppose there are few of us but, among competing claimants on our pity, time, money, help, would, whether she was a queen or beggar, give the preference to one in a widow's garb. Here we see the benign influence of the Gospel, and God fulfilling his words—"Let thy widows trust in me." How cruelly their circumstances were taken advantage of is plain from the manner in which God, constituting himself the husband of the widow, and espousing her cause, threatens, to avenge her wrongs. Nor is this less evident, from the strong terms which our Lord employs to denounce those who, worst of hypocrites, made a stalking-horse of religion to get access to the widow's house, for the purpose of devouring her substance.

It is one of this class who demands justice from the unjust judge. None had less chance of getting it. Plundered probably of her little all, she has no money to buy it. Without powerful friends to back her, she has no means of compelling it. And to expect that this selfish, voluptuous, cold, iron-hearted man will espouse her cause, and put himself to trouble to see her righted like a magnanimous judge—draw the sword of justice in her defence against the rich and the great, perhaps his own friends, alas! that were to run her horses on a rock, and plough there with oxen. Well may she renew her grief over a husband's grave; and as, like a mother bird when the hawk is abroad, she gathers her little ones to her side, well may she clasp her hands to cry, God help me! there is none else to help. And yet from one who had no regard either to right or wrong, to whose eyes her distress brought no tears, and in whose heart her sorrows touched no chord of pity, she obtains justice—bringing fire out of a cold flint, gushing water from a hard, dry rock.—Consider

THE MEANS OF HER SUCCESS.

She owed it to importunity. Nature herself prompts to this—the babe cries till it gets a mother's breast. The power of importunity is one of the first lessons a child learns, and proceeds to practise. The boy keeps hanging on his father, harping on the same string, giving him no rest or peace, now pleading with winning smiles and now with tears, returning after every defeat to renew the attack, till, worn out, he yields assent; and

thus by importunity, in a sense, the weak things of the world confound the mighty, and foolish things the wise. It is not long since it won daily triumphs in these streets, where the ragged boy, on naked feet, with piteous whine, and outstretched, emaciated hands, ran down the game. His story seemed to fall on a deaf ear; he knew better. Getting no answer but a rough refusal, he seemed to be wasting breath and time; he knew better. Following the object of his attentions like a shadow, sticking to him like a leech, robbing the day of its brightness, and the saunter of its pleasures, the urchin not only overcame the philanthropist's sense of the evils of indiscriminate charity, but opened even the niggard's hand. To get rid of a pest so intolerable, how often was he bought off with money?

This art is carried to its highest perfection in the East. A traveller in Persia tells how he was besieged by one who solicited a gift more costly than he was prepared to give. The hoary, and as the people esteemed him, holy mendicant set himself down before his gate, throwing up a rude tent to shelter himself from the noonday sun. There he remained like a sentinel; nor left his post but to follow the traveller out of doors, and return with him. Taking snatches of sleep during the day when the other rested in the house, he kept up a hideous howling and clamorous demands all the hours of night,—an annoyance which, persisted in for successive days and nights, and even weeks, seldom failed, as you can suppose, to gain its object.

Such were the means by which the widow gained hers. So soon as ever this unjust judge took his seat at the gate of the city, where in the East courts are held and all causes heard, his eye as it roamed over the crowd fell on her. There she was, and always was—sorrow in her dress, but determination in the flash of her eye; her form bent down with grief, but her spirit unbroken; resolved to give that judge no rest till he had avenged her on her adversary. Now breaking in on the business of the court, she is on her feet passionately demanding justice; and now stretched on the ground at his, she piteously implores it. Nor can he shake her off. Denied her suit, she follows him to his house to interrupt his leisure and embitter his pleasures. Her voice ringing loud on the threshold demanding entry, she bursts into his presence; and is dragged away by the servants, thrust out, but only to return, as the ball struck rebounds—the billow shattered on the rock falls back into the deep to gather volume and strength for a new attack. And as by constant dashing the waves in time cut into the cliff, which, yielding to the incessant action of a weaker element, some day bows its proud head, and, precipitating itself forwards, falls into the sea, which swallowing it up, sweeps over it with jubilant, triumphant waves, so the persistence of the widow overcomes the resistance of the judge. Diamond cuts diamond. She conquers by importunity: yielding to her request, he says, "Because this

widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her constant coming she weary me."

THE CONCLUSION,

Which our Lord draws as expressed in the question, "Hear what the unjust judge saith; and shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?"

There are points of resemblance between God's people and this widow. In Satan, have not we also an adversary to be avenged on? Are not we also poor and needy? She had known happy days; and so also had man. By death she had lost her husband; and by sin we have lost our God. Poor and friendless, she had no means of avenging, of righting herself; no more have we—we were without help when Christ died for the ungodly. "The sons of Zoruah," cried David, "are too many for me;" and so are sin and its corruptions, the world and its temptations, the devil and his wiles, for us.

There are likewise some points of resemblance between God and this unjust judge. Long had he stood by and, without one effort on her behalf, seen this poor woman spurned and oppressed; and long also God seemed to stand by when his people were ground to the dust in Egypt; in old Pagan and in more modern Popish times, when their cruel enemies shed the blood of his saints like water, and, immured in dungeons, bleeding on scaffolds, hiding in the caves of our mountains, his elect cried to him day and night, and the Church, helpless as a widow, implored him saying, "Avenge me of mine adversary! And this is true also of his dealings with individual believers. How long in their corruptions are the messengers of Satan left to buffet them? Weary of the struggle with some besetting sin, and hating it as a slave his cruel tyrant, they cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" how often, all but despairing, are they ready to exclaim with Paul, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But there are important points of disparity between this judge and our God: and in these I find assurance of final victory, and the highest encouragements to instant, constant, urgent, prayer. A bad man, with a heart cold as ice and hard as iron, was he moved by importunity to redress the wrongs of one for whom he felt no regard, whose happiness or misery was nothing to him?—how much more will God be importuned to grant our prayers! Just, and more than just, he is merciful and gracious, long-suffering and slow to wrath, abundant in goodness and in truth. He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked—he is willing that all should come to him and live—he waits to be gracious. Let his people trust in him, and wait on him. He may hide his face from them; it is but for a little. The dead, the widow's husband, never loved like the living God. Her wrongs did not disturb him in his grave; but ours move Jehovah in the heavens. Above the anthems of the celestial choir, he hears our feeblest cry; and amid the glories of the upper sanctuary, Christ's eye turns less on the glittering crowns his redeemed

ones cast at his feet than on his people here—fighting in this field of battle, weeping in this vale of tears. Therefore let us pray on, nor cease praying till we cease living. He may address us as he did his mother, saying, "Woman, my hour is not yet come; but come it shall. Rest assured that no prayer is lost; and let this help them that wait on the Lord to renew their strength, and in the hour of devotion to mount up with wings as eagles! If he spared not his own Son, shall he not with him also freely give us all things—and fulfil, at his own time and in his own way, these his own gracious words, "For the oppression of the poor and for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord?"

When night fell on Jerusalem, and the tide and hum of business had ceased, and one after another the lights were extinguished, and all fires quenched in the sleeping city, one was kept alive—the fire that burned on God's holy altar. "It shall not be put out," said the Lord, "the fire shall ever be burning on the altar, it shall never go out." Fed by such logs as blazed on the hearths and roared in the chimneys of olden times, yet this had not been kindled by man's hands or blown into flame by his breath. Like God's love on a lost world, or his wrath on the head of his dying Son, it had descended from the skies. "There came," it is said, when Aaron and his sons were offering their first sacrifice, "fire out from before the Lord, and consumed the burnt offering and the fat, which when the people saw, they shouted and fell on their face." Whether slumbering in its ashes or flaming with the fat of sacrifices, this fire burned by night and day on the altar; nor was it till after the lapse of nearly a thousand years that it went out—quenched hissing in the blood of priests who fell in defence of the temple at the first captivity. Now in that old altar on which the sacred fire was always burning, but where sacrifices were not always offering, we see the heart of a devout believer. He is not always praying; but within his bosom there is a heaven-kindled love, fires of desire, fervent longings, which make him always ready to pray and often engage him in prayer. And thus he who engages in devout meditations and holds communion with God through his word and also through his works, may, in respect of his habitual, prevailing frame of mind, as well as of his frequent prayers, be said to "pray without ceasing," "always to pray;" he is like an *Æolian harp*, on whose strings, by night or day, the wind has but to breathe to wake up sweet and plaintive music.

In considering more particularly the lessons regarding prayer which our Lord told this parable to teach, I remark that

IT DOES NOT TEACH US TO PRAY.

There is no need it should; or that the Bible should—any more than it should prove, what it always assumes, the being of a God. Such a monster as an atheist, who denies that, it does not suppose to exist; nor any one, man or woman, who does not acknowledge, whether they practise it or

not, the duty and necessity of prayer. Nor this without reason. Like the belief in a God, the moral sense of right and wrong, the hope of immortality, the expectation of a judgment, prayer seems as much an instinct of the soul as breathing, eating, drinking are instinctive actions of the body which we need neither to be told, nor to learn, to do. No doubt, men who would be "wise above what is written,"—prying into the secret things of God, and, like one who attempts to close his fingers on this big globe, attempting to grasp the infinite with finite minds,—have started objections to prayer. They ask, does God need to be told what we need? is man vain enough to suppose that his prayers can change the divine purposes? that creatures so feeble and insignificant as we can move the hand that moves the universe? or that our will can be of the smallest consequence to him who does everything according to the counsel and purpose of his own? It is not needful to answer such objections. I have read how a great poet, who was a sceptic, when he and Byron in a storm at sea expected every moment to be their last, dropt on his knees on the watery deck, and, beating his breast, cried passionately to God—the tempest blowing away, like cobwebs, his flimsy objections to prayer. In such hours Nature rising in her might and majesty asserts her supremacy; and the instinct of prayer bears a man over all these difficulties as on the crest of a mountain wave. With these, simple Christians give themselves no trouble; they are like an infant who knows nothing of the philosophy of sucking, nor waits to know it, but, so soon as put to a mother's breast, fastens on it. And it seems as natural for man to pray as for babes to suck—in his distress and danger to cry to God, as on falling into the water to make instinctive efforts to reach the rock for footing, or rise to the surface for breath. Prayer belongs to man as much as speech: for, as there was never a nation found, the rudest, most savage, in their habits and homes the nearest to the brutes, which did not speak; there never was a nation found, the rudest, most savage, in their homes and habits the least raised above the brutes, which did not pray.

IT TEACHES US HOW TO PRAY.

This subject, dividing itself like a tree into many branches, embraces the spring of prayer, which lies in our sense of need—the spirit of prayer, which consists in devout sincerity—the object of prayer, which is our Father in heaven—the channel of prayer, which is his son Jesus Christ, the mediator of the new Covenant. Important as these subjects are, this parable directs our attention to a matter belonging to prayer, not less important. The point here, is the fervour and frequency, the constancy and perseverance, or what has been called, in one word, the *importance* of prayer. "He spake a parable unto them," says the Evangelist, "to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint"—to pray on, nor give up praying till they get the thing prayed for. This implies at least on our part

STATED DAILY PRAYER.

It is in the morning and evening that Nature, who gives her nights to sleep and her days to work, pays, if I may so say, her worship to God. At dewy morn and eve, from their golden and silver censers, the flowers offer the incense of their fragrance, and skies and woods which were mute during the heat of the day and darkness of the night, break out into a melodious burst of song. The bird that, leaving God to care for it, sleeps with its head beneath its wing in the darkness, and spends the busy day gathering its food or catering for its young, drops at even from the skies, singing, into its grassy nest; and mounts thence at rosy dawn to praise God by the gate of heaven ere it begins the labours of the day. And so, in a way, does every man and woman who has the least pretensions to a Christian's character—morning and evening finds them on their knees before God. What day closes without many mercies to be grateful for, and many sins to be confessed and pardoned? and what day is entered on that has not burdens to be borne, and battles to be fought, to which it behoves us to go forth guided by the counsel, guarded by the power, strengthened by the grace, and defended, like a mail-clad warrior, from head to heel, by the whole armour of God? To omit prayer, is to go to battle having left our weapons behind us, in the tent; is to go to our daily labour without the strength imparted by a morning meal; is to attempt the bar where breakers roar and rocks hide their rugged heads without taking our pilot on board. If from a sense of weakness Moses, on Sinai's thundering, flashing, quaking mount, exclaimed "If thy presence go not with me, let us not go *up*," well may we say of the world, with its daily trials and temptations, works and warfare, Unless thy presence go with us, let us not go *down*. Therefore ought men, unless in very rare circumstances, always, morning and evening, to pray. Thus, like soldiers on the morning of the conflict, we grind our swords for battle with the world, the devil, and the flesh; and thus, when the day's combat is over, retiring to pray, we apply a healing ointment, the balm of Gilead, to the wounds of conscience; and thus, as a begrimed workman on coming home repairs at even-tide to bathe in flowing river or swelling sea, we resort to prayer to wash away sin's daily, guilty stains in the fountain of Jesus's blood.

Judge Hale, one of the greatest ornaments of the English church and the English bench, in expressing the value he set on the Sabbath as a day, not of business or worldly recreation, but of holy rest, said that he found the work of the week go well according as the Sabbath had been kept well. For as I have seen one stroke of an eagle's wings send her, without further effort, sailing a long way on through the fields of air, the impulse which a well-spent Sabbath gave him was sensibly felt throughout all the running week. As much may be said for daily prayers—the morning, elsewhere than in the

skies, settling, for good or evil, for conquest or defeat, for progress or backsliding, the character of the coming day. Therefore ought men always to pray, morning and evening, day by day.

Are our bodies so constituted that the food of one day suffices for the wants of the next? Do even occasional banquets dispense with the necessity of daily bread? Are the arrangements of nature such that one bright day each week is enough—sufficient to melt the snows of winter, to turn the naked forests into a sea of foliage, or cover our fields in autumn with sheaves of golden corn? No; the body needs daily bread; fields for the ripening of their fruits, and gardens for the beauty of their flowers, need daily sunlight, if not sunshine. And the soul cannot thrive, nor its graces grow and ripen, without daily prayer to God and frequent communion with the skies. I say, therefore, we ought always to pray morning and evening at the least; so much oftener, so much the better—and the result, if it is devout, earnest, believing prayer, will be to maintain our spiritual life under what appears the most unfavourable circumstances. On the rocks by the sea-shore I have seen marine creatures living when the tide was out; not in the briny pools it leaves, but on the dry and naked rock—in the withering air—in the burning, broiling sun. They lived because, when twice each day the foaming tide came in, and rising, covered the rocky shelves they clung to, they opened their shut and shelly mouths to drink in water enough to last them when the tide went out, and till the next tide came in. Even so, twice a day also at the least, are we to replenish our thirsty souls,—fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows, free and full in Christ, to the least of saints and chief of sinners. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

IT TEACHES PERSEVERING PRAYER.

What would be thought of a man who was ashamed to own his country, nor would take up even speech in her defence among strangers, in a foreign land? It is when broad seas part us from our native shores that the love of country burns strongest. Her songs sound sweetest in the exile's ear. Those faults of hers we lay bare at home, we conceal abroad; and, like dutiful sons, try to cast a mantle on her shame—hiding it from the eyes of aliens. We are not ashamed of our country; yet, alas! how many seem ashamed of their religion and their God? Some could hardly blush more to be caught stealing than they would do to be caught praying—starting from their knees like men engaged in some guilty thing. And how many young men and women, abandoning the praying habits of their early life and a pious home, have been lost through this false and coward shame? Insult their country, they will resent the offence—the poorest Highlander standing up for the honour of clan and chief, nor consenting, without a bleeding heart, to be torn from the barren and

stormy rocks to which his affections cling. Would God our piety were as fervent and brave as our patriotism! But, thrown into the company of strangers, perhaps of the ungodly, shrinking lest these should wonder at them or make them butts for ridicule, some steal to bed and leave it without bending the knees in prayer. This is to repeat the crime of Peter, and say, amid scenes where Christ is insulted by his enemies and should be boldly honoured by his friends, I know not the man.

If it is right for men, as an old heathen says, to learn from enemy, it is right for Christians to learn from such as are ignorant of their faith, or hostile to it. And how might it bring a blush to a coward's cheek to see the poor Mahomedan—in company as in solitude, on the mart of commerce or on the muddy street, on the slippery deck or on the sandy desert, wherever he is and before whomsoever he is, beggar or king, pagan or Christian—drop on his knees at sundown to offer his devotions, ready rather to die than miss them; like a wise man, counting them, not his shame, but glory. If, boasting of their villainies, of their feats of dissipation and debauchery, of their triumphs over simple innocence, unsuspecting virtue, the flowers they have vilely plucked to cast on the streets when their bloom was gone, bad men glory in their shame, shall Christians be ashamed of their glory? God forbid! Show the world your colours—fling out the blood-dyed, time-honoured banner, saying—

“I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his laws.”

As to the point especially in hand—persevering prayer—the very heathens seem, more than many professing Christians, to appreciate its power and value. A traveller, for instance, who was lately exploring some of the loftiest valleys of the Himalayas, found a tribe close by the regions of eternal snow, whose religion had a feature that struck him with great surprise. Indeed, he sneers at it; though no man's faith should be turned to ridicule, or even lightly assailed, unless care is taken to substitute something better in its place. It may be a false hope; yet it is his all. It may be a dream; yet it is a happy one—soothing the sorrows of life, and scattering some beautiful, though fading flowers along the margin of its rugged path. Then what is the crime of those who in these days recklessly cast doubts on the Christian faith, and start difficulties in the minds of simple, unlearned ones, which I can answer, but they cannot? How cruel to disturb their peace who were quietly, and usefully, and hopefully, and happily, holding on their course to heaven? It is no light thing to shake a man's confidence in what he believes to be the Word of God—in a book which he clasps to his bosom as life's greatest treasure, and will lay below his head as death's softest pillow. It requires no great ability to do this wrong. The puniest buzzing insect may annoy us by its tiny sting; and many a man's peace may

be disturbed by objections by which, thank God, it cannot be destroyed.

What excited both the surprise and sneers of the traveller in the religion of these Indian mountains, was the practice the people followed of praying by machinery. Certain prayers were placed on revolving cylinders; and as the wheel went round, and the prayer came up, each time its face turned to heaven, God was supposed to read it. It was as good as spoken by living lips. While engaged in his work, or passing the cylinder at intervals, the worshipper from time to time gave it a turn so as to keep it almost constantly spinning on its axis. Others more devout and still more ingenious, improving on that, set the cylinder in the run of a stream, that, as it turned like a mill-wheel, prayer might be offered day and night continually. Well, though it may be a bold thing to say, I would rather, in that rude way, "pray without ceasing," than, like some, never pray at all—in other words, I would, rather live and die a devout pagan than an undevout Christian. No doubt the mind of the Indian who trusts to such prayers may be dark as his tawny skin; and, not proceeding from the heart, they may leave it cold as the snows, and hard as the rocks among which, remote from the Christian world, he holds his mountain fastness. But, not to say that the prayers of our lips may be as formal and lifeless as those of the Buddhist's wheel, rude as is the method of his worship, and dark as may be the mind of the worshipper, there is a glimmering here of these truths—"instant in prayer," "pray without ceasing"—"men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

It is hard, fainting work, praying. It is harder work to pray than preach; since for one who could pray well, I will get you a hundred who could preach well a whole hour. How much easier for the sailor

to watch the night through on the rolling deck, the sentinel on the beleaguered wall, than, with John Welsh in Ayr's old church, alone, in the darkness, with the town sleeping in their houses, and the dead around sleeping in their graves, to pass a whole night on our knees?

We ask, and receive not. Why? Because, says the Apostle, we ask amiss. We do not believe what we profess; nor feel what we say; nor wish what we ask—or, if we do, we do not take the right way of getting it. And how can we expect God to answer prayer when he sees, what we ourselves might see, that we are not earnest? If we were, we would be urgent—praying in the house, by the way, on our beds, at our business—prayer, sounding or silent, a constant flowing stream. By constant dropping, the water wears a hole in the hardest stone. By constant growing, the tree-root rends the hardest rocks asunder. And who, as he sat on a jutting crag amid the spray of the roaring, flashing cataract, has not marked how by her constant flow the river has polished its rugged sides, and worn out smooth runnels for its streams? With such a feeble power, through the force of continued action, how great the results? That rock, indeed, is no more a symbol of the kind heart of God than this unjust judge is, in character, a type of Him who is, I repeat it, not unjust, but just; nor merely just, but merciful and gracious, long suffering, and slow to wrath, abundant in goodness and in truth. Yet, as it is only perseverance in grace that can carry us up to heaven, it is only perseverance in prayer that can bring its blessings down. Such is the plan of redemption, the ordinance of God—"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

CONCERNING OLD ENEMIES.

It may be assumed as certain, that most readers of this page have on some occasion climbed a high hill. It may be esteemed as probable, that when half-way up, they felt out of breath and tired. It is extremely likely that, having come to some inviting spot, they sat down and rested for a little, before passing on to the summit. Now, my reader, if you have done all that, I feel assured that you must have remarked as a fact, that though when you sit down you cease to make progress, you do not go back. You do not lose the ground already gained. But if you ever think at all, even though it should be as little as possible, you must have discerned the vexatious truth that in respect of another and more important kind of progress, unless you keep going on, you begin to go back. You struggle, in a moral sense, up the steep slope: and you sit down at the top, thinking to yourself, Now *that* is overcome. But after resting for a while you look

round: and lo! insensibly you have been sliding down; and you are back again at the foot of the eminence you climbed with so much pains and toil.

There are certain enemies with which every worthy human being has to fight, as regards which you will feel, as you go on, that this principle holds especially true: the principle that if you do not keep going forward, you will begin to lose ground and go backward. It is not enough to knock these enemies on the head for once. In your inexperienced days you will do this: and then, seeing that they look quite dead, you will fancy they will never trouble you any more. But you will find out, to your painful cost, that those enemies of yours and mine must be knocked at the head repeatedly. One knocking, though the severest, will not suffice. They keep always reviving: and struggling to their feet again: a little weak at first through the batter-

ing you gave them ; but in a very short time as vigorous and mischievous as ever. The Frenchman, imperfectly acquainted with the force of English words, and eager that extremest vengeance should be wreaked on certain human foes, cried aloud, "KILL THEM VERY OFTEN !" And *that*, my friend, as regards the worst enemies we have got, is precisely what you and I must do.

If we are possessed of common sense to even a limited amount, we must know quite well who are our worst enemies. Not Miss Limejuice, who tells lies to make you appear a conceited, silly, and ignorant person. Nor Mr. Snarling, who diligently strives to prevent your reaching something you would like, because (as he says) the disappointment will do you good. Not the human curs that gnarr at your heels when you attain some conspicuous success or distinction ; which probably you worked hard for, and waited long for. Not these. "A man's foes," by special eminence and distinction, are even nearer him than "they of his own house : " a man's worst enemies are they of his own heart and soul. The enemies that do you most harm ; and probably that cause you most suffering ; are tendencies and feelings in yourself. If all within the citadel were right : if the troop of thoughts and affections *there* were orderly and well-disposed and well-guided : we should be very independent of the enemies outside. Outside temptation can never make a man do wrong, till something inside takes it by the hand, and fraternizes with it, and sides with it. The bad impulse within must walk up arm in arm with the bad impulse from without, and introduce it to the will, before the bad impulse from without, however powerful it may be, can make man or woman go astray from right. All this, however, may be taken for granted. What I wish to impress on the reader is this : that in fighting with these worst enemies, it is not enough for once to cut them down, smash them, bray them in a mortar. If you were fighting with a Chinese invader ; and if you were to send a rifle bullet through his head, or in any other way to extinguish his life ; you would feel that he was done with. You would have no more trouble from *that* quarter. But once shoot or slash the ugly beast which is called Envy, or Self-Conceit, or Unworthy Ambition, or Hasty Speaking, or general Foolishness : and you need not plume yourself that you will not be troubled any more with him. Let us call the beast by the general name of BESETTING SIN : and let us recognise the fact, that though you never willingly give it a moment's quarter, though you smash in its head (in a moral sense) with a big stone, though you kick it (in a moral sense) till it seems to be lying quite lifeless ; in a little while it will be up again, as strong as ever. And the only way to keep it down, is to knock it on the skull afresh every time it begins to lift up its ugly face. Or, to go back to my first figure ; you have climbed, by a hard effort, up to a certain moral elevation. You have reached a position, climbing up the great ascent that leads towards God, at which you feel

resigned to God's will ; and kindly disposed to all your fellow-creatures, even to such as have done you a bad turn already, and will not fail to do the like again. You also feel as if your heart were not set, as it once used to be, upon worldly aims and ends : but as if you were really day by day working towards something quite different and a great deal higher. You feel humble : patient : charitable. You sit down there, on that moral elevation, satisfied with yourself ; and thinking to yourself : Now, I am a humble, contented, kindly, Christian human being ; and I am so for life. And let it be said thankfully, If you keep always on the alert, always watching against any retrogression, always with a stone ready to knock any old enemy on the head, always looking and seeking for a strength beyond your own,—you may remain all *that* for life. But if you grow lazy and careless, in a very little while you will have glided a long way down the hill again. You will be back at your old evil ways. You will be eager to get on, and as set on this world as if this world were all : you will find yourself hitting hard the man who has hit you : envying and detracting from the man who has surpassed you : and all the other bad things. Or if you do not retrograde so far as *that* : if you pull yourself up before the old bad impulse within you comes to actual bad deeds : still you will know that the old bad impulse within you is stirring ; and that, by God's help, you must give it another stab.

Now this is disheartening. When by making a great effort, very painful and very long, you have put such a bad impulse down, it is very natural to think that it will never vex you any more. The dragon has been trampled under the horse's feet : its head has been cut off : surely you are done with it. You have ruled your spirit into being right and good : into being magnanimous, kindly, humble. And then you fancied you might go a-head to something more advanced : you had got over the *Pons Asinorum* in the earnest moral work of life. You have extirpated the wolves from your England : and now you may go on to destroy the moles. The wolves are all lying dead, each stabbed to the heart. You honestly believe that you had got beyond them ; and that whatever new enemies may assail you, the old ones, at least, are done with finally. But the wolves get up again. The old enemies revive.

I have sometimes wondered whether those men who have done much to help you and me in the putting down of our worst enemies, have truly and finally slain those enemies as far as concerns themselves. Is the man, in reading whose pages I feel I am subjected to a healthful influence, that puts down the unworthy parts of my nature, and that makes me feel more kindly, magnanimous, hopeful, and earnest than when left to myself : is that man, I wonder, always as good himself as for the time he makes me ? Or can it be true that the man who seems not merely to have knocked on the head the lower impulses of his own nature ; but to have done good to you and me, my friend, by helping to kill

those impulses within us : has still to be fighting away with beasts, like St. Paul at Ephesus : still to be lamenting, on many days, that the ugly faces of suspicion, jealousy, disposition to retaliate when assailed, and the like, keep wakening up and flying at him again? I fear it is so. I doubt whether the human being lives in whom evil, however long and patiently trodden down, does not sometimes erect its crest, and hiss, and need to be trodden down again. Vain thoughts and fancies, long extinguished, will waken up : unworthy tendencies will give a push, now and then. And especially, I believe it is a great delusion to fancy that a man who writes in a healthy and kindly strain *is* what he counsels. If he be an honest and earnest man, I believe that he is striving after that which he counsels ; and that he is aiming at the spirit and temper which he sets out. I think I can generally make out what are a moral or religious writer's besetting sins, by remarking what are the virtues he chiefly magnifies. He is struggling after those virtues : struggling to break away from the corresponding errors and failings. If you find a man who in all he writes is scrupulously fair and temperate, it is probable that he is a very excitable and prejudiced person : but that he knows it, and honestly strives against it. An author who always expresses himself with remarkable calmness, is probably by nature a ferocious and savage man. But you may see in the way in which he restricts himself in the matter of adjectives, and in which he excludes the superlative degree, that he is making a determined effort to put down his besetting sin. And probably he fancies, quite honestly, that he has finally knocked that enemy on the head. The truth no doubt is, that it is because the enemy is still alive, and occasionally barking and biting, that it is kept so well in check. There is just enough of the old beast surviving, to compel attention to it : the attention which consists in keeping a foot always on its head, and in occasionally giving it a vehement whack. The most eminent good qualities in human beings are generally formed by diligent putting down of the corresponding evil qualities. It was a stutrer who became the greatest ancient orator. It was a man who still bore on his satyr face the indications of his old satyr nature, who became the best of heathens. And as with Socrates and Demosthenes, it has been with many more. If a man writes always very judiciously, rely upon it he has a strong tendency to foolishness : but he is keeping it tight in check. If a man writes always very kindly and charitably, depend upon it he is fighting to the death a tendency to bitterness and uncharitableness.

A faithful and earnest preacher, resolved to say no more than he has known and felt ; and remembering the wise words of Dean Alford, "What thou hast not by suffering bought, presume thou not to teach ;" would necessarily show to a sharp observer a great deal of himself and his inner being : even though rigidly avoiding the slightest suspicion of

egotism in his preaching. And it need hardly be said that egotism is not to be tolerated in the pulpit.

After you have in an essay or a sermon described and condemned some evil tendency that is in human nature, you are ready to think that you have finally overcome it. And after you have described and commended some good disposition, you are ready to think that you have attained it ; and that you will not lose it again. And for the time, if you be an honest man, you *have* smashed the foe ; you *have* gained the vantage ground. But, woe's me, the good disposition dies away ; and the foe gradually revives, and struggles to his legs again. Let us not fancy that because we have been (as we fancied) once right, we shall never go wrong. We must be always watchful. The enemy that seemed most thoroughly beaten, may (apart from God's grace) beat us yet. The publican, when he went up to the temple to pray, expressed himself in a fashion handed down to all ages with the *imprimatur* upon it. Yet, for all his speaking so fairly, the day might come when, having grown a reformed character and gained general approbation, he would stand in a conspicuous place and thank God that he was not as other men. Let us trust *that* day never came. Yet, if the publican had said to himself, as he went down to his house, Now, I have attained an excellent pitch of morality : I am all right : I am a model for future generations : that day would be very likely to come.

It is a humiliating and discouraging sight to behold a man plainly succumbing to an enemy which you fancied he had long got over. You may have seen an individual of more than middle age making a fool of himself by carrying on absurd flirtations with young girls, who were babies in long-clothes when he first was spoony. You would have said, looking at such a man's outward aspect, and knowing something of his history, that years had brought this compensation for what they had taken away, that he would not make a conspicuous ass of himself any more. But the old enemy is too much for him : and oh how long that man's ears would appear, if the inner ass could be represented outwardly ! You may have seen such a one, after passing through a discipline which you would have expected to sober him, evincing a frantic exhilaration in the prospect of his third marriage. And you may have witnessed a person evincing a high degree of a folly he had unsparingly scourged in others. I have beheld, in old folk, manifestations of absurdity all very well in the very young, which suggested to me the vision of a stiff, spavined, lame, broken-down old hack, fit only for the knacker, trying to jauntily scamper about in a field with a set of spirited, fresh young colts. And looking at the spectacle, I have reflected on the true statement of the Venerable Bede, that there are no fools like old fools.

But here it may be said, that we are not to suppose that a thing is wrong, unless it can bear to be looked back on in cold blood. Many a word is spoken, and many a deed done, and fitly too, in the

warmth of the moment, which will not bear the daylight of a time when the excitement is over. Mr. Caudle was indignant when his wife reminded him of his sayings before marriage. They sounded foolish now in Caudle's ears. This did not suffice to show that those sayings were not very fit at the time: nor does it prove that the tendency to say many things under strong feeling is an enemy to be put down. You have said, with a trembling voice, and with the tear in your eye, things which are no discredit to you: though you might not be disposed to say the like just after coming out of your bath in the morning. You needed to be warmed up to a certain pitch: and then the spark was struck off. And only a very malicious or a very stupid person would remind you of these things when you are not in a correspondent vein.

And now that we have had this general talk about these old enemies, let us go on to look at some of them individually. It may do us good to poke up a few of the beasts, and to make them arise and walk about in their full ugliness: and then to smite them on the head as with a hammer. Let this be a new slaying of the slain, who never can be slain too often.

Perhaps you may not agree with me when I say that one of these beasts is Ambition. I mean unscrupulous self-seeking. You resolved, long ago, to give no harbour to that: and so to exclude the manifold evils that came of it. You determined that you would resolutely refuse to scheme, or push, or puff, or hide your honest opinions, or dodge in any way, for the purpose of getting on. You know how eager some people are to let their light shine before men, to the end that men may think what clever fellows those people are. You know how anxious some men are to set themselves right in newspapers and the like: and to stand fair (as they call it) with the public. You know how some men, when they do any good work, have recourse to means highly analogous to the course adopted by a class of persons long ago, who sounded a trumpet before them in the streets to call attention to their charitable deeds. I know individuals who constantly sound their own trumpet, and that a very brazen one: sound it in conversation, in newspaper paragraphs, in advertisements, in speeches at public meetings. But you, an honest and modest person, were early disgusted by that kind of thing: and you determined that you would do your duty quietly and faithfully, spending all your strength upon your work, and not sparing a large percentage of it for the trumpet. You resolved that you would never admit the thought of setting yourself more favourably before your fellow-creatures. You learned to look your humble position in the face: and to discard the idea of getting any mortal to think you greater or better than you are. Yes: you hope that the petty self-seeking, which keeps some men ever on the strut and stretch, has been outgrown by you. Yet if you would be safe from one of the most contemptible foes of all moral manhood, you must keep your club

in your hand; and every now and then quiet the creature by giving it a heavy blow on the head. St. Paul tells us that he had "*learned to be content.*" It cost him effort. It cost him time. It was not natural. He came down, we may be sure, with many a heavy stroke, on the innate disposition to repine when things did not go in the way he wanted them. And that is what we must do.

As you look back now, it is likely enough that you recal a time when self-seeking seemed thoroughly dead in you. You were not very old, perhaps: yet you fancied that (by God's help) you had outgrown ambition. You did your work as well as you could; and in the evening you sat in your easy chair by the fireside: looking not without interest at the feverish race of worldly competition, yet free from the least thought of running in it. As for thinking of your own eminence, or imagining that any one would take the trouble of talking about you, *that never entered your mind.* And as you beheld the eager pushing of other men, and their frantic endeavours to keep themselves before the human race, you wondered what worldly inducement would lead you to do the like. But did you always keep in that happy condition? Did you not, now and then, feel some little waking up of the old thing: and become aware that you were being drawn into the current? If so, let us hope that you resolutely came out of it: and that you found quiet in the peaceful back-water, apart from that horrible feverish stream.

There is another old enemy, a two-headed monster, that is not done with when it has been killed once. It is a near relative of the last: it is the ugly creature Self-Conceit and Envy. I call it a two-headed monster, rather than two monsters; it is a double manifestation of one evil principle: Self-Conceit is the principle as it looks at yourself; Envy is the same thing as it looks at other men. I fear it must be admitted that there is in human nature a disposition to talk bitterly of people who are more eminent and successful than yourself: and though you expel it with a pitchfork, that old enemy will come back again. This disposition exists in many walks of life. A Lord Chancellor has left on record his opinion, that nowhere is there so much envy and jealousy as among the members of the English bar. A great actor has declared that nowhere is there so much as among actors and actresses. Several authors have maintained that no human beings are so bitter at seeing one of themselves get on a little, as literary folk. And a popular preacher has been heard to say that envy and detraction go their greatest length among preachers. Let us hope that the last statement is erroneous. But I fear that these testimonies, coming from quarters so various, lead to the conclusion that envy and detraction (which imply self-conceit), are too natural and common everywhere. You may have heard a number of men talking about one man in their own vocation who had got a good deal ahead of them: and who never had done

them any harm except thus getting ahead of them : and you may have been amazed at the awful animosity evinced towards the successful man. But success, in others, is a thing which some mortals cannot forgive. You may have known people savagely abuse a man because he set up a carriage, or because he moved to a finer house, or because he bought an estate in the country. You remember the outburst which followed when Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle. Of course, the true cause of the outburst was, that Macaulay should have been at Windsor Castle at all. Let us be thankful, my friend, that such an eminent distinction is not likely to happen either to you or me : we have each acquaintances who would never forgive us if it did. What a raking up of all the sore points in your history would follow, if the Queen were to ask you to dinner ! And if you should ever succeed to a fortune, what unspeakable bitterness would be awakened in the hearts of Mr. Snarling and Miss Limejuice ! If their malignant glances could lame your horses as you drive by them with that fine new pair, the horses would limp home with great difficulty. And if their eyes could set your grand house on fire, immediately on the new furniture going in, a heavy loss would fall either upon you or the Insurance Company.

But this will not do. As you read these lines, my friend, you picture yourself as the person who attains the eminence and succeeds to the fortune : and you picture Miss Limejuice and Mr. Snarling as two of your neighbours. But what I desire is, that you should change the case : imagine your friend Smith preferred before you : and consider whether there would not be something of the Snarling tendency in yourself. Of course, you would not suffer it to manifest itself : but it is there, and needs to be put down. And it needs to be put down more than once. You will now and then be vexed and mortified to find that, after fancying you had quite made up your mind to certain facts, you are far from really having done so. Well, you must just try again. You must look for help where it is always to be found. And in the long run you will succeed. It will be painful, after you fancied you had weeded out self-conceit and envy from your nature, to find yourself some day talking in a bitter and ill-set way about some man or some woman whose real offence is merely having been more prosperous than yourself. You thought you had got beyond that. But it is all for your good to be reminded that the old root of bitterness is there yet : that you are never done with it : that you must be always cutting it down. A gardener might as justly suppose that because he has mown down the grass of a lawn very closely to-day, the grass will never grow up and need mowing again, as we fancy that because we have unsparingly put down an evil tendency within us, we shall have no more trouble with it.

Did nature give you, my friend, or education

develop in you, a power of saying or writing severe things, which might stick into people as the little darts stick into the bull at a Spanish bull-fight ? I believe that there are very few persons who might not, if their heart would let them, acquire the faculty of producing disagreeable things, expressed with more or less of neatness and felicity. And in the case of the rare man here and there, who says his ill-set saying with epigrammatic point, like the touch of a rapier, the ill-setness may be excused, because the thing is so gracefully said. We would not wish that tigers should be exterminated : but it is to be desired that they should be very few. Let there be spared a specimen, here and there, of the graceful, agile, ferocious savage. But you, my reader, were no great hand at epigrams, though you were ready enough with your ill-set remark : and after some experience, you concluded that there is something better in this world than to say things, however cleverly, that are intended to give pain. And so you determined to cut that off, and to go upon the kindly tack : to say a good and cheering word whenever you had the opportunity : to be ready with a charitable interpretation of what people do : and never to utter or to write a word that could vex a fellow-creature, who (you may be sure) has quite enough to vex him without your adding anything. Perhaps you did all this : rather overdoing the thing : ill-set people are apt to overdo the thing when they go in for kindness and geniality. But some day, having met some little offence, the electricity that had been storing up during that season of repression, burst out in a flash of what may, by a strong figure, be called forked lightning : the old enemy had got the mastery again. And indeed a hasty temper, founding as it does mainly on irritability of the nervous system, is never quite got over. It may be much aggravated by yielding to it : and much abated by constant restraint : but unless the beast be perpetually seen to, it is sure to be bursting out now and then. Socrates, you remember, said that his temper was naturally hasty and bad ; but that philosophy had cured him. I believe it needs something much more efficacious than any human philosophy to work such a cure. No doubt, you may diligently train yourself to see what is to be said in excuse of the offences given you by your fellow-creatures ; and to look at the case as it appears from their point of view. This will help. But though ill-temper, left to its natural growth, will grow always worse, there is a point at which it has been found to mend. When the nervous system grows less sensitive through age, hastiness of temper sometimes goes. The old enemy is weakened : the beast has been (so to speak) hamstrung. You will be told that the thing which mainly impressed persons who saw the great Duke of Wellington in the last months of his life, was what a mild, gentle old man he was. Of course, every one knows that he was not always so. The days were, when his temper was hot and hasty enough.

And thus thinking of physical influence, let us remember that what is vulgarly called nervousness is an enemy which many men know to their cost is not to be got over. The firmest assurance that you have done a thing many times, and so should be able to do it once more, may not suffice to enable you to look forward to doing it without a vague tremor and apprehension. There are human beings, all whose work is done without any very great nervous strain: there are others in whose vocation there come many times that put their whole nature upon the stretch. And these times test a man. You know a horse may be quite lame, while yet it does not appear in walking. Trot the creature smartly: and the lameness becomes manifest. In like manner, a man may be nervous, particular, crotchety, superstitious: while yet this may not appear till you trot him sharply: put him at some work that must be done with the full stretch of his powers. And then you will see that he has got little odd ways of his own. I do not know what is the sensation of going into battle, and finding one's self under fire: but short of that, I think the greatest strain to which a human being is usually subjected, is that of the preacher. A little while ago, I was talking with a distinguished clergyman: and being desirous of comparing his experience with that of his juniors, I asked him,

1. Whether, in walking to church on Sunday to preach, he did not always walk on the same side of the street? Whether he would not feel uncomfortable, and as if something were going wrong, if he made any change?

2. Whether, when waiting in the vestry, the minute or two before the beadle should come to precede him into church, he did not always stand on the same spot? Whether it would not put him out of gear, to vary from that?

My eminent friend answered all these questions in the affirmative. Of course, there are a great many men to whom I should no more have thought of proposing such questions than I should think of proposing them to a rhinoceros. Such men, probably, have no little ways: and if they had, they would not admit that they had. But my friend is so very able a man, and so very sincere a man, that he had no reason to be afraid of any one thinking him little, though he acknowledged to having his little fancies. And indeed, when you come to know people well, you will find that they have all ways that are quite analogous to Johnson's touching the tops of all the posts as he walked London streets. They would not exactly say, that they are afraid of anything happening to them if they deviated from the old track: but they think it just as well to keep on the safe side, by not deviating from it.

Possibly there was a period in your life, in which you had no objection to get into controversies upon political or religious subjects with other men: which controversies gradually grew angry: and probably ended in mutual abuse, but assuredly not

in conviction. 'But having remarked, in the case of other controversialists, what fools they invariably made of themselves: having remarked their ludicrous exaggeration of the importance of their dispute, and the malice and disingenuousness with which they carried on their debate (more especially if they were clergymen): having remarked, in brief, how very little a controversialist ever looks like a Christian: you turned, in loathing, from the whole thing, and resolved that you would never get into a controversy, public or private, with any mortal, upon any subject, any more. Stick to that resolution, my friend; it is a good one. But you will occasionally be tempted to break it. Whenever the old enemy assails you, just think what a demagogue or agitator, political or religious, looks like in the eyes of all sensible and honest men!

Perhaps you had a tendency to be suspicious; and you have broken yourself of it. Perhaps your temptation was to be easily worried by little cross-accidents; and to get needlessly excited. Perhaps your temptation was to laziness: to putting off duty till to-morrow: to untidiness: to moral cowardice. Whatever it was, my friend, never think yourself so cured of any evil habit, that you may cease to mow it down. If Demosthenes had left off attending to his speaking, he would have relapsed into his old evil ways. If St. Paul, after having learned to be content, had ceased to see to that, he would gradually have grown a grumbler.

I am going to close this little procession of old enemies which has passed before our eyes, by naming a large and general one. It is Folly. My friend, if you have attained to any measure of common sense now, you know what a tremendous fool you were once. If you do not know that, then you are a fool still. Ah, reader, wise and good, you know all the weakness, the silliness, the absurd fancies and dreams, that have been yours. I presume that you are ready to give up a great part of your earlier life: you have not a word to say for it. All your desire is that it should in charity be forgotten. But surely you will not now make a fool of yourself any more. There shall be no more now of the hasty talking, the vapouring about your own importance, the idiotic sayings and doings you wish you could bury in Lethe: and which you may be very sure certain of your kind friends carefully remember and occasionally fecal. But now and then the logic of facts will convince you that the old enemy is not quite annihilated yet; and you say something you regret the moment it is uttered. You do something which indicates that you have lost your head for the time.

Let it be said, in conclusion, as the upshot of the whole matter, that the wise man will never think he is safe till he has reached a certain Place where no enemy can assail him more. I beg my friend Mr. Snarling to take notice, that I do not pretend to have pointed out in these pages the worst of those old enemies that get up again and run at us after they have been knocked on the head once.

and more than once. If this had been a sermon, I should have given you a very different catalogue; and one that would have awakened more serious thoughts. Not but that those which have been named are well worth thinking of. The day will never come, in this world, on which it will be safe for us to sit down in perfect security; and to say to ourselves, Now we need keep no watch; we may (in a moral sense) draw the charge from our revolver because it will not be needed; we may fall asleep and nothing will meddle with us the while. For all around us, my friend, are the old enemies of our souls and our salvation: some aiming at nothing more than to make us disagreeable

and repulsive, petty and jealous; others aiming at nothing less than to make us unfit for the only Home where we can know perfect rest and peace: some stealing upon us more stealthily, silently, fatally, than ever the Indian crept through the darkness of night upon the traveller nodding over his watch-fire: some coming down upon us, strong and sudden as the tiger's agile spring. Well, we know what to do: we must watch and pray. And the time will come at length, when the pack of wolves shall be lashed off for ever: when the evil within us shall be killed outright, and beyond all reviving: and when the evil around us shall be gone.

A. K. H. B.

THE CURATE OF SUVERDSIO.

BY THE LATE D. M. MOIR (DELTA).

I.

THE ancient Chroniclers of Sweden give a melancholy account of the state of that country under the oppressive tyranny of Christiern the Second, King of Denmark, who, stung to frenzy by the generous spirit of independence that actuated the Senate in opposing the degradations to which he was continually endeavouring to subject it, gave reins at length to the bloodthirstiness of his disposition in the awful massacre of Stockholm.

Before the perpetration of this merciless act, which clothed one half of the nation in the garments of mourning and plunged all in sorrow, murmurs were heard from many a tongue in many a quarter; half-stifled imprecations and threats of vengeance mingling themselves with the voice of lamentation; and all seemed only to await a signal, looking around with impatience for some one whose sense of wrongs or natural hardihood might stimulate him to be the first in throwing down the gauntlet of defiance and sounding the trumpet of rebellion. Yet so paralysed was the common mind by the horrid spectacle which had been exhibited, that amazement and terror conspired to keep all in check; and while the more enterprising began to regard the revolution they meditated as hopeless or desperate, the more wavering abandoned altogether the scheme of taking up arms as one fraught with utter desolation and necessary ruin.

To render the misery of the country complete, an immense number of names blackened the roll of proscription, and almost certain death was the fate of every fugitive who did not succeed in effecting an escape. At the time about which our historiette opens, this began to become an almost impossible matter, from the exposed nature of the country, the dangers of travelling among the hills, and the general poverty of the peasants, combined with the dread they entertained of harbouring those over whose heads hung the Damoclean sword of Danish vengeance. The approach of winter rendered the

sum of their miseries complete,—for what more dismal can be conceived than for wretches who have no home, to be obliged to wander over the frozen hills in the darkness, and to hide among the forests during the daylight, subsisting on whatever means the chance goodness of Providence might afford, paying when it was in their power, or trusting, in penniless poverty, to the gushing forth of human benevolence, a spring which, to the honour of our nature, is not always frozen up in the bosom of man? For such was the panic struck into all hearts by the massacre of the nobility in senate assembled, and the butchery in cold blood of the crowds who thronged the streets of the capital, without respect to sex, age, or person, that almost none on whom suspicion of independent principles rested, dared show their face in the towns, from fear of military violence, or the hazard of being informed on, and delivered up by the harpies in whom the love of money extinguished every noble principle,—who not only submitted quietly to the tyranny of Denmark, but betrayed for wages the patriotic children of their own land.

The province of Dalecarlia, from its mountainous and almost inaccessible nature, was one of the principal places wherein the fugitives sought shelter; and not the less from its being the last division of Sweden that had submitted to foreign tyranny. The population was necessarily thin, and scattered over a vast extent, there being scarcely a place worthy the appellation of a town in the whole district, and the villages being widely dispersed over the edges of the boundless forests of pine, larch, and fir, and over the banks of the lakes and rivers that intersect the country. These villages, moreover, were not, like those in the other provinces of Sweden, under the control of some particular nobleman or gentleman; but were governed by the peasantry, who exercised among themselves the right of choosing governors, either to lead them to the field of battle, or to settle disputes in the case of civil

differences. So high had they carried this spirit of independence, that no government dared send either troops or garrisons into this province without giving sufficient pledges to the natives for the preservation of their immunities; while, from the dread of their discovering that obedience on their part might be, if they so willed, only a matter of choice, a few skins formed the solitary tax ever levied; and no attempt at innovation was ever made on their ancient customs; being thus what La Vendée has been to France, or the Tyrol to Switzerland.

It was towards nightfall that a traveller approached the hamlet of Suverdsio, among these ragged and sequestered hills. The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and the thick fir-woods that stretched as far as the eye could reach over the mountains and down into the valleys, were beginning, especially in the lower grounds, to wear a blue and sombre aspect. The clouds, drifted by the sharp winds, hurried over to the west; and flakes of snow came whirling down upon the rocks, in the angles of which the withered leaves went eddying round with a desolate noise. The stranger felt accordingly that it was no time to stand on ceremony; so, walking through the little grass court in front of the parsonage, a high-roofed, antique-looking building, at the hither extremity of the little village, he tapped at the deep low-browed door, and begged quarters for the night. Fortunately for the success of his request, the curate himself chanced to be at home, else the only other inmates of his house, his pretty daughter, and a young woman that attended them, might have hesitated about receiving under the roof, during such dangerous times, any one who petitioned for what, in more peaceful days, no one within would have dreamt of refusing.

Without any but mere general questions being asked, the evening passed on, and supper was spread for their guest of the best that the house afforded, which was dried deer's-flesh broiled, and a dish of groute. As is generally the case in savage or mountainous countries, hospitality was a virtue among the Dalecarlians, the neglect of which infallibly entailed disgrace. But the curate was not of those who are actuated more by the dread of displeasure, than by the delight which the exercise of the gentler feelings brings to their possessor. Far removed from ostentation and the bustle of active life, his care was the preservation of the flock whose souls had been consigned to his keeping. Though possessing talents, he looked not around for the passing dignities of this life, but forward to the unfading brilliancies of the next. The scion of an unambitious family, he had taken root in his native spot, his father and his grandfather having preceded him in the same cure; and already the silver hairs of age were mingling with the natural black, to warn him that another generation was springing up around him, before which his own must necessarily pass away. Yet what needed he to care for a wider sphere, when all for whom he bore regard in life were around him?—his beloved and loving flock

—his beautiful and dutiful daughter—the moss-grown tombs of his fathers—and the more recent and carefully-preserved grave of his wife. This last relic was not the one that had least influence over his mind in knitting it to the loneliness of Suverdsio, for to Grethe Hannson he had been early attached; he had married her in pure love, and had lived with her in almost perfect happiness till the arm of death had been suddenly outstretched between them, leaving him, while yet in the maturity of life, a mournful widower. But she had not all perished; for a daughter, the very image of her whom heaven had taken away, grew up at his feet, and soothed his solitary hours; while sorrow at length gradually softened down into resignation, and he looked abroad on nature with a more cheerful eye, delighting in the society of a child whose buoyant disposition filled his solitude with delight, and rendered even the bare rocks around him a type of Paradise.

When supper was over, and the crescent moon shone down on the dewy window-sill, the daughter retired from table, leaving her father to entertain their guest and enjoy his conversation. She went into the adjoining kitchen, where, by the light of a lamp, her servant, or rather female companion, was busied in knitting; and seating herself by the fire, opened a book of old national songs and stories, which she took an especial delight in conning over, as her young fancy rioted among the wars, and loves, and superstitions of the olden time. She was in the act of reading one of the legends relating to Holger Danske, the great ogre of Northern romance, and her friend Katherine sat listening in delighted attention—the wind sighed, but only from without—the faggots crackled—the kitten gambolled on the hearth, and all was cheerful—when Katherine, stopping her by putting her finger on her arm, said, "Hist! did ye not hear something?"

On listening a moment, they heard louder words than those of ordinary conversation proceeding from the room where were the curate and his guest; ever and anon the tread of feet, as some one leisurely measured the apartment; and then a hushing sound, as if silence had been imposed on their conversation, from the probability of its being overheard.

Margaret, whose love for her father was surpassing, was not a little anxious in mind, especially as the person admitted to the house was a perfect stranger, and might conceal designs under specious appearances, which, in the existing troubled state of the country, might eventually be calculated to bring them into distress. Personal harm to her parent she dreaded none—for, beholding the reverence in which he was universally held, and the respect paid to his every word and action—her innocence imagined that the fame of his virtues and sanctity pervaded the world, and that the injuring a single hair of his head would be regarded as an atrocity amounting almost to sacrilege. Above her father she seemed always to behold the arm of protecting Omnipotence stretched out; and rejoiced in the in-

ward confidence that no breathing creature could harbour a malicious design against one the sound of whose name was wafted like a healing balsam to the cottager by his valley fireside, and to the solitary mountaineer watching his straggled flocks on the hill of storms.

A short time elapsed, in which some feeling of suspense was indeed predominant; but at length, the door opening, the curate was seen standing on the threshold with a light in his hand; and he called to Margaret to bring him the keys of the church, and his hat.

The stranger followed, muffled up in a large woollen cloak with which he had been supplied; and carrying over his arm a coverlet, which Margaret had brought at the command of her father. The curate led the way, with the large rusty keys of the church in one hand, and a spacious circular horn lantern in the other. The night was still gusty, and white clouds were fleeing like evil spirits across the sky, dimming the radiance of the declining moon. Having opened a postern door which led through a small garden, at the foot of which rippled a clear streamlet amid its bordering willows, and crossing a narrow wooden bridge, whose whitened planks glittered with the sparry lustre of hoar-frost, they found themselves on the pathway that terminated at the neighbouring church.

The church itself was an old, fantastic-looking Gothic structure of inconsiderable extent, with a conical spire at the western angle; buttressed walls, with oblong diced windows in the interspaces; and a large low-browed door in the eastern gable. All around wore the melancholy aspect of hoar antiquity; and amid a scene so solitary and deserted, life and living things seemed to have passed away, and the sharp-horned moon looked as if setting in the last night of the world. Everything was silent, except the savage winds, tossing in transitory gusts the dry branches of the black pines, or moaning with unearthly voices through the crevices of the grey building,—whose shadows, falling like a black mantle over the silent field of graves, might have shaped it out to the eye of fancy as Loke, or some of the other monstrous impersonations of the Scandinavian mythology, keeping guard, with malignant scowl, over a region desecrated to their dominion.

II.

The vicar led his guest through the body of the building into the sacristy, where was a small fireplace, supplied with dry faggots ready to be lighted. The blankets were spread out over some deal seats, which made a tolerable substitute for a bedstead. In a little while the hearth crackled and began to blaze cheerily, lighting up the gloomy walls and dispelling the damp, mouldy smell of the atmosphere, while the stranger began to feel himself in a situation more secure and comfortable than he had experienced for a considerable time before. So when the curate, after some little stay and conversation, wished him a good night, and locked one after an-

other the great creaking doors, he wrapped him in his coverlet and lay down, glad, after the fatigues of his many wanderings, to enjoy a sound and refreshing slumber, and little scrupulous where that slumber visited him.

When the curate approached his own door, he found his child anxiously awaiting him in the doorway, and as she took the light from him, she said tenderly, "Bless thee, my father; oh how glad am I that you have come safe back to us!"

"Margaret," replied the curate, taking her by the hand, "Margaret, my dear child, there needed no such violent expression of affection. I have been running no risks; I have been encountering no dangers, farther than showing a noble houseless fellow-creature to a very miserable bedchamber: but it is the best—at least the securest—we have to offer. May he have a sound sleep. But harken to me;" and so saying he preceded her into the parlour.

"Well, father?"

"While that stranger is in our keeping," said the curate, "the utmost secrecy must be preserved. Hint not of having seen any one; mention not to a creature that we have a strange man in hiding. Would that I could do him service; his cause—our cause, for it is the cause of Heaven and humanity—demands it; and, Margaret, as I am often called on holy errands from home, great part of the duty of attending upon him, and supplying his necessary wants, may devolve on thee, for I would not for a world's wealth that—"

"Oh, assuredly, father," answered Margaret, kindled as it were by a sudden emotion, whose glow lighted up her beautiful features; "I trust you shall never find me wanting in charity to the distressed."

"Call it not charity, daughter," said the curate. "It is, in this case especially, duty—imperative duty. Know you that our guest is one of the persecuted patriots—one of the men of whom our dastardly tameness is unworthy."

At mention of these words her cheek paled, and she pressed her hand to her side, as if some pain at her heart impeded her breathing, which, in a moment after, heaved her bosom more tumultuously. "Sure then, father, he does not come from this quarter of the land," she said; "at least I do not remember having ever seen him before."

"Oh, I daresay not," was the reply. "But whether stranger or not, you know your duty, and I need not repeat my instructions to you. Say nothing on the subject to any one, and see that you have breakfast ready for me betimes to carry to him in the morning; for not kings themselves, nor even enthusiasts, can live entirely on air. See, then, that you attend, child."

"It was lucky, father," said Margaret, "that he came not to us sooner. If he had been in the house the other day, when the wild Copenhagen horsemen came rummaging about, turning the world upside down, perhaps,—but there is no saying!"

"That is the most inconclusive remark, Margaret, that ever flowed from the lip of man or maiden," said the curate, smiling. "If you had been living at the time of the flood, with Noah and Shem, then, perhaps,—but there is no saying!"

"Ah, father, you are hard upon me; for you know he might have been taken—dragged from our hearth—and hanged on the first tree; as was done with Ulric Staaden's lodger the other week!"

"Well, Margaret," said the curate, "I heartily rejoice with you that he has thus far escaped them; and let us hope the best for the future."

"Did he not mention Regner Beron?" added Margaret, with somewhat of a sheepish look, as if the question did some little violence to her bashfulness. "Ah! father, you might have asked somewhat about him; you know that he is somewhat related to us by blood; that he was born in our district, and was my playmate when we were young, very young, and happy creatures. To be sure now he is a soldier, or lately was, and it is difficult to say for whom, or against whom, he carries arms. I hope, for old acquaintance' sake, that Heaven has directed him."

"Tuts, child," said the curate; "have you not forgotten that idle forester yet? It were better for him to have kept at shooting his snipes and woodcocks, his white hares and brown foxes, than to have taken up a trade about which he knew less; when his only likely reward was the getting his neck in jeopardy, whichever way he decided. Don't you think so?"

"Then you think he did wrong, father?"

"Come, come," said the curate, as he turned from her with a smile; "'tis but an hour from midnight; let us prepare for rest,—and let us mind our own matters; leaving others to judge for themselves, and committing the care of our state to Him who sent the ravens to Elijah; and armed with destruction the pebble that, slung from the arm of a shepherd boy, smote the forehead of the deriding Philistine."

III.

If the sleep of the stranger in the chapel, surrounded with many a ghastly monument of human decay, was soothing and sound, full of refreshment, that of Margaret, in the endearing home of her parent, was far from being so. She now dreamt of the stranger,—of his tall and portly appearance, of the impressive dignity of his countenance, undimmed by the cloud that overhung his brow,—of the mysterious altercation, for so it seemed, with her father,—and of his sequestered abode in the old church. Now she dreamt that Regner Beron was returned to the home of his childhood; and that she wandered with him amid the woods, beside the old castle of his ancestors, on whose tall grey tower, as of yore, the wallflower sprinkled its yellow blossoms, and the wild-pigeons cooed, basking themselves in the pleasant sunshine. Anon she thought that she stood by her own door, in the

mellow glow of autumnal evening, watching his return from his sylvan sports, with his heavy game-pouch at his side, and his faithful black hound Grotten trudging behind him. Again the vision changing, she sat with him in her father's church, while now and then his eloquent glances told her that her image divided the empire of his thoughts with better things; while suddenly, the figures dying away, she beheld him with his sword buckled upon his side, and his staff in his hand, as on that morning when he bade adieu to her at the door of her home, and lingered, with the latch of the gate between his fingers, to cast a last fond glance on her, still loitering at the threshold-step.

So passed over the greater portion of the night. The early flush of dawn tinged her eastward-looking lattice with crimson, and the salute of the already awakened thrush greeted her ere her feelings were more completely quenched in slumber. This quiet repose she did not, however, long enjoy, for the abrupt opening of her chamber-door in a short time startled her.

"Not yet awake, child?" said her father, as he entered, buttoning his large shaggy cloak, with a broad-brimmed hat slouched over his ears to protect him from the chill air. "I am sent for to visit old Magnus Vere, who, it seems, has been wantonly wounded by some villains who, in the name of the Danish government, have been overnight searching his house, in the hopes of discovering some particular Stockholm fugitives whom they have traced to this neighbourhood. Good morrow, Margaret. It seems I must hurry on, if I wish to see him in life, for he cannot last above a few hours."

"Oh, monsters!" said Margaret; "to murder a good, harmless old man, who must have been innocent of all crime against church or state, in the mere wantonness of disappointed bloodthirstiness. Who knows, father, what may yet be our own fate!"

"Let us do our duty, Margaret; trusting in heaven. Let us fear God, and have no other fear."

"Poor old soul! Poor old Magnus Vere! shall I, then, never see him more? It was but last week he brought me branches of evergreen to deck our dwelling! All last summer he brought me bunches of beautiful flowers from his garden—such flowers as are not to be found elsewhere all the country round. And the pot of honey last September—Ah! the kind old man, he never forgot us, father; he was always finding out something he thought would please us!"

"Well, Margaret, let me not forget him. Nor do you forget to carry breakfast betimes to our stranger in the church. Make not the smallest ado about the matter; but let silence and secrecy go hand in hand."

"Oh! stay but for a moment, father. How shall I communicate this dreadful business to our poor Katherine? It will go far, I fear, to break her heart, for she loves her old parent most tenderly."

"That misery is saved you, Margaret, as she herself received the messenger, and is by this time at her father's bedside. So, good morrow, again,—and again see that you neglect not our guest. Tell him the cause of my absence. I will be back betimes. Good morrow, child."

Margaret lay for a little, absorbed in melancholy, pondering over the terrible vicissitudes of mortal life. She realised the slenderness of our hopes of happiness, and felt how, in an hour, the paradise of this world may be left to us desolate. Her mother was with the dead; she had small remembrance of her, for she had been summoned away while yet she was but four summers old; but she took a delight in the mournful duty of keeping her grave-turf free from weeds, and scattering over it the earliest flowers of the spring. Her father was now rapidly declining into the vale of years; and, in the course of nature, a separation might not be very distant; but the troubled state of her native land filled her bosom with additional fears. "Last night," she said to herself, "Katherine chatted and laughed with me, a merry creature. She lay down on her pillow in happiness; she hath risen up from it in sorrow. She had then a father, as I have now—alas! how fares it with her at this present moment!" and here she wiped away the large drops that rushed burningly over her cheeks.

The good curate was in the meanwhile pursuing his journey; but ere he reached the cottage of Magnus Vere, the wife and daughter were looking along the road, wearying for his approach—and no wonder; for immediately on his entering he perceived, from the features of the old man, that the wounds he had received were mortal, and that a few hours must probably terminate the struggle. Magnus was, however, still sensible, and told his story with simple distinctness.

It seems, on the previous afternoon, one well known to them both, Regner Beron, the son of Magnus' old master, had, in disguise, come to the cottage, soliciting a night's lodging. This having been freely granted, he had in the course of the evening disclosed himself, informing the family, in whom he reposed the strictest confidence, that he had travelled for a long way over the mountains in company with another fugitive, whom he had brought to that part of the country for greater security, and directed for shelter for the night to the dwelling of the curate. It fell out, however, just as they were preparing to retire to rest, that the sound of horses' feet approaching created an alarm; and that Beron, stealing cautiously to the door, had recognised the party, though in the dusk, as the Danish dragoons, who were in search among the hills for the proscribed fugitives, particularly for some of the nobles who were presumed to have taken that direction—and his ready perception saved his life; for he had succeeded in concealing himself amid a rick of hay by the side of the door, till the entrance of the pursuers enabled him to make off unperceived to the woods. Unfortunately,

however, for the fate of his host, he had, in his precipitation, left his cloak behind. It was recognised, and the search proving ineffectual, the party threatened instant death to Magnus if he did not on the instant give up the refugee into their hands. On finding that this could not be accomplished, the ruffians in dastardly revenge had wounded the old man in several places with their swords and the butts of their pistols, leaving him on his own floor for dead, weltering in his blood.

The curate found that he had come just in time to administer the last consolations of religion, for in a little while he remarked the long-drawn, heavy breathing, the paling cheek, and the glazing eye of the old man; and as he felt the fluttering pulse, he observed the cloud of death mantling him around silently and almost imperceptibly, as the dews of night congeal, harden, and crust over the green leaf in the early frost of morning.

The latest request of the old man before he died was, that the curate should exercise the same care over his daughter as he had hitherto done; and that, in her young and inexperienced years, he should be her guardian and protector.

Before the event had taken place which left the wife of old Maguus a widow, and his daughter an orphan, Margaret had been busying herself in preparations for breakfasting their hidden guest. She felt a degree of timid reluctance to set out on her walk, but her scruples were overcome by a sense of duty, though when she turned the key in the old grating lock of the church door, her heart fluttered like that of a newly-caught bird.

The stranger, who was already engaged in looking over some papers that lay scattered on the little table before him, crumpled them up into a heap at her approach, and rising from his seat wished her a good morning with a smiling countenance, which showed to Margaret at once that neither Kirkegrim, the spirit of the church, nor any other of the unearthly wanderers of night, had paid him a visit in his lonely sleeping-place. His erect and gallant demeanour, the nobleness of his features, the portliness of his step, and the grace attendant on every movement, made her conscious at once that the person before whom she stood was no common man, and awed her in a moment into a reserve that was scarcely in keeping with the gentle openness of her nature. But the breath of a few passing words served to clear away the chilling cloud of restraint, for the stranger was one in whom benignity of disposition was conjoined with gentility of manners, a conjunction which is often to be met with, and ought always to be inseparable; so in a little she was asking questions, and he answering them in the flow of conversation, with the unrestrained confidings of old acquaintance.

There was one topic, however, which she kept aloof from, though it more than once trembled on her tongue. Sometimes she hoped he might stumble upon it, and sometimes she resolved to question boldly. In this she was disappointed; in that she

disappointed herself. Need we say that the subject was Regner Beron ?

IV.

Some hours passed over in solitude, and save the murmur of the daws that fluttered about the roof, in the crevices of which they had probably nestled their summer young, all living sounds were silent. The only light of the sacristy flowed in through two narrow slips near the roof, so that it served only to show him the progress of time, as the lazy sunbeams crawled slowly from west to east along the opposite wall. Communion with his own thoughts was, however, a subject with which the stranger had been long and intimately conversant ; and he was lost in a reverie of the past or the future at the instant when the grating of the church door wakened him up, with the warning that some one approached. It was the curate.

"Good day," said the reverend man, on entering. "I am late in coming to you, and I fear you have been somewhat impatient. But I have been delayed in the execution of a mournful office. I have been closing the eyes of an honest and old friend"—and then he repeated the catastrophe which had happened, and the escape of Beron.

"Then he has escaped safely?" cried the stranger, starting from his seat, and looking anxiously at the curate. "I trust in Heaven it may be so."

"So it is hoped—at least no harm has overtaken him, so far as is known. I know his acquaintance with the mountain passes hereabouts ; nor can he be followed in them by his pursuers, without the assistance of our native guides, whom they shall find unwilling, or find not at all. He has taken to the hills, I doubt not ; and if so, I entertain no fears of his having eluded them."

"I rejoice at it sincerely," said the stranger, resuming his seat with more composure. "Should it be otherwise, I vow to Heaven—"

"Make no rash vows," said the curate, interrupting him ; "especially when the blood of man is so likely to be spilt in their fulfilment."

"Ah !" resumed the stranger, "you think me impetuous—probably I am so. But know you how valuable the life of Regner Beron is to our cause? Know you the importance of the commissions with which he is entrusted? Know you that the soul of our country may in a manner be said to be at this moment in his hands? you would sympathise in my irritability, and overlook my rashness.—Speaking with regard to myself, I, too, have a deep personal interest in his fate ; for he was once the means of rescuing me from destruction at a moment of the most imminent peril, when we fought together under the standards of the same regiment."

"I rejoice to hear, sir," said the curate, "for the honour of our poor district, that one of our sons has been conducting himself as he ought."

"It was he, too," continued the stranger, "who conducted me to this comfortable asylum, where

I have found more indeed than he even promised me."

"Talk not of that," said the curate. "Heaven prospers the right cause, and all may yet be well. You said that Beron was to journey to Mova ;—I have no doubt that he is already far on his way thither."

"And the poor old man who has innocently suffered in our cause!" said the stranger, not a little affected. "It is dreadful that our safety cannot be effected but by throwing our protectors into danger, making the exercise of hospitality a risk, and Christian charity a crime beyond the pale of forgiveness."

"Terrible, terrible indeed," said the curate. "But let us live in the prospect of better days. Winter lasts not all the year round ; and the volcano ceases to rage when its fires have burnt themselves away.—You say that you have seen service in the army : but tush—I fear my curiosity is impertinent. We mountaineers are proverbially fond of prying into other folks' business ; but—"

"No, no—free shall be my answers ; as your questions are free and friendly. Perhaps you may have heard of Gustavus Vasa, one of our generals of horse? Beron and myself belonged to his regiment, and have seen some service with him."

"Oh, yes," said the curate, "I have heard of him, and well. 'Tis said he is yet but a young man. Is he not?"

"Much about my own age, I dare say. Poor soul ! he is no doubt, like the rest of us, a fugitive among the hills ; grieving in soul to see Sweden in fetters. Perhaps we may yet hear his trumpet-call!"

"I trust we shall," answered the curate. "He is well spoken of by his true-hearted countrymen—and may the names of the loyal ever sound like echoes of terror in the ears of our oppressor.—I must be gone for the present, but shall see you shortly. In the meantime I have brought, to amuse your solitude, two books. One of them is the early chronicle of Sweden,* the other the old ballad legends of our native north."

"They are most welcome, my kind sir," said the stranger ; "and I shall be glad of your company at your convenience, though I fear that I am a most troublesome lodger. If any one come to your dwelling at nightfall, by the token of his asking for Eric Voss shalt thou know that he is my friend—and admit him, for his business is urgent."

V.

The sun had sunk placidly—like the benignant eye of heaven—beyond the great hills, whose ragged fringework of larch, pine, and fir yet glowed in dark outline against the pavilion of the west, while the evening star, peeping from behind a pale grey cloud, heralded the galaxy of night, as a tall youth, wrapt up in his cloak of furs, solicited at the

* Probably either Eric of Upsal's "Chorographia Scandinavia," or Adam of Bremen's "Tumbe Veterum apud Sueones Gothesque Regum."

curacy of Suverdsio for leave to warm himself a while by the hearth ere he proceeded on his further journey amid the mountains. The curate was absent, having gone out in the afternoon to visit the mourners at the cottage of old Magnus, nor was his daughter without anxiety for his return. But Margaret made bold to admit the traveller, even though quite alone in the house, and conscious of the distracted state of the times; informing him that her father, whom she expected home every minute, would, she was quite sure, make him perfectly welcome.

After the offer of some slight refreshment, which was duly accepted, Margaret, in her usual affable way, began to enter into conversation with the stranger, and the massacre of Stockholm being still the theme upon every tongue, she inquired if he had recently come or had heard anything from that quarter.

"Oh, yes," answered the youth, "and bloody work they made of it. But I have come up among the hills in search of an old comrade in arms of mine, one Regner—I forget his name just now."

"Regner Beron can it be?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"Aye, that's the name—you have not, I find, forgotten. But let me ask you, Margaret—"

"Heavens! is it you, Regner? ah! Regner, do I see you once more, safe, safe, safe!" and springing across the floor, she threw herself upon his neck, while he pressed her to his heart in an ecstasy of affection; then as suddenly withdrawing herself, like a wild bird from the grasp of the truant school-boy, she said to him, while her bosom heaved, and her cheek glowed with the flush of maidenly modesty, which in the irresistible vehemence of her emotions she had somewhat over-exerted,—“Oh, fly—fly, Beron! do you not know that the horse-men are in our dales in search of you—may be even at this moment at our gates—and how could I survive your fate? But I talk simply; perhaps you have forgotten me!”

"Forgotten you, Margaret!—but you are jesting."

"Nay, nay, but I am not jesting of your danger. Have you not heard that your protector, Magnus Vere, poor old white-haired Magnus, has been slain by your pursuers, in their rage at not finding you? Grasp not round for your pistols—alas! it is now too late."

"Impossible!" said Regner, starting to his feet, soul-struck at the intelligence he had received.

"Then I swear—"

"Swear not at all, Regner," interrupted Margaret. "The thing is past, and you are blameless. Let thy care now be for the living—for thyself."

"Be not dismayed, Margaret, on that score. Well know I these my native hills, and I have a sword-arm to protect my head. Ah, poor Magnus! and hath thy charity paid the penalty of blood! rather had I fallen into the hands of my enemies. How can I repay such loss?"

"His cause was thine," answered Margaret;

"and if he has perished at his post, like a loyal Swedish mountaineer, scarcely is his fate to be lamented, seeing the degradation to which the living are subjected. Were I a man, Beron, we should conquer or fall together! In the meantime, see to yourself, and fly for refuge.—But whither fly? no—no—remain here. You cannot be safer than with my father, and if perish we must, let our house fall together. Like Saul and Jonathan we have been united in our lives, and in death let us be not divided."

"My dear kind Margaret," said Beron, seizing the hand she faintly attempted to withdraw; "it must not be so at present. Yet, credit me, matters are not so desperate as your solicitude pictures to your fears. Cheer up, my sweet one; I have undergone many hardships, encountered many dangers, but I have held them all lightly, compared with the simple sorrow of being separated from you. We have known happy days, Margaret, and may yet. How grows the hazel by the Mill-stream? Does the declining sun never invite you to a saunter there now?"

"Ah, Beron, do you ask that?" said she, with a sorrowful playfulness. "But whither go you this evening? You must not stir before my father returns."

"I promise you I do not, for I have business with him. Have you no other visitor?"

"Why do you ask?"

"So, Margaret, you are careful not even to open yourself to me!—but I applaud your caution. Where have you hidden him?"

"I am a trusty housekeeper, Beron, and divulge not family secrets, so shall not implicitly depend even on you. Could you have thought so, Beron? But how would you judge of me, were my idle openness to endanger any one who reckoned himself secure in the character of our guest. But listen!"

"What do you hear, my faithful Margaret?"

"Yes—'tis my father's footstep," and she rose to hurry to the door, when Beron, interposing, snatched a first fond kiss, and ere she had breath to chide him, he laid his hand on her arm, saying, "Stay, Margaret, stay; I, too, have reasons for privacy, and perhaps even from him, for I journey in the character of a special messenger, and know not yet how his heart stands affected regarding our cause. Fear not, however, Margaret, that I have embarked in any enterprise wherein my honour may be compromised. If we succeed, we reap a harvest of glory: if we fail, it is after having acted the parts of true men. We shall hope the best, Margaret."

At this moment the father, entering, retreated a step in surprise at seeing a muffled stranger seated by his hearth; not that the thing was uncommon, or that any traveller of the hills had ever received other than a kind welcome; but because, in the existing troubled state of Dalecarlia, he was in danger of having the pursuer and the fugitive under his roof together.

"Good even, sir," said Beron, rising and bowing respectfully. "I presume you are the Curate of Suverdsio. If so, I bear you a confidential message."

"From whom?" asked the curate, a little anxiously, as Beron, in the act of pushing aside his cloak to draw a packet from his breast, displayed two pistols stuck in the broad leathern belt which girdled his doublet.

"From whom I may not say," replied Beron; "but to Count Eric Voss bear I my message. Perhaps you may direct me where that nobleman is to be found."

"Have you had any refreshment?—I shall lead you to him immediately."

"Thanks to your kind daughter," said Beron, giving Margaret a gentle look unobserved by the curate, "I am abundantly refreshed, and ready to follow you, as I doubt not my presence is anxiously wearied for by the count, though I am yet an hour earlier than I appointed."

The curate resumed his hat, and led the way to the door, followed by Régner; while Margaret came up behind with the ostensible purpose of seeing it closed. But perhaps she might have some other object equally in view—and what guess you, reader, might that be? Perhaps a parting squeeze of her lover's hand—and in this she was not disappointed.

VI.

By sunrise on the succeeding morning Count Eric Voss and Régner Beron departed from the sanctuary of the hospitable curate, who accompanied them a short way on their route. They made a halt, however, at the small wooden bridge thrown over the river Leissac, about a mile and half from the church of Suverdsio, and standing beneath the immense trees of pitch-fir, whose dark branches overhung the sharp rocks on the left bank of the stream, they conversed together for a little while on the state and prospects of affairs around them, promising that, either in weal or woe, their host should soon hear of them.

Before parting, the count unbuttoned the coarse shaggy cloak in which he was clumsily wrapped, the better to disguise his quality; and cut with his penknife a golden button from the curiously embroidered tunic he wore underneath, saying to the curate, "Money, my kind friend, I have not to offer you, the which I less regret, knowing as I do that your hospitality flows not from base thirst of gain, but from pure benevolence to your fellow-creatures. Preserve this button, which I have now cut from the left breast of my tunic. Its value is insignificant, but it may serve you as a memorial of one whom you relieved from urgent distress, and set on his path rejoicing. When I came to your hospitable door, but two days ago, my prospects were black as the shade these rocks cast on the water, now they are brightening like yon skies beneath the influence of the rising sun."

"You think of me," said the good man, "much

more warmly than my supposed merits claim. Though my holy profession forbids my joining in scenes of warfare, yet the religion I profess blinds not the human conscience to the sense of right and wrong; but commands us to do our duty, and be not afraid. I rejoice for your own sakes and for the sake of this oppressed realm, that you leave my door with better hopes than you approached it. Take with you my parting blessing—my prayers be ever with your noble cause; and if the day arrive when you unsheath your swords for our country's freedom, be assured that my heartiest petitions ascend to Heaven in your behalf."

VII.

Sharp were the winds and piercing, and the clouds showered snows over the fading hills, when Count Eric Voss and his trusty attendant Régner Beron hastened from the cottages of Suverdsio to join Gustavus at the first great insurrection, which was appointed for the Fair of Mova: and now the tints of autumn were again pervading the woods, the acorn fell from the oak, the pine-tree began to drop its leaves, and the fir shook down its dark cones upon the moist turf, while the skies waned like the lower world, and amid the shortening days, the shorn grain disappeared from the plains into the granary of the farmer. It was in this season of melancholy fruitfulness, that the curate, while amusing a vacant afternoon in pruning some creeping plants, that greened over the front of his secluded dwelling, paused to behold a company of horsemen, whose arms glittered in the flood of mellow sunlight, approaching on the steep road which formed the southern approach; some riding before, and some behind a calèche, or little carriage, drawn by four horses. In the multitude of his thoughts within him, his mind could not otherwise feel than somewhat perplexed at the unexpected unfolding of a spectacle so uncommon among his old native hills; and when we consider the irritated and unsettled state of the country at this juncture, and the consciousness of the curate that his actions might be tortured to his ruin, the momentary qualm which came over him will not form a ninth wonder of the world. Of battles fought, and battles won, much had he heard; but, from the conflicting state of party opinion, little worthy of reliance in those days when newspapers were not, could be gleaned from any quarter. So though he still inclined to hope, in the absence of all positive information, that success was still attendant on the patriotic efforts, yet his nerves received a shock when, on the nearer approach of the cavalcade, he perceived that the soldiers were in light green uniform, and wore in their caps the badge of King Christiern. He immediately supposed, on second thoughts, that the vehicle was the travelling conveyance of some of the Danish nobility, and that they were probably attempting their escape from Sweden under the protection of an armed band; but his dismay was renewed when, on the carriage halting near his





THE CURATE OF SJVERDSIO.

gate, he observed that it was empty. The leader of the party dismounting from his horse, first assured himself that he addressed the Curate of Suverdsio, and then informed him that he had orders for carrying him and his daughter away as prisoners; while he acknowledged that he had positive commands to treat both with every leniency which interfered not with their chance of escape.

"What may I have done," asked the curate, "to bring upon me the so-much-marked attention of your government? Can I be informed, sir?"

"Oh," replied the commandant, "as to that, it is not my province to inquire. The soldier does the bidding of his sovereign; and the civil laws of the kingdom take cognisance of right and wrong. That is a subject on which it is not my duty to enter."

"Well, since it is so," said the curate, "let the righteous will of Heaven be done! For myself I care little—comparatively nothing. What I have said, I have said as conscience, the oracle of the soul, dictated: what I have done, I have done as my strict duty to God and my fellow-creatures dictated. But my daughter—oh, my daughter!—let not what she knew nothing of—knows nothing of—bring down a punishment she deserves not. Take me—take me—I am ready, willing to go with you; but, as you have wives, as you have daughters, spare her, and let her remain behind. Whither am I to be carried?"

"Our orders command us to carry you to the castle of Westeras, the palace of the Viceroy; where a Council of State sit, giving trial, and awarding just sentences to such as have rebelled against the government or despised the edicts of the King. In this thing it causes me regret that I cannot attend to you, being positively enjoined to bring your daughter along with you, and with all due speed, to the appointed place of examination; the court being about to remove for a like purpose to a more remote part of the country."

"Are your orders, then, positive?" asked the curate, sorrowfully.

"Imperative—and I trust you will immediately see the duty of submitting voluntarily and without hesitation, knowing that resistance would be madness, and that escape is out of the question."

"Well, then, I submit freely," said the curate, fervently clasping his hands for a moment together, and looking upwards, whence comes the aid of the righteous.

By this time Margaret, at first surprised at the unwonted approach of such a cavalcade, had her surprise changed into terror at perceiving the Danish uniform: she beheld from the window the exultating attitudes of her father; and on coming to the threshold, she heard the broken and elevated tones of his voice.

At once the whole truth flashed upon her soul, and rushing forward, she threw her arms around his beloved neck. "He must not go," she cried. "Oh, no, you shall not take him from me. I know—yes, yes, I know well what you have done to

others, and would do to him!" she screamed, in an agony of affection and fear. "But where my father goes, nothing shall hinder my going also, and whatever his fate is so shall mine be; that, surely, you will not refuse—that, if you are men, you surely dare not refuse."

"My sweet young lady," said the commandant, in as soothing a tone as his military habits could be supposed to assume, "do compose yourself, you shall go with your father as you desire; and I pledge my honour on this sword, that while you are in my keeping, no harm shall be allowed to happen to either of you."

With heavy hearts, but nerved with the fortitude which only conscious virtue can bestow, the curate and his daughter in a short time declared themselves in readiness to accompany their captors; while Katherine Vere, a girl in the beauty of eighteen, scarcely less fair than her fair mistress, wiping her eyes with her white apron, and weeping half-aloud, saw the hearth by which she had often sat singing in joy, extinguished, and the doors of hospitality locked, changing what had once been a home of cheerful peace into a house of desolation.

At the door her master shook hands with her cordially, bidding Heaven bless and protect her; and Margaret, as she gave her a parting kiss, said, in a voice whose tremulous accents belied her smiles, "keep a cheerful heart, Katherine; we will be back to you ere long."

They were then conducted to the calèche, and the cavalcade proceeded, Katherine following it greedily with her eyes, now and then looking back at the deserted vicarage, and again forward at the rapidly disappearing horsemen, as, solitary and sighing, she sauntered homewards to the cottage of her widowed mother. In her hand she carried a cage containing the linnæus, which had with its clear, shrill, happy pipe so often enlivened the tasks of her young mistress, gazing at every tree and rock she passed, as if fate had forewarned her that she was never to traverse the same road again.

VIII.

After a journey of two days, during which every attention was paid to the wants and wishes of the curate and his daughter consistent with their security, the commandant arrived with his charge at the hamlet of Waddersteine, about half a mile from the castle of Westeras, where the Danish assembly was then sitting.

It was evening: and the commandant, who in the afternoon had left his charge under sufficient guard, returned to escort the captive mountaineers to the great assembly, already meeting or met for their trial. To the questions of the curate he returned no satisfactory answer, but re-mentioned his injunctions as to secrecy. He ventured however to express the hope that things might yet turn out more favourably than was anticipated.

When the father, dressed out in his best sables, and the daughter in a white robe as pure as her

innocent heart, lingered a moment at the door for the drawing up of the carriage, far borne through the silence of evening came, like a sepulchral voice, the toll of the great bell summoning them forward to the hall of trial.

Halting by an immense arched gateway, they passed through the vestibule of a building whose quadrangular turrets seemed to support the weight of the louring sky. Neither of the two had ever known more of the palaces of the great than the apocryphal testimony of books had conveyed to them; so that on being suddenly ushered by folding doors into the midst of the hall of assembly, it was no wonder their eyes were dazzled, and their hearts died within them. The stupendous vaulted roof, covered with grotesque paintings, and an infinitude of stuccoed imagery—the tall Gothic diced windows, with their magnificent traceries—the walls groaning under their load of gorgeously embroidered tapestry of Arras—the curiously carved benches—the velvet cushions—the marble floors—and the flaming cressets, that depended from on high by silken cords, struck on their bewildered imaginations like the visions of some fancifully distempered dream, as for a little they felt themselves as it were in the enchanted habitations of the Eastern Genii of whom romancers had written; and it was some time before they perceived, or at least regarded, before them the large assembly of nobles and leaders, some in their rich costly robes, and others in coats of glittering armour.

With the greensward under his feet, the rocks scowling, the trees flourishing, and the mountain winds whistling around him, the curate could think like a man, and feel as a patriot; but in the midst of such a dazzling assemblage, his spirit drooped like a caged bird, and he dwindled away in the overwhelming consciousness of his own insignificance. Conviction might or might not follow; but he had reckoned on at least making a defence which should neither be derogatory to his character as a Swede, nor his faith as a Christian; when put to the trial, however, he now felt that he might as well be at once led out to death, as attempt any defence of his conduct. As the stars in their beauty look as if they could brave the daylight, yet are put out on the uprising of the effulgent sun, so his many noble emotions,—the vigorous arguments which his reason had suggested, the open manifestation of virtue which he was sure his traducers—all, all vanished before the talisman of magnificence, and the curate gave up everything for lost; but at that desponding moment he was startled by the touch of something from behind, and turning his head half round, he discovered Margaret, who, clutching hold of the skirt of his coat, had shrunk to his back, and with a blood-forsaken cheek, pale as the white lily of April, seemed ready to sink down on the floor. Then, as by force of magic, “the bowstring of his spirit” regained its elasticity, and the free blood of undaunted man-

hood came gushing back into his veins, for nature is superior to art, and the strength of paternal affection deeper rooted in the soul than awe for power or bedazzling pageantry. He beheld the being more dear to him, for her own sake and for her mother's, than all other breathing things, clinging to him in the hour of tempest, as the ivy clings to the oak, and the strong sense of the duty he owed himself and her came to his support.

When he had reached the area in front of the judges, one from the centre stood up and addressed him, saying, “Are you the Curate of Suverdsio?” and, in a firm voice, he replied, “I trust, my Lord, I have done nothing to make me ashamed to say I am.”

Margaret was now offered a chair by the side of her father; and the interest that her youth and beauty had excited in the court was visible on every countenance; but alas, Justice is blind, and her scales are allowed not to be freighted with the load of pity.

“We shall see that immediately,” said the spokesman of the assembly, in reference to the curate's answer; “meanwhile, let me ask you this simple question—do you confess, or do you not, having harboured sundry of the rebellious subjects of King Christiern, when your allegiance bound you to deliver them up to justice, knowing them to be outlawed for their rebellion against his supreme authority or for their personal crimes?”

“That I have given shelter to my countrymen, when travelling among the hills they required rest and refreshment, I do not deny—even to this time backwards for the last thirty years have I done so. If my word be gainsayed, let the traveller that hath been refused admittance at my gate be brought forward to testify against me. Had I withdrawn from the call of the wayfarer in these troublous latter days, I might, I confess, have been enabled to repose on my pillow in greater security; but strong was the voice of nature within me, and the duties of that religion which it is my glory to profess, compelled me to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked.”

“Do you deny the authority of King Christiern?” asked the president.

“Before I answer that question,” said the curate, seeing the dangerous turn that things were about to take, “methinks it were better to produce my accuser. You cannot, surely, wish to extort confessions which may ruin me from my own lips. But before we proceed farther, my lords, let me implore you to send back this girl, who is my only daughter, to her native hills. It must have been through error that she has been summoned here; she being a simple maiden, who knows nothing of the ways of the great world, and who has had no other object or delight in life than in rendering my declining years comfortable, or in visiting the orphan and the widow in their afflictions. If your hearts allow you to listen to the prayers of a distressed fellow-mortal, send her home, put her out

of this danger, for she is blameless ; and whether accused or without accuser, I will freely tell all, wherever my confessions may lead me, though it be from this hall to the scaffold !”

“No, father,” cried Margaret, springing from her seat, her recollections seeming to come back at the allusions to her own situation ; “I must not, dare not, shall not leave you. Shall it be said of me that I fled from my father in the hour of distress ? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at me ? Shall the voice of the good mock me and say, ‘Behold the woman that has a heart of rock !’ No, no, father, ’tis in vain. Whatever you are doomed to suffer, none on earth shall prevent my sharing !”

“Hush, hush, silly girl,” said the distracted father, stemming the torrent of her affectionate eloquence. “Speak not in that rash manner, you know not what you are saying.” Then turning to the court, he continued aloud, “Justice, my lords, denies that you have the power of extorting confessions from me, especially when confessions of any sort may be tortured into treason, and may end in the spilling of my blood. I stand before you ready to abide your doom ; let him, then, who hath aught to say against me, be brought before me face to face.”

“Assuredly,” replied the judge, “your request is most reasonable, and can be momentarily complied with.” Then striking his rod on a large bell which hung suspended from the ceiling, he ordered to be summoned into presence “the Count Regner Beron.”

The curate looked as if he had heard the knell of doom rung in his ears ; and Margaret—but we shall not attempt to describe her sensations.

IX.

“Regner Beron !” at length cried the curate, starting back, pale and faltering. The same syllables died on the lips of Margaret. The cloud of despair settled down upon them.

A side door being opened by the attendant officers, a person in a rich dress proceeded forward to the end of the council-table, confronting that where the curate and his daughter stood ; while, as surely as the sun sheds the light of day, they perceived that it was no other than Regner Beron !

“For a moment, halt,” cried the curate, recovering himself, and calling in the whole vigour of his soul to brave a fate which he now saw unavoidable ; “for a moment, halt ; and allow not that man to bow down his soul with a greater load of perdition. Regner ! attend to me. I knew thee once, poor—the sole relic of an honourable house ; and I hear thee this night addressed by the title of count. Better had it been for thee to have been earning thy bread by the sweat of thy brow, like the lowest hind on our native Dalecarlian hills, than to stand in this assembly, arrayed in purple and fine linen, as the betrayer of thy country.”

“Halt—halt !” said the judge ; “know ye not that you are speaking treason ?”

“Perhaps I may,” replied the curate, dauntlessly ; “perhaps it may sound so to the ears of men, but, before Heaven, I am speaking truth !”

“He asks not gold,” said the judge ; “but we have promised him your daughter as a reward for his services to the State.”

“My daughter ! My pure child, Margaret, to become the mate of a perjured villain ! The earth would sicken at such a union. In the nature of things ’tis monstrous—’tis impossible ; and Heaven with its lightnings would strike dead the offerer of such profane violence. Ah, Regner ! Regner ! dare to lift up your eyes and look on me. Happier had it been for thee, both in this world and that which is to come, hadst thou contented thyself with thy sequestered home, and continued a hunter of the roebuck on the hills. Thou hast bartered thy peace for gold, thy conscience for a jewelled robe ; but think on thy injured country, and tremble ; remember Judas, and look to thy latter end. Remorse shall haunt thee as a spectre, and the array of thine evil deeds pass before thy visions of the night, rendering existence bitter as the waters of Marah, and recollection the torments of those who have gone down to the pit.”

So fervent was the curate in his admonitions to Beron, and so absorbed in his subject, that for a little the court seemed to vanish from his eyes ; and looking round to soothe his fainting child, he was about to recommence his address to the assembly, when to his surprise, on looking up to the judgment bench, he observed the seat of the president empty. A few seconds after he, however, resumed his seat, having put on the black silk robe in which it is customary to pass sentence.

“It is needless,” said the president, rising to address the assembly, “to waste the time of this court by a further examination of the case before us. The witnesses have already given their evidence, and so convincing are the proofs, that you perceive the reverend gentleman has not a single word to say in his own defence. From his own lips, indeed, he is condemned ; as you have this night heard him utter treason, and pronounce the lawful evidence of the witnesses against him a betrayal of his infatuated country. You have heard how he has been in open rebellion against King Christiern in word and deed, having openly preached insubordination, and having aided and abetted in the escape of outlaws whom it behoved him to deliver up to justice. More especially, my lords, it becomes us to remember that he harboured under his roof that arch-rebel, the Count Eric Voss, and was the principal means of his not falling into the hands of his pursuers when a price was set upon his head, and when, so strong was the scent of his track, that he could not otherwise have escaped. Recollect, my lords, that had his capture at that moment been effected, the bloodshed of this awful rebellion might have probably been averted.

“Of these facts, and more especially of the latter, there can be no doubt, as the Count Regner Beron

hath this day borne testimony before us in a manner at once explicit and incontrovertible.

"Of his daughter, the young lady now before you, it hath also been clearly proved that she aided and abetted her father in the same course of treasonable proceeding, by carrying food and other necessaries to the church wherein the said count lay concealed.

"But not only, my lords, has the curate been convicted of treason against the State, but he has trampled under foot the authority of Mother Church, by open laudations and commendations of the conduct of Luther, the German heretic, whose damnable tenets he hath exhibited a strong forwardness to adopt.

"As there can be no division of opinion on such a case, I shall now, my lords, proceed to pronounce judgment in your name."

After whispering for a few seconds with the nobles more immediately around him, and gathering, as it were, their various opinions on the sentence to be pronounced, he advanced to the centre of the hall, where the curate and his daughter were now standing up—the one thoughtful, yet calm and resigned, as if he cared less for his own fate than the misery he was about to entail on others; the other, pale and languidly beautiful, like a flower that has been vainly contending with the strong wind of the tempest; her bright black eyes cast despondingly on the floor; her hands clasped together, and hanging down before her; her bosom heaving slowly and oppressedly, as if a cumbrous load hung around her heart; and her lips apart, as if her spirit fainted for lack of free air.

"Curate of Suverdsio," said the judge, "out of respect to the memory of Count Eric Voss, that mistaken nobleman who hath already reaped the harvest due to his crimes, I am commissioned by my brother judges to inform you, that the count requested, in the event of your ever being taken, our asking the production of a gold button which he gave you as a token of remembrance; and that if you could show it, we should deal more mercifully with you, for the sake of one who had seen the end of his folly. Rememberest thou aught of such a thing?"

"It is here! it is here!" cried Margaret, startled from her Niobe-like reverie by this unexpected glimpse of sunshine breaking through the hitherto impenetrable cloud of her father's misfortunes, and producing from her breast a button, which she held up between her finger and thumb.

"Indeed," said the judge, "this is an unexpected circumstance, and will go some way to alter the features of the business; but let me see if it be the real one," he added, throwing off his gown, and applying the button, which he had snatched from Margaret's hand, to a vacancy on the triple row which ornamented his own tunic.

The curate started back in astonishment. "It is he!—it is he himself!" cried the daughter. "It is Count Eric Voss!—it is the Count! Stand away

—stand away, father, and let me throw myself at his feet!" and so saying, she rushed suddenly forward, and throwing herself down on the floor, seized hold of the under hem of his garment.

"This must not, cannot be," said the count. "Come hither, Beron; and since you have had the audacity to appear this day as a witness against those who hospitably received us both, you must make atonement to the injured feelings of a father, by thus taking from me the hand of his much-loved child. Her heart is already pledged; and she dares not say me nay. Henceforth regard her as your own. The Castle of Othorstone has as yet no mistress; let this day that deficiency be supplied."

"No—no;" cried Margaret, springing to her feet, and half-bewildered in the perplexity of her feelings; "if he be not a true Swede, though he were the Emperor of Allemaine, he should be no husband of mine!"

"Ah, but, Margaret," said Count Beron, soothingly, and still holding by the hand she had but half-withdrawn, "in this I fear you have but little choice, since the Administrator commands it."

"The Administrator!" cried the curate, still more and more perplexed.

"The Administrator!" cried Margaret, her cheek blushing, and scarcely deigning to believe her ears, which tingled as if all the great bells of Moscow had rung an alarm!

"Yes!" said the Count Eric Voss; "in me you behold Gustavus Vasa. I came to your door, my worthy friends, hungry, and ye gave me food; naked, and ye warmed me; friendless and a fugitive, and ye visited me in my solitude. Pardon the whimsical way I have taken to show my gratitude; but, believe me," he added, laying his hand on his heart, "that it is not the less sincere on that account. I could have adopted no other method of bringing you before the assembled representatives of Sweden, in whose presence I now profess my obligations to you; and thus, taking you by the hand, declare myself proud in calling the Curate of Suverdsio my friend.

"I have ventured to unite before you the hands of a pair whose hearts, I understand, have long been united. Do you proceed in cementing more securely, according to the law of the Church, what I have done merely in outward form. Bear no scruple towards your intended son; for, believe me, if he is a renegade, it has merely been in deserting from the phalanx of oppression, to risk his blood under the standard of a few seemingly inefficient revolutionists. He has proved a true man, and a brave; and scarcely hath the gratitude of his country deemed the title of Count a sufficient equivalent for his many and important services.

"I rejoice at the same time to inform you of a resolution not yet publicly promulgated. This honourable assembly, not resting content with merely emancipating our dear country from the manacles of civil bondage, have decreed its release from the tyrannical dominion of Rome; and ordain

you, henceforward from this day, to preach the doctrines of the Reformation!"

We shall not attempt any description of the ecstasy of the honest curate. The sincerity of his heart he had shown in adversity, and this sincerity was unchanged and unaltered in his more prosperous hour. To all the pressing offers of dignity which Gustavus made, his only reply was, that he had found real happiness to consist in inward consciousness, and not in external parade; that he trusted he would not be enticed away from the charge of his mountain flock. With them he had been born and bred—on him they looked as a father—among them had glided away the happiness of his youthful days—to them he had expounded the doctrines of eternal life—and now that a clearer light had been permitted to dawn on their souls, he could find no earthly satisfaction equal to that of being permitted to communicate it to them.

Why lengthen our joyous narrative? Suffice it to say, that preparations were made for a magnificent wedding; and that the whole Court of Sweden were invited to behold the nuptials of the curate's daughter—who had preserved the life of Gustavus Vasa—and of Count Regner Beron, one of the best and bravest of his generals. The curate pronounced his paternal blessing over them.

Need it be told how, returning, honourably escorted, and basking in the sunshine of the Administrator's favour, the curate became the most distinguished man in his native district; nor how unto this day the mountains of Dalecarlia have not beheld a curate honoured like him of Suverdsio.

After this, the curate had many happy years added to his life; beholding his family honoured and flourishing around him; his country independent, happy, and prosperous; and the bright sunshine of the Reformation scattering from the face of the land the Cimmerian darkness of papal superstition.

Generations have passed away; centuries have revolved since then; and our historiette is but a leaf torn out from the bye-past volume of human transactions, having for its moral, that "purity of life hath for its reward the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." To attest its truth, the parish church of Suverdsio, among the Dalecarlian hills, still bears on its top the large gilt copper crown which was placed there by order of the Swedish Senate; and its revered walls are still pointed out to the traveller as those within which Gustavus Vasa found an asylum from the pursuit of his enemies.

LETTER TO A WIDOW.

DEAR MADAM:

I am not able to dismiss the thoughts which have engaged my attention this morning, in connection with your loss. I must continue and, if possible, perfect this train of thought. God alone can give it power and render it effectual; He will bless it, this is my hope; he will bless also these few lines which I address to you.

We have both come to the conviction, that the separation over which you sorrow is more apparent than real; the visible bonds have been dissolved, but the spiritual continue to exist, nay, have become even stronger; your husband and yourself are in truth more intimately united and in closer communion than you ever were before.

You know the secret to render this communion, which the eye of sense cannot perceive, but which is visible to the spirit and felt by the heart, more real and intense; it will become so, the more the tendency of your thoughts and feelings coincides with the unchangeable direction which the thoughts and feelings of your husband have taken.

Bear in mind the state of heart in which he closed his life. Did he not commit with humility the future of his immortal soul into the hands of a Saviour? Did he not refuse every other stay than Jesus Christ? Did he not submit with resignation to a separation which cost his heart as great pain as yours? Did he not bow with adoring submission to God's purpose concerning him? With

such feelings he went out of this world to his Father, and in such consists his new life, for as he died, so he lives now. You do not doubt it: and the only difference which can possibly exist between the last days of his earthly life and the days of his present life is, that in his present existence, everything which filled his heart here below and which he took with him out of the world,—humble submission, adoration, peace,—is increased in strength and purity. His love to you and to your children is now permeated by these pure and divine principles; he loves you, as an inhabitant of heaven ought to love. Could you, or, would you ever, dear madam, think of your husband in any other way? Do you not see, even now, that he bows down before the will of God, and that he adores this will even in the providence which separated him from his dearest possession on Earth?

Tell me yourself: to be united with him, does it not mean to think, feel, and love, like him? Without harmony of feeling there can be no true union, not even on earth. It is the harmony of feeling which united the souls; and I am sure that, after the unspeakable bitterness of these first days of mourning, when God, moved by your application, will have gently overcome nature in the inmost depth of your heart, when you will be able to say Amen to the bereavement with which you have been visited,—with sincerity, though it be with tear-filled eyes,—you will experience that you have

entered into a sweeter fellowship with your husband; you will rejoice to think and to feel as he now thinks and feels; you will be happy in the consciousness that your souls are in harmony, and that you both are living the self-same life; nothing will come between your heart and his, both devoted to God, and in the same measure as you yield him to God, God will restore him to you; the more love you have to God, the more will you be able to cherish love for the friend whom he has given you.

Permit me to express all I think. How much more painful might have been your trial; how much more difficult the task imposed upon you! You have now a most precious assurance of your husband's blessedness; but what if, like so many others, you were without a pledge of his salvation? Would it then not be equally your duty to submit and adore? Would the right of God to demand such a sacrifice be in that case less sacred and sovereign? Would it not be your duty to love God above all, and to submit to his will? But compare such a sacrifice to the sacrifice that was imposed on you, and praise the Divine mercy which is sheltering you under its wings. Give to God not less than he asks; to your husband not more than he desires; he does not expect from you an affection which converts his memory into an idol and a snare; he wishes to be a link, but not a barrier, between you and God. His life, I know, edified you; but his death is part of his life, and a most vital part of it,—it was its last act, its crown and key; his death is an essential part of the counsel of God concerning you; it was doubtless preordained to be unto you a means of grace and progress, as it is unto him the means of liberation and transfiguration. Honour the decree of God by co-operating in its fulfilment! Accept this bereavement, although you cannot yet fully understand its mystery, and say to yourself, in resignation and hope, "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

I praise God for what I saw. I saw that, in the fearful moment of first grief, your soul cried not so much after human consolation as after truth; you desired the one thing which includes all, for truth cannot but bring consolation, and consolation can be found only in truth. The friends also, who had the melancholy privilege of witnessing your tears and praying with you, experienced no discouragement on your part in their endeavours to present before you the Gospel in its full purity. You did not wish to be soothed in your sorrow, and lulled into sleep like an unreasoning child; on the contrary, you wished to be roused by the words of truth, and to expose your wounded heart to truth, in its severity as well as its gentleness. Continue to derive profit out of this important time of sorrow! May it yield you a permanent gain! Listen to the voice of the Lord in the storm! Let the impressions and teaching of these memorable days be the firm

foundation of your future life. Your future belongs to your children. How useful to them would their father's life have been! But God willed it otherwise. May his death be to them what his life would have been, and, if possible, still more. May the remembrance of his death, cherished faithfully by you, become the germ of true life. Instead of fighting against a fact and loss, which cannot be altered, use your strength in resisting the spirit of the world and of the Evil One, and do not allow him to reap the pernicious fruit which he expects to gain from our losses and our pains. Make the will of God yours, and only think of one thing—to change your loss into gain, your sorrow into glory, your separation into a true fellowship! May God Himself supply the unmeasurable need of your soul! May He help you to pray: may His Spirit Himself pray in you! May He give you strength to empty the cup of suffering with gratitude and praise! May He keep from you all the temptations of affliction, and enrich you with all its blessings, not only for yourself, but also for all who shall see in you the goodness of the Lord.

This is the wish of him, who remains, with high esteem and Christian affection, yours faithfully,

ALEXANDER VINET.

Although this letter is long, I cannot refrain from adding a few words, in order to anticipate an effect which it may produce, and which is not in harmony with my intention, and doubtless your sentiments. In the preceding remarks I constantly appeal to your will, and yet, on a subject like this, I have no right to count on your will. You may possess a firm and energetic will in the sphere of common life; but we are here speaking of things in which the strongest are weak, and where our strength may even be hurtful to us. The great thing here is not to give, but to receive; not to act, but to suffer; not to command, but to obey. I believe you have viewed the difficulty of the task with a salutary feeling of awe. I believe you have already found from experience how difficult it is to subject spirit and heart to the discipline of Jesus Christ. May it please the Divine Friend of your soul to preserve in you this conviction and consciousness of your weakness. May He create within you such poverty of spirit, that your soul may constantly turn to Him to be fed, clothed, and sheltered. May His riches be your only riches. Live on His bounty! Ask of Him daily, hourly, the bread of His mercy. Pray to him, that he may bring low all that is proud and lofty within you. Then you will be strong, possessing a strength which the world doth not know, and then all the power which Providence has bestowed on you will, without danger, be used in His service, having received the consecration of humility. This is the price you must pay to obtain the victory, and it is God who gives you the means of paying that price.

A. V.

HOW JOHN HUSS BECAME A SAINT IN THE ROMISH CALENDAR.

THOUSANDS of people pass every day between the grey files of statues on the old bridge of Prague without much noticing those rude wind-beaten saints and heroes. Nor, indeed, is there much to notice save where, about the centre, a figure habited as a canon of St. Augustine, stretches out one hand in placid benediction over the hurrying human river above and the calm flow of the Moldau beneath. In the other hand there is a cross, and when the sun shines five stars of gilt bronze make a fair aureole overhead; and at his feet lie wreaths of fresh flowers and bays and pots of rosemary, the offerings of the maidens of Prague, who

“Into this well throw rosemaries,
And fragrant violets and paunces trime :”

And to the stranger curious about such matters all Prague is ready to answer, with one voice, that this aureoled, wind-beaten saint, is St. John of Nepomuk, patron of all true lovers and their secrets, and, therefore, worthy of perpetual garlands; guardian, moreover, of silence and discretion, and, therefore, painted with his finger—or in quaint old German prints, with padlock, as surer than the mobile finger—on his lips; tutelary god of rivers and bridges, sender of rain and dew, and national saint of Bohemia. Nay, he reigns beyond Bohemia, and over more statues than any other saint, is painted in Italian churches, and sung in Spanish heroics. “I lived,” says Mrs. Jamieson, “for some weeks under the protection of this patron saint and *Protomartyr of the Seal of Silence*, at the little village of Traunkirchen (by the Gmunden-See, in the Tyrol), where his effigy stood in my garden, the hand extended in benediction over the waters of that beautiful lake. In great storms I have seen the lightning play round his head till the metal stars became a real fiery nimbus—beautiful to behold!” And yet this wonderful, beautiful, bountiful, national saint turns out to be an imposition, a myth, a two-centuries’ mistake, and is not St. John of Nepomuk at all, but plain saintly John Huss, *Protomartyr of the Reformation*—John Huss, with a dim background of the old Slavonian heathenism.

But that is impossible, say the men of Prague; for John of Nepomuk was a living man, and no myth: and was not this statue raised on the very spot where he was flung into the river by that King Wenceslaus, whose father had built the bridge five-and-twenty years before; and have we not that precious silver shrine that covers his tomb in our cathedral, and his own body resting quietly among us, as was discovered to all and proved by great miracles when the grave was opened nigh a hundred and forty years ago; while as for this Huss, was he not burned, and were not his ashes borne into the lake of Constance; and was he not almost a Protestant, and how could the pope make such a mis-

take? Now, I admit that the hazarded assertion requires confirmation, that there is a strong presumptive case against it—that the story is one of the most singular, perhaps unique, in the lives of saints. And so it will be wisest and fairest to hear the version of the men of Prague first; and it is this:—

Our St. John was born at Nepomuk, or Pomuk, about 1320-30; and on the night he was born tongues of fire streamed from the sky and settled on the house; and when he went to school, he got the service of the mass by heart, and used to run off to the Cistercian Chapel to help the priest, which was a clear proof of his piety; and from school he went to the university, and was master of philosophy and doctor of theology, and became the greatest preacher in Bohemia, and from the pulpit lashed the licentiousness and irreligion of the times and the court, and with such bold eloquence that even Militz was forgotten. Moreover, like a true saint, he refused a bishopric and a probstship that was the wealthiest in the country, and would only accept the place of almoner and confessor to the Empress. But Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany, was a wicked and cruel king, who hated good men and fought with the church, drunken and fierce and riotous; and his wife was a pattern of virtue and sorrow, of whom he was one day tipsily fond and the next madly jealous. And in some jealous fit he insisted that Nepomuk should reveal the confessions of the Empress; and being refused, grew maddened, and smote him with bitter wounds. As soon as his wounds were healed, Nepomuk preached in the cathedral, and prophesied through his sermon all the woes that two centuries would pour out upon the true faith in Bohemia. Then, having bade sorrowful farewells, he departed on a pilgrimage. Now Wenceslaus, sitting in a window of his palace, towards evening, espied him returning to the city; and being filled with sudden rage at his sturdy disobedience, ordered guards to bind him hand and foot and throw him over the parapet of the bridge into the Moldau; and this was done on the 16th of May, 1383. Whereupon the tongues of flame returned and streamed up and down the river, and shone on the water like a crown of five stars, so that the city flocked out to see the wonder, and beheld, in the morning, the mild face of their beloved preacher. Then the canons came out and took up the body and dug a grave in the cathedral. Grateful even then, the saint guided them to a spot that was filled with treasures of gold and silver and precious stones. But Wenceslaus ordered it to be closed up, and the body thrown into a corner; which also being done, there came forth of that corner so sweet and diffusive an odour that the spot could no more be concealed, and the body was borne to its true resting-place with state, and pomp, and ring-

ing of all bells, and marvellous healing of many that were sick. And ever since St. John has been honoured for his fidelity to the confession and his duty to the church, and has helped those that believed him and punished those that did not.

For do we not know that for very shame at the royal insults to our saint the Moldau dried up, and famine and plague came upon the land?—and how, when we had been given over to heretics for two centuries, a pious man, on the eve of the battle of Whitehill, saw St. Wenceslaus, and St. Adalbert, and St. Nepomuk, as they rose out of their graves and held council together? And does not every woman and child know that when three Calvinists went to scoff at St. Nepomuk's grave, one was struck dead, another died soon after, and the third became an idiot; and that when two women of our town walked upon his tombstone, as they went back over the bridge one began to swim as though she were in deep water, and the other struggled as though a storm would carry her over the parapet; and when Father Chanowsky himself, who thought it was all a story, walked upon the stone, as he recrossed the Moldau he measured his length in the mud before the crucifix on the bridge? And on that same bridge did not the brazen statue of St. John visibly turn itself round as the Prussian infidels beleaguered the town in 1744, so that it remains turned round as at this moment? Moreover there was little Anna Zahovzanskiana, that was blind, as everybody knew, but brought clay from the grave and mixed it with water, and rubbed her eyes, and in six hours saw; and there was Wenzel Buschek, who fell into a deep well over-night, but, calling on the saint, leaped out unhurt; and Theresia Krebsin, who the doctor said must lose her arm, and she went to St. John and he threw a paper into her hand about fasting nine days and praying; and she fasted, and the saint appeared to her by night, and she was healed; and when Rosalia Hodanckidna fell into the mill-stream, and was swept below the wheel, and had been half an hour under water, she was drawn up unharmed, and given into her parents' arms, for St. John appeared to her under the water and kept her safe, seeing she had prayed before his statue every day as she went to school. Then there was Kralik, the brewer that had killed his man, and lay in prison, where he learnt a prayer from a fellow-prisoner, and prayed it to St. John with his face to the grave, and when he was tried was let off with a petty fine. So when a young man of good blood was to be prosecuted for a gross crime, his father dreading the shame of his house, fled to the saint, and on the day of the trial the prosecutor had disappeared. Nay, there was even a certain smith out of Mähren that had murdered his wife, and as they led him off to prison he cried vehemently to St. John, and sprang at once out of the grasp of his captors: for it is a very proverb in our country, that he who would be kept from shame must pray to St. John!

So far the men of Prague, and indeed I might

run on much further, and tell about the saint's house that he was born in, and where decent folk dwelt for some hundreds of years after, till there began a racket one night that seldom stopped until the house was emptied, and in the saddest way; for the honest potter Gelinek that was in it did not understand these rappings and plain hints, and so was found dead one morning, after which there was nothing left but to build a church on the spot, according to the saint's desire, though it might have been more plainly expressed. Then the saint's tongue, that had been so guarded in life, remained inviolable after death, and is yet manifestly fresh; so that when search was made into the matter by papal bull in 1725, before the gaze of all, the tongue began to swell, and change its colour into the purplish red hue of life. Finally, should any one presumptuously doubt what has been said, let him take warning by the sceptical archbishop whose arm bore the mark of the saint upon it down to his grave. Therefore all Prague and Bohemia believe in St. John of Nepomuk; and after this mass of evidence, what wonder, since these narratives, it is clear, are not legends but facts, else how could they be written down, with many more, by such excellent men as Balbinus, and Berghauer, and Navajo, and Krüger, and in all Lives of the Saints down to the latest edition of Alban Butler; and how else could everybody know them? And as for King Wenceslaus and the Battle of Whitehill, and the pope's bull, they are in every history; and there is the statue on the bridge before our eyes.

But unfortunately for saints as well as other men, there are people that cannot take everything on credit, but have an awkward habit of sifting freely for themselves, and more awkward still of drawing their own conclusions; and this altogether irrespective of what is everywhere believed, and of "respectable authority," and the "shock to the national mind," and anything short of the truth itself; intermeddling people, who come between us and the quiet old historical faiths of our boyhood; men who would not be shocked if St. George of England turned out to be really the Arian Bishop who thrust Athanasius from his see, who might affect to disbelieve even the Seven Champions of Christendom; and for such men, and the raising up of a school of right historical criticism, let us be profoundly thankful, and that the light is scattering the dense fable-clouds of the past. If we lose the tints and gorgeousness of cloud-land, we see the real living landscape. It is a noble gift these men exercise—a noble profession—of truth-seekers; all the more powerful that it be not degraded into a mere profession; that the search for truth do not become—as it has threatened to become—a mere clever and ingenious inverting of the judgments of the past; that it be reverently, and even solemnly, carried on, not with scepticism, but faith at heart. Carried on: this generation has declared it will be carried on into the highest regions, flippantly even where men before moved softly or knelt, because it was sacred ground; and

carried on it ought to be : for the truth has nothing to fear from the light, and we have everything to gain. After fifty years of scientific inquisition into the creation, that earliest chapter of the Bible still "soars away on the wings of the morning." And the Bible, as the Truth itself, not only defies, but rejoices in the keenness of criticism. It is unworthy of it to hide it, unworthy to tremble for it, unworthy to call up the fears of possible consequences, and place *them* against the certainty of its inviolable truth ; unworthy, and paltry, and unrighteous, to think it needs the shelter of abuse, theological or other. It, indeed, is independent ; and to irreverent and captious investigators may almost assume the awful words : *He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh : the Lord shall have them in derision.* Reverent search, from whatever quarter, it invites ; wherein it is to be remembered, "that they that are of the truth hear my voice"—they, and no others ; and that we need not be troubled about the truth, which will never pass away, but about those that cannot hear it. And so we may be thankful, and not vexed or timid, as their "historical criticism" sweeps across our path ; even when it sweeps clean away such an ancient and national belief as that of Bohemia in St. John of Nepomuk ; for it has become very plain that St. Nepomuk must be given up, and consigned to the limbo of all unhistorical personages. Not but that a John of Nepomuk really existed and that he was really drowned, and this is his life. His father was one Welfin, a citizen of Pomuk. He himself joined the clergy, and signed to his name in 1372 that he was "clergyman of the diocese of Prague and notary public." In 1380, he was preacher at the church of St. Galli ; in 1381, canon of the cathedral, archdeacon and vicar-general ; in 1393, he was drowned by order of King Wenceslaus. His death (to use a bull) is the only part of his life on which history for a moment lingers, and that seems to have occurred in this wise. King Wenceslaus, it has been said, was not one of the best of kings ; and possibly, had Petrarch been his tutor, as was intended, it would have been just the same. He was a rough, rude-spoken, fierce-tempered monarch, with strong opinions upon his royal prerogative, and a strong dislike to the meddling and encroachments of the Church, a forerunner of our Henry VIII., and with much of that prince's jealousy and unhappy family life. His name has come down as the *Slothful* : his character is blotted by his feeble interference for his friend Huss ; and there are more ugly blots on it than one. But the evil-looking picture that has been accepted as a portrait has been proved by M. Palacking to be the work of the Jesuits, to whom his cardinal faults was resistance to the spiritual power. For all that, he was rough, if not furious, in temper ; and often, we may conceive, sorely provoked by the arrogance of his ecclesiastics. At the head of them was Archbishop Genzenstein ; and with Genzenstein was his archdeacon of Nepomuk, at whose suggestion, it seems,

an abbot was appointed to a new monastery without consulting the king. Wenceslaus wrote this archbishop a letter. "You Archbishop, give me up Castle Rudnez and all my other castles, and pack out of my kingdom of Bohemia. And if you undertake anything against me or my people, I will drown you. Come to Prague." The message was not courteous, but the prelate came with John of Nepomuk in his company, and as prelates in those days thought most prudent, with an armed retinue. The king's wrath rekindled as he saw him ; and he ordered him with his household forthwith to prison, saying, pointing to one and another : "I will drown you, and you, and you." Archbishop Genzenstein fled to Saxony. His household were brought into the torture-chamber, when the king flew upon them with a burning brand. All except the archdeacon escaped by unconditional submission : and he, indeed, was so severely burnt that it may have been better for him to have been murdered outright by being flung over the bridge into the flooded Moldau. This, then, is the historical John of Nepomuk ; for history produces but the one, and that there were two contemporary Johns, both born in Nepomuk, both canons in Prague, both under the wrath of Wenceslaus, and both drowned in the Moldau ; and that the chronicles should mention only the one, who would never have been heard of, but for being in the household of the archbishop ; and yet omit the other, whose fame threw the great name of Militz into shade, this is unlikely enough to be incredible. It must be granted also that the historical Nepomuk does not answer to what we must now call the legendary. The fame of a preacher, the posts of almoner and confessor to the queen do not belong to the archdeacon ; nor was the archdeacon a martyr to the secrecy of the confessional, but to the conflicts between Church and State. The legend is right as far as it points to a real John of Nepomuk and a real martyrdom under Wenceslaus IV., Emperor of Germany ; may it not also be right in its mention of a former preacher, who was also confessor to the queen ? May it not either confuse or blend some other name with Nepomuk ? For legends are seldom pure inventions, and in their simplest and earliest form are only the rude poetry of history, out of which it becomes the historical critic to eliminate what is fact. It is round the fact that the legend grows ; because of its fact that it is accepted ; on this basis—whatever it be—of fact that it flows down securely into the hands of historical critics. And if there is fact in this legend for the name, may there not also be for the character ?

Now there was one man contemporary with Nepomuk and Wenceslaus whose ecclesiastical standing and reputation were precisely that of the legendary John,—and this was Huss. Huss was almoner and confessor to Wenceslaus' second queen. Huss was the preacher who would most naturally suggest Militz to men's minds. For Militz, unlike Nepomuk, was not a strict church-

man, but one who inclined to the simplicity of the Gospel, whose heart was grieving for the worldliness of his brother ministers, who shrunk from mere ecclesiastical power, and saw the true power of the church in faithful preaching of the Gospel and godly living of the clergy. And Huss went far beyond Militz in the same direction, and preached more boldly than even he against the corruptions of the time, and was equally ready to attack false miracles or the drunkenness of the court. And with the fame of his preaching there spread his doctrines, until in Bohemia he grew to be the hero of a party, and that party, zealous for purity of doctrine and the national life; and it may fairly be said that more clung to his name than even to John Militz. So putting these two together, John Nepomuk, martyr in the Moldau, and John Huss, the famous preacher and royal almoner and confessor, we have pretty nearly this legendary and otherwise altogether apocryphal saint, and in the union it must be manifest that Nepomuk serves, merely as the date, while the real figure is Huss, that the name and the martyrdom are the mere framework on which the character of the saint is raised. But how could the Church of Rome commit an act so absurd and suicidal as to canonise the proto-martyr of the Reformation? An impatient question, since it has not yet been asserted that the Church of Rome did canonise John Huss; but not an impertinent question, as may presently appear.

For that Huss was burned, and that the flames of his stake lighted a mighty fire in Bohemia, and that the Hussites established themselves, as the national and scriptural party, until, after two centuries of almost ceaseless conflict, they were vanquished at the great battle of Whitehill, this is common history. In those two centuries Huss was the national hero, as much the political as the religious champion, for all through the religious struggle the Czechs were asserting their independence and national life. He was the genius of the country in those its brightest and most vigorous days, the man whose memory was sainted even where his doctrine made little way,—just the sort of name round which the legendary stories of the country side would gather. This was the power that fought against the Jesuits when the country lay at their feet. Could it not be made to fight with them? Why disturb traditions so deeply honoured? Why uproot them? Why not give the traditions a Catholic colour? Such questions are not unfamiliar to Jesuit fathers, if we may believe the history of Jesuit missions. In China, Japan, and India they have been started, and answered in their own fashion. Mythologies, and temples, and great names, and ancient legends have not been torn out of the hearts of the people, but consecrated to a Catholic sense. It has been the policy of the Church of Rome from the beginning. *Santa Venere* is still powerful in Italy; Juno is scarce concealed in the Madonna; the Pantheon raised by Augustus to all the gods is dedicated by the same name to all

the saints. In Servia the old god of thunder has been christened Elijah, and St. Nicholas is the new name for the god of the rivers and the sea; Woden appears as the archangel Michael, and the ancient Slavonian Suantewit migrated into St. Vitus. It is but one example out of many; hundreds of years after, Bishop Dubrav complained that the people still worshipped their old deities in the habit of the new saints. So let them keep Huss if they like; let them honour his festival; laud his character; cherish his patriotism; mourn his martyrdom; only let it be under a new name and in a Catholic sense. And so they went to work, cunningly, and in the end successfully. This drowned archdeacon came happily to hand. He became a martyr to the confessional—for it was all important to establish the authority of the confessional over Hussite Bohemia. Huss was the watchword of the independent party, and so Nepomuk became the champion of independent rights and liberty of conscience against a tyrant, whereby there was a double gain: the struggle for freedom was linked with a devout Catholic, the king who dared resist the encroachments of the Church was painted with the blackest colours on the Jesuit palette. The places of trust about the Court were easily transferred, and with them the clerical oratory; nay, in the sketches of character, it has been observed, the very defects of Huss's vanity, obstinacy, and the rest, are almost carelessly reproduced. Then having settled the saint's death to be on the day that the Hussites remember their founder, there remained nothing but to produce a supply of the stock church legends that are the recognised property of a saint, and spread the tale of St. Nepomuk in every parish. And in all this they were abundantly helped. For it must not be supposed that, clever as they were, they invented everything for themselves. Most of it was ready to hand in outline invented centuries before. The life of Archbishop Wenzenstein, written soon after his death, mentions the martyrdom of his vicar, and vaguely certain accompanying miracles. In the middle of the fifteenth century it was noticed that nobody would tread upon this Nepomuk's tombstone. In 1471, Paul Zidek relates that he was confessor to the queen. Early in the next century the cathedral authorities placed a railing round the tomb to protect the unwary from mischief. In 1341 Wenzel Hajek records additional particulars of this story, all, indeed, that were wanting. There was some prospect, therefore, that but for the Hussite war, Nepomuk might have merged into a minor saint. He was not altogether unfamiliar to his countrymen. Since the character of Huss was inevitable, it could not have been tagged to a better name. There was but one mistake, and that was helpless. If Nepomuk was confessor, it must have been to the first empress, since Huss undoubtedly was to the second; and as his martyrdom could not thus be 1393, it became 1383; and that was unfortunate, since there was no drying up of

the Moldau in that year, while in 1393 there undoubtedly was, following hard upon the great floods which closed the year preceding.

The saintship of Nepomuk properly began with the re-establishment of Catholicism in Bohemia. The battle of Whitehill was lost in 1620; the first regular life of Nepomuk was put forward by the Jesuit Balbinus in 1670. It was "an expansion of Hajek's single chapter into sixteen;" it was the foundation of whatever was written after. The saint was thus already canonised, but he never had the sanction of the pope, and this was only granted after special sifting and a judicial process. This sifting—*Acta utriusque processus in causa canonisationis*—was published in 1722. Balbinus gave as authority for his biography various unspecified "contemporary manuscripts," that existed in his own brain; these Acts bring forward various "independent" witnesses to repeat the manuscripts of Balbinus. Count Zynsky, of 74, had heard it from his father of 69. Dr. Alsterle had it from his parents, who had it from theirs, and the family had been "for 500 years true to God, the king, and the Catholic Church." Count Wratislaw's huntsman, being 118, gave ancient testimony: and Dr. Hawliczek, of 70, had heard it from his grandmother, who had heard it from her mother, an old lady of 100. Unfortunately, these ages, though respectable, were not enough, and "a contemporary great-grandmother of 300 could not be found." Nevertheless, the sifting was satisfactory and the saint proclaimed in 1729; to which let us not demur, seeing saints have been proclaimed with less reason. There is a charming story of a St. Philumena, a beautiful Grecian princess that fell into the hands of the Emperor Maxentius, and refusing to marry him, was flung into the sea tied to an anchor and on the anchor refusing to sink was beheaded. But all that was ever found of this saint were three small bones in a tomb of the Catacombs, where was written Philumena, with a palm branch and an anchor and a flask of the wine of the sacrament—Christian symbols then not uncommon; whereupon the Jesuits took the wine for blood and the anchor for an anchor, and canonised a saint, and their own ignorance or worse together. So that this judicial sifting may be taken for what it is worth.

Nepomuk was now canonised, but it was needful to have his portrait, and place him beyond suspicion. This also was discovered with the statement, "Painted from nature, 20th May, 1383;" and the crucifix is in his hand and the five stars are above his head. Stubborn, unbelieving criticism is not even yet satisfied, and proves that the five stars were never seen about the saint till after 1736, and that the date of the picture, in other respects, must be about the same time. Neither portrait nor statue of Nepomuk appears until Balbinus is spreading his legends and writing his book in the middle of the seventeenth century. But there were ancient pictures and statues of Huss; as old, at least, as the century in which he was murdered.

Iconoclasts as the Taborites were, they could not prevent the national hero-worship taking this direction. It is a curious proof of the change from the true saint to the false, that such statues of this sort as have been found are cunningly altered for adding the symbols of Nepomuk. And one recently discovered in a remote village, and which represents Huss with the Bible spread open on his knees, and his eyes uplifted in prayer, has received its five stars upon the breast, because they would fit in nowhere else. While as still more singular proof of the interchange of Huss with Nepomuk, there are statues unquestionably of the latter, but with the Bible in his hand and other symbols of the Reformer.

There remains one point more. St. Nepomuk is more than national saint: to the superstition of the people he is national god; it is not pretended for a moment that this was copied from Huss. This much indeed lay in the heart of the country, lay over out of old heathen times, and was preserved by the ignorance and conservatism of the countryfolk. There is not a land in Christendom where relics of the ancient heathenism do not linger on under the proprieties and respectabilities of modern life, sturdily surviving in traditional beliefs. There is probably not a county in England that will not furnish stories of its peasantry confirmatory of this fact. And, what better could be expected of Bohemia? Since this faith was strong, let it clasp the legend round like ivy over a new wall; give it that antiquity and sacredness that would gain it reverent acceptance in the minds of men. So the old river spirits play beneath his statue on the bridge; and the old faith in the powers of nature invests him with control over showers and dew and fruitfulness and famine; and the old laughing mischief of the Scandinavian fays peeps out of such stories as of the two women who crossed his grave, and then so lamentably crossed the bridge: and the old dualism of the Northern gods steals into his character, mild and good-natured in their strength, when not provoked, but otherwise malignant and terrible. Like a "very Kobold," as Dr. Abel says, (and his little tract—*Die Legende von heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, contains the fullest information on this and on all other points of the story), he twitches the chairs, and sours the milk, and slams the doors, and pinches the sleepers, to eject the unhallowed potter from his birthplace. Like Thor in wrath, he smites the wicked Calvinist upon his tombstone. There is the background of heathenism; but the foreground is prominent with the saint.

And so John Huss, the defender of Wickliffe, the preacher of the Word, the foe of the confessional, parent of the great Utraquist Church, of the Taborites, and Calixtines, and Bohemian Brethren, watchword of Bohemian Protestants, and Protomartyr of the Bohemian Reformation, has become a lawful saint of the Church of Rome, and guardian of bridges and cloud-compeller and rain-giver to his native country, and has a Society "for spreading his

honour," and is worshipped by maidens of Prague, and by all the peasants of the Czechs, and with masses in every chapel* under infallible authority of the very Pope. And "the whirligig of time brings round its revenges," surely none more curious than this. In 1719, ninety-three silver lamps were found at the grave; from 1722-37, a multitude of hands, feet, heads, eyes, ears, foreheads, fingers, teeth, breasts, hearts, stomachs, and children, of silver and gold (one from Princess Schwarzenberg of fourteen pounds weight), was poured into his treasury. To whom do these and their successors belong? To Huss and the Protestants, or to a saint that never existed, and cannot claim them? And the millions of masses and prayers, are they invalid, being offered to a heretic under ban of the Church? Or are they more valid if offered to a saint that either never was born, or if born was drowned ten years before his death? These are questions of some interest, but there are others of a very profound significance.

What influence will this memory of Huss have upon Bohemia? The worship of St. John, we are told, is decaying. Year by year his adherents de-

* 7034, in the cathedral of Prague, in the year 1716. 50,672, in the same place, in the year 1721.

crease. Even the feeble tide of political life in 1848 threatened to sweep away his silver shrine. Protestantism is on the increase; in some places doubling its numbers within a dozen years. An entire village has been known to come over to the Protestant Church of its own accord. The Protestants, who are near a hundred thousand, have been granted a constitution. The *Gustav-Adolph* Society has planted its standard in the country, and the religious life and religious freedom are not slow to rally round it. The Bible is preached with enthusiasm and purity in crowded churches, by men of a rare simplicity, faith, and godliness.

Has Huss been preserved to become in his own name the watchword of a new crisis? As the legends of St. John of Nepomuk decay, will the true John stand out in his true light? Already there are some curious facts. Bohemia is erecting a huge pile of granite where Huss was burned at Constance; the present archbishop is holding up the example of Miltz, and striving to unite men by their love of Christ and the Truth; and this year Protestants and Catholics will be keeping the thousandth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity among them. Will Huss or Nepomuk be the word of power?

WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON.

THE WOOING AND WEDDING OF QUEEN DAGMAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE OLD DANISH BALLADS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE Christian name of this beloved Queen, whose history is lost in the splendour of the traditional halo which encircles her memory, was Margrethe. She was born about 1186 and was the daughter of King Premysl Ottokar I. of Bohemia, and Adela of Meissin. When Margrethe was about twenty her hand was sought in marriage by King Waldemar Seier, or the Victorious, of Denmark. The remainder of the life and the memory of Queen Dagmar are enshrined in a set of rude, though beautiful ballads. She is the best beloved of all the old Danish Queens, and still lives in the heart of the people almost as a saint. Her name, which was changed by their love and gratitude to Dagmar, expresses to them daylight, or the beauty of the early morning which seemed ever to beam around her.

The following version of the wooing and wedding of this beloved lady is very rude and uncouth. But so are the original ballads themselves, the true character of which I have scrupulously endeavoured to preserve. They resemble old pieces of wood-carving of the middle ages; nor did I wish either to polish or to smooth them, but simply to present them in all their rude strength, their simplicity and abruptness of detail.

The boon by which good Queen Dagnar benefited her people, and which she craved for them on her wedding-morning, was repeated on her deathbed, under circumstances of great solemnity. But for our present purpose the joyous incidents of the happy wedding are all we need.

King Waldemar and good Sir Strange
They sat together at the board,
And talk'd with right good will, and spoke
Full many a pleasant word.

"Now hear, Sir Strange, what I say to thee,
Thou shalt travel far and wide;
Thou shalt travel far to Böhmer-land
And fetch me home my bride."

Sir Strange Ebbeson answer made,
And wisely answer'd he,

"If I must go to Böhmer-land,
Who then shall go with me!"

"Take with thee the Bishop of Sjelland,
For he is a learned man;
And also Sir Albert of Eskelsö,
Who will help thee all he can.

"Take with thee young Sir Limbek
And Sir Oluf Lykke, beside,
The rich Sir Peter Glob, and more
If so thy will decide."



QUEEN DAGMAR.

It was young Sir Strange Ebbeson
Went down unto the strand,
And with him King Waldemar himself,
And all his noble band.

And over the briny sea they sail'd,
Thrice seven days, the briny flood,
On the next they came to the frontier bounds,
And all were joyous of mood.

They struck their sails and anchor cast,
And hasten'd to the land,
A gallant and lordly company—
Sir Strange the first of the band.

And being assembled in good array
An embassy sent he then,
To tell the king of Böhmer-land
"That they were King Waldemar's men ;

"That they in private with him would speak,
As best beseem'd this thing."—
With that silk stuffs on the ground were spread,
And they were brought to the king.

"All hail to you, king of Böhmer-land,
A prince of honour clear ;
King Waldemar of Denmark sends to pray
The hand of your daughter dear !"

"My lords ! Take napkins and water pure,
At the board be seated, each one ;
"You are welcome to this good land of ours,
And answer shall have anon !"

The king went into his chamber high
To speak with the queen ; and said,
"Here are lords from Denmark's king who asks
Our daughter dear to wed."

"If Waldemar king of Denmark
Seek our daughter for his bride,
We will give her unto that mighty man
And many a gift beside !"

They laid on her the red, red gold,
And brought her into the hall ;
Sir Strange Ebbeson rose from his seat,
A handsome man and tall.

They clothed her in the blue, blue silk,
And brought her before his face,
"Here you may see the maiden herself,
In virtue and noble grace."

Then in they carried the chess-board
With the golden dice thereon,
That good Sir Strange and the royal maid
Might play and talk alone.

They play'd and play'd, and the third time,
In the moves of the golden game,
Sir Strange he won the Atheling
In brave King Waldemar's name.

"Now tell me, Sir Strange Ebbeson,
On your honour and knightly truth,
Is the king of Denmark brave and good ?
Is he handsome and true, in sooth ?"

With that Sir Strange look'd up to heaven,
And answer made again,
"The Danish king is brave and true,
And handsomer than all my men !"—

These silken stuffs were spread on the ground
And the maid went down to the strand ;
She bade good-night to her parents dear,
And the ship put out from land.

It was the good king of Böhmer-land,
He counsel'd his daughter dear,
"When thou art come into Denmark
Act ever with truth sincere !

"If thou be pious, God-fearing, and good,
Thy soul will have comfort alway,
And unto thy people, my daughter,
Thou wilt be a hope and a stay !"—

With this the lords put out from land,
All joyous as well might be,
And away they sail'd to Denmark,
A two months' voyage free.

They hoisted aloft the silken sail,
Upon the gilded mast,
And so they came to Denmark
Ere two long months were pass'd.—

It was the mild Queen Dagmar
That look'd out first to land ;
And it was the king of Denmark
That was riding on the strand.

"Now tell me, Sir Strange Ebbeson,
Before we reach the land,
Who is that gallant, handsome youth,
Who rides on the snowy sand ?"

"You are welcome, welcome, Queen Dagmar,
The truth is easy to say ;
That is King Waldemar of Denmark,
Three kingdoms own his sway.

"My gracious lady Dagmar, good,
A brave prince is he and bold ;
He has castles many, and fortresses,
And kingdoms three to hold."

"Shame on you, Strange ! I tell you, shame !
Why seek me to beguile ?
I believe that the king of Denmark
Rules only one little isle !"

"Now listen, my handsome lady !
My king is a man of might ;
He has won, for the crown of Denmark,
To the northern lands his right !

"A man he is, and a wise, good prince,
Who ever faces the foe ;
They flee before him, both east and west,
For his deadly ire they know.

"Now listen, my handsome lady !
Rejoice, and give God the praise !
You will never repent this voyage
To the latest of your days !

"And long as my life endureth,
I will be your servant true,
And all the nobles in Denmark
Will love and honour you too !"—

The seamen cast their anchor
Into the snow-white sand ;
Then took they the lady Dagmar
And lifted her first on land.

Then took they the lady Dagmar
And lifted her first on land,
And Waldemar king of Denmark
Reach'd forth to her his white hand.

And silken stuffs and scarlet
Along the earth were spread,
And Dagmar, with all her ladies,
To Riber House was led.

So the wedding was held with pomp and joy,
With mirth and bridal cheer,
And King Waldemar and Queen Dagmar
Were each to the other dear.—

Now early in the morning,
Before the risen sun,
It was the lady Dagmar,
Who craved her morning boon.

"One boon, my gracious Lord, I crave,
And let me not crave in vain—
That you forego the peasant's plough-tax,
And release each prisoner's chain !"

"Go fetch the good Sir Strange ;
The squire Knut also call !—
You must ride away to Oringsborg
And free the prisoners all !"

Great was the joy which Dagmar brought,
Great joy all Denmark thorough !
Both burgher and peasant lived in peace
Without tax or plough-pence sorrow.—

Christ bless the youthful Athelings,
And together long may they live !
God's word and His righteous justice
That all men may receive !

A VISIT TO THE AGRICULTURAL COLONIES FOR THE POOR IN HOLLAND.

BY A SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

ONE morning in March of this year I took my place on board the steamer which plies between Amsterdam and Zwolle. A trip across the Y, that splendid harbour of the Dutch metropolis, and the well-known Zuiderzee, was a great pleasure in itself. But I had another object in view than the mere enjoyment of an excursion. I wanted to see the Agricultural Poor Colonies about which so much has lately been said and written in Holland.

The title itself, *Agricultural Colonies for the Poor of the Society of Beneficence*, excited my sympathy. At all events, I thought it expressed a noble idea. I had seen and heard too much of the poorhouses and workhouses in the cities not to know that they, far from diminishing pauperism, tend rather to feed, consolidate, and increase it. God's world is wide ; and though there is room enough in it for us all, yet the narrow cities are overcrowded with poor, wretched, half-starved people, clustering together in dark, damp, misty lanes and closes, like herrings in a barrel ! Why do we keep them there, where they are neither wanted nor happy ? Is it the case that the commandment with which the Creator pointed out man's destiny : *Replenish the earth and*

subdue it, is not applicable to the poor people of our large towns ?

Some fifty years ago, there lived in Holland a nobleman of high standing in society who loved both his country and the poor. He possessed the rare privilege of uniting a clear head with a warm heart, and with an uncommon amount of general information. This man was the General J. van den Bosch. Upon inquiring into the social condition of his fellow-countrymen shortly after the battle of Waterloo, he found that thousands of families who had formerly been in a thriving state, were reduced to utter helplessness and poverty. How to help the immense number of poor people scattered chiefly through the towns, was the question which the good and talented General pondered over day and night. That it would be as pernicious as impossible to support them by mere almsgiving, was quite clear to him. He felt that they would only be truly helped by being enabled to support themselves from their own labour. He took the map of the country and observed that there was a vast district of barren uncultivated heath, about fifteen miles long by three broad, in

the centre of the kingdom, north-east from the Zuiderzee, just at the spot where the three provinces of Drenthe, Friesland, and Overijssel meet. He resolved to use his knowledge, talents, wealth, and influence, in establishing a colony at this quarter. The best plan seemed to be to found a philanthropic society.

It was as early as the year 1817 that the General founded the *Maatschappij van Weldadigheid* (Society of Beneficence), of which, for an annual subscription of fifty-two pence, or one penny a week, any one could become a member. The enthusiasm with which the plan was received by the population was so great, that within a short time about 21,000 people subscribed. The grounds were bought, premises built, and in the following year the Society commenced operations.

The plan of the General seemed to be very plausible and promising. The sort of paupers who were to be admitted should not be, properly speaking, beggars, but indigent people of good character, who, taken from the over-peopled towns, would be taught to till the ground, and, during the winter, to occupy themselves with some manufacturing work. The children should be provided with religious and secular teaching at the schools, and thus, trained in the wholesome country atmosphere, grow up as a fresh generation of able-bodied and well-principled people. At the same time, thousands of acres in the very heart of the kingdom, which from the days of the creation had been fruitless, would be changed from a wilderness into a garden. To support and to carry out all this, the annual subscriptions of course would not be sufficient. Nor did the General look forward to State support. The Society was intended to be thoroughly "voluntary." But at the same time it was intended to enter into contracts with the municipalities of the towns, with other philanthropic societies, or with individuals, for taking families or single persons at certain sums, to be paid either as capital at once, or in annual instalments, which might be extended over sixteen years. The calculation was, that the Society would cover all expenses by charging for a family (six or seven persons) seventeen hundred florins (142*l.*). For this sum the family should obtain a farm-house, the required furniture and implements, one or two cows, and three *Morgens* of ground,* to be worked under the direction of the Society. It was expected that the family thus established would not only be able, after a couple of years, to earn its own support, but also to pay back about ten florins (16*s.*) a year. To further the sending in of suitable families to the colony, sub-committees were established at the various towns, and these sub-committees were considered as the patrons of the families sent in by them, and had to provide for the seventeen hundred florins, or at least for the annual interest of that sum, with annual in-

stalments for paying up the capital within sixteen years. Consequently it was estimated that the head of such a family would, within sixteen years, be able to become entirely free; and could keep on living at his farms as if it were his own property. Not that he would have a right to sell or to bequeath his farm after his death. It was to remain the property of the Society, but the commune or party which once had paid the seventeen hundred florins would, after the death or removal of the family, have a right to use the farm for another family without paying again, except an entrance fee of about 4*l.*

These were somewhat the main features of the foundation upon which the Society was based. The colony was divided into three chief districts, called, after members of the Royal family, *Frederiks-oord*, *Wilhelminas-oord* and *Willems-oord*. Added to it was an establishment for training young agriculturists, called *Wateren*. Churches for Protestants, Romanists, and Jews, were built, together with manses; also school houses and dwelling houses for the teachers, with bakeries, shops, barns, and houses for the office bearers &c., &c. A director, sub-directors, managers, and overseers were appointed, all according to the rules of a well-organised society.

No sooner, however, had the colony started than a great calamity befel it. It occurred to the Government that this institution might fairly be entrusted with the care of beggars and vagabonds. The law of Holland requires the imprisonment of a person found begging or vagrant, but it was resolved to commute this punishment into a deportation to the colony of the Society of Beneficence. The directors of the Society, together with the General, little aware of the ocean of misery and grief into which they were plunging, entered into contracts with the Government for the reception and maintenance of beggars, foundlings, and orphans, at a fixed rate per head. Two new colonies were established by the purchase of land in the province of Overijssel and in that of Drenthe. The one, called *Ommer-schans*, was situated at above thirty miles from the three original colonies; the other, called *Veenhuizen*, at no less distance in the opposite direction. They were to be distinguished from the three *free colonies* by the title of *Beggars' Colonies*, but of course to be kept under the general administration. No sooner were the beggars and vagabonds sent in, than it was found that the evil which the colonies were to put a stop to increased to a fearful extent. People took to begging in order to be punished with a deportation to those "nicely situated" places. It was a cheap trip into the country. Of course that would not do. It was then determined that the beggars should be imprisoned first, and afterwards be sent to the colonies to perform forced labour for a certain length of time. This measure, it is true, helped to check mendicancy, or at least to keep it within its former limits, but at the same time it struck a fatal blow at the Society of Beneficence.

* The Dutch or Rhineland *Morgen* is equal to 2 acres, 16 square poles, and 435 square feet English measure.

For the Society now became, in the opinion of the public, a Society of *Police*. People took very little notice of the distinction between the *free* and the *beggars'* colonies. They treated both alike, and all came to be known by the name of the "Beggars' Colonies,"—the great "dunghill of Holland," the place where the scum of society and the dregs of the nation were gathered. Thus the Society of Beneficence and its colonies got into public disgrace. Besides, its original character was quite changed. The excellent General had founded it as a voluntary corporation; it now became to a certain extent a State institution. It was meant to act *preventively* against pauperism, by protecting sinking families through timely assistance; it now acted *repressively* against this class. The effect of all this was most calamitous to the Society. Having lost the sympathy of the public it lost its support. The number of subscribers soon sunk to 4000. Moreover, the Society was now compelled to work its fields with people who were not only unable but were unwilling to labour. This of course caused an immense loss to the annual revenue. To complete the misery, the Society was under the necessity of keeping up a very cumbrous and expensive administration, in consequence of its contracts with the Government. In short, everything turned against the Society, and everybody wanted to leave it to its fate.

From this moment the history of the Society became a history of difficulties and calamities. It soon became evident that the original plan of the founder, namely, to raise the colonist to the rank of a small landowner by dint of his own labour, was utopian. Even if it had been possible for the colonist to save annually the required amount, the Society would have been ruined, as, in that case, it would have lost all its cultivated ground, and been compelled continually to struggle on with the barren fields. The plan was soon dropped, but to encourage the colonist the prospect was held out to him of becoming a "free farmer," *i.e.*, after having cleared off a sum of from 150 to 200 florins (from 12*l.* to 17*l.*), he would only have to pay a small annual rent to the Society, and for the rest be his own master, working his farm on his own account, and entirely to his own profit. But this plan, too, proved in most cases a failure. Even as late as 1859 there were not twenty-five free farmers among 434 families! The Board of Curators found that most families, instead of paying anything, had to be assisted by subsidiary help. This caused an annual expenditure far surpassing the means of the Society, which was besides under obligations with regard to its shareholders and mortgages. Soon after the contract with the Government was made, the board felt compelled to apply to it for help. This was repeated nearly every year, till the amount of debt incurred became so immense that the curators, being at their wits' end, resigned. This was about the year 1843. The Government then wisely stepped in to save the Society from

bankruptcy. A fresh contract between the Government and the Society was made, which seemed to promise the most happy futurity, so much so that the curators who had resigned were prevailed upon to resume their office, especially as the King's brother, the Prince Frederic of the Netherlands, accepted the post of president of the board. Indeed, this wealthy and generous prince proved not a mere *figurant* on the list of the names of the curators; he contributed large sums from his privy purse to succour the Society. The Government also bestowed upon it every favour it could dispose of. Thus all the coffee-bags which the *Netherland Handelmoetschappij* (a kind of East India Company) wanted for its trade were ordered to be made at the colonies. But this artificial measure threatened to turn the agricultural colony into a weaving establishment. Besides, the Government could not continue paying such high prices as would be required for the profit of the colonists; yet, notwithstanding all these exertions and favours, the Society soon again found itself in the most awkward financial predicament, so that in 1856 the Board of Curators again resigned, and the Society once more was brought to the point of bankruptcy. The Government again stepped in, but this time to adopt more decisive measures. It was now seen that the union of the Beggars' Colonies with the Free Colonies was an arrangement by which neither the State nor the Society had been benefited. It was consequently arranged that this union should be dissolved, and that the Government should keep the Beggars' Colonies and the Society the Free ones. Thus the Society would be restored to its original state, as a purely philanthropic corporation, founded upon an exclusively voluntary principle. To carry out that plan, the Minister of Inner Affairs brought a bill before Parliament, by which the separation was to be regulated. From the Explanatory Memoir which accompanied that bill, it is shown that, besides large sums granted on former occasions, the Society had received from the Government:—

In 1846, about	£6,600
" 1847, "	13,460
" 1848, "	7,166
" 1854, "	5,830
" 1855, "	8,330

The whole debt of the Society amounted to about 604,537*l.*, of which considerably more than one-half was due to private creditors, and the remainder to the Government. To give the Society a fresh start after the separation of the colonies, the Government presented the Board of Curators with a sum of about 304,000*l.* to pay off the private creditors with 65 per cent., while the debt due to the Government was considered as cancelled.

Thus the unhappy history of that disastrous period was brought to a close, but it failed not to leave its injurious effects behind. Both in Holland itself and elsewhere the idea of an agricultural colony for the relief of the poor meets with little

sympathy, since it is taken for granted that the experiment has proved a failure. Before this time three deputations visited the colonies from foreign countries, viz., one from France, in 1851; one from Austria, in 1852; and one from Scotland (Sir John McNeill, president of the Board of Supervision for the relief of the poor), in 1853. Their reports are all more or less unfavourable. Nor could it be otherwise. Even the staunchest friends of the system in Holland were in those days in despair about the colonies.

But on the 15th of September, 1859, the separation between the Free and the Beggars' colonies took place, and the Society of Beneficence was thus restored to its original footing. I wanted to see the free colonies in their present condition, and accordingly steamed off to Zwartzluis, a nice thriving place on the brink of a canal that leads from the eastern shore of the Zuiderzee to Zwolle. The stage coach that waited upon the arrival of the boat, took the passengers along a brick road to the town of Meppel, and farther on to Steenwyk, one of the pretty towns of Overijssel, upon the bank of the Zuiderzee. Here a private conveyance was waiting to take me to the colonies, which are nearly five miles from the town.

A good macadamised road led me to the colony of Frederiks-oord, which, though the smallest of the three, yet ranks the foremost, as it is the residence of the director, and contains a very good hotel for the accommodation of visitors. Nearly half an hour before reaching the hotel we entered the colony through an avenue of oak trees which lined the road on both sides. I was very agreeably struck with the cheerful rural appearance of the whole scenery around. According to the declaration of the coachman, who was born at the place, it was a large tract of barren heath some forty years ago. As far as my eyes could see I discovered nothing but cultivated land. Every five minutes we passed a trim little farm-house peeping through the trees to the right or to the left. Their uniform structure showed that they belonged to a common system; their clean and tidy appearance, that they were under good control. I was sorry indeed that I was alone; I wished friends were with me to enjoy a trip to this truly charming and interesting spot. "At any rate," I thought, "whatever the system of colonisation may or may not be for the people, for the country it is a boon, turning wildernesses into gardens and deserts into little paradises."

The director, Mr. Jongkindt Coninck, who lives in a pretty little house close to the hotel, received me with the kindness of a friend. I found him a man of about thirty, sitting by the side of his young wife in his parlour, where two little children completed the happy family circle. He appeared quite pleased with the visit of a stranger, an event which, he was sorry to say, belonged to the rare occurrences of the year. Evidently that man, whom I found that people both within and without the colony held in the highest respect, was conscious of the

important and heavy responsibility resting on his shoulders. It is true, a committee of five commissioners or curators, elected by the general assembly of the members of the Society, and belonging to the aristocratic class, have the supervision and control, but they only meet occasionally, and leave the actual management to the Director, whose labours and obligations are summed up in not less than twenty-one heads in the regulations for the administration of the Society. He must conduct the correspondence, guide the income and expenditure, keep a double account with the branch societies in the different towns of the country, provide for the maintenance, liberty and safety of the roads, bridges, waters, plantations and squares, control the public health, inspect the school teaching, care for the external interests of public worship, appoint or discharge the officers of the second rank, make up the balance of the past and the budget for the ensuing year, visit all the institutions and manufactories of the colonies at stated times, and, according to regulations specially got up for the purpose, arrange the affairs of the colonists, the number of whom amounts to not less than 2550 individuals, scattered over an area of 2000 Dutch *bunders* or 4940 English acres. In this work he is assisted by a secretary, a book-keeper, an adjutant director, and two sub-directors, who again are assisted by the officers of the second rank, namely, seven district masters (*Wykmeesters*), and six overseers and foremen of the mills. There are two Protestant, one Roman Catholic and one Jewish church, with their respective clergymen; shops at different spots, where the colonists may buy their coffee and tea (strong drink being prohibited), their thread, needles and pins; and workshops for the carpenters and the smiths, who are salaried by the Society.

When glancing at that extensive sphere of labour one cannot be surprised to learn that the director, however energetic and active, found scarcely a moment's time to devote to me. Yet his kind information and that of his assistant directors, with one of whom I afterwards walked through the colony and visited several colonists in their houses, enabled me to obtain such a view of the whole institution, as was fully sufficient to convince me of its great value, both in a philanthropic and in a financial point of view. I found that the method of administration followed up by the former board was all but abandoned. Before the separation, the colonists were as much as possible kept in the service of the Society as day labourers; the present committee tries to raise as many as possible to the rank of free farmers. Formerly a minimum of wages was appointed for every labourer, which he was sure to receive every week, no matter whether he worked much or little. This measure is altogether abandoned, and so is the conventional coin, which prevented the colonist from buying his wares outside the colony, even though he could get them cheaper there than inside. The wages which the

Society pays are the same now as those paid in the neighbourhood, and every attempt to keep the colony in an artificial, unnatural, and compulsory state, is discarded.

The soil of the three colonies varies considerably. On the whole, it is of a sandy, dry quality, which requires a considerable amount of manure. As it is the object of the Society to find work for a great number of people, the rearing of cattle gives place to the growing of crops, which consist chiefly of rye, potatoes, clover, and grass. The colony Willemsoord is the most fertile of the three; it is even said to contain many excellent pieces of land, but it affords no peat, which is found in abundance in the other colonies, where the bog or moss is lying in layers, at from 1 to 5 feet in depth. When cut and dried it yields an excellent fuel, which enables a family at Frederiks-oord to pay about 2*l.* a-year less for fuel than a family at Willemsoord. Of the 2000 *bunders* which constitute the colonies, only 1200 (2964 acres) are cultivated, the rest being still covered with heather. These cultivated acres are dotted, at tolerably regular distances, with small farm-houses, capable of giving accommodation to a married couple and four children, one or two cows and a pig, and leaving room enough for a loom. To each farmhouse about 2½ *bunders* or 7½ acres—which, according to the original estimate of General van den Bosch, was deemed sufficient for the support of a family—are allotted. This, however, was a mistake; at least it proved so in most cases. That quantity of land might do for a family, if cultivated to the highest degree of productiveness which arable soil may be brought to, but it will take years before the soil of the colony reaches that stage. At present, I was told, the best acres scarcely yield 50 per cent. of what old-cultivated and thoroughly-worked acres of the neighbourhood yield. The consequence is, that the family requires to devote too large an extent of its lot to crops, and too little to grazing for the cow, which again bears upon the production of manure.

The colonists are all sent in by the communes or philanthropic bodies of the various towns, or by private individuals. Wherever the annual contributions for the society amount to fifty-two florins (*fl. 6s. 8d.*) a year, a branch society is formed with its own board of direction. This branch society, on paying the required 1700 florins, is entitled to the use of a farmhouse with its allotted quantity of 7½ acres, and consequently has a right to send in a married couple and four children; or, if there should not be so many, their number may be completed by orphans. Should there be more, the family must try to get on anyhow. Single persons may also be sent, to be boarded at the rate of sixty florins per head (*5*l.**) with families, who receive *fl. 3s. 4*d.** All these arrangements were made before the separation in 1859. The present committee was obliged to continue those contracts, however unprofitable they had proved to the Society. It is a pity that the committee was not permitted to make *tabula rasa*,

and to take a fresh start with the communes and branch societies. The conditions of the old contracts are so unfavourable to the Society, that the committee since 1859 has not permitted any of the branch societies to establish a new farm.

The colonists are divided into two classes, viz., Labourers and Free Farmers. When a family enters the colony, it is placed in the first class. A house is given it with a garden and a cow, and those members of the family who are able to work are taken into the service of the Society at a fixed tariff of wages.

If the question is put, whether a master of a family is able to support himself and family without running into debt, the answer to that question varies according to the circumstances and the ability of the family. If his children are few, and if those few are able-bodied, he of course can get through much easier than if he has to provide for a large number of little ones, and has to do all the work himself. But even though those circumstances should be very much alike, yet one master of a family may thrive much better than another, in consequence either of greater skill or of greater activity. It needs no argument to prove that a colonist who is born and trained up in the colony may get through very well; while another, who spent twenty or forty years of his life as an artisan—piano-maker or paperhanger in one of the back streets of Amsterdam, and hardly knows which end of the spade ought to be put into the soil—has a hard struggle, at least for the first period of his colonial life. Such a man requires a weekly subsidy, which is paid out to him by the director, and put to the account of the branch society that sent him in. If the branch society, or the commune, should refuse to pay the subsidy, the family is sent back to the place they came from. Thus, a week previous to my arrival in the colony, twelve families were returned to Amsterdam, that community declining the continuation of the subsidy. I found, however, that they were mostly Jewish families, who never will thrive in an agricultural colony. It seems that those wandering children of Abraham lost the talent for cultivating the earth when they were driven from their native soil. Though Holland numbers about 60,000 Jews (*i.e.*, one-fiftieth of the whole population of the kingdom), yet there is, as far as my inquiry went, but one Jewish farmer known in the country. It is a strange and anything but edifying sight to witness that man sowing and ploughing away on Sunday, while the country people are going up to worship.

To get a true idea of the way in which the colony works with respect to labourers, I took a copy of the statistics of the payment (during the week March 22—29) of two families, which, as to their number of children, were very much alike, and yet differed greatly as to their weekly earnings. The one, of the name of Kooi, numbers seven members, viz., four above fifteen years, two above ten, and one under five. This family earned in that week ten

florins and ninety-one cents (18s. 2½d.), which was paid out to them as follows :—

	s.	d.
For the use of the cow and the garden	1	8
House-rent	0	7
Medical service	0	2½
Clothing	1	2
Bread (the family did not take from the Society, but bought somewhere else).		
Ten per cent. reserve for the use of the family in time of need	1	9½
Potatoes	2	7½
In cash	10	1½
	18	2½

The other family, of the name of Klingers, numbers likewise seven members, viz., three above fifteen, one above ten, two above five, and one under five. It earned five florins and ninety cents (9s. 10d.), and received two florins and fifty cents (4s. 2d.) as subsidy from the community of Haarlem, so that its weekly income amounted to fourteen shillings. These were paid out :—

	s.	d.
For the use of cow and garden	1	8
House-rent	0	7
Medical service	0	2½
Clothing	1	2
Reserve (ten per cent. of the earnings)	0	11½
Potatoes	3	1½
Bread	2	6½
In cash	3	8½
	14	0

It appears, from these two statements, that Klingers, notwithstanding he received 4s. 2d. subsidy, only got 3s. 8½d. cash in hand, and that he put only 11½d. to his reserve, whereas Kooi, who received no subsidy, put 1s. 9½d. to his reserve, and got 10s. 1½d. cash in hand. Suppose he paid 3s. for bread, i.e., 5½d. more than Klingers paid, because he has four members of his family above fifteen, whereas Klingers has only three, 7s. 1½d. are left, so that he, at any rate, could dispose of 3s. 4½d. above what Klingers could dispose of; a difference which, during a period of twelve months, would amount to 8l. 15s. Now the cause of the difference only lies in the difference of ability. Both families are alike respectable, but both Kooi and his wife were born in the colony, and from their childhood trained to agricultural labour; whereas Klingers came to the colony only a few years ago from Haarlem, where he in vain tried to earn his bread as a house-painter.

Still I must not forget to mention that Kooi's account does not always stand so favourably. This (March) is the best season of the year for the labourer. In the winter there comes hard days and meagre weeks. I visited Kooi's family. On entering the parlour I was struck with its tidiness. Kooi had just gone away to his work. His wife, a strong, healthy-looking woman of forty, was trimming up a little girl of three, who sat on her lap. Beside her was a woman of her own age, engaged in sewing. The under-director, who guided me,

introduced me as a gentleman who came to see the colony.

"Ah, that's right," said Mrs. K., apparently pleased with my visit. "And isn't this a nice spot, sir?"

"Well, I really think it is," said I, taking the chair which the under-director offered me. It was a clean matted chair with brown polished back. The table was nicely painted, and not a single speck of dust upon it. Mrs. K. was dressed in a red-flowered cotton jacket, tied up to her chin, and a black camlet gown, under which her feet, covered with black stockings and shoes, peeped out. The woman who was sitting next to her evidently enjoyed a less favourable position, as her very plain blackish cotton jacket indicated. The walls of the room were whitewashed, and as bright as if they were done with milk. An iron stove, capable of receiving a large iron pot on its top for cooking, lifted its form, in the shape of a large three-legged flower-pot, before the chimney. A brown polished chest of drawers occupied a portion of one wall, while two beds were built as recesses in two other ones. A nice Dutch clock with glossy brass weights was suspended in a corner, and a gilt tea-set, placed upon a couple of japanned trays, adorned the top of the chest of drawers.

"Are you happy here now?" I asked, after having permitted my eyes to do their work round the room.

"Yes we are," answered she, with a smile of content. "We are but too happy to be back in the colony again."

"So you were not always here? I thought you were born here."

"So we were; but when I and my husband married [the good woman seemed not to remember that according to Paul's declaration, "Adam was first formed, then Eve," a want of memory which I have sometimes noticed in ladies outside the colony] we left to try our fortune as labourers in the neighbourhood, but we found we could get on much better here."

"I was told," said I, "that the labourers and small farmers round about, who cultivate the heath outside the colonies, could all of them thrive without obtaining any support or privilege whatever, such as the use of a cow, cheap medical assistance, &c., while many of the colonists require help and prove unable to support themselves."

"What!" cried she in a voice of surprise, "the hutters thrive!—[I here learnt that the name of *hutters* was given by the colonists to the small farmers round about]—the hutters thrive! Not one, sir! They lead a poor miserable life, and are all to be helped by the communes. They are but too anxious to get into the colony."

Here a conversation ensued between the two women and the under-director about several hutters whose condition was quoted as a proof of the correctness of Mrs. K.'s assertion. Meanwhile the little girl jumped from her mother's lap, and placing

herself before me, asked me, with a look indicative of great satisfaction, "Am I not nice now, sir?"

Indeed, I could not help acknowledging how pretty the little thing was. Her nicely combed fair hair shone as a mirror, and her little frock fitted her puny form as if she had been born in it. She then leaped away, happy as a queen. I could not help regretting this token of vanity in a child so young; but by and by it appeared to me that perhaps it might be considered as an effect of that same spirit of cleanliness, tidiness, and respectability, which characterised this family, and to which it owed, under God's blessing, its present prosperity.

"Well," said I, turning to the woman who was sewing a jacket by Mrs. K.'s side, "are you also a colonist?"

"I am not," answered she, "but I wish I was. I have rented the house next door to this, but my husband does not work for the colony."

The under-director now explained to me that to some poor people of good character living on the heath outside, the favour was granted of hiring one of the unoccupied farm-houses at sixty florins (5*l.*). This poor woman had to provide for four children under ten. Her husband was away all the week at the bogs, digging peats. After paying his board at the spot, he brings home two florins (3*s.* 4*d.*) every Saturday evening.

"And are you, with your four little ones, to live upon those two florins all the week?" asked I, in a voice of amazement and compassion.

"I try to earn a little by sewing for the colonists," replied she, "but it is not much I am able to make in that way. But for the twenty-five florins (2*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*) which we receive every year from our commune, we should have starved long since."

"She is just sewing for me," said Mrs. K., "as Easter is approaching, and I cannot get ready in time without help. I pay twopence a-day, and, of course, her food."

I remembered that from time immemorial it was the custom of the Dutch people to renew their wardrobe before Easter, in order that old and young might celebrate the feast of the Resurrection "clothed upon with new clean garments." This custom is still preserved in the country; and among the peasantry a master of a family must be very poor who does not present his wife and children with new dresses on "Still Saturday."

"But Mrs. K.," said I, in a rather jocose voice, "are you not a little stingy there? I thought you could give four or five pence at least, for you are a rich woman, I understand. You'll get about ten shillings cash in hand this week."

"Me a rich woman!" cried she, with a loud laugh. "Dear, dear! Yes, to be sure, so rich, that sometimes we must be content with only dry bread and salt. It is true we are in good earnings just now, but this is the best season of the year, Sir. If you came in winter you would find things quite different."

"Still you keep aloof from asking help?"

"Thank God, we do, Sir. We only once were helped for seven weeks, when my husband was laid up with a serious illness. This was the only time in our life. We hate those helps, Sir. We ought to contrive to support ourselves."

"But how is it you are sometimes compelled to eat dry bread and salt?" asked I. "I thought that you could save as much during the summer as to be able—"

"Why, Sir," said she, interrupting me quickly, "it is when our cow is dry, you see. Then we have no butter on our bread, and no milk in our coffee, and must do without them till our cow gives milk again."

"Ah, but mind, Mrs. K.!" said the under-director, "you could have butter and milk even then if you liked, I'm sure. For even in winter your earnings are pretty good."

"Well then, Sir, please let us reckon," said the sharp woman. "You know that my husband and son do not earn above five florins (8*s.* 4*d.*) a-week in winter."

The under-director nodded in the affirmative, while taking a pencil to put down the woman's calculations.

"Very well. Of this you keep back one guilder and a half (2*s.* 6*d.*) for the cow, the house, the garden, and the doctor. We pay the same sum again for potatoes. So that's three guilders (5*s.*). Then we pay seventy cents for clothing. That's three guilders and seventy cents (6*s.* 2*d.*). Now we at least need forty-two pounds of bread for seven of us. That's one florin and seventy-five cents (2*s.* 11*d.*). Adding this to—how much was it?—to three guilders and seventy, that's—"

"That's five florins and forty-five cents (9*s.* 1*d.*)," said the under-director.

"There now," cried the woman triumphantly, "you see yourself that we are already ninepence beyond our income. What then are we to buy our butter and milk with when our cow is dry?"

"Ah, but you have your reserve-fund, which you then may take refuge in," observed the under-director.

"True," said the woman, apparently a little puzzled, "but then you see there are so many other articles besides."

"I know, I know," said the under-director, with a smile. "To tell the truth, Sir," he continued, turning to me, "Mrs. K. might have butter on her bread, milk in her coffee, and fat with her potatoes, all the year round; but then, you see, she would not be able to buy such a clock as you see suspended over there, or to decorate her chest of drawers with such a nice coffee pot and gilt cups. And then, you must know, Mrs. K. likes her husband and children to appear decent, and so she rather does without butter and milk for a couple of months, than be unable to present her husband with a new coat at Easter, and to trim up the little girl with a new jacket."

Mrs. Kooi looked down on her sewing with a face crimsoned all over. I took leave with a feeling of deep respect for that good woman, and thought it proved not a little for the colony, that such people deemed it a privilege to be permitted to live in it.

I also visited other labourers' houses, which did not manifest so much prosperity or such a spirit of cleanliness. Still the people all manage to get on without running into debt, except for a few months occasionally.

In some houses I saw individuals who were boarded with the family. Besides the sixty florins (5*l.*) for boarding, a surplus is paid to the Society in proportion to what the boarder comes short in his earnings. This surplus, however, never exceeds twenty-five florins and fifty-two cents (2*l.* 2*s.* 6½*d.*) a year for a person above twelve, nor fifteen florins and fifty-two cents (1*l.* 5*s.* 10½*d.*) for a person under that age. If a boarder above twelve is able to earn from two to five pence a week, the surplus is only ten florins and fifty-two cents (17*s.* 6½*d.*); and if he earns from five to ten pence, five florins and fifty-two cents (9*s.* 2½*d.*). The family with which he is boarded receives one florin (1*s.* 8*d.*) a week for boarding. Further, the boarder pays two cents a week for medical service, and twenty-four cents for clothing (together, fivepence and a farthing). Twenty per cent. of his earnings are left to him as pocket-money; the rest is put to his reserve fund, which remains his exclusive property, and is paid out to him when he is unable to work.

The second class of colonists is that of the "Free Farmers." Once a year the director hands to the Board of Management a list of such labourers as he deems fit to be promoted to the rank of Free Farmers. The free farmer receives from the Society a house and two-and-a-half *bunders* (7⅞ acres) of land, a cow and fodder for the first five months. For the first year he also receives rye, sown out on his farm over an extent of eighteen *Nederland poles* (2½ acres), twelve *muds* (thirty-three bushels) of potatoes for planting, and a sufficient quantity of rye-grass and clover seed. He pays ninety-five florins (7*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.*) annually to the Society—viz., for rent and taxes, fifty florins (4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*); for the use of the cow and medical service, ten florins (16*s.* 8*d.*); and for manure, thirty-five florins (2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*). The latter sum, however, he is freed from if he is able to keep a second cow. For the rest he is his own master. He tills his own ground, and sells the fruits of his land and the produce of his cow to his own profit. He is also permitted to labour outside the colony, which the labourers are not allowed to do, as they are in the service of the Society. This liberty is taken advantage of by nearly all the free farmers, as the extensive bogs outside the colony afford them an opportunity of earning better wages than the Society can pay—peat digging being always paid better than agricultural labour, since it requires more skill and greater bodily strength. The fact is, that the quantity of

land (7⅞ acres) allotted to them is insufficient to support them and their family, and they are compelled to make up for the deficit by going about for handicraft. They work at their own land as much as they can in their leisure hours, but prefer employing a labourer for their own farms, to giving up their work at the bogs. Thus they manage to get through the year without very great difficulties; but this state of things has the drawback that they are too much away from their own farms and their wives and families. So all their energy is bent upon saving enough to enable them to keep a second cow, which allows them to take more land into cultivation, and thus to find their support within the bounds of their own farm.

Nor is the number of free farmers who have succeeded in arriving at that point insignificant. I found that at *Frederiks-oord*, which is the smallest of the three colonies, out of seventy-eight houses, fifteen were inhabited by labourers and sixty-three by free farmers; out of these, thirty have more than one cow. At *Wilhelminas-oord* the proportion was—twenty-two houses unoccupied, eighty-six inhabited by labourers, ninety-one by free farmers; out of these, fifty-three have more than one cow. Some even have four, and there is one very prosperous farmer who has fifteen, head of cattle. This man seemed to be a real puzzle to the under-director. The statistics of *Willems-oord* are—twenty-two houses unoccupied, fifty-seven inhabited by labourers, ninety-two by free farmers, out of whom thirty-one have more than one cow.

It does not often happen that the director has to reduce a free farmer to the class of labourers. They pay their rent pretty punctually; for instance, at *Wilhelminas-oord* only 1391 florins 72 cents (116*l.*) were unpaid on the 31st of December, 1862, and of this sum nearly 50*l.* were cleared off as early as February, 1863.

A considerable source of income to the colonists, and more especially to the women, the children, and the less able-bodied individuals, are the manufactories of the Society, for which five buildings are erected, viz., one at *Frederiks-oord* and two at each of the two other colonies. They are chiefly employed for the weaving of cotton, and of jute for coffee-bags. As I formerly mentioned, the Government and the Netherlands Trades Company used to favour the Society with large orders, so that, in 1862, material to the value of about 18,300*l.* was worked, which yielded the Society a clear profit of nearly ten per cent. Much has been said against the principle of introducing manufactures into an agricultural colony. It was considered as a deviation from the original idea of the General van den Bosch. Perhaps it is; but then it is, in my opinion, a deviation in the right way. Looms may be heterogeneous objects in the houses of affluent farmers; in those of the poor agriculturists they are in their right place. You find them everywhere in the houses of the small farmers of *Overyssel*, *Drenthe*, *Westphalia*, and *Rhenish Prussia*. Those people are self-supporting,

but only through the addition of manufactures to their agricultural labours. If they were to live upon their five or six acres of land alone, they would starve, as this extent is not sufficient to fill their barn and cellar all the year round, nor to give enough labour to their children during the winter. Now the colonies of the Society of Beneficence are not a system of model-farms for the science of husbandry, but an assemblage of small farms exclusively adapted for poor people, to whom the opportunity is given of trying to arrive at self-support in the same way as hundreds and thousands of other poor farmers arrive at it everywhere else. And as all the other poor farmers show that the loom, or some other manufacture, is indispensable to their success, so the loom, or whatever manufacture it may be, should be considered as an indispensable element in a poor colony. To try to maintain a poor colony in Europe solely and exclusively through agricultural labour is, I fear, trying to realise too much.

The American crisis is, therefore, a great calamity to the Society, especially as at this time the contracts with the Government for the supplying of cotton goods for the East India colonies and the Militia have expired. Of the 450 looms which the Society used to employ, I saw only some fifty at work, and it is expected that even these will stop working within a month or two. Nor does the weaving of coffee-bags afford a better prospect for the present. There are still 25,000 bags in the Society's stores waiting for orders. The making of mats is now being tried, but it is to be feared that it will require too great an expense to get the young people educated to this work. Then the Society is still severely suffering from the effects of the bad management of the former Direction. Many acres were fearfully wasted, implements neglected, houses left unrepaired. The loss to the Society during 1860, the first year under the present administration, is estimated at 23,696 florins (1,974*l.*). In 1861-62, it only amounted to 4,668 florins (389*l.*). The value of the Society's property on 1st January, 1861, was estimated at 844,723 florins (70,393*l.*). It is to be hoped that the balance in July, 1863, will prove more favourable still, though, on the other hand, the stopping of the manufactures gives ground for serious doubts. Indeed the manufactures hitherto have been the only profitable part of the work of the Society. The agricultural branch showed a considerable loss every year. In 1861-62, on the crops, nearly 66*l.* were lost, on the cattle about 310*l.* As causes of this, the following facts were brought forward: First, the soil, having grown poor and foul through neglect, had to be forced by excessive manuring. Second, the fruits which sprang up in consequence were not used by the Society, but by the free farmers. Third, the Society will always carry on farming with less success, so long as it is under the necessity of *employing people unfit for the work.*

Now, this last point touches the matter at the

very root. The supposition of the General van den Bosch, that the Society would enable the poor people of the towns to support themselves within a few years, and thus relieve the country from the evils of pauperism, was founded upon another supposition, namely, that labour was the only thing which the poor wanted. Now, this supposition was incorrect. What most poor people in our great cities lack is not only *work*, but *ability* for working. They have never learnt to work, or, at least, to work well. I do not speak now of the regular beggar, or the systematic vagabond. Those people are not only unable, but unwilling to work; they hate labour, and cannot be got to do it, except by compulsion. Colonies may be excellent for them, but then let them be kept under the direct control of the police. Free colonies will not only not do for them, but they will ruin the colonies. The kind of people I am now speaking of are indigent people of good character, who, from want of training, from want of talent, from want of sufficient nutriment, or from other similar causes, are destitute of the means of self-support. If they know a trade, they only know it imperfectly; not sufficiently, at least, to be able to compete with others. They have lived for twenty, thirty, forty years in a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door. They have from their childhood mostly depended upon church alms or help from the poor-box. They have got into the habit of idling and loitering about—thier time never being filled up with regular labour. Yet they are ashamed to beg on the public road. On the contrary, they would like to work, but they never learnt how to do it, nor are they possessed of sufficient energy to teach themselves. In short, they are unfit for work, and, unless young and capable of being trained, they will never become fit for it.

The question is not how to make those people self-supporting, for this they can never be. They will always continue a burden upon the shoulders of society. But the question is, how to make that burden as light as possible. And to this question the system of free agricultural colonies, as carried on by the present Direction of the Society of Beneficence, is sure to give a satisfactory answer. The original idea upon which the Society was founded, namely, that it would be able to relieve a town from the care of a pauper family of six persons for the sum of 14*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, has proved impracticable. Parties who send in such a family should never expect the Society to make the parents perfectly self-supporting. But they may be sure that, in most cases, the *children* will become self-supporting. Experience has shown that nearly all those colonists who are able to maintain themselves, were either born in the colony, or came to it at an early period of life. This is an important fact which should not be overlooked. If the Society of Beneficence is not able to take the present generation of paupers from the shoulders of the communes, it will at least enable the greater portion of the following generation to stand upon its own feet.

One only needs to spend a day at the colony to be convinced that the condition of its population differs as much from that of the paupers in our crowded cities as the day differs from the night. It is not a small thing that among a population of 2300 people, a case of immorality or even of drunkenness seldom occurs. I saw the prison, but it was used as a lumber-room—only one prisoner, and he a boy, having occupied it during the last two years. There is not one child above twelve in the colony who cannot read and write, while in the neighbourhood lots of children are untaught. I approached one of the weaving establishments just at the moment the young people were passing out to dinner. I was

struck with the decent look of all of them. I could not notice anything of that ragged, savage-like appearance which characterises the poor population of the manufacturing districts. The directors of the establishment told me that it was considered a point of honour among the colonists to keep up perfect decency and respectability in their dress and behaviour. I left the place with the most gratifying recollections. I felt that if there is any institution worth the sympathy of the philanthropist, the study of the social economist, and the support of the practical Christian, it is these Agricultural Colonies for the Poor established by the Society of Beneficence.

MEDITATIONS ON CREATION.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I.

THE subject of *Creation*, as it presents itself to the religious mind in connexion with our actual circumstances and habits of thought, is one which, it seems to me, we may profitably meditate on. It is especially important in our days to take an account of the great truths which we profess to believe: to put them side by side with what we know and daily feel: and thus to keep ourselves ever in a condition, so to speak, of familiar intercourse with them; that we may not have first to make their real acquaintance when we ought to be defending them against the faith's enemies, or making use of them in our own hour of need.

GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH.—This is our central fact. First, let us look on it as a *fact*. It is in every one's mouth: but what do we mean by it, and how does it look when we realise it? Regard it which way we will, it is a thing entirely removed from our experience, and passing our comprehension. For, what do we know of Creation as an act? All that is ever made here on earth is nothing but a new arrangement of previously-existing material; and this is true not only of that which we make, but of all outward objects of the senses that God makes now, in this existing state of things. This globe, in all probability, does not now contain one particle of matter more than it did when it was first created. Animals and plants have sprung up and decayed, and their material has passed into the substance of the earth, and thence into new animals and plants, and so on through the series of ages. But there has been only one work of material *Creation*, properly and strictly so called: and that is the act related in these words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." This act is entirely distinct from most of those that follow it in that wonderful story in the first chapter of Genesis. For most of those that follow are not so much acts of creation, as of arrangement, and endowment with power of production out of given

material. All of these are *God's* acts—acts of Almighty power and infinite wisdom, by which life may originate and may be supported; but, except in a sense which I am not yet considering, they are not like this first one. And what is this act? One of which, as I said, we have no conception: which as far surpasses us as any other of the ways and acts of God: it is, the calling matter into being out of *nothing*. Let us try to make this real to ourselves. Our imagination must, in order to this, traverse back far above the earliest period known even to the vast inferences of geological science, even to the time when God was alone in the void universe, and nothing besides: an infinite Spirit inhabiting Eternity. Perhaps we can form some conception approaching to the truth of this, strange as the conception may be. But it is the next step which appears so utterly to baffle us. Suddenly or gradually—for this makes no difference to our difficulty or to the resulting fact—at the command of God, matter comes into existence. Vast masses of solid material are, where absolutely nothing was before: are, without having been transported from elsewhere: come into existence out of nothing. Am I not right in saying, that such a thing utterly and entirely passes our power of comprehension, and all obvious examples and analogies of which we know? We believe it: but we are obliged to stop when we get close up to the fact, so to speak, and to pass from inquiry to acceptance; from reason and imagination, and all that we ever saw or knew or heard of, to faith, and faith only. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

Here, then, we stand at the same point where we stood in our former meditations in the same strain respecting the Lord's coming, and our own final account.* The great thing which we believe is one

* *Good Words*, January, 1863, p. 65.

only to be believed, not to be assured to us by any power of our own to comprehend it. All the arguments about God's benevolent designs in creation, His wonderful arrangements for the well-being and good of His creatures, do not apply to this point at all: for this point is, not the arrangement, but the bringing into existence, of the materials of this and of all the worlds. The ancient heathen could reason as touchingly and as convincingly about the benevolent designs of the Creator, as have our own Christian writers; but the heathen never knew, as a doctrine of their religion, this wonderful fact of the creation of matter out of nothing. With them, matter was eternal; and the Creator only used the material which was ready to His hand.

But now let us take the same course which we did on those other occasions, and let us see whether our faith in the fact that God in the beginning created the heavens and the earth may not find present confirmation from what we behold going on around us day by day. We said, that we see no such thing now as creation of new matter. In the natural world, such a phenomenon is unknown. But is it in the spiritual? When the existence of each of us began, what happened? As far as the body is concerned, no more than what we have already spoken of. The body is composed of, the body is nourished by, materials previously existing in the world. But is this so with the mental part of us? is it so with the spiritual part? It is true that to a certain extent even this is affected by descent from minds and spirits previously existing. But it is also true, that there is no way of accounting for the personality and responsibility of the human soul, without believing every individual spirit to have come immediately from God's creative hand. The creation of each human being was as completely a calling into existence out of nothing, as the creation of the material of a world. Let us go back in our thoughts here, as we did in that case before, to a time when there was no created rational being: to the first creative act by which sentient being began. Where a moment since all was blank, there sprang into life a soul, with all its powers, all its responsibilities, all its sympathies, but above all these, and including all these, with its personal being, existing side by side with Him who called it into life. If we compare these two together, the creation of a mass of matter and the creation of a living soul, far above our comprehension as both of them are, shall we not necessarily confess that to create a spirit seems to us, when we ponder on the matter, the greater and more marvellous work? And yet this is going on before our eyes every day. Tell me not, that God's creative acts in the spiritual world are ever carried on in subordination to certain natural laws. This makes no difference to my argument: my argument is, that we daily witness the creation of spirits: we constantly see before us a living, thinking, responsible soul, where but just now there was none. The fact is there, and we cannot deny it; we can understand it as little as

we can understand the other; but here it is, continually going on. Why then should we feel it against us to believe in God's having called the material of the worlds out of nothing, seeing that He daily calls immortal souls out of nothing?

It is plain that I might have sought my example further down in animal creation. The life that moves in the brute animal is not any necessary result of the combination of the particles of matter of which the animal consists. Man might put together those particles with all the skill in his power, but there would be no life. Every life of animal, every life of any organised matter, is a creation of God. God is ever creating, as well as ever using, in His marvellous wisdom, materials which He has already created.

Now, I have as yet been meditating on the Creator, and on creation, as those might meditate who simply believed in one Supreme Ruler of the universe. But be it never forgotten that we, as Christians, have other and more satisfactory grounds to go on than the mere Deist, as to the process, and the intent, of creation. We know that the making of the worlds was not an act of power only, nor was it only an act of divine benevolence toward those who might inhabit them. It had a further and a far higher purpose than these. Indeed, if it had not, the charge might not unfairly be brought, that neither of the aims of the Creator has been accomplished; that there is not universal happiness and well-being in the world which we know; nor is it a perfect display of His supreme power: but that His benevolent designs have been marred by sin, and misery, and death, and His power thwarted by an adversary. Now I do not mean to say that Christianity has enabled us to solve the whole mystery of sin, and misery, and death; nor of the irruption of that adversary into God's world. There will be still, even when we have all its revelations in their fulness, much in these things that will be painfully incomprehensible, and that will require faith to arrive at, and yield to faith only; but I do mean to say, that Christianity has given us the master-key to all such difficulties, and that we may well believe, from the number of closed doors which it already opens, that those to which we have not access, and those whose locks refuse at present to yield to our weak hands, will eventually give way to it. And how has that master-key been furnished? What do we Christians know about Creation more than the mere unaided reasoner, more than the mere Deist knows?

In answering this question, I shall assume the great doctrines of our faith: I shall not stay to confirm them, but simply take them for granted: wishing to inquire, not now into them, but into that which by means of them we know of the world about us, more than they do who receive them not. We believe then that the Great Creator of the universe, the One God over all, has from eternity existed in three divine Persons—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—co-eternal together and co-equal. And

Holy Scripture has not left us ignorant, as regards the process of creation, of the parts borne in it by those several Persons of the Holy Trinity. The Father, doing all things after the counsel of His own will, created the world by the Son, who is His Word, the expression of His power and love; and the Holy Spirit, the Lord and the Giver of life, wrought in this Creation, to the production of light, and life, and order, and being, and perfection. And all this we know was done for a gracious and glorious purpose. The material world was created to subserv the spiritual. Man was created the lord of the material world, that by means of his use of it, and of his own spiritual faculties, as served by his senses, he might rise into participation of the nature and blessedness of God himself. And we further know that, in order to this glorification of God in and by His human creatures, trial, and conflict, and sorrow, and suffering, and death, are steps necessary and inevitable. We know that these were originally introduced by man's own choice and fault, that choice and fault being brought about by the action of temptation on his will, which was necessarily created free to stand and free to fall. Again, I do not mean to say that our understanding can master every step of this; but I am bringing it all forward, as that which we read and believe, and in order to see what light it throws upon the process and the aim of Creation.

Now when we take these things into account, it seems very plain to me that we must take into account a good deal more, before we shall properly appreciate this aim of Creation. Think of the words, "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world." When I read such a Scripture sentence as this, am I wrong in saying or writing, as I have often done, that Creation is only a part of Redemption? It was God's design from eternity to bring the sons of men to a sharing of His glory by the elevation of their spiritual nature. Not, observe, by any act of His power; not to create at once beings who might sit upon thrones near to Himself; but to create spiritual, responsible beings, who might, by action on their own spirits aided by His grace, become renovated, become elevated, become glorified, even till they should ascend up where He is, and sit down with Him on His Throne. Now for this purpose He made the worlds: made the worlds by that blessed Son of His, who was from eternity destined to be the Head by Lordship over all created things; the Head, by actual participation, of the great human family; the Captain in the mighty conflict; the Lamb slain as a sacrifice for sin; the first-born from the dead, and the Conqueror of Death; the Prince and Saviour of His people. For Him and for His, God created all this which we see around us. For Christ, and Christ's Church it is, that nature exists; that the laws of nature have been established. For us, and for our souls and for our glorification, soul and body it is, that the sun rules the day, and the moon the night; that the earth buds and blooms, and

brings forth her fruit; that a thousand inferior races live and move around us; that seasons pass onward, and times recur, and all the vast fabric of creation works onward to a final consummation. For "all things are ours: whether life or death, or things present or things to come, all are ours; and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

So, then, Creation, to the Christian—and allow me to say to the Christian alone—has its voice and its meaning, though not everywhere actually and at present understood, yet speaking so as to show the way to the understanding of it all another day. Of this great and blessed view of Creation, the unbeliever knows nothing. It is to him simply a painful riddle. He weighs misery which he does see, against happiness which he does not see, and he is confounded by the comparison. It all seems blank, and aimless, and inexplicable. He sees not why God the Beneficent should have made man to suffer, should have made the animals to suffer, should have allowed the clear skies to be dashed with storm, and the bright flowers to wither with blight, and strength to pass into weakness, and power to be baffled, and beauty to decay, and promise to issue in disappointment. Neither do we see *all* this: but there hath sprung up to us light in the darkness; there is in the cloud the bow of the covenant, and we are assured that, though we cannot see all, all is well: that in the end God will be justified, and everything that He hath made will be shown to be very good.

From this let us carry away the lesson that we ought, as Christians, to be very careful to keep Creation, in our thoughts, in its right place. Second let it ever be, not first: subordinate to our holy faith, not overruling it. From neglecting this, much unbelief arises. A man regards the world about him as his reality: and his religion as mere matter of shifting opinion, turned about hither and thither by things around him: by converse, and by books. Now this ought to be just the other way. Our religion is our reality: it alone is certain. It may be that God's creation, and God's providence, may cast light upon it from time to time; but, in the main, by it must they be interpreted, not it by them. We know that God made the heavens and the earth, and all that therein is: we know that He made them by His Eternal Son, and the agency of His blessed Spirit: we know that He made them to manifest the wonders of His Love by victory in the conflict with Evil: we know that He who by His Death and Resurrection won for us this victory, upholds all creation by His power. These are our facts, and on these everything else depends; all our outward knowledge, all science, all wholesome research, all that we can say or be persuaded about outward things: from these great truths of our faith is their truth derived, and by their subordinate truth shall those great truths shine clearer and be better known.

Thus let us think of Creation, and it will be to us not a painful and dispiriting enigma, but a por-

tion of the ways of Him, whom to know truly is life eternal.

II.

Creation then, material made out of nothing by God, is all around us; and we are part of it ourselves: we see it, we hear it, we touch it: and our own bodies are in these respects acted on by it, as it is acted on by them. And all this is a portion of our Christian life, in the wondrous scheme of Redemption. For the carrying out of that scheme, as we saw before, Creation was called into existence.

Now belonging to this part of our subject, our present connexion with Creation, there are some considerations full of wonder and mystery. We, our personal and immortal part, are at present inseparably bound up with created matter. By means of it we live, and move, and have our being. If it receives injury, we suffer: if its waste is not daily repaired, our spirits sink, and our vital energies decay. And this is wonderful to think of, even in itself: to think that such a thing ever should be so at all. But it is still more wonderful to think of, when viewed in this light. At any moment, any one of us may be called on to quit this connexion, at present so necessary, with created matter. I who write, using organs now consisting of created matter, may, before an hour has passed, become entirely unconnected with any created matter whatever: may go forth into space, or—for even such an expression is too material—simply exist, as a disembodied spirit. Two things are wonderful here. First, that such a thing should be: next, that it should be able to take place in an instant, and without preparation.

That it should be. As we are now, everything depends on the state of the body: everything depends on the outward conditions around the body. In racking pain, in deadly faintness, in unconquerable fatigue, of what avail is the vigour of the spirit? How dependent for exertion are we on the firmness of the step, on the steadiness of the hand, on the correctness of the eye, on the powers of the brain to collect and concentrate thought! And even if all these were in vigour, yet if external conditions are unfavourable, all will be in vain. If the earth were shaken, and the ground beneath us were unsteady: if the light of day were withdrawn: if the materials of our work were wanting to us, or the proper shelter in which that work should be carried on: all our own powers would be unable to effect that for which they are calculated. We are, in this present state, the slaves of matter. That we should exist in entire disconnexion from it, is at first sight almost inconceivable. And when we come to join to this, that an instant only is the boundary of two states so apparently inconsistent with one another; that at one moment the soul is bound in the fetters of sense, nay, entirely held down by them in powerless and utter prostration, and at the next moment is

absolutely free from them, and existing independently, the wonder and difficulty of the fact do indeed seem to be greater than we are able to surmount in our imagination.

Still, let us view it by the light of other considerations, as undoubted, and forming part of our every-day experience. We can hardly speak or act, without bearing testimony that things really are, as it has just now appeared so wonderful that they should be. How do we regard things about us? How do we regard our own bodies, with which we are thus bound up? Do we ever look on them as part of ourselves? As far as I know, never, on any occasion. As to things about us, palpably and clearly, not. We migrate from home to home: we loosen and we bind attachments: and, however some persons may be disposed to cling to the same circumstances and places, we are quite unable to conceive that any one should ever come to imagine external things necessary to his own existence. And even so is it with our own very bodies: they are our possessions, but they are not ourselves. However near portions of them may be to the apparent seat of life, and essential to its maintenance, we never for a moment treat or speak of them as if they were ourselves. Injury or loss of them will be sure to dissolve that life: yet we ever call them *ours*, not *us*. Nay, sometimes, in their utter disorganisation and destruction, the spirit asserts its mastery: and it is seen, amidst the crash of the fatal accident, or from the all but finished decay of the wasted frame, that matter is not man: that man is not bound to matter.

As we proceed, we have other analogies suggested to us which illustrate our subject. Thought—what is it? Clearly, nothing that is, or that is in itself dependent upon, matter. Yet are we entirely beholden to matter for our power of communicating thought. It is spoken—we receive it through the agitation of the air by sound: it is written—we receive it by the stains made by some colouring matter on paper. Yet that which is received in each case is as entirely distinct from any sounds or any written characters, as the spirit is from the body. It is a spiritual thing; and, when once received into the mind, subsists there independently of any material medium. It may be conveyed to the deaf by signals—to the blind by touch: one mind may make use of matter in various ways to communicate with another mind, but the communication is of that which is of itself not material. Nay, in all the purer and higher processes of thought, when we work on inwardly by the laws of our reasoning faculties, be it on our own spiritual life, or on the nature of God, or on the laws of abstract science, or on any other purely mental subject that we meditate, then for the time, however liable such thought may be to be disturbed by things around us, we are, as nearly as the case admits of, actually putting ourselves into the state of freedom from the body, and anticipating our condition when this shall really have come to pass.

So that, though it may be to us, in our present state, a most wonderful thing that we should exist as spirits and be conscious without the body, yet from much that now passes we see that it is not inconceivable; but that in our purest and highest moods we are continually approaching that condition.

I said just now that the suddenness of the transition to the disembodied state was a strange and a wonderful thing. We cannot indeed tell by what gradual steps the spirit, set free from the body, may be permitted, or empowered, to realize its new condition: but of this we are sure, that however this may be, all those steps must be taken in the disembodied, not in the corporeal state. If we do not hold a sleep of the soul (and I suppose no thinking Christian possibly can hold this), there must be an instantaneous passage in most men's case from consciousness in the embodied state to consciousness in the disembodied state. And this has ever to my mind been the strangest thing about death; the consideration of that moment of transition—that new awakening to consciousness in the world of spirits.

But again, I do not see anything in it which may not be: anything of which we have not example at least approaching in kind to the reality, though very short of it in degree. For what is our awakening each morning of our lives? or to come even nearer, what is awakening from a dream to real life? Are not these, is not especially this latter, an instantaneous exchange of one state for another? And this is done every day without any violent shock; as tranquilly and naturally, as we pass from one subject of thought to another.

Now in coming to the main portion of that which concerns us, the use of Creation about us in our present state, what we have been but now considering will be of great use to us; and we must carry it somewhat further, to get at its full use.

The disembodied state is not our final state. We are again to be joined to the body: we are again to be joined to the *same* body with which we were before united. It will not be of the same particles of substance; but that is not necessary to its identity, for its substance has been changed over and over again, while it remained the same body here. It will probably not be the exact actual body, even in appearance, which we bore at any time during our earthly pilgrimage: but it will be the same body. It will have lost its mortality, its liability to decay, to pain, to weakness,—possibly all its traces of all these; but not its identity. Created matter it will still be, and it will be in a world of created matter. Thus much I am obliged to say in anticipation of the next portion of my subject: and I shall anticipate it no more. Thus much was necessary, to show the use of this world of matter which lies about us.

And I must also look back for a moment on what we showed before. We tried to make it clear, that the world was made for Christ, and for Christ's Church. It was a part of the great and glorious

scheme of Redemption, to lead the sons of God, through trial, and through increase of knowledge, and through a course of holy obedience, all in a material body, and surrounded with material circumstances.

Well then, if we ask the question, what purpose does Creation at present serve to us who are parts of it and surrounded by it,—the first and most obvious answer will be, that it is our appointed sphere of trial, and condition of preparation, for our glorious final state. Now this may sound a commonplace thing to say, but I very much doubt whether it enters one half as much into men's thoughts of themselves, and of the world about them, as it ought to do. When we say, Creation is our sphere of trial, what do we mean? Consider how wide the words ought to extend, if they have really any meaning at all. God has given us senses: God has given us created matter for those senses to act on, and to be acted on by. The objects with which we are thus brought into contact are innumerable. Have we a right to say that any, even the meanest of those objects, bears no part in the trial and preparation of us for our final state? Of all that the eye can behold, and the ear can hear, and the hand can touch, and the tongue can taste, is there anything so mean, as to be altogether without part in acting for good or for harm on the immortal spirit? The question is easily answered by taking an example in one direction. When a man suffers himself to be brought under by any one of these objects of his senses, and becomes a slave to it, we all know the effect on him: he is degraded, and becomes incapable of rising into spiritual freedom, and exertion, and dignity. It is manifest that they do produce an effect on the soul in this direction—that of evil. But is there none in the direction of good? The meanest thing that God hath created is fearfully and wonderfully made; adapted to its use with infinite and inconceivable skill. Is it likely, knowing the object which we know He had in Creation, that He should have lavished such skill on the inferior works of His hand, with no regard whatever to those for whom all this was made? Can a man therefore be safe in going through this world, making no use of the Creation of God, further than is required by his bodily wants and occupations? I have ever regarded it as one of the great arguments for imparting useful knowledge to all classes amongst us, that God evidently intended us to know and to admire and to behold Him in His works around us; and that therefore as long as we are not doing this, we are losing something which we might be gaining, and are defective for the higher purposes of our immortality. The beasts that perish stray over the plains and the mountain-side, and look but on the grass whereon they browse: but man has special powers given to him to apprehend God's works, and to turn them into good for his undying spirit. It was for this that the Creator made the dreary abysses of space put on the lovely blue which arches over us, and caused the great

light of the day to carry gladness to our sight, and decked the nightly heavens with glittering stars ; for this that He so wonderfully turned aside the axis of our globe, and gave us the ever-varying round of seasons, so full of interest and hope and cheering prospect, and recurring toil : for this that He subjected to us the tribes of the earth, and air, and waters, for use, and for beauty, and for research : for this that He clad the earth in refreshing green, and enamelled her surface with a thousand blossoming gems, and gave us her manifold offspring, fruits, and herbs, and trees of the field. And the seas, and the mountains, and the plains, and the valleys, these He has made to be to us not mere accidents of the earth's surface, but never-failing wonders of refreshing beauty and grateful change : all for the teaching and nurturing and cheering of our spirits, whether by their own thoughts, or by their share in the invigoration of our bodies and renewal of our energies.

Let us approach somewhat closer this portion of our subject, and so draw our meditation towards its end. Let us boldly ask—what is the intent of these things which we see thus wonderfully and wisely made about us ? What are we to think of Light, in which Creation lives and rejoices ? What are we to believe respecting Life, that holy mystery which pervades this world of matter ? What are we to say respecting the equally great mystery of Food,—the power granted to certain material substances to become portions of organized bodies, and supply their waste, and contribute to their growth ? Are all these things mere happy contrivances of the Creator, to be admired for their wonderful skill and wisdom, but carrying no further lesson with them ? Are they parts of *one* system, and is the Gospel of our Blessed Redeemer part of *another* ? Do the processes of this world furnish no instruction to the Christian believer, and does the faith in Christ find no confirmation from the consideration of them ?

Not so has our Redeemer Himself taught us ; not so that beloved Apostle, who received the Holy Spirit of inspiration in the soaring rapture of the eagle's flight, and the undazzled steadiness of the eagle's gaze. Read the Gospel of St. John, and see there the natural philosophy of the faith : see there, not a number of ingenious similitudes to nature and her processes, but the true and ultimate science of nature herself : learn thence, not that Christ is like light, is like life, is like food : but that light, life and food all have their blessed qualities and their genial powers, *because they are LIKE HIM*. He is the true Light, He is the true Life, He is the Bread of Life, and the only real sustenance. Nature is but a stray spark struck out from under the chariot-wheels of His path of Glory. Nature is but a shell cast up by the Ocean of His infinite love, in which the childlike listener may hear faintly and afar off the everlasting melodies of its unfathomable waters. The sun shines, because there is an eternal Sun of Righteousness : the morning star burns on the kindling forehead of the East, because there is a blessed

Day-star on high. The wind bloweth where it listeth, because there is a Divine Spirit, moving over confusion and death and calling forth life : the tree puts forth her leaves and buds and blossoms and fruit, because there is a true Vine, with a multitude of fruit-bearing branches which no man can number : the wheat is laid in the ground as seed, and puts forth first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and is reaped, and gathered into barns, and threshed, and winnowed, and made into bread for man, not because of the necessities of nature, nor of man's fleshly body, but because there is a holy seed, even the word of God, capable of begetting man to a new life ; because there is a growth in grace for the plants of our heavenly Father's planting, in which they ripen for His harvest, and shall be winnowed by His judgment, and laid up in His garner : because there is a blessed Bread of Life, which whose eateth of shall live for ever. And so of a thousand processes of nature about us : they are because of, and they owe their creation to, eternal spiritual verities, of which the believer in Christ knows ever more and more, but of which he that believeth not, and the man of this world, knoweth nothing.

And what if the listener at the mouth of the shell sometimes hear the echo of other sounds than the gentle ripple sporting on the beach,—what if there be the striving of the winds of heaven on the sea, and the wailing of the rising gale, and the fierce conflict of the tempest at its height ? Why are these heard in Nature ? Why is there darkness, and blight, and dreariness, and disappointment, and decay, and death, but because all this has come first upon the spiritual world ? There the sun has first been clouded, there the calm first disturbed ; there the lurid form of evil appeared, before it blotted with its leaden mass the clear horizon of nature. When the Son of God passed into the shadow of His agony, and the crisis of His dread conflict, the sun hid his face, and the earth was shaken : when the First-born of Creation was in anguish, the whole vast family was troubled, and the beauty of the heavens was saddened, and the foundations of the earth gave way.

Yes—this is the use of Nature, this is the end and aim of the Creation ; to set forth God, to glorify Christ—to shadow forth the truth, as it is in the spirit of man, and as it is in God. Nature is not a ladder whereby to mount to Him : not a building of matter, on which we may climb up to heaven. There are no inferences from Creation, which will lead men on to God. But nature is a ladder *let down from God* : a ladder at the top of which He stands as He has revealed Himself in Christ, and by the power of His Blessed Spirit. Revelation is the only key to Creation : the only solution of the enigma of its use, as well as of its purpose and destiny. The Christian believer only can be the true naturalist ; for he alone enters on the study of nature aright. He alone feels the ineffable majesty of that august temple of the Creator, and treads its aisles with the

humility which leads to wisdom, and kneels at its altars with becoming devotion.

Its original purpose—its present purpose—these, as a Christian believer, I have thus endeavoured to enter into, writing for Christian believers, as a brother member of the Church, whose inheritance is this knowledge and this benefit.

One great inquiry yet remains: what will Creation be to us in the future: what shall be Nature's part, when Death shall have been swallowed up in victory?

III.

We stand at this point in our meditations. We have brought them to an end as regards this present state, and it is yet left for us to inquire concerning the use of Creation in the final glorious condition; whether it will have any use, and if any, what use, for the blessed in that other world. The former of these questions is very soon and very simply answered. The resurrection body will be created matter. However changed, however glorified, this will still be true of it. Our Lord's risen body was tangible by the disciples. It took into it the common food upon which we subsist. And as He challenged them to handle Him, and did eat and drink before them, with the set purpose of proving to them His identity, we are compelled to believe that both these,—the property of being handled, and the capacity of assimilating food,—were no visionary or assumed attributes of His glorified body, or else the proof would have been a mere delusion. That it could put off its liability to the observation of the senses, we know; that it needed not food for its subsistence, we may surely believe: but neither of these alters the above-mentioned facts. He was handled: and He did eat and drink. And as He, the firstfruits, so they that follow; not perhaps in all points, but certainly in all essential points. Our bodies will be risen, glorified, spiritual bodies; but they will still be bodies: created matter, and, as we before said, and I see not how we can escape inferring, living in a world of created matter.

Now, on the very threshold of this inquiry, one astonishing thing meets us, and it is this: that there should be those who call themselves Christians, and yet cast a doubt on the future resurrection of the body. I cannot see how a man who doubts this doctrine can be in any complete sense a Christian at all. If the dead rise not, then Christ is not risen; and if Christ is not risen, we are yet in our sins; our faith is vain, our preaching is also vain, and the gospel is a delusion. This is St. Paul's argument in that wonderful funeral chapter: and surely he who goes not with St. Paul in it, call himself what he will, is a mere unbeliever. And yet I fear there are many such: men who argue about that future state, that bodies will not be wanted there, and so on: neither knowing what they say, nor whereof they affirm. For if Christ has not saved man's body, He has not perfected

that for which He came on earth; He has failed in that for which He died and rose again. It is indeed this doctrine, and not that of a future existence of the soul, which is the characteristic feature of Christianity.

I say no more on this point, but simply take it for granted, and proceed upon it as certain. We shall live for ever in the glorified body. Now, what kind of circumstances will surround us in that new corporeal state? It is not easy, except for those who go to the Bible with the eye of their understanding shut, to mistake its testimony on this point. There are to be "new heavens and a new earth." "The whole creation," we are told, "groaneth and travaileth together in pain in this present state, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God," *i.e.*, for the day when the sons of God shall be revealed and glorified: "because," the Apostle proceeds, "the creation itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

Now these seem to be our facts to go upon. We need not seek further testimony: but may at once proceed to ask, what does this imply? As far as we are now capable of treating such a question, what are we to imagine respecting this new heaven and new earth,—this Creation freed from the bondage of corruption, and made partaker of the glory and freedom of the perfected children of God?

Now at this point we are met by the fact, that the question of the use of Creation in our future perfected state is, like some which we have considered in these meditations before, beset with considerable difficulties. Of these, some arise from the language of certain passages of Scripture, and others from the nature of the subject itself.

First then, there is no denying that Holy Scripture seems in some places to speak as if this world and all that is therein were to bear no part at all in the employments and interests of those who shall inherit life eternal. The earth and the works therein are to be burnt up. All these things are to be dissolved; and considerations founded on that certainty are pressed upon us, as to affect our present practice. Again, we are told that the things seen are but for a time, whereas the things not seen endure for ever. And many passages of a similar tendency might be quoted. Are we, then, to understand these of a total annihilation and passing away of the fabric of material creation? Unexplained, it would seem as if we hardly could take them otherwise. But they are not left unexplained. Scripture also contains plain declarations, such as we have already quoted, not in figurative passages only, but in passages which cannot be taken otherwise than literally, that there must and will be a material creation, in the midst of which our future life will be spent. Not to mention at present the imagery which runs through the Prophets and the book of Revelation, which I venture to say can hardly have any sense assigned to it without such an assumption, the whole declarations of our Lord and

His apostles respecting the resurrection of the body absolutely require it, in order to fall into any connected and consistent meaning. Nay, we are not called upon to make any inferences of our own upon the point: for St. Paul himself distinctly gives us the testimony already cited, than which nothing can be plainer, that the world which we see about us shall not always be the prey of decay, and disappointment, but shall itself be made partaker of the freedom and power of advance to perfection which shall result from the glorification of the triumphant church. And it is clear, that one such plain declaration as this, which it is impossible to misunderstand, outweighs, by the very fact of its being the key to their true signification, any number of passages which seem to tend the other way. Their true sense must be made apparent by it, not its clear meaning explained away in order to bend it to them. If Creation is to be delivered from the fetters of decay, and wrong, and death, then must that burning up and dissolving, elsewhere spoken of, be the purifying and liberating process, not the exterminating and annihilating one.

So much may be laid down, then, as to the testimony of Scripture, that it is clear and precise concerning the future destiny of Creation. It is to partake of our blessedness, we are to have it about us as we have the Creation about us here. Whether this is to take place on our globe or not, is for us perhaps an idle question, though we are naturally prone to ask it. There are in Scripture, reasons for the supposition; and there are also reasons against it. And so too in the nature of things. This earth is full of the past: if it retained any of its distinctive features, would it not also, we may say, retain the traces of sin and sorrow? If it is not to retain those distinctive features, then it would matter little to us, if it were to be locally and materially the same. At all events, whatever becomes of this lesser question, Scripture informs us that the Creation of God is not always to continue, as now, the prey of imperfection and blight and corruption; but that there is reserved for it, as well as for us, and for it as participating with us, a perfect and a glorious state.

I would not shrink from confessing (and this is that to which I alluded when I spoke of the difficulties of our subject) that the positive nature of those passages, especially that in 2 Peter iii., which seem to announce the destruction of nature, is, after all, somewhat perplexing. The idea that they describe a purifying process, though our only resource, does not seem an entirely satisfactory one. One other way, indeed, of explanation is open to us: that they may describe the destruction of this globe, and those other places may be spoken of some different ones. In this case, such words as those of St. Paul just now cited, "the Creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption," cannot mean what they almost must mean, that the same Creation which now suffers, shall then be free from suffering.

And now let me pass on to the considerations arising out of the subject itself.

First of all, then, there is this tendency in the affirmative direction. If we believe that Creation is but a part of Redemption, and with this belief we ask ourselves the question, Has Creation in this point of view served its purpose? we surely must reply that it has not. The points of contact between man and the material world are very few. In those exercises and employments which most concern His eternal being, he secludes and insulates himself from it. Besides, it cannot be assumed to have served its purpose of bringing glory to God by the recognition of His wonderful work. In this present state, their mysteries are for the most part hidden from us. We know almost nothing about Creation. Its history, indeed, is told in Scripture in very general terms: but those terms themselves are mysterious; and when we compare them with the facts visible on the earth itself, we find that we have yet to learn how to understand many of them. And there can be no doubt that this will continue to be so to the end of time.

How little, again, do we know of the most interesting questions about Creation! We examine, and we classify, and we speculate: but who can tell the processes whereby the most ordinary phenomena in Nature take place? Who can satisfy us why the leaf is green, and the flower constant to its own peculiar colour? Doubtless there might be an account given of the reason of all such facts: but at present they defy our analysis and baffle our research.

But will this always be so? Are we to imagine that God has created that most wonderful of His works, the mind of man, with faculties able to comprehend these inner mysteries of His creation, and then that such understanding is never to take place? Are we to believe that Nature is to be set before us, during our imperfect state here, as an enigma which we cannot solve, and that it will then, when we shall be endowed with superior faculties, be withdrawn from our observation? If this were so, then I must think that one of the great elements of the glorifying of God by His redeemed ones, would be absent. So that on this ground, the nature of the case itself leads me to believe that a material Creation will lie about us in that other state.

And if we inquire into the nature of our connection with and employment in that Creation, we must be guided to an answer, not by the very slight knowledge which we possess of the nature of the resurrection body, but by what seems to be the very first requisite of any idea at all which we can form of that future life, viz., that there must be continuity of being and interest in each one of us; that our life here, and our life there, should not be two distinct lives, but the continuation of one and the same life, however, much that life may be ennobled, and exalted, and purified. Now what conclusions shall we draw from the application of this thought to our inquiry?

"At Thy right hand there is pleasure for ever-

more." What pleasure? Proceeding on the same course which we have just pointed out, we may say that surely this pleasure, for the majority of mankind, cannot be entirely disconnected from this present life here: will not be an entirely new beginning of a delight previously unknown, but the purification and ennobling of a delight already begun below. I know that this may seem strange to some: that we have been accustomed to view that future state as a sort of great school of theology, in which we shall be always contemplating the great and difficult doctrines of the faith, and especially those of them which surpass and baffle us here. Doubtless, in some cases this may be so; doubtless, in all cases, the mental vision will be so cleared and strengthened, that even those who were duller on earth will be able to see and know more of the divine love and power, than could the ablest and deepest here: but this, I take it, is not the question: it is rather, whether the impressions and effects produced by what man has gone through here, will not be in the main the foundation of the exceeding blissfulness which he shall inherit there. And I venture to think that if this is to be so, that a very large proportion of our impressions which we derive through the senses here, will not be broken off and discontinued there, but will be carried forward in a more blessed and elevating form.

Let me, without hesitation, apply this to the consideration of our subject, and I will at once deal with a difficulty, which at first sight quite seems to baffle our powers. We cannot think of nature without decay. Decay is the very life of nature, as now constituted. There is hardly one of her productions which does not, by its decay and corruption, furnish the essential material for supply and for subsistence. Remove decay, deliver nature from the bondage of corruption, and all things would be always the same: no pleasant succession, no interchange of grateful seasons. Bring all in nature to perfection, and stop all at that point, and, however beautiful, the face of the new earth would seem to be but as a picture, and that an incongruous one.

This then, it would appear, cannot be meant by deliverance from the bondage of corruption. The words must somehow bear another and a worthier sense. It cannot be that the world, in her change into a fit habitation for the blessed for ever, should lose all that beauty and that glory which carried gladness to our hearts before. Some things indeed belonging to the present state we can hardly admit in our thoughts into that other: the desolating storm, the withering blight, the nipping frost, the unfruitful season,—these, and the like of these, cannot be where all is free to expand, and where the meanest child of nature will not fail to reach its best and highest degree. And we may well conceive also, that certain combinations of circumstances, to which we owe much of our enjoyment of nature here, will hardly be found there. The first outbreak of spring makes the heart leap within us,

chiefly perhaps because of the winter which has so long bound up vegetation with his icy fetters: when the woods put on their fresh green, and the earth on which we tread becomes radiant with flowers, it is above all things the contrast which gives zest and delight. But we can hardly imagine that there will be winter there: or that bareness and dreariness will ever characterise the hills and vales of the new earth. And if we pursue the train of thought thus suggested, we may perhaps arrive at some account of how this may well be. Here, in our weak and everchanging state of thought and feeling, contrast is always necessary to add piquancy to our interest. There, where satisfied calm shall have taken the place of restless craving for change, contrast will no longer be wanted. To our ears now, perpetual spring sounds as if it would soon pall upon us: and even if there could be a happy mixture of the three propitious seasons, and the earth could at one and same time be budding into leaf, and opening the flower, and ripening the fruit, it might be a question whether our senses would not soon weary of the continual strain on them, and yearn for some entire rest, some fallow time like winter, when they might repose from excitement.

But there, it may well not be so. Weariness will no longer exist: good enjoyed will lead on to good desired: the eye will not want respite from seeing, nor the ear from hearing, nor the brain from searching and gaining conclusions. So that it may well be, that there shall be no decay there, and yet no feeling of dullness; no desire for change, where the thoughts and interests themselves will be always changing, because always advancing from one height of blessedness to another.

And if a further consideration is wanted to convince us, that there may be the highest bliss in the enjoyment and contemplation of God's works, without the elements of decay and renewal, we may think of what will be our own state in that other life, and derive from that a strong argument as to the condition of the blessed world itself of which we shall form a part. We are told by our Lord that we shall be like the holy angels; ourselves without death and decay, and therefore without the necessity of renewal. Doubtless there will be beauty there, far surpassing the fairest dream here; there will be majesty there, compared to which all the splendour of man here is but contemptible: but there will be no fluctuation—no oscillating backwards and forwards into degrees of greater and less: either all will be always the same, or the only progress will be advance.

And as man himself will be, so in all likelihood will also be the world in which man will be found. Here, decay and change are the very conditions of beauty and majesty. The loveliness of infancy, the gaiety of childhood, the strength and comeliness of youth, the force of manhood, the veneration claimed for age, the sympathies called forth by feebleness, the solemn lessons bequeathed us by death,—all

these are but circumstances attendant on so many onward steps in a course which reaches its height and then declines. But there, all these, or as many of them as are consistent with a blissful state of perfection, will be fixed at their height and their best, and there will for ever continue to flourish, filled with loveliness and purity, according to the measure of each, by him, the great author and source of all that is lovely and pure. Each, we may well conceive, will have its place and its work, and in that place and work will be an element in the multitudinous blessedness of the whole. And even so will it be with Creation itself. Of whatever members and details Creation may then consist, whether of the same that we see here, or more, or less, each will be advanced to its highest point of perfection, each will have attained all its possible beauty and majesty, and at this point will remain for ever. As the blessed contemplate the wonderful works of God, new wonders, fresh points of interest, will continually occur: more praise will be rendered to him, more true pleasure will accrue to his redeemed ones, throughout the countless ages of eternity.

And if it be asked, how is this to be, seeing that all Creation has inherited man's sin, seeing that the ground is cursed for his sake, and nature suffers because the lord of nature was disobedient;—we may fearlessly reply, it will take place, this deliverance from the bondage of corruption and of sin, owing to the Death and Resurrection of the Lord. Having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him it pleased the Father to reconcile all things to himself, all things in heaven and earth. And in that vision of St. Peter, when he was instructed not to call that unclean which God had cleansed, this was distinctly set forth to him: this bringing of all things created into a state of reconciliation with God, and fitting use for man, by the great Sacrifice of the Death of the Son of God. So

that I believe we may surely expect, and I do myself confidently look for, this renewed and glorious condition of God's material Creation in the next happy state. I believe nature has not been, as the loose belief of many would suppose it to have been, a great mistake on the part of the Creator—a gigantic failure—an imperfect mould, to be cast aside one day as though it had never been; but I hold firmly that for even material nature there is a good time coming, when the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose:—that God's wonderful works, here so much abused, so little understood, will there, in all their highest forms of beauty and proportion, be the everlasting study and admiration of the blessed. Not, it is true, before,—still less to the exclusion of,—his still more wonderful work of Redemption, but as contributing to it, and indeed themselves forming part of it.

And this leads us to the same point where we brought to a close our other meditations: that it is for the sake of Christ, and of Christ's work of love, and of Christ's redeemed ones, that all things are, and were created. For this will be then most clearly shown and most fully carried out, when not only the Church, but material Nature also, has reached its highest aim and end: when no decay mars the one, as no sin the other; when the wonders of the created universe are read, not as now, with failing eyes and doubting hearts, but with the purified and unerring vision of the sons of God in glory; when there will be no peril of science invading faith, because faith and knowledge will be one: when none can go astray, because he who made and who redeemed all things will be himself our teacher, and will lead us beside the fountains of living waters; when great acquirements will no longer mar perfect holiness, because he who sanctifieth the elect people of God will dwell in us, in full measure, for ever.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.—TACKSMEN AND TENANTS.

THE "upper" and "lower" classes in the Highlands were not separated from each other by a wide gap. The thought was never suggested of a great proprietor above, like a leg of mutton on the top of a pole, and the people far below, looking up to him with envy. On reviewing the state of highland society, one was rather reminded of a pyramid whose broad base was connected with the summit by a series of regular steps. The dukes or lords, indeed, were generally far removed from the inhabitants of the land, living as they did for the greater part of the year in London; but the minor chiefs, such as "Lochnell," "Lochiel," "Coll," "MacLeod," "Raasay," &c., resided on their respective estates

and formed centres of local and personal influence. They had good family mansions; and in some instances the old keep was enlarged into a fine baronial castle, where all the hospitality of the far North was combined with the more refined domestic arrangements of the South. They had also their handsome "barge," or well-built, well-rigged "smack" or "wherry;" and their stately piper, who played pibrochs with very storms of sound after dinner, or, from the bow of the boat, with the tartan ribbands fluttering from the grand war-pipe, spread the news of the chief's arrival for miles across the water. They were looked up to and respected by the people. Their names were mingled with all the traditions of the country: they were

as old as its history, practically as old, indeed, as the hills themselves. They mingled freely with the peasantry, spoke their language, shared their feelings, treated them with sympathy, kindness, and, except in outward circumstances, were in all respects one of themselves. The poorest man on their estate could converse with them at any time in the frankest manner, as with friends whom they could trust. There was between them an old and firm attachment.

This feeling of clanship, this interest of the clan in their chief, has lived down to my own recollection. It is not many years—for I heard the incident described by some of the clan who took part in the *émeute*—since a new family burial-ground was made in an old property by a laird who knew little of the manners or prejudices of the country, having lived most of his time abroad. The first person whom he wished to bury in this new private tomb near “the big house” was his predecessor, whose lands and name he inherited, and who had been a true representative of the old stock. But when the clan heard of what they looked upon as an insult to their late chief, they formed a conspiracy, seized the body by force, and after guarding it for a day or two, buried it with all honour in the ancient family tomb on

“The Isle of Saints, where stands the old grey cross.”

The Tacksmen at that time formed the most important and influential class of a society which has now wholly disappeared in most districts. In no country in the world was such a contrast presented as in the Highlands between the structure of the houses and the culture of their occupants. The houses were of the most primitive description; they consisted of one story—had only what the Scotch call a *but* and *ben*; that is, a room at each end, with a court between, two garret rooms above, and in some cases a kitchen, built out at right angles behind. Most of them were thatched with straw or heather. Such was the architecture of the house in which Dr. Johnson lived with the elegant and accomplished Sir Allan Maclean, in the island of Inch Kenneth. The old house of Glendessary, again, in “the Parish,” was constructed, like a few more, of wicker-work; the outside being protected with turf, and the interior lined with wood. “The house and the furniture,” writes Dr. Johnson, “were ever always nicely suited. We were driven once, by missing our passage, to the hut of a gentleman, when, after a very liberal supper, I was conducted to my chamber, and found an elegant bed of Indian cotton, spread with fine sheets. The accommodation was flattering; I undressed myself, and found my feet in the mire. The bed stood on the cold earth, which a long course of rain had softened to a puddle.” But in these houses were gentlemen, nevertheless, and ladies of education and high breeding. Writing of Sir Allan Maclean and his daughters, Johnson says:—“Romance does not often exhibit a scene that strikes the imagination more than this little

desert in these depths and western obscurity, occupied, not by a gross herdsman or amphibious fisherman, but by a gentleman and two ladies of high rank, polished manners, and elegant conversation, who, in an habitation raised not very far above the ground, but furnished with unexpected neatness and convenience, practised all the kindness of hospitality and the refinement of courtesy.” It was thus, too, with the old wicker-house of Glendessary, which has not left a trace behind. The interior was provided with all the comfort and taste of a modern mansion. The ladies were accomplished musicians, the harp and piano sounded in those “halls of Selma,” and their descendants are now among England’s aristocracy.

These gentlemen Tacksmen were generally men of education; they had all small but well-selected libraries, and had not only acquired some knowledge of the classics, but were fond of keeping up their acquaintance with them. It was not an uncommon pastime with them when they met together, to try who could repeat the greatest number of lines from Virgil or Horace, or who among them, when one line was repeated, could *cap* it with another line commencing with the same letter as that which ended the former. All this may seem to many to have been profitless amusement, but it was not such amusement as rude and uncultivated boors would have indulged in; nor was it such as is likely to be imitated by the rich farmers who now pasture their flocks where hardly a stone marks the site of those old homes.

I only know one surviving gentleman Tacksman belonging to the period of which I write, and he is ninety years of age, though in the full enjoyment of his bodily health and mental faculties. About forty years ago, when inspecting his cattle, he was accosted by a pedestrian with a knapsack on his back, who addressed him in a language which was intended for Gaelic. The tacksman, judging him to be a foreigner, replied in French, which met no response but a shake of the head, the tacksman’s French being probably as bad as the tourist’s Gaelic. The Highlander then tried Latin, which kindled a smile of surprise, and drew forth an immediate reply. This was interrupted by the remark that English would probably be more convenient for both parties. The tourist, who turned out to be an Oxford student, laughing heartily at the interview, gladly accepted the invitation of the tacksman to accompany him to his thatched home, and share his hospitality. He was surprised, on entering “the room,” to see a small library in the humble apartment. “Books here!” he exclaimed, as he looked over the shelves. “Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Shakespeare—what! Homer, too?” The farmer, with some pride, begged him to look at the Homer. It had been given as a prize to himself when he was a student at the University. My old friend will smile as he reads these lines, and will wonder how I heard the story.

It was men like these who supplied the High-

lands with clergy, physicians, lawyers, and the army and navy with many of their officers. It is not a little remarkable that the one island of Skye, for example, should have sent forth from her wild shores since the beginning of the last wars of the French revolution, 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals; 48 lieutenant-colonels; 600 commissioned officers; 10,000 soldiers; 4 governors of colonies; 1 governor-general; 1 adjutant-general; 1 chief baron of England; and 1 judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. I remember the names of 61 officers being enumerated, who, during "the war," had joined the army or navy from farms which were visible from one hill-top in "the Parish." These times have now passed away. The Highlands furnish few soldiers or officers. Even the educated clergy are becoming few.

One characteristic of these Tacksmen which more than any other forms a delightful reminiscence of them, was their remarkable kindness to the poor. There was hardly a family which had not some man or woman who had seen better days, for their guest, during weeks, months, perhaps years. These forlorn ones might have been very distant relations, claiming that protection which a drop of blood never claimed in vain; or former neighbours, or the children of those who were neighbours long ago; or, as it often happened, they might have had no claim whatever upon the hospitable family, beyond the fact that they were utterly destitute, yet could not be treated as paupers, and had in God's Providence been cast on the kindness of others, like waves of the wild sea breaking at their feet. Nor was there anything "very interesting," about such objects of charity. One old gentleman beggar I remember, who used to live with friends of mine for months, was singularly stupid, often bad-tempered. A decayed old gentlewoman, again, who was an inmate for years in one house, was subject to fits of great depression, and was by no means entertaining. Another needy visitor used to be accompanied by a female servant. When they departed after a sojourn of a few weeks, the servant was generally laden with wool, clothing, and a large allowance of tea and sugar, contributed by the hostess for the use of her mistress, who thus obtained supplies from different families during summer which kept herself and her red-haired domestic comfortable in their small hut, during the winter. "Weel, weel," said the worthy host, as he saw the pair depart, "it's a pair situation that of a beggar's servant, like yon woman carrying the bag and poke." Now this hospitality was never dispensed with a grudge, but with all tenderness and nicest delicacy. These "genteel beggars" were received into the family, had comfortable quarters assigned to them in the house, partook of all the family meals, and the utmost care was taken by old and young that not one word should be uttered, nor anything done, which could for a moment suggest to them the idea that they were a trouble, a bore, an intrusion, or anything save the most wel-

come and honoured guests. This attention, according to the minutest details, was almost a religion with the old Highland "gentleman" and his family.

The poor of the parish, strictly so called, were, with few exceptions, wholly provided for by the Tacksmen. Each farm, according to its size, had its old men, widows, and orphans depending on it for their support. The widow had her free house, which the farmers and the "cottiers" around him kept in repair. They drove home from "the Moss" her peats for fuel; her cow had pasturage on the green hills. She had land sufficient to raise potatoes, and a small garden for vegetables. She had hens and ducks too, with the natural results, of eggs, chickens and ducklings. She had sheaves of corn supplied her, and these, along with her own gleanings, were threshed at the mill with the Tacksman's crop. In short, she was tolerably comfortable, and very thankful, enjoying the feeling of being the object of true charity, which was returned by such labour as she could give, and by her hearty gratitude.

But all this was changed when those Tacksmen were swept away to make room for the large sheep farms, and when the remnants of the people flocked from their empty glens to occupy houses in wretched villages near the sea-shore, by way of becoming fishers—often where no fish could be caught. The result has been that "the Parish," for example, which once had a population of 2200 souls, and received only 11% per annum from public (Church) funds for the support of the poor, expends now under the poor-law upwards of 600% annually, with a population diminished by one-half, and with poverty increased in a greater ratio. This, by the way, is the result generally, when money awarded by law, and distributed by officials, is substituted for the true charity prompted by the heart, and dispensed systematically to known and well-ascertained cases, that draw it forth by the law of sympathy and Christian duty. I am quite aware of how poetical this doctrine is in the opinion of some political economists, but in these days of heresy in regard to older and more certain truths, it may be treated charitably.*

The effect of the poor-law, I fear, has been to destroy in a great measure the old feelings of self-respect which felt it to be a degradation to receive any support from public charity when living, or to be buried by it when dead. It has loosened, also, those kind bonds of neighbourhood, family relationship, and natural love which linked the needy to those who could and ought to supply their wants, and which was blessed both to the giver

* In no case can a poor-law meet the wants of the deserving poor. In every case it must be supplemented by systematic benevolence. If it attempts, by means of a few officials, to deal kindly and liberally with every case of poverty, it will soon pauperise and demoralise the community. If it applies such stringent tests as starvation and extreme distress alone can submit to, a vast mass of unrelieved suffering must be the result. Christian charity has yet to fill up, as it has never done, the gap between legal paupers and the deserving poor.

and receiver. Those who ought on principle to support the poor are tempted to cast them on the rates, and thus to lose all the good derived from the exercise of Christian almsgiving. The poor themselves have become more needy and more greedy, and scramble for the miserable pittance which is given and received with equal heartlessness.

The temptation to create large sheep-farms has no doubt been great. Rents are increased, and more easily collected. Outlays are fewer and less expensive than upon houses, &c. But should more rent be the highest, the noblest object of a proprietor? Are human beings to be treated like so many things used in manufactures? Are no sacrifices to be demanded for their good and happiness? Granting even, for the sake of argument, that profit, in the sense of obtaining more money, will be found in the long run to measure what is best for the people as well as for the landlord, yet may not the converse of this be equally true—that the good and happiness of the people will in the long run be found the most profitable? Proprietors, we are glad to hear are beginning to think that if a middle-class tenantry, with small arable farms of a rental of from £20 to £100 per annum, were again introduced into the Highlands, the result would be increased rents. Better still, the huge glens, along whose rich straths no sound is now heard for twenty or thirty miles but the bleat of sheep or the bark of dogs, would be tenanted, as of yore, with a comfortable and happy peasantry.

In the meantime, emigration has been to a large extent a blessing to the Highlands, and to a larger extent still a blessing to the colonies. It is the only relief for a poor and redundant population. The hopelessness of improving their condition, which rendered many in the Highlands listless and lazy, has in the colonies given place to the hope of securing a competency by prudence and industry. These virtues have accordingly sprung up, and the results have been comfort and independence. A wise political economy, with sympathy for human feelings and attachments, will, we trust, be able more and more to adjust the balance between the demands of the old and new country, for the benefit both of proprietors and people. But I must return to the old tenants.

Below the "gentlemen" Tacksmen were those who paid a much lower rent, and who lived very comfortably, and shared hospitably with others the gifts which God gave them. I remember a group of men, tenants in a large glen which now "has not a smoke in it," as the Highlanders say, throughout its length of twenty miles. They had the custom of entertaining in rotation every traveller who cast himself on their hospitality. The host on the occasion was bound to summon his neighbours to the homely feast. It was my good fortune to be a guest when they received the present minister of "the Parish," while *en route* to visit some of his flock. We had a most sumptuous feast—oat-cake, crisp and

fresh from the fire; cream, rich and thick, and more beautiful than nectar,—whatever that may be; blue Highland cheese, finer than Stilton; fat hens, slowly cooked on the fire in a pot of potatoes, without their skins, and with fresh butter—"stoved hens," as the superb dish was called; and, though last, not least, tender kid, roasted as nicely as Charles Lamb's cracklin' pig. All was served up with the utmost propriety, on a table covered with a pure white cloth, and with all the requisites for a comfortable dinner, including the champagne of elastic, buoyant, and exciting mountain air. The manners and conversation of those men would have pleased the best-bred gentleman. Everything was so simple, modest, unassuming, unaffected, yet so frank and cordial. The conversation was such as might be heard at the table of any intelligent man. Alas! there is not a vestige remaining of their homes. I know not whither they are gone, but they have left no representatives behind. The land in the glen is divided between sheep, shepherds, and the shadows of the clouds.

There were annual festivals of the Highland tenantry, which deeply moved every glen; and these were the Dumbarton and Falkirk "Tysts," or fairs for cattle and sheep. What preparations were made for these gatherings, on which the rent and income of the year depended! What a collecting of cattle, small and great; of drovers, and of dogs,—the latter being the most interested and excited of all who formed the caravan. What speculations as to how the "market" would turn out. What a shaking of hands in boats, wayside inns, and on decks of steamers by the men in homespun cloth, gay tartans, or in the more correct new garbs of Glasgow or Edinburgh tailors, what a pouring in from all the glens increasing at every ferry and village, and flowing on a river of tenants and proprietors, small and great, to the market! What that market was I know not from personal observation, nor desire to know.

Let Yarrow be unseen, unknown,
If now we're sure to rue it,
We have a vision of our own,
Ah, why should we undo it?

The impression left in early years is too sublime to be tampered with. I have a vision of miles of tents, of flocks, and herds, surpassed only by those in the wilderness of Sinai; of armies of Highland sellers trying to get high prices out of the Englishmen, and Englishmen trying to get low prices out of the Highlandmen—but all in the way of "fair dealing."

When any person returned who had been himself at the market, who could recount its ups and downs, its sales and purchases, with all the skirmishes, stern encounters, and great victories, it was an eventful day in the Tacksman's dwelling! A stranger not initiated into the mysteries of a great fair might have supposed it possible for any one to give all information about it in a brief business form. But there was such an enjoyment in details, such a

luxury in going over all the prices, and all that was asked by the seller and refused by the purchaser, and asked again by the seller, and again refused by the purchaser, with the nice financial fencing of "splitting the difference," or giving back a "luck's penny," as baffles all description. It was not enough to give the prices of three-year-olds and four-year-olds, yell cows, crock ewes, stirks, stots, lambs, tups, wethers, shots, bulls, &c., but the stock of each well-known proprietor, or breeder, had to be discussed. Colonsay's bulls, Corrie's sheep, Drumdriesaig's heifers, or Achadashenaig's wethers, had all to be passed under careful review. Then followed discussions about distinguished "beasts," which had "fetched high prices;" their horns, their hair, their houghs, and general "fashion," with their parentage. It did not suffice to tell that this or that great purchaser from the south had given so much for this or that "lot," but his first offer, his remarks, his doubts, his advance of price, with the sparring between him and the Highland dealer, must all be particularly recorded, until the final shaking of hands closed the bargain. And after all was gone over, it was a pleasure to begin the same tune again with variations. But who that has ever heard an after-dinner talk in England about a good day's hunting, or a good race, will be surprised at this endless talk about a market?

I will close this chapter with a story told of a great sheep farmer—not one of the old "gentleman tenants" verily!—who, though he could neither read nor write, had nevertheless made a large fortune by sheep farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this department of labour. A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one evening over their whisky toddy to remark, "I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!" "Hoot toot!" replied the sheep farmer, modestly hanging his head with a pleasing smile and taking a large pinch of snuff. "That is too much—too much by far—by far." But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a Southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question, "Could the Duke of Wellington have done *that*?" The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a glass of toddy, and replied, "The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a clever man; very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good sojrer, but then, d'ye see, he had reasonable men to deal with—captains, and majors, and generals that could understand him,—every one of them, both officers and men; but I'm not so sure after all if he could manage say twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst! I doot it—I doot it! But I have often done that." The inference was evident.

CHAPTER X.—MARY CAMPBELL'S MARRIAGE.

MARY CAMPBELL was a servant in the old manse, about sixty years ago, and was an honest and bonnie lassie. She had blue eyes and flaxen hair, with a form as "beautiful as the fleet roe on the mountain," a very Malvina to charm one of the heroes of old Ossian. Her sweetheart was not, however, an "Oscar of the spear;" a "Cochullin of the car;" or a Fingal who "sounded his shield in the halls of Selma," but was a fine-looking shepherd lad named Donald Maclean, who "wandered slowly as a cloud" over the hills at morning after his sheep, and sang his songs, played his trumpet, and lighted up Mary's face with his looks at evening. For two years they served together; and, as in all such cases, these years seemed as a single day. Yet no vows were exchanged, no engagement made between them. Smiles and looks, improvised songs full of lovers' *chaffing*, joining together as partners in the kitchen dance to Archy M'Intyre's fiddle, showing a tendency to work at the same hay-rick, and to reap beside each other on the same harvest rigs, and to walk home together from the kirk; these were the only significant signs of what was understood by all, that bonnie Mary and handsome Donald were sweethearts.

It happened to them as to all lovers since the world began; the old history was repeated in the want of smoothness with which the river of their affection flowed on its course. It had the usual eddies and turns which belong to all such streams, and it had its little falls, with tiny bubbles, that soon broke and disappeared in rainbow hues, until the agitated water rested once more in a calm pool, dimpled with sunlight, and overhung with wild flowers.

But a terrible break and thundering fall at last approached with rich Duncan Stewart, from Lochaber! Duncan was a well-to-do small tenant, with a number of beeves and sheep; was a thrifty money-making bachelor, who never gave or accepted bills for man or for beast, but was contented with small profits, and ready cash secured at once and hoarded in safety with Carrick, Brown, and Company's Ship Bank, Glasgow, there to grow at interest while he was sleeping—though he was generally "wide-awake." He was a cousin of Mary's, "thrice removed," but close enough to entitle him to command a hearing in virtue of his relationship when he came to court her; and on this very errand he arrived one day at the manse, where, as a matter of course, he was hospitably received—alas! for poor Donald Maclean.

Duncan had seen Mary but once, but having made up his mind, which it was not difficult for him to do, as to her fair appearance, and having ascertained from others that she was in every respect a most properly-conducted girl, and a most accomplished servant, who could work in the field or dairy, in the kitchen or laundry,—that beside the fire at night her hands were the most active

in knitting, sewing, carding wool, or spinning—he concluded that she was the very wife for Duncan Stewart of Blairdhu. But would Mary take him? A doubt never crossed his mind upon that point. His confidence did not arise from his own good looks, for they, to speak charitably, were doubtful, even to himself. He had high cheek-bones, small teeth not innocent of tobacco, and a large mouth. To these features there was added a sufficient number of grey hairs sprinkled on the head and among the bushy whiskers, to testify to many more years than those which numbered the age of Mary. But Duncan had money—a large amount of goods laid up for many years—full barns and sheep-folds. He had a place assigned to him at the Fort William market, such as a well-known capitalist has in the city Exchange. He was thus the sign of a power which tells in every class of society. Are no fair merchant's daughters, we would respectfully ask, affected in their choice of husbands by the state of their funds? Has a coronet no influence over the feelings? Do the men of substance make their advances to beauties without it, with no sense of the weight of argument which is measured by the weight of gold in their proffered hand? Do worth and character and honest love, and *sufficient* means, always get fair play from the fair, when opposed by rivals having less character and less love, but with more than *sufficient* means? According to the reader's replies to these questions will be his opinion as to the probability of Duncan winning Mary, and of Mary forsaking poor Donald and accepting his "highly respectable" and wealthy rival.

It must be mentioned that another power came into play at this juncture of affairs, and that was an elder sister of Mary's who lived in the neighbourhood of the farmer, and who was supposed, by the observing dames of the district, to have "set her cap" at Duncan. But it was more the honour of the connection than love which had prompted those gentle demonstrations on the part of Peggy. She wished to give him the hint, as it were, that he need not want a respectable wife for the asking; although of course she was quite happy and contented to remain in her mother's house, and help to manage the small croft, with its cow, pigs, poultry, and potatoes. Duncan, without ever pledging himself, sometimes seemed to acknowledge that it might be well to keep Peggy on his list as a reserve corps, in case he might fail in his first plan of battle. The fact must be confessed, that such marriages "of convenience" were as common in the Highlands as elsewhere. Love, no doubt, in many cases, carried the day there as it will do in Greenland, London, or Timbuctoo. Nevertheless the dog-team, the blubber, the fishing-tackle, of the North will, at times, tell very powerfully on the side of their possessor, who is yet wanting in the softer emotions; and so will the cowries and cattle of Africa, and the West-end mansion and carriage

of London. The female heart will everywhere, in its own way, acknowledge that "love is all very well, when one is young, but—" and with that prudential "but," depend upon it the blubber, cowries, and carriage are sure to carry the day, and leave poor Love to make off with clipped wings!

Duncan, of Blairdhu, so believed, when he proposed to Mary, through the minister's wife, who had never heard the kitchen gossip about the shepherd, and who was delighted to think that her Mary had the prospect of being so comfortably married. All the *pros* and *cons* having been set before her, Mary smiled, hung her head, pulled her fingers until every joint cracked, and, after a number of "could not really says," and "really did not know," and "wondered why he had asked her," and "what was she to do," &c., followed by a few hearty tears, she left her mistress, and left the impression that she would in due time be Mrs. Duncan Stewart. Her sister Peggy appeared on the scene, and, strange to say, urged the suit with extraordinary vehemence. She spoke not of love, but of honour, rank, position, comfort, influence, as all shining around on the Braes of Lochaber. Peggy never heard of the shepherd, but had she done so, the knowledge would have only moved her indignation. Duncan's cousinship made his courtship a sort of family claim—a social right. It was not possible that her sister would be so foolish, stupid, selfish, as not to marry a rich man like Mr. Stewart. Was she to bring disgrace on herself and people by refusing him? Mary was too gentle for Peggy, and she bent like a willow beneath the breeze of her appeals. She would have given worlds to have been able to say that she was engaged to Donald; but that was not the case. Would Donald ask her? She loved him too well for her to betray her feelings so as to prompt the delicate question, yet she wondered why he was not coming to her relief at such a crisis. Did he know it? Did he suspect it?

Donald, poor lad, was kept in ignorance of all these diplomatic negotiations; and when at last a fellow-servant expressed his suspicions, he fell at once into despair, gave up the game as lost, lingered among the hills as long as possible, hardly spoke when he returned home at night, seemed to keep aloof from Mary, and one evening talked to her so crossly in his utter misery, that next morning, when Duncan Stewart arrived at the manse, Peggy had so arranged matters that Mary before the evening was understood to have accepted the hand of the rich farmer.

The news was kept secret. Peggy would not speak. Mary could not. Duncan was discreetly silent, and took his departure to arrange the marriage, for which the day was fixed before he left. The Minister's wife and the Minister congratulated Mary; Mary gave no response, but pulled her fingers more energetically and nervously than ever. This was all taken as a sign of modesty. The shepherd whistled louder than before for his dogs, and

corrected them with singular vehemence; he played his trumps with greater perseverance, sang his best songs at night, but there was no more dancing, and he did not walk with Mary from the kirk; and the other servants winked and laughed, and knew there was "something atween them," then guessed what it was, then knew all about it; yet none presumed to tease Donald or Mary. There was a something which kept back all intrusion, but no one seemed to know what that something was.

The marriage dress was easily got up by the manse girls, and each of them added some bonnie gift to make Mary look still more bonnie. She was a special favourite, and the little governess with the work of her own hands contributed not a little to Mary's wardrobe.

All at once the girls came to the conclusion that Mary did not love Duncan. She had no interest in her dress; she submitted to every attention as if it were a stern duty; her smile was not joyous. Their suspicions were confirmed when the cook, commonly called Kate Kitchen, confided to them the secret of Mary's love for the shepherd—all, of course, in strict confidence; but every fair and gentle attempt was made in vain to get her to confess. She was either silent, or said there was nothing between them, or she would do all that was right, and so on; or she would dry her eyes with her apron, and leave the room. These interviews were not satisfactory, and so they were soon ended; a gloom gathered over the wedding; there was a want of enthusiasm about it; everyone felt drifting slowly to it without any reason strong enough for pulling in an opposite direction. Why won't Donald propose? His proud heart is breaking, but he thinks it too late, and will give no sign. Why does not Mary refuse Duncan—scorn him, if you will, and cling to the shepherd? Her little proud heart is also breaking, for the shepherd has become cold to her. He ought to have asked her, she thinks, before now, or even now proposed a runaway marriage, carried her off, and she would have flown with him, like a dove, gently held in an eagle's talon, over hill and dale, to a nest of their own, where love alone would have devoured her. But both said, "'Tis too late!" Fate, like a magic power, seemed to have doomed that she must marry Duncan Stewart.

The marriage was to come off at the house of a Tacksman, an uncle of the bride's, about two miles from the manse; for the honour of having a niece married to Blairdhu demanded special attention to be shown on the occasion. A large party was invited, a score of the tenantry of the district, with the minister's family, and a few of the gentry, such as the sheriff and his wife; the doctor; and some friends who accompanied Duncan from Lochaber; big Sandy Cameron from Lochiel; Archy, son of Donald, from Glen Nevis; and Lachlan, the son of young Lachlan, from Corpach. How they all managed to dispose of themselves in the *but and ben*, including the centre closet, of Malcolm Morrison's

house, has never yet been explained. Those who have known the capacity of Highland houses,—the capacity to be full, and yet to be able to accommodate more, have thought that the walls possessed some expansive power, the secret of which has not come down to posterity. On that marriage day a large party was assembled. On the green, outside the house, were many Highland carts, which had conveyed the guests; while the horses, their fore-legs being tied together at the fetlock, with ungainly hops cropped the green herbage at freedom, until their services were required within the next twelve hours. Droves of dogs were busy making one another's acquaintance; collie dogs and terriers—every tail erect or curled, and each, with bark and growl, asserting its own independence. Groups of guests, in homespun clothes, laughed and chatted round the door, waiting for the hour of marriage. Some of "the ladies" were gravely seated within, decked out in new caps and ribands; while servant-women, with loud voices and louder steps, were rushing to and fro, as if in desperation, arranging the dinner. This same dinner was a very ample one of stoved hens and potatoes, legs of mutton, roast ducks, corned beef, piles of cheese, tureens of curds and cream, and oat-cakes piled in layers. Duncan Stewart walked out and in, dressed in a full suit of blooming Stewart tartan, with frills to his shirt, which added greatly to his turkey-cock appearance.

But where was the bride? She had been expected at four o'clock, and it was now past five. It was understood that she was to have left the manse escorted by Hugh, son of big John M'Alister. The company became anxious. A message of inquiry was at last despatched, but the only information received was that the bride had left the manse at two o'clock, immediately after the manse party. A herd-boy was again despatched to obtain more accurate tidings, and the governess whispered in his ear to ask particularly about the whereabouts of Donald the shepherd. But the boy could tell nothing, except that Hugh and the bride had started on horseback three hours before; and as for Donald, he was unwell in bed, for he had seen him there rolled up in blankets, with his face to the wall. The excitement became intense. Duncan Stewart snuffed prodigiously; Malcolm, Mary's uncle, uttered sundry expressions by no means becoming; Peggy, full of alarming surmises, wrung her hands, and threw herself on a bed in the middle closet. The ladies became perplexed; the sheriff consulted the company as to what should be done. The doctor suggested the suicide of the bride. The minister suspected more than he liked to express. But two men mounted the best horses, and taking a gun with them—why, no one could conjecture—started off in great haste to the manse. The timid bird had flown, no one knew whither. The secret had been kept from every human being. But if she was to leave the parish it could only be by a certain glen, across a certain river, and along one path, which led to the regions beyond. They

conjectured that she was *en route* for her mother's home, in order to find there a temporary asylum. To this glen, and along this path, the riders hurried with the gun. The marriage party in the meantime "took a refreshment," and made M'Pherson, the bagpiper, play reels and strathspeys, to which the young folks danced, while the older people brewed whisky punch, and assured Duncan Stewart that the mystery would soon be satisfactorily cleared up. Duncan seemed to enjoy his tumbler, and pretended to laugh at the odd joke—for a joke he said it was. Peggy alone refused to be comforted. Hour after hour passed, but no news of the bride. The ladies began to yawn; the gentlemen to think how they should spend the night; until at last all who could not be accommodated within the elastic walls by any amount of squeezing, dispersed, after house and barn were filled, to seek quarters at the manse or among the neighbouring farms.

The two troopers who rode in pursuit of Mary came at last, after a hard ride of twenty miles, to a small inn, which was the frontier house of the parish, and whose white walls marked, as on a peninsula, the ending of one long uninhabited glen, and the commencement of another. As they reached this solitary and wayside place, they determined to put up for the night. The morning had been wet, and clouds full of rain had gathered after sunset on the hills. On entering the kitchen of the "change house," they saw some clothes drying on a chair opposite the fire, with a "braw cap" and ribands suspended near them, and dripping with moisture. On making inquiry they were informed that these belonged to a young woman who had arrived there shortly before, behind Hugh, son of big John M'Allister of the manse, who had returned with the horse by another road over the hill. The woman was on her way to Lochaber, but her name was not known. Poor Mary was caught! Her pursuers need not have verified their conjectures by entering her room and upbraiding her in most unfeeling terms, telling her, before locking the door in order to secure her, that she must accompany them back in the morning and be married to Duncan Stewart, as sure as there was justice in the land. Mary spoke not a word, but gazed on them as in a dream.

At early dawn she was mounted behind one of these moss-troopers, and conducted in safety to the manse, as she had requested to see the family before she went through the ceremony of marriage. That return to the manse was an epoch in its history. The shepherd had disappeared in the meantime, and so had Hugh M'Allister. When Mary was ushered into the presence of the minister, and the door was closed, she fell on her knees before him, and bending her forehead until she rested it on his outstretched hand, she burst forth into hysterical weeping. The minister soothed her, and bid her tell him frankly what all this was about. Did she not like Stewart? Was she unwilling to marry

him? "Unwilling to marry him!" cried Mary, rising up, with such flashing eyes and dramatic manner as the minister had never seen before in her, or thought it possible for one so retiring and shy to exhibit; "I tell you, sir, I would sooner be chained to a rock at low water, and rest there until the tide came and choked my breath, than marry that man!" and Mary, as if her whole nature was suddenly changed, spoke out with the vehemence of long-restrained freedom breaking loose at last in its own inherent dignity. "Then, Mary dear," said the minister, patting her head, "you shall never be married against your will, by me or any one else, to mortal man." "Bless you, dear, dear sir," said Mary, kissing his hand.

Duncan heard the news. "What on earth, then," he asked, "is to be done with the dinner?" for the cooking had been stopped. To his Lochaber friends he whispered certain sayings borrowed from sea and land—as, for example: that there were "as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it"—"that she who winna when she may, may live to rue't another day," and so on. He spoke and acted like one who pitied as a friend the woman whom he thought once so wise as to have been willing to marry Blairdhu. Yet Blairdhu's question was a serious one, and was still unanswered:—"What was to become of the dinner?" Mary's uncle suggested the answer. He took Duncan aside, and talked confidentially and earnestly to him. His communications were received with a smile, a grunt, and a nod of the head, each outward sign of the inward current of feeling being frequently repeated in the same order. The interview was ended by a request from Duncan to see Peggy. Peggy gave him her hand, and squeezed his with a fervor made up of hysterics and hope. She wept, however, real tears, pouring forth her sympathies for the bridegroom in ejaculatory gasps, like jerks for breath, when mentioning a man of his "res—pect—a—bil—i—ty." Before night, a match was made up between Duncan and Peggy: she declaring that it was done to save the credit of her family, though it was not yesterday that she had learned to esteem Mr. Stewart; he declaring that he saw clearly the hand of Providence in the whole transaction—that Mary was too young, too inexperienced for him, and that the more he knew her, the less he liked her. The hand of Providence was not less visible when it conveyed a dowry of 50*l.* from Peggy's uncle with his niece. The parties were "proclaimed" in church on the following Sunday and married on Monday—and so the credit of both the family and the dinner was saved.

But what of Mary? She was married to the shepherd, after explanations and "a scene," which, as I am not writing fiction, but truth, I cannot describe, the details not having come to me in the traditions of the parish.

Donald enlisted as a soldier in some Highland regiment, and his faithful Mary accompanied him

to the Peninsula. How he managed to enlist at all as a married man, and she to follow him as his wife, I know not. But I presume that in those days, when soldiers were recruited by officers who had personally known them and their people, and to whom the soldier was previously attached, many things were permitted and favours obtained which would be impossible now. Nor can I tell why Mary was obliged to return home. But the rules or necessities of the service during war demanded this step. So Mary once more appeared at the manse in the possession of about 60*l.*, which she had earned and saved by working for the regiment, and which Donald had intrusted, along with an only daughter, to his wife's care. The money was invested by the minister. Mary, as a matter of course occupied her old place in the family, and found every other fellow servant, but Donald, where she had left them years before. No one received her with more joy than Hugh M'Allister, who had been her confidante and best man. But what stories and adventures Mary had to tell! And what a high position she occupied at the old kitchen fireside. Everything there was as happy as in the days of auld lang syne, and nothing wanting save Donald's blithe face and merry trumps.

Neither Mary nor Donald could write, nor could they speak any language except Gaelic. Their stock of English was barely sufficient to enable them to transact the most ordinary business. Was it this want, and the constant toil and uncertain marches of a soldier during war, which had prevented Donald from writing home to his wife? For, alas, two long years passed without her having once heard from him!

After months of anxious hope had gone by, Mary began to look old and careworn. The minister scanned the weekly newspaper with intense anxiety, especially after a battle had been fought, to catch her husband's name among the list of the dead or wounded. He had written several times for information, but with little effect. All he could hear was that Donald was alive and well. At last the news came that he was married to another woman. A soldier journeying homewards from the same regiment, and passing through the parish, had said so to several persons in the village, after he had had "his glass." But the soldier was gone long before he could be cross-questioned. Mary heard the news, and though scorning the lie, as she said it was, she never alluded to the fearful story. Still the secret wound was evidently injuring her health; her cheek became paler, "the natural force abated" while at her work, and "Kate Kitchen" had on more than one occasion discovered tears dropping on the little girl's face as her mother combed her hair, or laid her down to sleep.

There was not a person in the house who did not carry poor Mary's burthen, and treat her with the utmost delicacy. Many an expression calculated to

strengthen her faith in God, and to comfort her, was uttered at family prayers, which she always attended. Yet she never complained, never asked any sympathy; she was quiet, meek, and most unselfish, like one who tried to bear alone her own sorrow, without troubling others. She worked diligently, but never joined in the chorus song which often cheered the hours of labour. She clung much to Hugh M'Allister, who, like a shield, cast aside from her the cruel darts which were shot in the parish by insinuations of Donald's unfaithfulness, or the repetition of the story "told by the soldier."

The fifth year of desolation had reached mid-summer, and it was clear that Mary was falling into permanent bad health. One day, having toiled until the afternoon at the making of a haystack, she sat down to rest upon some hay near it. Above, lads and lasses were busy trampling, under the superintendence of Hugh M'Allister. Hugh suddenly paused in the midst of his work, and gazing steadfastly for a minute or two at a distant person approaching the manse from the gate, said, with a suppressed voice, and a "hush" which commanded silence, "If Donald Maclean is in life, that's him!" Every eye was directed to the traveller, who, with a knapsack on his back, was slowly approaching. "It's a beggar," said Kate Kitchen.—"It's like Donald, after all," said another, as the sounds of the traveller's feet were heard on the narrow gravel walk.—"It is him, and none but him!" cried Hugh as he slid down to the ground, having seen Donald's face as he took off his cap and waved it. Flying to Mary, who had been half asleep from fatigue, he seized her by the hand, raised her up, and putting his brawny arm round her neck, kissed her; then brushing away a tear from his eye with the back of his rough hand, he said, "God bless you! this is better than a thousand pounds, any day!" Mary, in perplexity and agitation, asked what he meant, as he dragged her forward, giving her a gentle push as they both came round the haystack which concealed Donald from their view. With a scream she flew to him, and as they embraced in silence, a loud cheer rose from the stack, which was speedily hushed in silent sobs even from the strong men.

What an evening that was at the manse! If ever Donald heard the falsehood about his second marriage, there was no allusion to it that night. He had returned to his wife and child with honourable wounds, a Waterloo medal, and a pension for life. He and Mary settled down again at the manse for many months, and the trump was again heard as in the days of yore. On the last night of the year Donald insisted on dancing once more with Mary, in spite of his lame leg and the laughter of his girl.

I will not follow their adventures further, beyond stating that they removed to Glasgow; that Donald died, and was buried thirty years ago in the old churchyard of "the parish;" that the daughter

was married, but not happily; that Mary fought a noble, self-denying battle to support herself by her industry, and her army savings, the capital of which she has preserved until now.

When nearly eighty years of age she went on a pilgrimage to visit Donald's grave. "Do you repent marrying him," I asked her on her return,

"and refusing Duncan Stewart?" "Repent!" she exclaimed, as her fine old face was lighted up with sunshine; "I would do it all again for the noble fellow!"

Mary yet lives in Glasgow, respected by all who know her.

OUR FIRST LOST.

SIT close beside me, dearest wife;
We are together, if alone;
The dew upon the bloom of life
Is gathered, and the bloom is gone;
And part of us is in the grave,
And part is in the heaven above;
But stronger is the tie we have
In mingled cords of grief and love.

Sit very near, and let me dry
This tear that trickles down thy cheek,
And this that trembles in thine eye;
For it is time that we should speak:
The choking stupor of the hour
Is past, when weeping was relief;
Now yield thee to a gentler power—
The tender memory of grief.

Let's talk of her—our little one
Who walks above the milky way,
Arrayed in glory like the sun
That lightens the eternal day;
The little gift that we did make
To God, by whom the boon was given—
He wished it, deeming she would take
Our hearts away with her to heaven.

Remember that sweet time when hope
Sat brooding o'er its future joy,
And low, fond laughter wakened up
With bets upon a girl or boy;
And little caps, in secret sewn,
Were hid in many a quiet nook:
You knew the secret to be known,
Yet hid them with a guilty look.

Remember all the gush of thought
When first upon your arm she lay,
And all the pain was all forgot,
And all the fears were smiled away;
And looking on her helplessness
Awakened strong resolve in you,
And mother-love and tender grace;
And all was beautiful and new.

For you were sure, a week before,
That you should never live to see
A baby laughing on the floor,
Or placid lying on the knee,

Or laid on my ungainly hand
That always feared to let her slip,
Or held up, with a fond command,
For pressure of a father's lip.

O sweet bud flowering dewy bright
To crown our love's rejoicing stem!
O great eyes wondering in their light,
With long dark lashes fringing them!
And over these the forehead broad,
And then her full and parted lips,
And rounded chin, meet for a god,
And pink shells on her finger-tips!

O beautiful her life! and we
Were just too full of happiness:
As dewy flowers hang droopingly,
O'erburdened with the weight of bliss,
And, fearful lest the treasure spill,
Close up their petals to the light,
So we forgot all, good or ill,
To clasp to us that dear delight.

Remember how we noted all
Her little looks and winning ways,
And how she let her eyelids fall
As I was wont in wooing days,
And held her little finger up
In curious mimicry of mine;
But when the smile was on her lip,
Lo! all the beaming face was Thine.

O say not she was only seen,
Like song-bird lighting on the tree,
A moment, while the leaves were green,
Filling the boughs with melody,
And then, when hope arose serene,
She left us sadder than before;
And better she had never been,
Than leave us stricken to deplore.

And was it nothing then to feel
A mother's love, and do her part,
While soft hands o'er the bosom steal,
And soft cheeks press against the heart?
Nay, let us kneel together, love,
And bow the head, and kiss the rod;
We gave an heir to heaven above,
A child to praise the Christ of God.

He would have infant trebles ringing
 The glories of the great I AM ;
 He would have childish voices singing
 The hallelujahs of the Lamb ;
 And shall we faint in grief's desire
 Because this grace to us is given,
 To have a babe amid the choir
 White-robed around the throne of heaven ?

We had a joy unto us given
 Transcending any earthly pleasure ;
 We had a messenger from heaven ;
 Let us be better for her presence.
 Our mother earth where she is laid
 Is dearer to my heart for her :
 We have such kindred with the dead,
 The very grave is lightsomer.

ORWELL.

COAL AND PETROLEUM.

BY HENRY D. ROGERS, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow.

COAL AN EMBODIMENT OF THE SUNSHINE OF A LONG PAST AGE.

COAL may be contemplated in some other very suggestive aspects. We may regard it as a consolidated form of the sunshine of a long-past day ; as a portion of the generously expended solar force of one age, fixed in material shape, and by simple yet wondrous process sealed up from all dispersion and loss, and transmitted to another age long later to assist to fulfil in it the development of a state of life incomparably higher than that in which it originated. It is evident that a given quantity of vegetable product represents, or is the equivalent of, a definite amount of the sun's action on the earth. A sheet or bed of coal of any especial thickness and area expresses—if we knew the relation or coefficient accurately we might convey it in figures—the very quantum of time expended by the coal-moss in growing, and the total of sunshine tributary directly and indirectly to its entire vital development. It is no mere sport of fancy, then, but an utterance of science, to say, that all the while we are imbibing the warmth of our coal fire, we are actually basking in the sun's rays which vivified the vegetation out of which the coal was produced countless ages ago. In this act of its combustion, we behold as it were the completion of a marvellous cycle, a sort of *respiration* by the earth of the solar heat and light ; and attendant upon this breathing-in and out, of the life-giving emanation or influence, we note also the play of another beautiful round of actions, the imbibition and assimilation into the globe's tissues of the carbon of the air, and the restoration of it again, enacting a function for the earth, curiously analogous, but on a far grander scale, with that it discharges in the nourishment of an individual plant. How wonderful a succession of phases, these of the world's carbon ! In one age a part of the atmosphere, in another of living vegetation, again a component of the solid rocky crust, and finally, when ministering to human wants, regaining once more its primal station in the all-encompassing and life-sustaining air. In this inhaling, prolonged retention, and ultimate re-exhaling of the carbon, the earth, it may be said with a little stretch of fancy, almost *breathes*. In so viewing this course of the

carbon, how stupendous is the duration of the one long-drawn breath we are describing !

AMOUNT OF CARBON IN THE ATMOSPHERE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD.

It must be obvious from the fact that while all the sedimentary strata of lower position or older geological date than the coal-measures, are comparatively destitute of coaly matter, or, indeed, of any large amount of air-derived carbon, the so-called carboniferous formation embraces in a solid or condensed form so prodigious a quantity of this element, that there must have arisen during the growth of the coal-forming marshes, a solidification or fixation from the gaseous state of a store of carbon so immense, as to influence materially the subsequent amount of it held in the earth's general atmosphere. No matter what the vast proportion already included in the vegetables and animals that clothed and peopled the earth, this immense bulk of the carbon stored away in the form of coal must originally have come altogether from the air. The animal organisms of the period would, no doubt, as in the present day, resupply to the atmosphere a large part of the carbon appropriated by them as food from the vegetable ones. It is of the surplus quantity of the carbon beyond that perpetually interchanged between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and placed outside of this beautiful organic cycle and hoarded securely away for a far future age to appropriate, that we are here speaking.

How much of the primeval supply of carbon in the air was thus ultimately solidified as coal, by vital organic action, during the carboniferous ages, must, in our present defective knowledge of the whole mass of coaly substance in the earth, be a matter rather of conjecture than of computation. Nevertheless, I cannot but believe that the atmosphere at the beginning of the carboniferous period on the great day of plant-life was many times richer in carbon than it was at the close of it. An estimate carefully made from the best data of the sum-totals of coal within the principal coal-fields of the world, indicates, indeed, that the aggregate of carbon buried under the soil cannot be less than some six

times the quantity still resident in the air. If we can assume it to have approached at all to this proportion, we need no longer wonder at the colossal dimensions of the ancient coal-plants, nor at their exuberant growth. Coupling this conception of so high a supply of carbon—the main pabulum of all vegetation—with that of a commensurate abundance of warmth and moisture indicated in the very structures of the fossils, we clearly see that it was an age in which all the conditions, chemical, physical, and climatal, were in an especial degree fitted and pre-arranged for a most fertile summer of plant-life all over the globe.

Allusion has been made to the curious deduction that the heat engendered during the combustion of a mass of coal is in truth the equivalent of a given amount of the ancient sunshine originally operative in stimulating the growth of the vegetable matter. Let us indulge a little further in this speculation upon the relationships of the sun's powers, as these are exerted through this its potent offspring, its subservient representative. Consider what takes place, as far as the sun is concerned, when a mass of the fossil fuel, the coal, is used as the agent for propelling a steamer against an opposing wind. The wind, every natural movement of the atmosphere, is primarily, as we all well know, a consequence of the unequal warming by the sun of the different latitudes and tracts of the globe's varied surface. But to what is due the speed of the vessel which defies the blast? It is impelled by a potent wind, or rather by most aptly balanced and well adjusted alternating winds of steam of a tempest's strength, awakened from torpor by the heat engendered in the mere burning of the coal. What is the power in this blazing fuel, but that of the ancient carboniferous sunshine which the coal embodies? This now, at the will of men, stirs the artificial blasts that have a might under skilful guidance capable of withstanding or defying the strongest storms which the existing sunshine can arouse. The engineer may well be termed the "master of the winds," for he generates his mechanical ones precisely in such force and directions as he likes, while his source of power is still the breeze-arousing sunshine of the old sun of the earth's early days.

CHANGES WHICH THE COAL HAS UNDERGONE SINCE IT WAS IMBEDDED.

Coal is not a substance of uniform elementary constitution. It presents itself indeed in many varieties, each adapted to especial applications and wants in the economy of human affairs, yet all of them so related as to bespeak, when compared with one another, a most interesting phasis in their history. The two currently used classification recognises but two chief sorts, common bituminous coal, and the non-bituminous or anthracitic; a nicer subdivision is founded on the relative abundance of the uncombined carbon or coke, and the volatile or distillable and inflammable bituminous matters

so-called. These, in the phraseology of chemistry, are known as the *hydrocarbons*, a group of substances in liquid and gaseous conditions, according to the temperatures they exist under, and all constituted of hydrogen and carbon united in definite proportions. A coal destitute altogether of the hydrocarbons is a true anthracite; if it contains some ten or twelve per cent. of those volatile compounds and burns with a soon-exhausted flame, it should be called a semi-anthracite; if it have as much of them as twenty or twenty-five per cent., it is best termed a semi-bituminous coal; and in all cases where it possesses as much as or more than thirty per cent. it claims the title of a true bituminous coal. All these four classes may be divided into sub-varieties founded, not on the amount, but rather on the specific nature of their hydrocarbons or flame-making elements, and partially on the texture or physical structure of the coal as a rock. Such, for instance, is the distinction between the cannel coals and ordinary glance coals. There is a general law in the geographical relations of the above-named four classes of coals—noticeable in crossing many of the larger coal-fields, especially those of the United States between the Alleghany Mountains and the Missouri River—which will demand our attention when we enter presently on a consideration of the physical conditions which have produced the rock-oil or petroleum, which so abounds in certain districts. To this and the other hydrocarbons, the associated inflammable gases found escaping naturally or extracted artificially from the earth, let us now direct our attention.

PETROLEUM (ROCK-OILS) AND NATIVE INFLAMMABLE GASES.

The chief of the chemical compounds of hydrogen and carbon (hydrocarbons) which issue spontaneously or are derivable from the strata under the soil, are the so-called bitumens and petroleums, and the carburetted hydrogen gases. Bitumen properly embraces several hydrocarbons, some solid, some liquid. Asphaltum, one of them, is a brownish-black solid substance, of bright fracture, and burning with a brilliant flame; and naphtha, another chief ingredient, is, when pure, a colourless liquid of bituminous odour, and a specific gravity about three-fourths that of water. Petroleum, strictly defined, is a dark-coloured liquid compound of the hydrocarbons, containing much naphtha. Asphaltum in a semi-solid shape abounds on the shores of the Dead Sea; it also borders the famous bitumen lake of the Island of Trinidad. Naphtha flows profusely from the ground in some localities in Persia, also in the Birman Empire. It is stated that at Rangoon there are upwards of 500 wells of naphtha, yielding annually more than 400,000 hogsheads of the oil. The bitumen lake in Trinidad is half a mile in breadth; the materials are solid at its shores, but liquid and even boiling towards its centre. This lake is said to repose upon a bed of coal.

Of petroleum, by far the most abounding district

known is that in North America, now attracting so much attention. This wide region of the rock-oils extends, according to late authorities (see "Scientific American," vol. vii., No. 2, July, 1862), from the southern portion of the Ohio valley to Georgian Bay of Lake Huron in Upper Canada, and from the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania to the western limits of the bituminous coal-fields in the vicinity of the Missouri River. The material, they allege, "has been found in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee, Kansas, Illinois, Texas, and California." Of course this general statement does not imply that the petroleum is to be met with anywhere throughout the wide area thus vaguely defined. On the contrary, we know that hitherto it has been found only in scattered localities within these limits. Of the more specially productive oil-fields, the best known and hitherto most abounding one is a broad area embracing a part of Canada West from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, and portions of western New York, and western Pennsylvania, the south-eastern half of Ohio, all north-western Virginia, and the eastern districts of Kentucky. The approximate centre of this wide region so profusely "running with oil," is somewhere near Marietta, on the Ohio River, and the superficial extent of it cannot be less than about 50,000 square miles.

The copiousness of the supply of the petroleum in certain districts of the coal-oil region of Pennsylvania is forcibly set forth in some statistical statements recently published in an official "Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census of the United States." It will interest the reader to have some of the principal facts.

The first indications of a high abundance of the oil were apparent in 1845, when a steady and rather copious gush of it was procured on boring an Artesian well for salt water, near Tarentum, thirty-five miles above Pittsburg, on the Allegheny River. Subsequently, in 1859, a boring was made expressly for the petroleum at Titusville, on Oil Creek, and a fountain or fissure full of it was intersected at the depth of only seventy-one feet, which yielded 400 gallons daily. "Before the close of the year 1860, the number of wells and borings was estimated to be about 2000, from seventy-four of the larger of which there outpoured daily, by the aid of pumps, an aggregate of 1165 barrels of crude oil, worth, at 20 cents, or 10*d.* a gallon, about 10,000 dollars. Wells were soon sunk to the depth of 500 or 600 feet, and the flow of petroleum became so profuse, that 3000 barrels were obtained in a day from a single well, though the less productive ones yielded only fifteen or twenty barrels per diem. The quantity sent to market by one railway, the Sunbury and Erie road, from this Pennsylvania oil-region, in 1861, amounted to 134,927 barrels, and the total supply the same year was nearly 500,000 barrels. The product has subsequently very rapidly increased, and it was lately estimated at 250,000 barrels per week." A newspaper, the "Register,"

published at Oil City, Pennsylvania, stated in 1862, that the then "daily flow of the oil was as much as 5717 barrels, and that the wells were in a condition which showed that the production was on the increase" (see "Report on Eighth Census of U.S.," by Jos. C. G. Kennedy, Superintendent, Washington, 1862).

Geologists familiar with the great petroleum tract entertain no doubt that the rocky strata within its limits are, in almost every square mile of it, more or less impregnated with the precious fluid and its gaseous adjuncts, but not everywhere in the same high degree. Indeed a merely superficial exploration of the country will convince, that the subterranean oils and gases are distributed very unequally through the vast territory. I shall essay to show before this brief description closes, by what law these products seem to arrange themselves in more or less regular zones of comparative abundance and scarcity. But preliminary to this exposition of the causes which control their local distribution, let us examine the rock-oils and gases in their general geological relationships.

SOURCES OF THE PETROLEUM OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

It is an error to suppose that the petroleum and inflammable gases of the great rock-oil region above sketched, are all restricted to the coal measures, or even to the carboniferous formation. Geologists of the United States and of the adjoining British Provinces have clearly shown that they rise from strata in those regions seated far beneath the coal. The stratified rocks of the region consist of an immense development of Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous deposits of an aggregate depth or thickness of not less than 25,000 or 30,000 feet, or some five or six miles. They include, at the least, three or four continuous and widely diffused great beds, of a magnitude entitling them to be called formations, whose chemical nature well adapts them to yielding mineral oils and carburetted gases, as copiously as do any coal measures. The lowest placed or oldest of these, the Utica black shale, ranging in its outcrop from E. to W., through New York, and thence N.W. through Canada, has a variable thickness amounting in some places to 300 feet; this rock is, for the most part, a crumbly shale, of a prevailing dark bluish or brownish black colour, and it abounds in bituminous and carbonaceous products; it even contains a few thin coaly layers,—and has often been mistaken for a genuine coal-bearing formation. So charged is it with mineral charcoal, that it has been in certain localities converted into a black pigment. It is replete in many places in fossil sea-weeds, and fucoids, and there can be little doubt that it owes its richness in carbonaceous matter mainly to these plants. Petroleum is known indeed to issue plentifully from this rock on the Great Manitoulin Island, in Lake Huron. It underlies, let it be observed, all the higher Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous strata

which in succession occupy long east and west-trending zones of country to the south of its outcrop in New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Ohio. To it chiefly must we credit the petroleum and gas-springs, which occur north, or outside of the districts occupied by the gently south-dipping Devonian and Carboniferous strata.

Ascending in the series of the old or Palaeozoic formations, we come in stratigraphical order, at an interval of many, say from ten to fifteen thousand feet, to other yet thicker or more massive deposits of very similarly constituted dark carbonaceous and bituminous shale and slate rocks of the Devonian period, and known in the geological survey of New York as the Marcellus shale and the Genesee shale, and in that of Pennsylvania as the cadent lower and upper black slates. In the latter-named state these formations attain a maximum thickness respectively of 800 and 700 feet, but in New York and in the North Western states they are much thinner, the Marcellus rarely exceeding fifty feet, and the Genesee shale seldom measuring more than twenty-five feet, which is its average bulk at its outcrop near Lake Erie. Further S.W. it is thicker. They are both of them very bituminous strata, and they encompass and pass under all the great western coal fields, at depths below the coal-beds of only a few thousand feet. Thus they can as readily have contributed, we may conceive, as the coal itself to the bituminizing or impregnating with the hydrocarbons all those portions of the upper strata where the circumstances have been conducive to the discharge of the volatile products, and their retention in the pores and crevices of the rocks nearer the surface.

There are still other members or subdivisions of the great Palaeozoic system of strata underneath the coal measures, that upon examination will show a sufficiency of bituminous constituents to convince us that they too may have assisted in charging the overlying coal containing sandstones and shales with mineral oils and gases.

But as the main object of this paper is less to describe details, than to convey inductively certain generalizations and facts of large relationship which go to establish the sources of the petroleum and the physical actions which have developed it and placed it within man's reach, I shall refrain from further defining these more or less carbonaceous sub-formations. I prefer rather, for the reader's sake, to ask his attention to some facts respecting the laws of the distribution or greater or less concentration of the volatile hydrocarbons or bituminous matters both in the coal seams of the country and in the other strata, as I feel assured that, these facts and laws once recognised, the theory I have to advocate of the actions which have placed the petroleum where it is, cannot fail of meeting his acceptance.

It was said incidentally in a previous page, when describing the four several varieties of coal in the great American basins as they are distinguishable by their respective proportions of volatile or bitu-

minous ingredients, that the anthracitic or non-bituminous coals are in all instances situated in the Alleghanies, or along the south-eastern border of the great Appalachian coal-basin, and that the bituminous coals belong as invariably to the western or north-western districts of the coal-field taken as a whole.

There is indeed a law of gradation in the increase of the proportions of the hydrocarbons to the free or solid carbon, so universal and steady for change of locality, from the S.E. towards the N.W. for any traverse or section across the coal-fields, that it is practicable, within trivial limits of error, to foretell the quantum of coke or gaseous matters the coal will yield, by merely knowing what we may term its *geological longitude* from the line or axis of total debituminization or complete conversion into anthracite. And it is pertinent to our argument here to note, that not only must we traverse across the first fields a given distance of many miles, before we can meet in the coal-beds themselves an assignable amount of the hydrogenous ingredients, but we must go a still further distance ere we encounter any marked indications or displays of the corresponding petroleums and carburetted hydrogens issuing from the general strata of the country. It is not in fact until we are almost half way across the great Appalachian basin, in Pennsylvania and Virginia, where its coals are already more than half endowed with the full share of their bituminous matters, that we fairly enter for the first time on the wide territory so marked by tracts or belts of gas springs and petroleum, and it is only when we approach the western and north-western margin of the vast basin, or get near the Alleghany River, and then enter western Pennsylvania, western Virginia, and eastern Ohio and eastern Kentucky that the native or mineral oils and gases gush from the earth in their full abundance. How unmistakably does this curious gradation indicate that the coal measures at least, and we cannot but include the other formations underneath them, must all have undergone at some crisis, or during some long period, a widely diffused and graduated or locally modified and attempered distillation or expulsion of the gaseous ingredients of the carbonaceous strata. This change was an almost total discharge of the volatile matters along the eastern most heated and convulsed zone, with a less and less complete displacing of them from the coaly or carbonaceous beds in the regions further west. There the subterranean action did not wholly dispel the hydrocarbons, but merely saturated or infiltrated the pores, crevices, and fissures of the over-resting rocks more or less fully with them. The anthracite belt is like a row of loaves or puddings in a cook's unequally-heated oven, where an excess of warmth has dried the dishes to a crust, whereas the other more and more bituminous belts are in the state of articles less and less baked, retaining larger and larger proportions of their primitive juices.

The hypothesis here suggested, namely, that the volatile hydrocarbons were distilled, as it were, from out the low-lying carbonaceous strata, into the pores and fissures of the over-resting ones, receives strong confirmation from the fact that the elsewhere bituminous shales of the Silurian and Devonian ages, deep under the coal, are altogether as much desiccated and debituminized everywhere in the districts contiguous to the anthracites as the coalbeds themselves. Thus while the pies resting within the upper shelves of our hypothetical oven have been over-cooked and rendered juiceless, the already more crusty ones lower down, and therefore still more effectually heated, are seen to be even more thoroughly baked and dried.

This generalization embraces, as a main element, a curious and beautiful law of structure of the whole American coal-field and its circumjacent regions. By giving due regard to it, the reader will be greatly assisted in apprehending the full inductive strength of the theory. The prevailing structure alluded to is this. The entire Appalachian mountain chain, and the vast interior continental plain, or gentle slope, with an everywhere variegated and curved surface, stretching from these mountains to the great valleys or water channels of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, are, when structurally viewed, simply one grand broad area of approximately parallel *elongated waves or undulations* of all the rocky strata. Now the gradation in the quantity of the volatile matter in the coal is upon a general scale very nearly in proportion to a gradation which prevails in the openness or gentleness of these flexures of the crust. As already stated, the anthracite or non-bituminous coal belongs to the most disturbed ranges of the Alleghany chain, and the basins where it has the least amount of gas, seldom more than six per cent., are those where the strata show the boldest flexures and the greatest dislocations. The semi-bituminous coals are embraced in all the wider, deeper troughs, in the undulated crust, which hold a line more to the N. W., but parallel to the anthracitic ones. In them the volatile matter in the coal is generally from eighteen to twenty per cent., and the strata or coal measures, ranging along the S. E. edge of the great table-land of the Alleghany mountain are nowhere undulated in steep flexures or intersected with dislocations of magnitude. Still further westward, where the last really conspicuous great anticlinal and synclinal flexures of mountain magnitude disappear, the coals contain of volatile matters as large an amount as thirty or thirty-five per cent. Westward again of this line, as along the borders of the beautiful Monongahela River where the stratification is almost horizontal, and there is a nearly total absence of faults, the average is as high as forty per cent. While still further on towards the western border of the field, where the undulations in the rocks are extremely broad and gentle, the quantity of volatile ingredient in the coal ascends to forty-five, and even to fifty, per cent., varying with local circumstances. This

gradation in the two conditions, or the extent of debituminization and degree of flexure, that is of alternate uplift and depression of the strata, holds true, not only in Pennsylvania, but by whatever lines we *cross-section* or traverse the grand Appalachian coal-field, though its length exceeds 800 miles, and its maximum width is about 200.

In accordance with the above-shown general relationship between the dissipation of the volatile matters of the carbonaceous beds and the amount of flexure, and of internal fracture, which these beds have experienced, is the very striking fact, that throughout western Pennsylvania, north-western Virginia, south-eastern Ohio, and eastern Kentucky, or, in other words, throughout all the western borders of the great coal-field, where the general flatness of the coal-rocks is only at wide intervals interrupted by narrow, but long and sometimes rather sharp, anticlinal waves, the more copious emission of the rock-oil and the native gases is found to be chiefly restricted to the tracts occupied by the crests and sides of these local billows in the strata. It was long ago, before 1840, noted by my brother, Professor W. B. Rogers, in his geological survey of Virginia, and was observed and made known by myself in my own similar exploration of Pennsylvania, that nearly all the localities of abundant and comparatively permanent Artesian salt-wells or artificial brine-springs, with their almost invariable concomitants, the liquid and gaseous hydrocarbons, were situated upon, or nearly coincident with, the artificial archings of the strata. This was seen on the Kenawha by him, and on the tributary rivers of the Alleghany and Ohio by myself. At the salt-wells of the Big Kenawha (Charleston), the outflow of the inflammable gases was at one time so free in one of the borings, that the manager of the works caused it to be collected and converted into fuel for evaporating the briny water along with which it ascended, as it does in so many of the salt-wells of the West. The gas issues from out the interstices and crevices of the rocks, coming up with the salt-water with which it has reposed for so many ages.

Strange accomplishment this of a long suspended connection; the carbon and hydrogen of some old sea-girt fields of vegetation, now allowed to extricate and crystallise the salt of the old ocean, which at such a lapse of antiquity once washed the precincts of the very marshes where they first came together under the potent spell of vegetable life.

It was obvious to us as a corollary of our theorem of the actions concerned in elevating and maintaining the great flexures of the crust of the region we were studying, that the subterranean heat connected with these stupendous long-ago-arrested waves, must not only have been in past periods, but must now be, more transmissible to the surface and more influential in all its agencies along the anticlinals than anywhere else throughout the country. In the spirit of this conviction, W. B. Rogers ascertained in noting the geologic relations of the native thermal waters (warm and hot springs) of

the Appalachian mountains, that they are almost invariably coincident with the ruptures of the strata along or near the anticlinal flexures or crests of the uplifted crust waves.

More recently, Professor E. B. Andrews, of Marietta College, Ohio, has shown in a paper on the rock-oil of that state and western Virginia (see "American Journal of Science and Arts," vol. xxxii.), that throughout the field he has examined few or no productive oil-wells exist, where the strata are very nearly horizontal and comparatively destitute of fissures, although a large number of wells have been bored; and he alleges that "the most oil is found where the strata have been most disturbed and where the fissures in them are most numerous." At an early period in the geological survey of western Pennsylvania it was apparent that an anticlinal arching of the strata ranges under the localities which are now so rich in petroleum on Oil Creek near the Alleghany River.

Having adduced a sufficient array of statements to show where the chief districts of the petroleum are, the nature of the strata to which we ascribe its origin, and the conditions which determine its abundance, it only now remains to close this review of the phenomena by attempting a concise enunciation of the theory we have arrived at as to its sources and its distribution.

We are inclined to attribute the petroleum and its associated hydrogenous gases to a fermentation and distillation, by subterranean heat, of the hydrocarbon elements resident in all the carbonaceous strata underlying the rock-oil region, that is to say, impregnating the Silurian black slate (Utica), the Devonian black shales (Marcellus and Genesee of New York), and the coal seams and carbonaceous shales of the bituminous coal measures. Indeed we are disposed to assign the oil and gas to the lower-seated Silurian and Devonian deposits almost exclusively, and for these strong reasons:—First, that they come forth, and very abundantly, in large districts far remote from any tracts of the coal formation, and where those inferior rocks are the only carbonaceous ones which underlie the surface. Secondly, that a like discharge of petroleum and combustible gases occurs in none of the other coal-fields of the earth, even where their coal-beds are notoriously bituminous and dangerously full of fire-damp. Thirdly, there are some differences, so the chemists inform us, between these native hydro-

genous products and the genuine coal-oils and their resultants, procured by artificial methods of separation. All these facts awaken a strong surmise, confirmed by the obvious diversities in the specific gravities and other qualities, and by the excessively offensive and non-bituminous odours of some of the petroleum of the countries exterior to the coal-field, such as that of certain localities in Canada, that the greater portion of the oil and gas is really derived from the marine animal carbonaceous shales, and not from the vegetable beds of coal and their coaly rocks. The occurrence of so many symptoms of rock-oil within the limits of the coal-fields, now replaced by such a multitude of productive oil-wells, tells for almost nought against this hypothesis, as it is known that the Silurian and Devonian black carbonaceous shales pass under all the north-western and western districts of the coal measures.

My view of the process of extrication of the petroleum from the lower strata and of its accumulation in the pores, crevices, and joints of the upper ones, is simply this. We may conceive that during the epoch, or the perhaps successive epochs, of the uplifting of all these water-buried and water-side sedimentary strata, earthquake pulsations and other undulations of the crust formed and fixed the flexures in the strata which we have described, and that during the earthquake oscillations, and even after their cessation, a copious amount of the highly heated subterranean steam, the constant attendant upon earthquakes, heated the strained and ruptured rocky beds, dislodged their more volatile constituents, and carried or distilled these latter, one portion into the atmosphere and a residuary part into the interstices of the overlying cooler and less fractured strata. Upon this hypothesis we see how in those belts of the Alleghanies where the crust was most convulsed and the rocks were most contorted and highly heated, the coal-beds were actually coked into dense anthracite, and how further from the lines of maximum subterranean pulsation and steaming of the rocks the volatile matters below the surface were progressively less expelled, till entering the petroleum districts the crust movements and warming were so moderate, that they only sufficed to displace the tarry and gaseous matters from the underlying beds to leave them, at least in part, in the cavities and cells and fractures of the over-resting strata.



SUMMER SNOW.

ONCE in a garden fair,
 Huddling close their heads together,
 Flowers were heard to whisper there,
 "Oh the changeful April weather!
 Far hence we saw them fly
 Sullen frost and angry blast;
 Not a cloud is on the sky,
 Yet the snow is falling fast!
 Soft falls the summer snow,
 On the springing grass drops light,
 Not like that which long ago,
 Fell so deadly cold and white;
 This wears the Rose's flush,
 Faint, ere bloom hath quite foregone her,
 Soft as maiden's timid blush,
 With the looks she loves upon her."

Then all the leaves o'erhead
 Shook and stirred in merry scorn,
 Light winds laughing through them, shed
 Thickest shower that fell that morn;
 "Fast falling one by one
 Will ye name then, summer snow,
 Blossoms giving not the sun
 Time to kiss them ere they go!
 All in such haste to die,
 Fading, fleeting, one by one,
 That the West Wind in his sigh
 Scarcely mourns that they are gone;
 While we, each changeful hour
 All the firmer, broader grow;
 Waving light through sun and shower
 Through the summer's fervid glow,

Round the fruit we cluster kind
 Fed with honey-dropping dew,
 Shielding safe from storm and wind,
 But letting every sunbeam through,
 Till warm it blushes bright,
 And beneath our veiling shade
 Peeps all rosy forth to sight,
 Then, and not till then, we fade!
 Spells solemn, soft, and strange,
 Steal upon us, and we show
 In a rich and wondrous change
 Brightest when about to go;
 Till Autumn as he flies
 O'er us shakes his torch of fire,
 Quick we flash in gorgeous dyes,
 Kindling on our funeral pyre;
 Then sings the wailing wind
 Dirges o'er us, as we lie
 Wept upon by droppings kind
 From a sad and constant sky."

Then said those buds, "We die
 Not like you in splendour shrined
 Yet we perish willingly,
 We have left our fruit behind."
 Word spake they never more;
 Gentle souls! e'en thus, methought,
 Ye depart, but not before
 All your quiet task is wrought;
 Little missed or mourned below,
 Slender record would ye find,
 All your sweetness with you go,
 But for Fruit ye leave behind!

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

V.—THE OLD IN THE NEW.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

IN one sense there is nothing so true, in another nothing so false as that saying of the wise man, "There is no new thing under the sun." Viewed in one light it is the utterance of profoundest wisdom, viewed in another it is contradicted by universal experience. To the common observer the world seems full only of novelty; to whatever quarter he turns the eye, change, variety, fluctuation—everything rather than unvarying sameness seems to be the law of life. In that vast system of worlds with which the astronomer is conversant, for instance, the telescope never at any two successive moments reveals the same aspect of the heavenly bodies—the same orbs presenting the same phases or in precisely the same relations to each other, the same firmament stereotyped into changeless stillness, but rather ceaseless

variety and vicissitude of suns and stars and systems—of bodies rising, setting, waxing, waning, crossing and recrossing each other's orbits, as in the mazes of a bright and endless dance of worlds. The earth beneath our feet, again, contains in its secret depths a record of countless revolutions in its structure—telling to the eye of the geologist a strange story of submerging and upheaving, of dissolving and solidifying, of ocean beds that once were continents, of tracts of solid land or mountain summits over which once flowed the waves of the sea. Or, as we narrow the range of observation to the period of man's existence, how do the proofs multiply of change and newness as the condition of all created being. What is history but a record of changes—of the rise and fall of races, nations, dynasties; of



THE SUMMER SNOW.

the progress or decline of knowledge, freedom, and civilization; of the perpetual shiftings and sortings of characters on the world-wide stage of life? Everywhere the old is seen giving place to the new. On the ruins of ancient cities, and amidst the buried remains of an extinct civilization, modern habitations are built. The trim and luxurious mansion rises beside the grey ruins of some stern old border peel; the modern church confronts the crumbling shafts and shattered cloisters of the ancient abbey—telling to the living generation of the men of a ruder, wilder age, and of forms of faith and worship that have long yielded to other and newer types of religion and of life. And we, too, ourselves are changing. Our views of life, our opinions, tastes, pleasures, our outward circumstances and relations have altered with every year of our history. From some of us the experiences of the earlier years of life have long passed away, or are gradually fading into the indistinctness of retrospection. The exuberant mirth of childhood, the buoyant cheerfulness of youth, the emotions of delight which commonest pleasures could once evoke, the light that once shone to our eye on the world's face, the immature views and rash expectations of early life, all have passed from us and come no more; another and newer consciousness, other feelings, tastes, habits are now ours. New men, new manners, new opinions, and habits, too, are ever developing themselves in society, so that sometimes where life is long protracted the old man will begin to feel as if he were almost a stranger amidst the race that is rising around him, and that it is time for him to quit the stage where everything is becoming so inconsistent with the type of life on which his opinions and habits were formed. Thus to the cursory observer it would seem as if the new were everywhere obliterating the old, and as if it were more consistent with experience to aver that everything is new rather than that "There is no new thing under the sun."

Nevertheless this saying, after all, contains a profounder truth. Amidst all this seeming change there is real sameness. Novelty and variety are in very many instances but the superficial aspect. In the world and human life there is a something that never alters, a grand stability amidst seeming fluctuation, a deep and firm substratum of reality underneath all the hurried flow and tossing of the restless stream of appearances. Let me endeavour to illustrate this view of the matter, and to deduce some of the lessons with which it is fraught.

Notwithstanding the appearance of ceaseless change and novelty, the averment that "There is nothing new under the sun," will be to some extent borne out, if you consider that *much which seems new is but the reconstruction or revival of the old*. The forms of things are ever varying, whilst the substance or essence remains the same. Each successive spring and summer budding plants and flowers come forth with a rush of beauty and fresh-

ness on the world; but, with apparent newness, the glory of each season is but a recreation or revival of the past. The leaves of bygone autumns withered and fell, not to be annihilated, but to moulder away into the earth, from which new forms of life are again brought up. Nature only, as it were, melts the old materials in her crucible, and moulds them into shapes of grace and beauty again. Not an atom does she ever suffer to go to waste; not one particle of matter, with all her vast wealth of materials, does she ever lose. There is no annihilation in the world, only decay, disorganization, and reconstruction. Never since the world's creation has there been one new atom of matter under the sun. And not only the same materials, but the same types of things are continually reappearing. Multifarious, almost infinitely diversified though they be, yet it is after the same patterns that the successive productions of nature, the flowers of each spring, the successive races and generations of animate existence, are formed. No two plants, indeed, are ever shaped exactly alike; every acorn unfolds a different oak; each separate flower, each tiny insect's wing, is tinted with different loveliness: still all this variety is subject to a law of unity. The individuals slightly differ, the race or type remains the same. With lavish munificence, yet at the same time with wondrous frugality, ever changing, yet ever repeating and reiterating, Nature works so that, amidst her myriad aspects and forms of organic existence, it may yet be pronounced that "There is no new thing under the sun."

And the same thing holds good of man and of human life; the elements of which it is composed are ever the same. The individuals vary, but the type is constant. Each separate soul is a new creation; each separate history differs more or less from all that preceded it. Still in substance human nature is the same wondrous product of Infinite wisdom, the same thing of thought and feeling and will, of restless desires and mysterious capacities, of awful responsibility and immortal destiny. The varieties are but on the surface. In outward circumstances, in the accidents of fortune, birth, station, in the peculiarities of personal aspect, in the degree of talent or intellectual attainment, in the greater or less prominence of special elements of character, men may differ from each other; but these, after all, are but the surface forms of life, the root or essence is everywhere the same. The substantial agreement is infinitely more real and important than the outward and accidental differences. Everywhere man is the same creature of thought and feeling and energy, possessed of the same moral nature, tainted with the same guilt, capable of the same glorious restoration, and with the same untold possibilities of being and of blessedness before him. That which is really great and wonderful in human life changes not with the changing years. Wherever mortal man exists, the same story, inexhaustible in its interest, is told anew—the strange story of "a being breathing thoughtful

breath, a traveller 'twixt life and death." Can any repetition ever change the wonder and interest of childhood to the eye that can read it truly? Ever in each new beginning of a life it comes, appealing to our pity and tenderness, "symbolizing to us our unuttered conceptions of innocence and simplicity," of unworn freshness and unworldly purity; coming, as if it had just wandered hither from some more glorious region, and with the light of its former home still lingering upon it—a nature over the silent chords of whose being no hand but that of God has swept, no breath of lawless passion yet made discord of its notes, or rough wear of circumstance left them jangled and out of tune. Ever, too, in human life as it proceeds are to be found the same moral elements of love, and sorrow, and hope, and disappointment—of short-lived raptures and enduring cares, of temptation issuing in the strength of conquest or the weakness of discomfiture—the same strange medley of greatness and littleness, things mundane and things celestial—of contrasts that move now our laughter at their incongruity, and now our terror at their awfulness;—in one word, in all times and places, under a thousand accidental varieties, human existence is the same rapid course, run out beneath the silent heavens, with the shadow of the awful future creeping ever nearer and more near, till the darkness closes round us, and our little life is lost in its impenetrable mystery. In this respect, emphatically it may be averred, that "That which has been is that which shall be, and that there is no new thing under the sun."

Again, not only with respect to the essential elements of human existence may this be averred, the same thing may be said of the *moral spirit and character of human life*. In this respect, too, amidst endless incidental diversities, there is in successive ages a continual reproduction of that which has already been. In the course of the world's history there have been occasionally instances of reproduction so marked as to strike the most superficial observer. The great of past times seemed to come alive again and revisit the world in the forms of modern men. Old friends of bygone times are ever meeting us in modern history with new faces, and between some of them the resemblance could scarcely be closer if the spirit of the ancient hero or sage had in very deed transmigrated into the breast of his modern representative. The student of history is sometimes conscious, in going over the annals of the past, of the same sort of feeling with which, in visiting old mansions, the seat of long-descended families, one has mused in the dim old picture-gallery over the portraits of a long series of representatives of the same line. How curious, amidst external diversities of dress, of form, of circumstance, of sex, to trace ever and anon some unmistakable characteristic, some family peculiarity of feature, or expression, or bearing, re-appearing. How unlike in all his surroundings

that old, fierce, half-savage, mail-clad warrior with the scar across his brow who bore off that mark of his manhood in the wars of the Roses, to the "ruffled and wiggèd courtier" in the costume of Charles II.; or he again to that grave college dignitary, or that bustling, commonsense matter-of-fact country gentleman, or magistrate, or member of parliament, who is the present inheritor of the family name and honours. Yet as you pass from portrait to portrait, *there*, lost occasionally at intermediate stages, but ever and anon re-appearing, meeting you on the canvas again, and yet again, is that contour of face, that moulding of lip, that indescribable something playing around eye or mouth, that trick of motion or gesture, which tells you that there is in the latest bearer of the name, a something reproduced or revived in our day which lived and died and lived again and again in the men of ages and generations past.

But these are but outward and superficial reproductions. There is a far deeper and more real resemblance between men, age after age, in virtue of which it may be averred that "That which hath been is now, and that that which is done is that which shall be done." There may be, and often there actually is, a most real identity of life betwixt men, the outward scene, form, circumstances of whose history is as dissimilar as can be conceived. It matters little to the real meaning of a man's life what its outward form may be. As the same thoughts may be conveyed in many different languages, so through a thousand different forms of expression, you may decipher substantially the same thought, the same spiritual meaning in many different lives. You may never do one single act in a whole life-time exactly as another man has done it; in all that lies on the surface and constitutes the shape and semblance of life, you and he may be utterly, irreconcilably unlike—he poor, you rich, he famous, you obscure, he one who has made for himself a deathless name on the page of history, you a man never heard of beyond your own narrow sphere and whose very name will be forgotten almost as soon as the grave has closed over you; he—shall we say—an old Greek philosopher, a Roman patriot, a Jewish prophet or psalmist, a Christian apostle, a monk of the middle ages, a feudal monarch or warrior, and you a man of business, a shopkeeper, a humble artizan, a domestic servant, pursuing the common-place round of duties in our prosaic modern life; and yet, strip off the mere superficial covering, go down to the root and core, the moral essence of a life, and your life and his may be substantially identical. For instance, men will tell you that the age of chivalry and romance is gone, never to be revived. The silly sentimentalist dreams of a bright and brilliant Past,—of fair women and brave men, of courts and camps, of feudal pomp and pageantry, and sighs perhaps to think that his lot has fallen on our dull and common-place life of shops and manufactories and merchandise, when all the poetry and the beauty have vanished from the world. But it

is not so. The essence of chivalry lay not in the mere glitter and pomp of castle and court and hall, in its tournaments and forays and coats of mail and cloth of gold; to revive these were but a silly and ineffectual attempt to bring back the past. But if the essence of chivalry lay deeper far than that, if it consisted in unselfish nobleness of mind, in stainless honour, in scorn of baseness and cowardice, in respect for womanhood, in tenderness to the weak and oppressed, and implacable hostility to the oppressor,—then, though it be that outwardly the old order has passed, giving place to new, yet surely as God fulfils himself in many ways, there are amongst us in many a lowly scene and amidst many a common-place sphere of duty, brave and gentle and true-hearted souls in whom the ancient spirit of chivalry is living still.

Or shall we ascend in search of illustration to a far higher type of character, and ask, what is it that gives its unity to the church of Christ in successive ages, if it be not this, that Christ is born afresh in every Christian soul, and the Christ-life repeated with more or less distinctness in every Christian biography? In this sense there is in the history of the church, as of the world, nothing new under the sun. For whatever of nobleness or purity, or self-devotion, of zeal for God or love to man, whatever peculiar feature of greatness or goodness has ever shone forth in any Christian life, was long ago anticipated in Christ. He is the great head and founder of the family, the first of the long ancestral line; and as in the annals of the church's history, in the biographies of saints and martyrs and eminently holy men, you study the successive portraits in that vast gallery, ever as you look, beneath a thousand accidents of age, fortune, circumstances, there the old and well-known lineaments of the Christ-face are unmistakably discernible. Down through the lapse of ages we trace a glorious succession of Christ-like ones—each face with a halo of spiritual nobleness shining round it. And they are with us still,—men and women in whom, now one, now another, feature of the Master comes out in more bold and marked relief,—in whose unselfishness, or tenderness, or large-hearted affectionateness, or considerate many-sided sympathy, in whose combined magnanimity and lowliness, power and gentleness, fervour and calmness, hatred and hostility to wrong, yet pity and helpfulness for the erring and the fallen,—in whose persons you can detect ever and anon as if the very face of the Crucified haunting in bright glimpses the homes and ways of men. What matters the outward guise of such a life—the age, the place, the rank or calling? These are but the changeful dress through which the same form of one like unto the Son of Man can be discerned. King or craftsman, scholar enriched with the ripe results of study, or little child lisping the first accents of its simple faith and love to the good God at a mother's knee, delicate and soft-natured woman surrounded by all the refinements of rank and

education, or hard-featured, rough-handed mechanic, blackened with the toil and sweat of labour, Christian soldier on the deadly march daring all for country and home, and breathing with dying lips the one undying name, or frail attenuated invalid stretched helpless on the bed of sickness—in all alike there may be traced with more or less distinctness, the spirit that in the ancient days breathed in all its fulness in one glorious life, the manifold copies of the same character ever old, yet ever fresh and new, which eighteen hundred years ago reached its crisis on the cross. And so, surely in this fact there is the grandest fulfilment of that saying: "The thing which hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun."

That there is nothing new under the sun, that only appearances and accidents change, whilst realities are permanent, is true, again, with relation to the *laws of God's moral government*. With all the apparent variety and novelty of Nature's aspects, we have seen that there is in principle nothing really new, but that her great laws remain constant from age to age. And still more emphatically true is this of the laws by which the moral world is regulated. Of these only can it be said, that "that which has been is that which ever shall be," that they are by the very idea of their nature absolute and immutable. Material laws, with all their apparent constancy and stability, are only temporary. They remain indeed constant, so far as human experience extends, from age to age. They have been the same from the creation of the world, they will endure to the consummation of all things. Yet are they in their nature mutable. They have no inherent necessity. We can at least conceive the thought of their subversion. The laws of light and heat, of attraction and repulsion, of chemical combination and solution, are what they are, by no internal necessity, but simply because a Supreme will has ordained them. The planets might move in other than elliptical orbits and at different times and distances from those which now obtain. A projectile might describe a different curve, water might freeze or ice melt at different temperatures, had the mechanism of creation been differently arranged. A revolution in the course of Nature might take place, and heaven and earth be henceforth organised according to different laws. Our Lord himself, by his miraculous interferences with her order, proved that Nature is mutable, that no everlasting necessity presides over the processes of the material universe; that there is a Will to which earth and sea and skies, winds and waves, seed-time and harvest, the processes of growth, the whole physical order of things is flexible and pliant. It is not impossible to believe, therefore, that in the outward world with all the seeming stability and constancy of law, the old order may one day give place to a new. The glory of the earth and heavens is but after all as the beauty of a fading flower. Nature may serve her day: and when the purposes of her Great Author are answered with it,

the present material economy may give place to "a new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

But no such arbitrariness or flexibility can be predicated of the laws of the moral world. Heaven and earth may pass away, but these are the transcript of the very being and character of God, and Deity can change as soon as they. The time may come when we shall find ourselves in a different material system, in worlds whose course is strange and new, where other suns are shining and other seasons come and go. The time may come when the accumulated experience of ages of investigation into Nature's laws shall be superseded, and all the lore of science shall be as the waste lumber of a bygone epoch. The time may come when the calculations of the astronomer shall be useless, for other orbs differently constituted and ordered by different laws shall surround him: when the experiments of the chemist shall be futile, for the old affinities and attractions, the old laws of combination and solution, may no longer hold: when the skill of the mariner shall be vain, for other seas may roll and

other winds may blow; or the treasured experience of the husbandman be worthless, for the old seed-time and summer and harvest that for uncounted ages have come and gone in orderly succession, may come no more. But here and for ever there is a law which shall never change. Go where we may, into whatever regions and worlds unknown,—let a thousand revolutions change and rechange all besides,—never shall the soul that loves God and has built its happiness on the foundation of holiness, find its trust betrayed. Those grand principles of truth and justice and goodness, of love and purity and self-devotion on which all religion is based, which Christ by his Gospel fulfils, not destroys, shall follow us wherever we go. Their goings forth have been of old from everlasting ere ever the earth was; and when the earth shall be no more and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, still unaltered and unalterable, in the grandeur of changeless, eternal stability, the law of God shall reign—the one thing that above or beneath the sun is, like God himself, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

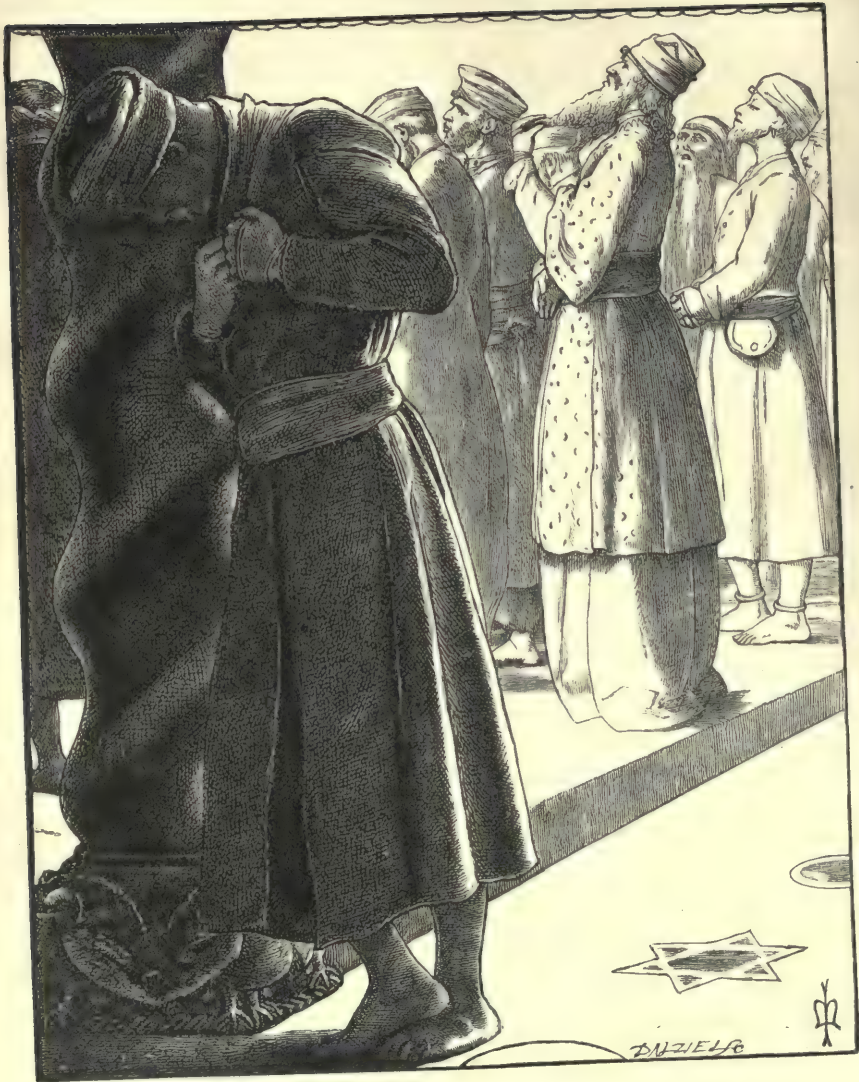
NOTE.

THE writer of an essay *Concerning Resignation*, in *Good Words* for March, has been assured from several quarters, that the estimate of the mother of Christopher North, stated in that essay (p. 172), is an entirely erroneous one; and that Mrs. Wilson's character was in truth as nearly as possible the opposite of that drawn. The impression of Mrs. Wilson set out in the essay was founded on no personal knowledge, but was formed from Mrs. Gordon's Memoir, lately published, and from the comments upon it of various periodicals in this country and in America. The writer is thoroughly convinced, from facts which have been made known to him by those best entitled to speak, that his estimate of Mrs. Wilson was a thoroughly unfair one; and he has great pleasure in saying so. He desires to add, that, from accurate information as to the circumstances, he is persuaded that Mrs. Wilson's conduct in the matter referred to was kind and wise; and that Mrs. Wilson, far from being a stern or unreasonable person, was one of the kindest, the most unselfish and indulgent of mothers, as well as one of the most uniformly amiable and thoroughly lovable of human beings.

As the passage in reference to Mrs. Wilson was published in *Good Words*, and may have affected the views of some of its readers, the writer is anxious to state, with equal publicity, that it was written under an entire misapprehension of the facts; and that he is persuaded that, were these made known to any unprejudiced reader, they could not fail to lead to the conclusion stated above in Mrs. Wilson's favour.

A. K. H. B.





THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

VI.—THE PARABLE OF THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

LUKE xviii. 9-14.

NATURE divides our globe into different belts of vegetation. Each zone has plants peculiar to itself. Under and beside the burning line lies the region of palms and bananas; then appear the vine and olive; then the oak and chestnut; then forests of evergreen of pine, with fields of hardy oats; then the birch with its silver dress and the mountain-ash with its coral berries, dwarfing away as you approach the pole—till they vanish; and, the utmost limits of vegetation reached, you enter the domain of eternal winter, snow and ice, silence and death. While there is only one bird that, a citizen of the world, frequents every shore, there is not one plant, so far as I know, that inhabits every country. Plants grow only in certain soils, or at certain heights, or under certain lines of latitude. Unlike these, pride is a weed that, springing up in every heart, grows at all elevations—as well in the humblest as in the highest stations of life; and under every system of religion, the true as well as the false. Strange to say, it is often found where it seems to have nothing to feed on, where there is the least occasion and the least excuse for it—like wallflower rooted in the crevices of shattered rock or mouldering tower, it seems to grow best on ruins. Never till man fell, did he form the ambitious project of building a tower whose top should reach to heaven.

Pride is a sin of the heart; and while in his prayer, "Cleanse thou me from secret errors, keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins," David showed himself alive to the dangers of such sins, others, in guarding only against the temptation to gross offences, leave themselves exposed to what is their greatest danger. Lodged in the heart like a robber who has concealed himself in some dark recess, and waits till nightfall to seize the plunder, this sin is more likely than many others to escape our notice. Not entailing the loss of character, or health, or wealth, which are the common penalties of crime, it can be indulged in with apparent impunity. Not always early or easily detected, this vice sometimes indeed assumes the features of a virtue—apes a noble independence of spirit, self-respect, a due regard to our rank and position; nay, even a sacred respect to God's truth, to purity of doctrine or holiness of life. In Herod it wore the mask of conscience, and for his oath's sake he beheaded John; in the Jews, of a tender regard for God's honour, and they would have no dealings with the Samaritans; in the Pharisee, of

purity of life, and so, sailing magnificently past the woman that was a sinner, lest his robes should be defiled by the touch of hers, he warns her off, saying, Stand aside, I am holier than thou. Obtaining access to hearts which would close the door in the face of grosser vices, pride, besides, is a very dreadful and deadly sin. Has it not proved itself so? It cost Nebuchadnezzar his reason; in his successors it cost Hezekiah his kingdom; on Galilee it nearly cost Simon Peter his life; taking root in the hearts of our first parents, it cost them and mankind Eden; springing up in angels' bosoms, it cost them heaven. And as the wary mariner, dreading it more than lowering skies or stormy sea, takes alarm at the first sign of the leak which, hid beneath the surface and gaping by the keel, admits the water into the hold, our Lord, alarmed, if I may say so, at the first signs of this insidious and fatal sin in his disciples, promptly proceeds to stop the evil; and for this purpose, to instruct, warn, and alarm them, he relates the parable of the Pharisee and Publican.

Before studying these two characters in their order, let us take a general survey of the religion of the Pharisees, and attend to such practical lessons as it is calculated to suggest and teach.

THEIR RELIGION HAD NOT ITS SEAT IN THE HEART.

Baron Humboldt mentions a remarkable custom of some of the native tribes of America—one that would have carried our thoughts homeward as much as a daisy springing from the sod of their prairies, or a lark singing in Indian skies. Some time after a child is born, a font full of water is brought into the tent, and a fire kindled on its floor. The babe is then taken from its mother's arms, not to be burned or drowned, but plunged overhead into the water and swung rapidly through the flames. In this custom, which is practised on all their children, we see a rude baptismal rite: nor is it possible to read of it and still less were it possible to see this ceremony without recalling the words of John: "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire;" and those of Christ Himself: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." As I have seen an insect that may have fluttered among the flowers of Eden, or perished amidst the waters of the flood, embalmed in amber, in this custom we seem to

see, embalmed in tradition, a fragment of patriarchal piety, and of the divine truths which man knew when the ancestors of these Indians—perhaps the world's earliest emigrants—left the cradle of mankind. It is a symbolical confession of human depravity, and of the necessity that the soul should be purified as by fire and water from inborn corruption; and to witness this remarkable rite among these distant heathen could hardly fail to transport us on the wings of fancy to the old church at home, where a father was holding up his babe for baptism, or the voices of the great congregation were singing to some familiar, plaintive tune,

Behold I in iniquity
Was formed the womb within,
My mother also me conceived
In guiltiness and sin.

How strange to turn to the Pharisees, and find them, with the Word of God in their hands, apparently more ignorant than those painted savages—illustrating the paradox of Scripture: "They have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not, and minds but they do not understand." They were profoundly ignorant of the plague of their own hearts. They did not feel the need of being renewed, or know that religion cannot live anywhere but in the heart, and lies in nothing so much as a heart right with God. Even Nicodemus seemed ignorant of this. When informed by our Lord that he must be born again, he was surprised, filled with astonishment; and with a simplicity which we might expect, and would excuse in a child, replied, "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" If it was thus with him—a ruler in Israel, a man who felt such an interest in religion that he sought our Lord, though under the cloak of night, what must it have been with others? How appropriate to the followers of such leaders, the question, "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness?"

It was great, gross, darkness. The religion of these Pharisees consisting of mere ceremonial observances, lying in such matters as meats and drinks, washing platters, paying tithes and keeping fasts, the worst passions were left to rage and burn within their hearts—as do volcanic fires beneath the purple vineyards and green forests of Vesuvius' slopes. Outwardly saints, they were inwardly devils. And lest I should be considered uncharitable, let us hear his account of them, who in the fullness of his tenderness and mercy promised Paradise to a dying thief, and turned eyes of pity on the woman that was a sinner. "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," said our Lord, "for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also appear outwardly righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Fill ye up the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell."

THEIR RELIGION LAY IN OUTWARD ACTS OF WORSHIP AND A SCRUPULOUS OBSERVANCE OF ITS FORMS.

In one of our late Indian battles, a native officer lay mortally wounded on the field beside one of our own. Exhausted with loss of blood and exposed to the fierce rays of a burning sun, both were tortured with thirst. One, whose motions they eagerly watched, at length approached them with a supply of water. After our countryman had taken a long, deep, draught, it was presented to the Hindoo. He had been crying for water, and had it now. Yet, ere he drinks, he turns a dying eye on the Good Samaritan to ask his caste. It is low; and his religion forbids him to take meat or drink from such impure hands. Our countryman, seeing him hesitate, remonstrates—telling how it will assuage his sufferings, and may save his life: but remonstrates in vain. The other turns one greedy look on the blessed water, and pours it out on the ground—a sacrifice to the claims of conscience. And, esteeming a devout Pagan a better man in God's sight than a careless, unconscientious Christian, I say, whatever judgment others may pronounce on this act, would God that Christ's followers were as ready to take up their cross, deny themselves daily, and follow Jesus; dying with Him rather than denying Him!

The scrupulous observance which the Pharisees paid to mere forms, has no such claims on our respect. They knew, or ought to have known, better. Yet, neglecting the moral law and even violating its plainest precepts, they made religion lie wholly in ritual observances and certain outward acts of worship. They gave alms. They prayed often. They fasted and paid tithes; fasting oftener and paying tithes on more things than even the law required—as if they would make God their debtor. They were scrupulously careful to avoid any ceremonial uncleanness; and that was one reason perhaps why the priest and Levite left the wounded man on the road, lest the touch of what might be a dead body should render them unclean. They were particularly careful also to observe all ceremonial duties; and therefore the murderers of our Lord, with his blood still red on their guilty hands, sought to have his body removed from the cross, and respect rendered to the law which required that whosoever was hanged should be taken down by sunset. They were close attenders also on the temple, where, as in a Roman Catholic church, with a crowd of worshippers, on their knees, telling their beads, repeating their prayers with eyes cast on the ground or raised to an image, there was great appearance of devotion. Apparently abstracted from all sublunary things, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, with loud and sonorous voice sounding forth his prayer, with texts of Scripture sewn on his dress, and ashes sprinkled on his head, there stood the Pharisee—a living lie—a whited sepulchre, with a head as dark and a heart as foul as the grave.

Lights are kindled on the seaboard, some to guide the ship in, others to warn her off: this burns at the harbour's mouth, and that, a beacon of danger, flashes where the sea breaks foaming on a fatal reef. And the Pharisees have left us, not an example to follow, but to avoid. How does their case warn the churches against attaching much importance to religious forms, either in the way of unreasonably adhering to such as are old, or unnecessarily introducing such as are new. It is in the nature of a religion of many forms to degenerate into one of form. By occupying and indeed engrossing the attention of the worshipper they withdraw it from the state of his heart, and prove as pernicious to true piety as a superabundance of leaves to the plant whose sap is spent on feeding the leaf, to the detriment of the fruit: and perhaps some churches might be benefited by a free use of the knife with which the gardener prunes away the flush of green wood to increase the crop of fruit. I see much danger in a multiplicity, but little, or none, in a variety of forms. Unity with variety is God's law in the kingdom of nature; and why should not his law in the kingdom of grace be unity of spirit with variety of forms? Uniformity is but the shadow of unity: and how often have churches in vain attempts after the first, lost the second—like the dog in the fable lost both? At the Lord's table I have knelt with Episcopalians, I have sat with Presbyterians, and I have stood with fellow-worshippers in a foreign church under the shadow of the Alps; and I can only pity the person who, believing in the communion of the saints, could find in the attitude any reason for not engaging in the ordinance. This were to be great in little things; and forget that Christian love and charity which are the weightier matters of the law. It may be that the forms of worship in some of our churches are, as is alleged, bald and bare. If so, there is no reason why this should not be amended. But there is much reason why we should beware, on the one hand, of putting uniformity of worship in room of the unity of the spirit, and, on the other, of substituting dead forms for a living faith. Let us never forget that forms are not religion, but only its drapery; and that, as they dress children lightly who wish to brace their frames, as the labourer throws off his coat to work, and as in the ancient games the candidates stepped into the racecourse unencumbered with many, or heavy, garments, the fewer forms which religion wears, consistent with decency and order, the more robust she will grow—she will work with greater energy—and, like one of beautiful mould and symmetry, she will walk with more native, queenly, grace—when

Unadorned, adorned the most.

THEIR RELIGION WAS CHARACTERISED BY
OSTENTATION.

The Pharisees distributed charity; but it was to the sound of a trumpet, seeking the praise of men

under pretence of caring for the poor;—therefore our Lord said, "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men." They fasted; but not from sin;—therefore our Lord, detecting "the lust of the eyes and the pride of life" looking out from the holes of their rueful mask, warned his disciples, saying: "When ye fast be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." They prayed; not that they might be pardoned of God, but praised of men, and gaining a character for piety, gain the widow's esteem for the villanous purpose of plundering her house. Their humility was but the stepping-stone of their ambition—tigers, they crouched to make the surer, deadlier, spring; and therefore our Lord warned his disciples, saying, "Thou shalt not be as the hypocrites, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the street, that they may be seen of men." That they may be seen of men! he rings the changes on that—exposing the pride and vanity that lay at the root of their religion. Loud, ostentatious, and unprofitable, it was like the brawling, noisy, foaming, frothy torrent, which, with a rock for its bed and barrenness on its banks, makes itself seen and heard. How different genuine, gracious piety! Affluent in blessings but retiring from observation, it has its symbol in the stream that pursues a silent course, and, flashing out in the light of day but here and there, but now and then, is not known but by the good it does—the flowers that bloom on its banks, and the evergreen verdure which it gives to the pastures through which it winds on its quiet path.

To appreciate the justice of these remarks, we have only to look at the sect in the specimen of it this parable presents. Judging the stock by the sample, look at

THE PHARISEE.

Sweeping contemptuously by others who, feeling themselves unworthy to tread the holy courts, worshipped reverently at a distance, he makes his way to the front, pride in his eye, and self-complacency in his bearing; and now beyond the vulgar throng, he stands to begin his devotions, not only to pray thus *with* himself, but that he might be the observed of all observers *by* himself—an interpretation of the words which betrays no lack of charity, since our Lord has told us that the Pharisees did pray to be seen of men. There is often a great incongruity between the language of our prayers and the state of our hearts—the one, alas, is so much more devout than the other. But there was no inconsistency here. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spake here; and seldom has God listened to such an offensive outpouring of pride and arrogance. Observe *first* the fashion and form of his prayer. In a sense, it is no prayer—it contains neither confession nor petition; there is neither guilt acknow-

ledged nor pardon asked; it expresses no want, and it asks no help. No doubt there is an acknowledgment of divine goodness—God is mentioned, is thanked; yet there is no redeeming point in this. Under a flimsy pretence of glorifying God, he glorifies himself; and as to his expression of thanks, I regard that as on a par with those professions of humility in which many vain men are in the habit of indulging; and which are but a cover, and a very transparent one, for their self-conceit—for telling what feeds their vanity and is intended to exalt themselves. To thank God is right. We have much to thank him for; and had the Pharisee said, God I thank thee that I am not in hell, that thou hast not dealt with me according to my sins, that thou hast so restrained the corruptions of this wicked heart as to keep me back from presumptuous, flagrant sins—if the thought of others had excited such gratitude in his heart as was expressed by one who, seeing a felon led to the gallows, exclaimed, speaking of himself, But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford!—imperfect as his prayer was, on that one leg it might have limped to heaven. Done in the spirit that does not despise but pity the wicked, to thank God that we are not as they are is a pious thing. All are hewn out of the same rock, and dug out of the hole of the same pit; and the purest woman therefore has cause to thank God that she is not as the basest of her sex; nor is there a good man who has been preserved from becoming, like some of his early associates, a wreck of character, of body, of soul, but, as he sees in their fate what his might have been, will thank God that he is not as others—giving the glory where it is due; saying, with the apostle, “By grace I am what I am.”

Secondly, observe the substance of his prayer. He tells God how he fasted and paid tithes. And if religion lay in abstaining from food but not from sin, in giving our property but not our hearts to God, he was indeed a religious man—and more religious than may at first appear. The Mosaic economy, which is misrepresented by many as a system of great austerity, established numerous feasts during which the people, set loose from toil and arrayed in holiday attire, were to eat of the fat and drink of the sweet and pass their time in innocent pleasures. It enjoined but one fast—only one in the whole fifty-two weeks of the year. But this Pharisee, not content with fasting once each year as the law required, fasted twice each week; and, teaching us to set little value on such ritual observances, the fasts that starved his body seem only to have fed his pride; the austerities which mortified his flesh became the means of gratifying his vanity. He showed a corresponding excess of zeal in the matter of tithes. God required his people to tithe the fruits of the olive and vine, the sheaves of the field and the produce of their flocks; but as in those countries where, devoted to a life of celibacy, men immure themselves in monasteries, and women wither in convents, the sacrifices of the Pharisee rose above the requirements of the law

—anise and cummin and other common pot-herbs were all scrupulously tithed. Hence his boast, I fast *twice* a week, and pay tithes of *all* that I possess. In other words: What a good man I am; let others acknowledge their shortcomings; as for me, I dread not a day of count and reckoning; for me, the day of judgment that brings man face to face with God has no terrors; I have done more than he requires; He is my debtor rather than I his—the balance will stand in my favour. What great, swelling words of vanity! How may we apply to this miserable self-deceiver, and to all that self-righteous class of whom, though the pride of their hearts may not be so fully developed, he is the type, our Lord's language to the Laodiceans, “Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing: and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.” So we might dismiss him to make way for a better man—praying God by his Holy Spirit to keep us not only from the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye, but also from the pride of life.

But we are not done with the Pharisee. He has certain negative as well as positive merits. Here is what he is not, “I am not as other men are.” To entertain a bad opinion of others without sufficient evidence proves more than the lack of the charity which hopeth all things, and believeth all things. Who does not believe others virtuous would be found, were the secrets of his heart and life known, to be himself vicious. We may lay it down as an axiom, that those who are ready to suspect others of being actuated by a regard to self-interest, are themselves selfish. Thieves do not believe in the existence of honesty; nor rakes in virtue; nor mercenary politicians in patriotism; and the reason why worldlings regard religious people as hypocrites is their own want of religion—knowing that were they to profess a warm regard for Christ, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, they would be hypocrites, they conclude others to be so. Hence also you find many novelists representing every man into whose mouth they put the language of piety as either a rogue or a fool, most commonly a rogue—a very unsound but not unnatural conclusion on their part; for prejudices resemble the fogs that turn the bright sun into a dull, copper ball, and a bad heart is like the jaundice that sees its own dingy yellow in the purest lily. I conclude, therefore, however fair the whited sepulchre looked, that in his heart at least this Pharisee was, what he took other men to be—an extortioner, unjust, and an adulterer. He had no right to put on such airs, or, as his eye fell on him, to make a foot-stool of the publican to stand higher before God—saying by way of climax, “nor as this publican.”

In this proud, arrogant man we see the spirit of self-righteousness fully developed. Although they may not come out so prominently, the elements of his character are in all who trust in themselves for salvation. May God enlighten our eyes, show us ourselves! For who knows himself, knowing much

more ill of himself than he can of anyone else, will indulge in no such proud, and self-complacent, and odious comparisons—his prayer will be that of David, Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified—his language that of Job, I abhor myself—his confession, Ezra's, O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God—and glad to enter heaven at the back of Manasseh, or the woman that was a sinner, or the thief of the cross, he will leave the Pharisee to place himself beside the publican, and catch from his lips the heartfelt prayer, God be merciful to me a sinner!

THE PUBLICAN.

The white trimmings on a coffin, catch the eye; and pure as it seems when, falling softly, it lies level on the fields, or the sport of wintry winds has been tossed into fantastic wreaths, snow never looks so white as in the church-yard—beside the black mould and gaping mouth of a new dug grave. Studying effect, the painter and orator make use of such strong contrasts: and no doubt it was for this purpose that the Pharisee dragged the publican into his prayer, using him as a foil to set off himself—a dark and sombre background to present his merits in a more striking light. In this, "He made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made." The Pharisee becomes a background to set off the publican; and never did humility appear more beautiful in the eyes of God and man than here where it stands contrasted with the empty vanity, and haughty arrogance of this inflated Pharisee. In illustration of this, observe

THE MANNER OF HIS PRAYER.

He stood afar off.—Both prayed standing, teaching us that that attitude, which was the one commonly assumed by the Jews in the temple, is one which we may use with propriety in public worship. It is equally with kneeling an attitude of worship—though the latter may be more suitable for prayer where the congregation stand up to sing. There is propriety, but there can be no devotion in an attitude. Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart; and the only rule applicable to such matters as are not the weighty matters of the law, is to assume the attitude which rather aids than hinders devotion, and avoid that, which acting through the senses disturbs the mind. That posture is the best which least distracts attention by a feeling of bodily weariness, or otherwise drags our thoughts downward—hanging like a dead weight on the wings of prayer.

But while both stood, the publican stood *afar off*, as one who felt himself unworthy to enter the house of God—as a beggar with the mud of the road on his shoes and the rags of poverty on his back might hang about the door of a lordly hall, and, oppressed with a sense of his meanness, modestly decline the invitation to enter. Men often, very often, speak more eloquently by acts

than words; and in the arrestment of his steps, in the reverential distance at which he stands, the poor publican seems to say, I am less than the least of all thy mercies. Blessed are the poor in spirit! It is to him and all such as come modestly in to seat themselves down, if I may say so, at the lower end of the table, that the Lord, who has his eye on them, will send the message, "Come ye up hither!"—for, while everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased, he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

He would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven.—The Pharisee looked boldly up. Why not? There was nothing in heaven's cloudless azure purer than himself. No doubt the angels veil their faces with their wings; but there is no brightness in God's glory, sunlike, to dazzle him—nor awfulness in God's holiness to daunt him. Standing to God in the relation of a creditor rather than a debtor, why should he be ashamed to look him in the face? Fasting twice a week, and paying tithes of all that he possessed, he has not overdrawn but overpaid his accounts—doing more than the law required. Turn now to the publican, and what a contrast? There, like one caught in some act which overwhelms with a sense of shame, and covers the cheek with burning blushes, he stands with his head bent and his eyes cast on the ground. Self-accused, self-abased, and self-condemned, he shrinks within himself, and wonders perhaps that the very earth does not open its mouth to swallow him up. He does not dare to look up. But though his eyes are not lifted to heaven, his heart is; and, while he seems ready to sink to the ground, his soul is soaring aloft on the wings of prayer, upward to the heaven of heavens.

He smote upon his breast.—The hands of the Pharisee are stretched to heaven to receive the reward he expects at God's. There he stands, proud as the victor who, covered with the blood of a hundred battles and the laurels of a hundred victories, only bends his head to receive the crown from a king whose throne and whose country his valour has defended; and from whose hands he accepts the proudest honour, not so much as a matter of grace as of right. The hands of the publican are otherwise employed—he smote upon his breast. By this action, or by smiting on the thigh, the impassioned natives of the East expressed the deepest sorrow. But these sounding blows expressed more than sorrow. They said, as they fell thick and heavy on his bosom, Here lies the root of all my sins—oh, this hard, foul, wicked heart!—My life has been bad, but it has been worse—here lies the inner spring of all these polluted streams! These blows were inarticulate prayers. They sounded forth to God's ear such wishes as these: "Create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me." It had surely been done; for it was from the bosom which he smote that there went up to heaven, like an arrow from the bow-string, this brief, but blessed, believing prayer.

GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER.

Earnestness does not express itself in long, inflated, pompous sentences. It is brief; it is simple. The moment has arrived when victory, long doubtful as the tide of success ebbcd and flowed, may be won by one splendid, dashing, daring attack—the order is given in one brief word, Charge! On the distant waves a flag is seen now sinking in the trough and again rising on the crest of the foaming billows; and beneath that signal, clinging to the fragment of a vessel that lies many fathoms down in the depths of ocean, are two human forms—and all the cry that sounds from stem to stern is, A wreck, a wreck! and all the order, Lower the boat!—words hardly uttered when she drops on the water, and, pulled by stout rowers, is leaping over the waves to the rescue. One late in the deserted streets sees the smoke creep, and the flames begin to flash and flicker from a house whose tenants are buried in sleep; he bounds to the door and thunders on it—all his cry, Fire, Fire! Peter sinks amid the boisterous waves of Galilee and all the prayer of lips the cold water kisses is, as he stretches out his hand to Jesus, Save me, I perish! And with the brief, urgent, earnestness of one who seeing his danger, knows that there is no time, and believing in God's great mercy, feels that there is no need for long prayers, the publican, like a man who in falling over a crag catches the arm of a friendly tree, throws his whole soul into this cry, these few, blessed, accepted words, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Both have prayed, and our Lord tells us the result. Insulting to God and man, the prayer of the Pharisee, like a stone cast at heaven, falls back and returns to break his own head—while the Publican's ascends like the cloud of incense that floated away fragrant and heavenward from the morning or evening sacrifice. Perfumed with a Saviour's merits, it is accepted as a sweet smelling savour, and sins confessed are sins forgiven. Not that his confession and sorrow were the price of pardon; but that, feeling undone and lost, he cast himself on divine mercy, and so became a partaker of the righteousness which Jesus Christ has provided for the chief of sinners.

Thus he went down to his house "justified;" and so may we all—with a pardon in our bosoms and the peace of God in our hearts. Ah, that were the happiest home-going we ever made—sufficient to turn the barest hovel into a palace, and impart to the humblest fare more enjoyment than sumptuous banquets afford. Light is the step of one before whom the prison gates roll open, leaving him to walk forth to life and liberty. The sun never shone so bright, the flowers by the wayside never looked so beautiful, the birds in sky and merry woodland never sang so sweet, nor did love to every thing ever glow and burn so in his bosom, as now when taking an everlasting leave of strong jail and gloomy cell, he hastens home to embrace his wife and little ones—goes down to his house a free, pardoned,

happy, blessed, man. Yet lighter his steps, and happier his heart, who, accepting Christ in God's house, goes down justified to his own. And what should hinder us? We have only to throw away all confidence in ourselves; and with confidence throw ourselves at Jesus's feet, or rather into his open arms, on his loving bosom—on which, when the work of our sanctification is completed, we shall be borne up to another and a better house, there to be crowned with everlasting glory and dwell for ever with the Lord. Thus, while casting the proud down into hell God abases them, he will exalt the humble—them, and them only. He dwelleth with such as are of a humble and contrite spirit; and they only with whom he dwells on earth, shall dwell with him in heaven.

I cannot close these observations without remarking that the Pharisees, of whom the man before us is a specimen, have furnished the world with a term wherewith to reproach those whose religion is less loose than its own. Such as are for living a strict and pure and holy life, who, believing that no man on his death-bed ever found that he had given too much time to God and Christ, the interests of his soul, and that eternal world on whose verge he stands, wish the Sabbath day to be spent in the public or private exercises of God's worship, such as seek to remove all temptations to spend it otherwise—whether in the form of theatres, or museums, public-gardens or public-houses, such men are opprobriously called Pharisees. Now, not to say that it is a bad cause which needs to be supported by calling bad names, this application of the term betrays, as I undertake and proceed to show, the grossest ignorance.

The Pharisees cared nothing for the poor. Does this character applies most to those who are called Pharisees, or to those who call them so? Which of these two classes are most frequently found imparting both material and spiritual comforts to the desolate abodes of poverty, I would leave the poor to say. It is no breach of charity to fancy them turning from those called Pharisees to such as call them so, to say, "Jesus we know, and Paul we know—these others we know—but who are ye?"

Again, the Pharisees, devouring widow's houses, made religion a mere pretence to promote their own secular and selfish ends. Now let impartial history say, whether in the dark days of trial, in times that demanded a noble self-denial, those called Pharisees, or those calling them so, have been the most ready to sacrifice their interests to their religion, their place to their principles, and leave father and mother, wife and children, houses and lands, to take up their cross and follow Christ.

Again, the Pharisees were sensual and self-indulgent. "They bound," said our Lord, "heavy burdens, and laid them on men's shoulders, but they themselves would not move them with one of their fingers." And do those whom the world calls Pharisees ask others to make efforts on behalf of humanity or of religion, while they themselves make

none? Are theirs the names you miss in the lists of public charities? Do they bear the least part of such burdens? I venture to affirm the contrary: and that, were their support withdrawn, many of our philanthropic and religious schemes would tumble into ruins, like an arch deprived of its piers.

Again, the Pharisees were men of low *morale*; and therefore our Lord said, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Now are those whom the world reproaches as such, less moral than those who reproach them? As a class, do their greater sins distinguish them from others as much as their greater professions? In the upper ranks of society, are impurity and loose morals more characteristic of those who keep the Lord's day sacred, than of those who make it one of business or of pleasure? and among the lower classes, is it those who resort to the church or to the public house on the Sabbath, who supply most work to the police and the greatest number of tenants to the prison?

Again, the Pharisees persecuted piety, and hating Jesus because he was holier than they, called him bad names, imputed to him bad motives, and held him up to public scorn—charging him with crimes which his soul abhorred, and of which he was innocent as the babe unborn. Now are those whom the world calls Pharisees, haters of serious and pure religion? Is it their pens and tongues which are dipped in poison, and employed to wound Christ in his members? Are they the successors of the men who, hating religion in their hearts and feeling that Christ's holy and unselfish life condemned theirs, crowned his forehead with thorns, and cried, Away with him to the cross?

Again, the Pharisees were a self-righteous class.

They trusted to their own works for salvation, and were, however little occasion they had to be so, remarkably well pleased with themselves. Puffed up with vanity, they thanked God that they were not as others who might need a Saviour—they did not. But whoever found these to be the features of such as the world calls Pharisees? On the contrary, is not Jesus Christ and him crucified the very centre of their religion—the sun of their sky—the foundation of their most precious hopes? Disclaiming all self-confidence and merit in their own works, may not their creed be summed up in the words of him who raised himself on his dying bed to exclaim with life's latest breath, None but Christ, none but Christ! Let the world call white black, or light darkness, or sweet bitter, but not such men Pharisees. The north and south poles are not farther asunder.

Inapplicable as is such an epithet to devout Christians, let them beware how they furnish any, the least occasion for others using it by any inconsistency between their profession, and their practice—by magnifying little things and overlooking the weightier matters of the law—by straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel. Never overlook the difference between what is vital in divine truth and what is indifferent in human forms. Never mistake the dead robes for the living body of religion. Never forget that "to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly before God," is what the Lord requires of thee; that faith without works is dead; that form without spirit is dead; and that, the highest piety being ever associated with the deepest humility, true religion is like that sweetest of all singing birds, the skylark, which with the lowest nest but highest wing dwells on the ground, and yet soars to the skies.

EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

"THE English common soldier is a rough, powerful, and valiant man, who, in common with the whole people, possesses a high feeling of nationality, and therefore unites in himself all the qualities of an excellent soldier; if with these qualities the discipline of the army were combined, he would be all that could be desired in a warrior. Instead of this, the soldier is, by complete alienation from social life, and peculiarly cruel punishments, degraded and brutalized; he is acted on by the coarse indulgence of being well fed, and the gratification of the lowest desires, without the least prospect of improvement in his situation. . . . Such is the position of the British soldier: avoided and undervalued by his own nation, to which he stands opposed, what he effects against the foreign enemy, is more to be ascribed to his original good qualities, and to his

contempt of all that is not English, than to a discipline which would make a wild beast of him if left to himself."

A number of years have elapsed since the Prussian general, Von Grobman, penned the above, and although we must make some reservation from his sweeping criticism upon the British soldier, there still remains a great deal of truth in it which will apply as well to our army now, as it did upwards of twenty-seven years ago.

The English soldier is still brave and ignorant, he is still isolated from his friends, and he is still undervalued, if not by the nation, at least by his own officers, the majority of whom, from the moment he joins the service, treat him as a mere machine, destitute alike of sense and feeling, whose word is scarcely ever to be taken, his oath only

occasionally. And if he is not now subjected to such cruel punishments as he was thirty years ago, these have become more abundant, so that soldiering, through the number of trivial punishments for trifling crimes, is still as unpopular as ever.

In most regiments learning is looked down upon, and not at all encouraged. If a man can sign his accounts, that is all the scholarship required, and anything more is generally condemned as a useless encumbrance. This is no exaggeration, and I am positive further, that on an average there are not twelve men in a hundred throughout the army, who can write correctly from dictation, or go beyond the first four rules of arithmetic without making mistakes. If we refer to the Report of the Council of Military Education, published last year, we shall see that the march of improvement has been very slow. The per-centage of those who could neither read nor write was as follows :—

	1853.	1860.
Cavalry	24·8	22·3
Royal Artillery	40·4	25·65
Royal Engineers	3·0	5·36
Military Train	32·6	42·37
Foot Guards	20·4	10·96
Infantry of the Line	44·6	45·62

This shows that of all her Majesty's subjects the British soldier presents the greatest contrast between his professional efficiency and his general culture. Admirable as he is in the field of battle, he is deplorably ignorant of nearly every other exercise of the mind, so far as the training of his non-military faculties is concerned; and it would appear as if any knowledge beyond elementary reading and writing, were an obstacle rather than otherwise, in the defence of his country. We learn from an article in the April number of the "Cornhill Magazine," that in the French army a good education is ensured to a large number of men for nearly 200,000*l.* less than we spend in a poor education upon a small number of men. Surely this fact is humiliating to our pride, our common sense, and our good feeling; and reflects bitterly upon those who are in fault. It is very rare for a soldier to complete his term of service in the French army, and to return to his *commune* without having learned to read and write; and it is well known that the instruction provided in the *Écoles du premier degré de l'armée* is not a little relied upon as the means of diffusing primary education through the rural districts of France. So far back as 1836, the per-centage able to read and write in that army stood as follows :—

Engineers	84·7
Artillery	69·1
Cavalry	61·1
Infantry	56·2

An average at that time equal to ours of the present day! for among those returned as educated with us, it must be kept in mind that numbers who can read, cannot write.

But that much has been tried within the last

few years to better the British soldier's condition in every respect, none will attempt to deny. An entirely new system of education has been introduced, and with the new schools came fresh schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, of varied learning and accomplishments, who are as much in advance of the old teachers, as the present grammar-schools in every town and village are in advance of the academies and dame-schools of the last century. There have also been established in all camps and garrisons, good libraries, reading-rooms, and institutes: magic-lanterns have been supplied to every station, and slides and diagrams of history, war, science, and art, caused to circulate for the illustration of popular lectures. Chaplains, with scripture readers to aid them in their good work, have been appointed to most regiments and depôts; gymnasiums have been built; and indoor as well as outdoor games liberally supplied. Nothing apparently that could be imagined has been neglected, and no expense spared, to make the soldier, not only a wiser and a better, but a more comfortable and happy man. Now as all this has entailed, and does entail, considerable expense, it is only reasonable that the nation should expect that benefits of a corresponding value to the soldier should accrue—that with the onward march of the world the army should also advance, and likewise that its moral culture should not be overlooked.

Have these benefits accrued? I will allow the reader to judge for himself. Although many years have elapsed since I joined the service, I can still remember the feeling of awe and astonishment that crept over me on first hearing the profane and immoral language used in a barrack room; and I have not the slightest hesitation in declaring—for it is of little use trying to colour or disguise facts—that the soldiers of that day were "not a patch" upon those of the present, either as regards their vicious inclinations or their swearing propensities, and that to them Uncle Toby's "Flanders army," which swore so terribly, would be mere tyros. I am in no light mood nor jesting spirit, God knows, when speaking of all this. It is in sad earnest and sober seriousness that I call public attention to this great blot on the character of the British soldier, a blot which is second only to that of drunkenness. Privates Brown, Smith, and Robinson are still very much addicted to drinking, swearing, and low company; they are still prone to use violence towards non-commissioned officers, and consequently still liable to corporal punishment and penal servitude. These are melancholy facts, which show that all the preaching of chaplains, all the teaching by example and precept, of scripture readers and schoolmasters, all the benefits which libraries and instructive lectures should confer, have not tended to make the soldier more averse to crimes of personal violence and even of murder. Indeed, from the prevalence of these crimes within the last few years, one would almost be led to imagine that the very antidotes had strengthened the dis-

ease. Certainly among all classes there will be thieves, vagabonds, and murderers, and these, the scum, will always float upon the surface. But allowing all this, we must still draw the inference, that the system of education has signally failed in the army. Such being the case, I will now, to the best of my ability, endeavour to show how and where the system, good in many respects, has in the main points fallen short of the general expectation.

The Council of Military Education in their annual report have principally blamed "the irregularity of attendance." This undoubtedly is a serious evil, as it is impossible to teach to read and write in six or even in twelve months an uneducated man whose attendance is limited to two and a half hours weekly, the average of attendance in the army. And further, all must admit, that to incite the scholar so that he may be attentive and take a pleasure in his studies, it is absolutely necessary that he should plainly perceive he is progressing, not year by year, nor month by month, but week by week and day by day—feeling hourly that he is adding to his previous knowledge. Again, it is a recognised axiom, that "emulation is a great stimulant both of body and mind;" yet military schools are the only places of instruction where there are neither premiums nor rewards given for ability, progress, or regular attendance. As it is, soldiers do not care whether they improve or not; there is no idea of comparative acquirement, no wish to be industrious, no desire to excel. Nor need we ever expect this interest from men whose hours for drill are so many, and whose hours of improvement are so few. But the principal error in the system is, that the support, both moral and practical, which the officers should give to it, is withheld; and while such is the case, army education can never prosper. This is the great stumbling-block and bar to the soldier's progress, and until it is removed from the path, no great nor permanent result should ever be expected.

In no military service in the world are the officers so entirely separated from the men under them, as the officers of the British army are from the privates under their command. They have nothing in common; no feeling for, nor sympathy with, those over whom birth or accident has placed them; nor do they, except in very rare cases, try by kindness to foster a feeling of attachment such even as the dog has for the hand that caresses it. Officers are taught not to pay attention to any complaints of privates against non-commissioned officers, and if a man were to insist upon reporting any tyranny or injustice on the part of such non-commissioned officers, the chances are that the report would be dismissed as frivolous, and the forwarder punished. Will it be credited out of the service, I wonder, that although every soldier has a small book, in the fourth page of which is plainly stated for his guidance, "that if he wishes to see the captain of his troop or company on any subject, he can do so

[but that no more than two men are to approach an officer at one time], and that he may be accompanied by a non-commissioned officer only if *he* (the man) *should wish*"—will it be credited, I repeat, that were he to act up to these instructions and go to an officer by himself, he would be confined for so doing and severely punished? Yet such is the case. The way it is managed is this. The man must explain to the sergeant of his squad what he wishes to see the officer about,—to inform, probably, *the very man* against whom he is reporting. Of course the sergeant takes care to see the officer first, and after giving *his* version of the transaction, the complainant is had up, scarce listened to, sent away without getting satisfaction, and probably reprimanded, and told "he is a dissatisfied fellow." The officers and men certainly meet at stated times on parade; but what do the officers know of the men's habits, how and where they spend their evenings—in short, their daily life when away from drill? Nothing—absolutely nothing. There is one class they may know a little about, the bad characters in their troops or companies, and they only gain this knowledge through having the trouble of attending the orderly room, when these men are prisoners and go before the commanding officer. The only other opportunity they have of coming in contact off parade is when, I will say, Private Job Smith is brought before Captain Martinet by Sergeant Stiff, for having his kit or bed untidy, or some dust on his pouch, or some other equally heinous offence. On such an occasion the officer, who has already been assured by the sergeant "that this is not the first, second, nor third time that he has had occasion to speak to this man about the same thing, but that it was invariably the case with him," will, after lecturing the offender, and pointing out the awful crime that he has been guilty of in leaving his "pipe or bacca" in his blankets, and explaining how detrimental it would be to the service at large were such gross breaches of discipline overlooked, conclude by awarding the delinquent three days' confinement to quarters. And so they part, and here perhaps it ends. Only *perhaps*—for they may meet again next morning in the orderly room, before the commanding officer. Job Smith, being blessed with a good appetite, may have wanted a bit of bread and cheese for supper, at a time when his more fortunate comrades had gone out for their evening walk, and being confined to barracks and hungry, he was obliged to go to the canteen himself for these articles, and when there was seen by Sergeant Pivot, who, with all laudable zeal, places the unfortunate wight in the guard-room, "for having attempted to go into the canteen when a defaulter." And as there is no want of hands "to help the lame dog o'er the stile," Captain Martinet informing the Colonel "that he was obliged to punish the prisoner only the day before," and Sergeant Stiff adding "that he (J. S.) had become very troublesome of late,"—for this last transgression he will be sentenced probably to fourteen days' con-

finement to quarters. But will it end here? I am sorry to inform my non-military readers that often it does not, for Job Smith, finding that he has got seventeen days' punishment so very simply, gets callous, and determines that he will do something worth being punished for, so he absents himself, and as this is termed "breaking out of barracks when confined thereto," and considered flying in the face of his commanding officer, the chances are ten to one that on his return he gets a court-martial, and is sentenced to at least forty-two days' imprisonment. By the time he has finished this, a dislike to the service in general and his superiors in particular is generated in him. On his release, the seed sown requires but little cultivation in one who, perhaps, is already half prepared to meet the cordial reception he receives from the black sheep of the regiment. At this point of his career, when all that is wanted is a kind word from a superior to turn him back, there is no hand held out to save him, no friend with "a word in season" to recall to life the good spirit within,—to remind him of home, of his mother's prayers, of his former innocence; ne'er a heartfelt wish or hope expressed "that he will yet do well," "that this is only one false step; and that there is plenty of time and opportunity to retrace it and regain his former good character." No! he is allowed to choose the worst associates for his companions, to fall into the waters, to drift down the rapid current, and ere long he is amid the eddies and whirlpools on that fatal river whose only outlet is into a sea of crime, upon the shores of which, when shipwrecked, he meets with floggings—imprisonment—and death.

It is no overdrawn picture that I have depicted, but one which in military life is daily portrayed; and such will be the case so long as officers who take no interest in their profession nor in the men under them, depute all their duty to non-commissioned officers; to men totally unfit by birth, ability, or education to command others; and who, frequently being devoid of any susceptible feelings or generous spirit themselves, quite ignore the possession of these in others. What petty tyranny grows up under this system! Sure I am that the wearisomeness, worry of detail, oppression, and wrong, inflicted by non-commissioned officers, have goaded more soldiers into insubordination, tempted more into debauchery, and driven more to despair, than all the public-houses or dens of vice ever have done!

It is far from my design in this article to advocate a too great familiarity between officers and privates, but as landowners and manufacturers do not lessen the esteem in which they are held, nor lower their dignity, when they converse with or visit the homes of those in their employment, neither, I am positive, would the officer lower his position, were he to take a greater interest in the men's welfare, encourage them to do right, let them perceive that their good or bad behaviour were not all alike, and, by occasionally visiting them in their barrack rooms, prove

that he is really interested in their well-doing. Not visit them as at present—only for the purpose of fault-finding and punishing—but visit them to converse with them, "dropping the shop" as much as possible; see them at ease, when some would be working, a few writing or reading, and others idling. Then, a word kindly spoken, a wish gently expressed, would prove far more beneficial than all the confinement to barracks, cells, or imprisonments that could be inflicted.

The officers of the British army may be divided into four classes. The first are those who, having joined the service from a pure love of their profession, have followed it up with all the zeal and ability they possess; and having made war their study, prove to the men under them their fitness to command, not by harassing and annoying them in every possible manner, but, being possessed of a high sense of honour themselves, treat others as if all were similarly gifted. And as a great light sheds lustre over an immense surface, which in turn gives back a portion of its brightness, so they cause a reflection of their own high qualities to emanate from all with whom they come in contact. These are the true Soldiers: real ornaments to their profession, venerated and respected by all other true soldiers; but I am sorry to say that of such there are but few. In the second class we find quite a different sort: those who, having plenty of money or large expectations, come into the army for pastime. They look upon all drills and such like as fatigues, and any duty is to them a hardship. They are on leave six months of the twelve; and when with their regiment, and it comes to their turn to be orderly officer or captain of the day, they manage to exchange their duty with some one else. Hunting by day and dancing by night are their favourite occupations; and the signing of papers, or backing of passes, is their detestation. This class—the Dandies—is much more numerous than the first. The third class is formed of those who can never hope to conceive the great principles of war or strategy, but in lieu thereof are great and particular in small things, and catch eagerly at the drill book. In that they find a sphere for their faculties—become grand in trifling manoeuvres; are difficult to please with the dressing and distance of divisions and sections; and just manage to master the increase or diminishment of front in a troop or company. These—the Buffsticks—are triumphant in their turn, but they never get beyond this worship of the "movements of Dundas." In the fourth class are those to whom drill is, and always will be, a mystery; but, who, being fond of fuss and interference, also have a vocation. For can they not detect the slightest speck of rust on scabbard or stirrup? And what authorities they are as to the folding of blankets, rolling of cloaks, and putting on of baggage! What eyes they have for these things! Let not the desperate delinquent who has dared to deviate one hair's breadth from the regulation, hope to escape them! So they, too,

can be a torment; and the Pipeclays are as jubilant as their brethren the Buffsticks, the Dandies, and the Soldiers.

I am not sanguine enough to suppose for a moment that any opinion of mine will have much or any weight with old officers, knowing from experience that their mode of managing the "animal soldier" (a term used by a General officer now in command of a district) is a coercive one. And they are not much to blame; for at the age when most officers enter the army, they are far more likely to take up whatever opinions are in vogue, than to form fresh ones of their own; and as they grow to manhood and carry into effect measures founded on such opinions, they become in time identified with them, so that as years advance, and rank is gained, their ideas grow too firmly fixed to be shaken by any argument or demonstration. It is, therefore, principally to the young officers that I wish to address myself; to those who, fresh from home, retain still its tender recollections, and as yet find it hard to believe that the British soldier is the mere machine or animal represented; but who, on the contrary, are justly of opinion that these men are made of flesh and blood like themselves, some perhaps quite as highly sensitive to honour and dishonour,—that they are capable of forming deep attachments to those who deal fairly by them, and are glad to obey, esteem, and love those who treat them as men.

It is a well-known fact, that in the few regiments where officers have taken an active interest in the welfare of their men and their education, the school attendance has been far above the average, and the pupils have been eager and willing to learn. A system thus fostered will be certain to succeed, but without this help soldiers are altogether too thoughtless and improvident to value education.

Look at what one French officer, Colonel De Brack, did for his regiment. The story is not a new one, but it is not the less worthy of being told here. An account of the inspection of his corps having appeared in the "United Service Magazine" a number of years since, I beg to quote an extract from it. "In the 4th Hussars, commanded by Colonel De Brack, a system of interior and reciprocal instruction has been lately introduced, and pursued with a general co-operation and zeal which alone could have ensured the successful results of which we possess unquestionable evidence. These results have been obtained solely by the internal and independent resources of the corps itself. The plan adopted may be represented as a sort of Regimental University, classed into schools of the several branches of instruction, of importance theoretically or practically to the soldier, the officers and sub-officers acting as the instructors. Principles of loyalty, patriotism, and propriety of conduct are inculcated by precept and example, and the regimental orders, distinguished by their rationality, are enforced with firmness. The agreeable is not wholly neglected for the useful, nor that for the

ornamental. Music is cultivated, both for the education of regimental trumpeters and musicians, and for the gratification of individual taste." "On the 24th October, 1835, the regiment was minutely inspected at Fontainebleau by the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours." "They exhibited before the Princes in every capacity—mounted, in the field, on foot, and in the stables; in the barracks, as artilleryists, and in the schools: in all situations with the highest credit to themselves, and to the perfect satisfaction of their gallant and illustrious inspectors." "At the close of these exercises and examinations, prizes were distributed by the Duke of Orleans to the successful candidates with much enthusiasm and good effect. Colonel De Brack replied in an eloquent exposé of the origin, objects, and results of this system of regimental instruction, of which he gave the following report (for greater exactness I give the heads of instruction in the original terms):—

"*Gymnastique et Voltage*—(In three months), 175 pupils.

"*Lecture et Écriture*—97 pupils, of which 17 had finished their education in the year.

"*Théories Militaires*—All the sub-officers, brigadiers (corporals), and 97 hussars.

"*Escrime*—(fencing), 173 pupils.

"*Mathématiques*—156 pupils.

"*Fortification*—130 pupils.

"*Artillerie*—300 pupils.

"*Musique*—52 pupils.

"*Tactique*—All the officers, sub-officers, brigadiers, and hussars, students of the other courses."

By the opponents of progress in our army, it is urged against all kinds of education, that however well it may do in the French service, it would never answer with us; that the habits and inclinations of our soldiers are averse to learning, and that the benefits to be derived would not be commensurate with the trouble and expense taken. These objections I will answer with facts which have come under my own observation, proving that it is no impossibility to teach the British soldier and to elevate his character, so that he will reflect back with renewed brilliancy the lustre which his profession in a greater or less degree sheds over all its followers.

On the —th being ordered to India some years since, I joined that corps as a volunteer. When a regiment is ordered to a foreign station, it is customary to leave all the old soldiers and sickly men at the depôt, and make up this deficiency by allowing volunteers to come from other corps. Consequently a regiment going abroad is in a manner broken up, all the old hands dispersed, and the new lot thus thrown together (officers, non-commissioned officers, and men) meet for the first time in their lives. There is, therefore, wanting that unanimity and sociable feeling which are necessary to bind men together. It will be allowed, then, that the —th could be no better sample of a dragoon regiment than any other. As regards intelligence among the men, I need only mention that an assertion made one

day on the voyage out, by a private to a number of his comrades, "that the world was round," was met by a shout of derision from all, followed by the question, "did he take them for fools?" On arriving at our destination the men, after the confinement and restraints of a long voyage, ran into all kinds of excesses. As might be anticipated, the assembling of district and general courts-martial was of daily occurrence, to try the most serious of all soldiers' crimes—"insubordination with violence;" for not only were sergeants struck in the execution of their duty, but even officers were insulted. The sentences of these courts varied; some men were flogged, others imprisoned, and many transported, "according to the nature and degree of the offence." Still crime continued rife, and to such a length had it proceeded, that at last it called forth the direct interference of Lord Gough, at that time Commander-in-Chief in India. He deemed it necessary to issue a General Order reflecting on the amount of crime, more especially that of striking a superior, which had become so prevalent in the regiment, also reminding all that by the "Articles of War" death was the punishment laid down for such gross breaches of discipline, and concluding with the assurance "that he would confirm and cause to be carried into execution the sentence of any court-martial which awarded the full penalty—death." This sad state of things continued for about six months, when there gradually came a change for the better, for a good library had been opened, and the regimental school set a-going. A difference then might be perceived, as the men, instead of spending their leisure time in going to the villages hunting for country arrack, or in drinking bad brandy in Parsee-go-downs, employed it in reading and writing and the acquisition of knowledge. If they wanted exercise they took it in the cricket-field, went shooting, or fishing, or played at "long bullets" on the field-day ground, or at fives in the ball alley. Health increased also as learning became disseminated through the regiment, and in course of time it was as difficult to meet with an ignorant man, as formerly it had been to find one of the simplest intelligence. And not only did this desire for knowledge and a wish to excel spread everywhere, but the men likewise took a becoming pride in themselves, and made it a rule to appear dressed at all times neat and clean; and the canteen, instead of being, as formerly, a place for debauchery, became more like a club, a place for *rendezvous* for the members who met there to converse and hear the news. At this time a man would as soon think of appearing dirty on parade, as at the canteen, where all made it their business to come faultlessly dressed; most wearing black ties, low shoes, and patent leather waist-belts—a pleasant and becoming contrast to the light open jackets and white trousers worn in hot climates. However, with respect to the excellent regulations in our canteen, we certainly had the Colonel (an old Indian officer) principally to thank for a great

favour—a privilege which I am positive was enjoyed by no other corps in India. This was, that the men were never stinted in what they drank, as were those in all other regiments: and they, finding themselves trusted, rarely abused the trust; and although it was a well-known fact in the Presidency, that the —th indented on the Commissariat for more than three times the quantity of spirits and malt liquors consumed by any other corps, yet there was not one-third as many cases of drunkenness in it as in the less privileged regiments. This apparent paradox is easily explained, for the men of other regiments being debarred from getting above their "two marks" (two glasses of liquor), flew to *shamshoo*, a drink that filled their guard-rooms, their hospitals, and their graveyards. The 78th Highlanders, the strictest corps as to their canteen regulations in the country, when they lay at Goorpuric lines, in the newest and best barracks of the healthiest station in India, Poona, had so many men in hospital that on more than one occasion medical boards assembled to discover the cause, and were near condemning the barracks for being built on an unhealthy site, when the true cause was discovered or rather surmised—that the men being so restricted in their canteen went to the jungle, and there procured the country poison. From our canteen being a very large and commodious building we had another advantage, which was, that each one could choose his own society in it; and as the inveterate swearer or drinker found his company shunned, he speedily discovered that either an alteration must take place in his conduct, or that he must remain separated from the more respectable and intelligent portion of his comrades. And in this way a goodfellowship and *esprit-de-corps* sprang up amongst the —th that it has taken years to obliterate. Each draft of recruits as they joined were perfectly astonished at the prevalence of sociability and gentlemanly conduct in the men of the regiment, being such a favourable contrast to what they knew about soldiers at home. It appeared very strange for them to be accosted on the first morning of their arrival by perfect strangers, who, *volens volens*, would hurry them off to breakfast, and from that to the canteen, with a heartiness and kindness that showed the good feeling of the regiment towards their new comrades; and all this was managed in that peculiarly handsome manner which not only made the recipients perfectly at ease, but almost caused them to feel that they were conferring a favour when accepting what was so freely offered. At the same time, it must be remembered that all this improvement was not brought round at once. It was a gradual change for the better, caused by the spread of education in the corps, which would not have flourished as it did, had not the Colonel, Adjutant, and other officers taken an interest in all that led towards the progress of the soldier. I doubt if ever our "old chief" felt prouder of his regiment than when he was told at Suez by the ladies on board the *Feroze* (which took the mail and over-

land passengers as well as the head quarters of the —th), "that his men had behaved like gentlemen, which to them was as gratifying as it was unexpected, and that they would always look back upon the voyage with pleasure, as it had cured them of the mistaken idea that soldiers were in manners coarse and ruffianly." But a change for the worse came as our ranks were thinned of many of the best men by the numerous casualties caused by war, pestilence, and famine; this was completed when peace was made by the reduction of the army in 1856; and that being followed shortly afterwards by the augmentation of all the regiments, brought an entirely new description of men into the corps. But it was a fact to be observed in India, that in nine cases out of ten, when you met with men who had been in the country for a few years, you would not only find them well informed, and capable of conversing upon a variety of subjects, but really gentlemanly in their behaviour. Not exactly as regards etiquette, but as men having a sensitive feeling of honour; who would not be guilty of a mean action, for the credit of the corps to which they belonged and the cloth that they wore; and among whom I have known acts of kindness so disinterested, and favours bestowed in so refined a manner, and with such rare tact, as to make the donors appear to be the obliged party. But comradeship of this sort does not flourish now; people say the men are different, I think the system alone is to blame; and still remain in the belief that if religion and education are instilled into the soldier, liberal ideas, generous thoughts, and comrade-like actions will assuredly be the fruit.

These circumstances will show the superiority of the educational system in India, where, in spite of the enervating influence of a hot climate, the adults attend school for at least six hours weekly: and what is done there, can surely be done at home. It will be said that in India they have more time at command: but will any one be bold enough to declare, that there, where all drills and field days are over before 8 a.m., the regiments are not as well disciplined, and in as high a state of efficiency, as in England? None, I will venture to assert; for the superiority of the E. I. C. troops was proved in the late wars, and especially that of the Artillery, who greatly surpassed in every respect the brigades fresh from the Woolwich Marshes.

Many commanding officers have a deep-rooted objection to the Normal schoolmasters, for being, as it were, in a kind of indefinite position; they are neither officers nor sergeants, but a sort of mixture of the two; disliked, and termed upstarts by one party, while looked down upon and snubbed by the other. What I would suggest is, that Normal schoolmasters should hold the rank of staff-sergeants, and that the schools should be placed entirely under the control of the regimental authorities. That the first-class schoolmasters should be appointed deputy-assistant inspectors, and do duty as such on foreign stations, and in large camps and garrison towns

like London, Dublin, or Portsmouth. In this way, as the schools would be under the direct care of the colonels, they would take a greater interest in their progress than they do at present; for the Normal schoolmasters, having to look up to them for approval, would be more assiduous in endeavouring to deserve it; and not care alone for the opinion of the assistant-inspector general, who makes an inspection at most twice a year. My principal objection to Normal schoolmasters is, that they appear to be too highly trained for the duties they have to perform. Now, it is quite useless for them to be clever, unless they can convey a portion of their cleverness to their pupils; and whether these men are partly educated or entirely ignorant, they should take an equal interest in the progress of all. It would be much better for the scholars in such cases were the master's ability less, and his application to his duties greater. Another fault is, that, getting their appointments very young, they are apt to form too high an opinion of themselves and the position they fill; and knowing little or nothing of military life, are far from being as submissive as they ought to be. All this is greatly against the scholars, and every impediment is thrown in their way by commanding officers, who naturally feel little concern about what they are told does not concern *them*, but the Council of Military Education.

What I venture to recommend then is, that when a vacancy for a schoolmaster occurs in any regiment, the commanding officer should forward the names of at least three candidates (belonging to the regiment) to the Council of Military Education, who would order an assistant inspector, or a first-class schoolmaster, to examine them by printed papers, allowing them a month or six weeks for preparation, during which period they should attend the regimental school, and practice teaching. This would be better than the present plan; as nearly all soldiers attending school are in the fourth class, and a number of these in the fourth section of that; and so teachers fresh from the ranks themselves, would be better able to enter into the ideas and feelings of their scholars, than can any young Normal schoolmaster fresh from Chelsea, whose whole mind is absorbed in the "differential and integral calculus," and his head teeming with "conic sections."

The next thing of importance to be considered, is the irregularity and paucity of attendance; and the best remedy, in my opinion, would be to adopt the French method, and make it compulsory on every one to attend at least six hours weekly until dismissed. It is quite a mistaken idea of commanding officers that there is no time to spare to allow men to attend school for an hour daily. How is it managed in the Royal Artillery or Engineers, where the drill is greater and the duties more onerous than in either of the other arms? With them the school is regarded as an indispensable part of their drill and discipline, and the result is shown in the superior intelligence

of the men as compared with the infantry and cavalry. It has been urged that legally there is no power by the Articles of War or Mutiny Act to compel men to learn or attend school; but an excellent solution of the difficulty is given by J. P. Sargeant, Esq., in his "Report on Army Schools in North Britain." When advocating the necessity of soldiers understanding the theory of rifle practice, he says, "Go a step lower, and teach the way of understanding the scientific education given in musketry instruction, and we should be met with the objection that compulsory school attendance is not legal. But suppose out of the regimental school system there were established classes, which might most properly be called elementary musketry classes, then surely the schoolmaster's duties might become as much a portion of compulsory regimental instruction, as any drill that is now ordered; and let the compulsory attendance of every soldier in such elementary classes continue until the musketry instructor certify him in every respect qualified to keep the musketry returns, and to be in a fair way of acquiring a reasonable knowledge of the theory as well as the practice of rifle shooting." In addition to this, I would also suggest that the adult school should be placed under the direct supervision of the musketry instructor, who must necessarily be an officer of more than average ability, and therefore better fitted to superintend the men's studies than any other.

There is one other drawback to education which, as it would extend this paper to too great a length, I will only touch upon. Perhaps I should rather say there is another incentive withheld; for if promotion were made a reward for good scholarship, not only would a larger attendance at school follow, but a great deal more attention be ensured from the men while there. Now in some regiments this is done, but in most there is a non-compliance by the officers commanding with what is laid down in the Queen's Regulations for their guidance on the subject, which is not at all creditable; and a culpable inattention also is paid to the War Office Circular of July, 1857, wherein it expressly states, "That no man is to be considered eligible for promotion (unless in the field) who has not been dismissed from the fourth class;" and likewise "directs the attention of commanding officers to the importance of carrying on the education of non-commissioned officers to a much higher point than the mere acquisition of reading, writing, and arithmetic." One would imagine that this was explicit enough; but no attention is paid to it, and the Circular is to all intents and purposes a dead letter. In nine-tenths of the regiments in the service, men are promoted without reference to their education or ability, and it is an incontrovertible fact, that three-fourths of the non-commissioned officers could not stand the test, *i.e.*, could not pass the examination necessary to get dismissal from the fourth class! Why, in France, to qualify for the first step, that of corporal, the candidate has to undergo an examination that

would puzzle many of our captains. In the British service, corporals unable to write are not uncommon, and I know sergeants who cannot read their own writing after it is written, far less that of anybody else!

Colonel Lefroy, in his "Report on Army Schools," gives a fair sample of the intelligence of most of our non-commissioned officers. Should further proof be wanted, the authorities can easily bring the error or truth of the statement to the test by ordering the assistant inspectors of schools, when they make their next inspection, to examine also all the sergeants and corporals in reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic. This would not take above a couple of hours longer to do, if the usual examination papers were given in each corps. And were these papers afterwards collected and published, I am certain that they would not only afford amusement to all, but they would be valuable to linguists and scholars, as showing the multifarious ways in which a number of words in common use can be spelt. Colonel Lefroy says: "The specimens of writing from dictation are themselves enough to prove that many of the words dictated" (to non-commissioned officers) "must have been unknown by sound or sense to the hearers."

To illustrate the imperfect education of so many non-commissioned officers in the army he cites two cases. "The first is afforded by the experience of the School of Musketry at Hythe, which in the year 1857 was able to find only 44 eligible for the corps of instructors out of 121 candidates." Major-General Hay observed that: "The chief cause which led to the rejection of so large a number of non-commissioned officers—*viz.*, 77—was a deficiency of writing and arithmetic, in which qualifications they fell very far short of the standard required for the efficient discharge of the special duties of the corps. The deficiency among non-commissioned officers generally in this respect is serious, and calls for careful consideration." The second was afforded at an examination for the office of Provost-Sergeant at Parkhurst, in Sept. 1856. As the duties of this post require a knowledge of accounts, the two following questions were set by the Officer Commanding:—

1. "What is the daily cost of rations for seven court-martial men and four seven-days' men, their allowance being respectively as follows?"

	C.-M. Men.	7-days' Men.	
Bread,	20 oz.	15 oz.	at 2½ <i>d.</i> per lb.
Meal,	8 oz.	6 oz.	at 2½ <i>d.</i> per lb.
Milk,	½ pint	½ pint	at 1½ <i>d.</i> per pint."

2. "It appears at the end of a quarter that 540 court-martial men, and 360 seven-days' men, have paid for rations at the above rate. The allowance for this 22*l.* 5*s.*, find the debit or credit of the accounts for the quarter, and the daily average, or excess, or deficit per man."

Not one out of all the candidates could answer either question in three hours!

STEAM IN THE FIELD.

It is becoming necessary that we should remodel all our notions about the country. It is no longer the "slumberous home" it was wont to be. Its quiet, poetical felicity has been rudely broken in upon. Farmers are now men whose talk is not always of oxen; and their servants, Tom, Dick, and Harry, have ideas stretching beyond the stable and the byre. The *Grazier's Companion* and the *Journal of Agriculture* are not the only works in the agriculturist's library; books on scientific and literary subjects are common, and *Good Words* and other magazines are monthly to be found on the drawing-room table. Sneers at the slow, dull tiller of the soil are altogether without point now-a-days; for there is no department of industry in which more energy and skill are exhibited. Poets in search of similes for stagnation or "holy calm," must not hope to find them in the fields; they must search for them in the grass-grown courts and squares of cities.

Old Tusser sums up the whole "husbandry furniture" (as he calls farm-offices and implements) of his day (sixteenth century) in twenty-one verbose and doggerel verses; at the International Exhibition, in Battersea Park, there were exhibited agricultural implements and machines, and other articles more or less connected with the working of the farm, to the number of 5,064, the value of which was estimated at £100,000. But we need not go back three hundred years for a contrast. Less than a century ago, the old wooden plough was the only implement employed for stirring up the land in most parts of the country; and in Scotland, wooden harrows with thorn teeth hardened in the fire, were the only instruments in use for burying the seed. Six or eight horses, or ten or a dozen oxen, drew the unwieldy plough along, half-a-dozen people guiding and following in its train. Creels, currocks, and litter-trees did duty as carts; winnowing *wechts* supplied the place of fanners; willow and birch withes served instead of hempen ropes; the sickle was the one instrument in use for cutting corn, and the flail was the only thrashing-machine. Creels and currocks, litter-trees and winnowing-*wechts*, are no more; the sickle and the scythe are superseded by the reaper; for the slow thud, thud of the flail on the barn floor, we have the whirr and the buzz of the high-speed thrashing-machine. Only in museums may we hope to find the old wooden plough, and even the two-horse iron plough of the newest and usefulest pattern is about to follow its clumsy predecessor into oblivion.

Although it is only some half dozen years since steam-ploughing has been successfully introduced, it is well-nigh two centuries and a half since it was thought of, and schemes devised for its accomplishment. In 1618, David Ramsay, a Scotchman evidently, and Thomas Wildgosse, jointly took out

a patent for "Newe apte or compendious formes or kindes of engines or instrumentes to ploughe grounde withoute horses or oxen, and to enriche and make better and more fertill, as well barren peate, salte, and sea-sande, as inland and upland grounde, within our kingdomes of England and Irelande, and our domynyon of Wales." A dozen years after, the same Scotchman took out several other patents with the same object in view. What success attended any or all of his patents we are not told; but probably his notions were too crude for profitable practical application. About 1634, a William Parham, with partners, obtained a patent for "a certaine newe and readie way for the good of our commonwealth, for the earinge and plowinge of lande of what kinde soever, withoute the vse or helpe of horses or oxen, by means of an engine by them newly invented and framed."

In the course of the next two centuries, various attempts were made to cultivate the soil by steam, but none of the methods were sufficiently practicable and inexpensive to take the place of the horse and ox-drawn plough. In the year 1832, Mr. Heathcoat, M.P., a lace manufacturer of Tiverton, invented a plough with which he sought to obtain the premium of £500, offered by the Highland Society for a successful plan of steam tillage. From volume sixth of the *Highland Society's Transactions* we learn that a deputation of that Society, who had witnessed it in operation on Red Moss in Lancashire, were expected to report "very favourably" on the invention, but we cannot find from perusal of succeeding volumes of this valuable agricultural work that they ever did so. And indeed, looking at the heavy clumsiness of the apparatus, the vast expenditure of horse-power and manual labour required for its working—twenty-five horse-power, and ten men and boys, to accomplish 8½ imperial acres of ploughing per day—we would not be surprised to learn that the deputation did not consider it worthy of the premium. Some dozen years ago the Marquis of Tweeddale adopted a system of steam-ploughing with which he did really splendid work at Yester, but, excellent though it was, the expense at which it was performed did not justify its continuance.

The idea of the desirability of steam tillage had now, however, become impressed upon the minds of many, and year after year new patents were applied for and granted by the Patent Office. One of the most promising of these inventions was one by Mr. Fiskien, towards the expense of perfecting which the Highland Society contributed some money. Shortly after, Mr. John Fowler, now of Leeds, came into the field with an apparatus much more perfect than any previously exhibited. He succeeded in carrying off all the large money prizes offered by the national agricultural societies, and also many given by local

associations; and year by year he has continued to make improvements, until there is now little to be desired save a reduction in price. The merit of the successful application of steam to land culture however belongs to Mr. Smith, a farmer at Woolston, near Bletchley, who commenced with an implement manufactured under the direction of Fowler in 1855-56, and his farm has demonstrated very strikingly the benefits of steam tillage.

At the trial of steam ploughs at Farningham, in connection with the International Agricultural Exhibition in Battersea Park, there were seven competitors entered the lists. There were, however, only three distinct modes of applying the power, the other four showing novelty only in the form of the plough or grubbers, and in the size and character of the windlasses upon which the wire-rope is wound.

Though despairing of making these methods perfectly intelligible to those of our readers who have not seen them in operation, we must perforce attempt a brief description, which, we trust, will at least give them some notion of the *modus operandi*.

In Fowler's system,—and it deserves to be first mentioned, not only because it has been the most successful prize-taker, but because its inventor has perhaps laboured harder and spent more money in bringing it to perfection than any of his rivals,—we have an engine, an anchor, a wire-rope, a balance plough, and grubber. In commencing operations, the engine is placed at the end of one of the headlands of the field, and opposite it on the other headland is placed the anchor. Beneath the engine there is a large sheave or drum, five feet in diameter, the groove of which drum is composed of a series of small leaf-like pieces of chilled cast-iron, each moving independently upon its own axis. The object of these is to prevent the rope from slipping, which it is apt to do in a plain groove under great strain, and this they do in a very ingenious manner by closing on the rope as soon as it takes the bend; that is, as soon as the rope presses upon them; and they in the same manner open and release it immediately on the pressure being removed, or, in other words, as soon as the rope resumes the straight on the other side of the sheave. The anchor is quite unlike the instrument known in pictures as the symbol of Hope. It is a massive square framework of wood mounted on six sharp disc wheels, each about two feet in diameter, which cut deep into the ground, and on the lightest land they take such hold as effectually to resist the pull of the rope which is passed round the sheave beneath. The anchor has a self-acting motion which enables it to move along the headland and keep opposite to the engine. The plough is a framework of iron, balanced upon two large wheels. To each side of this framework there are attached four plough-bodies and coulters, so that four furrows are cut at one "bout," and the headland on which the anchor is stationed being reached, the side of the beam that was out of the ground is depressed (the other,

of course, being raised), and the four plough-boards that were out of the ground, and which point in the opposite direction, are inserted in the soil, and turn up the furrows on the way back to the engine. This mode of balancing the plough is a most important invention, as it saves all the trouble and loss of time that would otherwise be involved in turning. Four furrows are cut each time the plough traverses the field, and in ordinary working an acre an hour is accomplished, the ploughing being altogether more satisfactory than that done by horse-power with the ordinary plough. The wire-rope, by which the plough is dragged through the land, is made in lengths, in order that it may be adjusted to irregularly shaped fields. The rope is borne off the ground—a very necessary precaution, without which the wear and tear would be alike annoying and expensive—by a number of pulleys or "rope-porters," as they are called, mounted on frames. The outside ones, that is, those farthest from the work, are moved along by the action of the rope; those in front of the plough are removed by boys, and placed behind the implement as it proceeds. A nice arrangement enables the ploughman, who rides upon the implement, to wind up and let out slack when necessary, without stoppage and loss of time. The number of hands required to manage this apparatus are three men and two boys, viz., a man at the engine, another on the plough, a third at the anchor, and the lads to look after the rope-porters. The water and coals needed for the engine must be brought by other men. The cost of this steam-cultivating apparatus complete, with grubber and diggers, as well as plough-bodies, is about £950.

The system known as Smith's or Howard's consists in a stationary engine driving a windlass placed in front of it, round which is coiled about 1600 yards of wire-rope. The engine is usually placed at the corner of the plot to be ploughed, and the rope is carried round the field on rope-porters, and fixed at the corners by light anchors. A snatch-block placed in front of the windlass prevents the slack-rope running out too fast, and trailing on the ground. The plough is balanced on three wheels, something after the fashion of Fowler's, and is constructed to cut three or four furrows each way, but three are the usual number turned over. In this method the plough is not pulled direct between engine and anchors, but at right angles to the power—between one anchor and another, the anchors being removed inwards and nearer the engine every time the field is traversed by the plough. With this system there are five men and two boys required; viz., a man at the engine, another at the windlass, a third on the plough, two at the anchors, and the boys to look after the rope-porters. The cost of this apparatus, without the engine, is £220, and it can be driven by any portable engine costing from £200 to £300. The work done by this method is also excellent, and in small and irregular fields it is perhaps preferable



“There went not the least waft of wind thro’ the tree,
Then why did the Aspens shiver?”

to Fowler's; but the latter has unquestionably the advantage in large enclosures, as also in very light lands, on account of the better holding qualities of his anchor. There appears also to be less wear and tear of rope in working Fowler's.

In Coleman's system, the drums upon which the rope is wound are attached to the sides of the engine, and give out and take on rope alternately. The engine moves along the headland, and the anchor, upon which there is very little strain, and which is, therefore, a very light, portable article, is shifted opposite to it by a man as the work is performed; direct action being obtained here, as in the case of Fowler's. The peculiarity of the plan consists in having two implements instead of one at work, the implements being grubbers, which smash up the ground,—a practice now preferred by some farmers in England to turning the sod over with the plough. On commencing operations on this plan, the field is divided into two equal parts. The cultivators or grubbers work only one way—*towards* the engine. They are attached by the front to each end of a strong wire-rope, while a smaller wire-rope is fastened to their rear. The one cultivator is placed at the far side of the field, where its teeth or "tines" are inserted in the ground; and it is pulled towards the centre of the field, tearing up the soil as it comes, the other meanwhile going out empty to meet it. When the latter reaches the middle of the field, the action of the engine is reversed, and it is dragged back to the engine, cultivating the land as it travels, while the other goes back to the headland empty. The pull

out empty and in working is, of course, continued until the whole land has been tilled. By this plan some little time is saved at the ends; but then there is loss of power in pulling an empty implement, and some wear and tear of rope in dispensing with rope-porters.

By all the plans in use, however, the ploughing is much more effectually done than it can be by horse-power; and this, I apprehend, together with the fact that the steam-plough, owing to the greater amount of acreage it can accomplish in a specified time, will enable farmers to get through their tillage at the proper season—more work being equivalent to more fine weather—is the great argument in favour of its adoption. In many places, no doubt, the work has been performed for absolutely less money per acre than by horses; but agriculturists would be wrong, I think, to build much upon this—at least in the early days of the steam-driven implement.

Already about 600 sets of steam-tackle by the different makers are employed in steam tillage in England, and two Scottish tenants in East Lothian have been enterprising enough to purchase Fowler's implement on their own account; and the work already accomplished by these latter has been done to the satisfaction of all who have witnessed the machines in operation. Without doubt, steam-ploughing means more produce than has hitherto been got out of the land, and this is just the same as if it really added to the too limited arable acreage of our country.

JAMES ROBB.

THE ASPEN.

I WENT out into the wistful night,
Along with my little Daughter;
Down in the Valley the weird Moonlight
With an elfin shine lit the water.

The Trees stood dark in a flame of white;
A Nightingale sang in the stillness,
As tho' the husht heart of the sweet spring-night
Ran over because of its fullness.

Not a breath of air in the region wide;
Not a ripple upon the river;
Yet all of a sudden the Aspens sigh'd,
And thro' all their leaves ran a shiver.

My Darling she nestled quite close to me,
For such shield as mine arms could give her:
"There went not the least waft of wind thro' the
Tree;
Then why did the Aspens shiver?"

I told her the tale, how, by Kedron's Brook,
Our Saviour one evening wander'd;

A Cloud came over His glorified look,
As He paused by the way and ponder'd.

The Trees felt His sighing! their heads all bow'd
Towards Him in solemn devotion,
Save the Aspen, that stood up so stately and proud;
It made neither murmur nor motion.

Then the Holy One lifted His face of pain:
"The Aspen shall quake and shiver,
From this time forth till I come again;
Whether growing by Brook or by River."

And oft in the listening hush of night,
The Aspen will secretly shiver;
With all its tremulous leaves turn'd white,
Like a guilty thing by the River.

So the Souls that look on His sorrow and pain
For *their* sake, and bow not, shall quiver
Like Aspens, and quake when He comes again,
Thro' the night of for-ever and ever.

UP THE RHINE IN WINTER.

BY FOUR TRAVELLERS.

It was on the brightest of wintry days that we stepped out of the train at Calcum, and into the mail-omnibus that lumbers leisurely over the sandy road to Kaiserswerth. One or two country-folk, a young deaconess from Strasbourg like a quaker dressed in black, and an ancient servitor who had come from the village to meet her, with the four travellers above named, made up the company. The ugly yellow waggon set us down in the street opposite the new house. Beyond a child or two playing on the pavement, a woman standing at her door, and a man cutting wood, there was no one to be seen. The sunshine filled the broad street with a summer warmth and silence, and at the further end the Rhine swept softly past. The "new house" which had been just opened is a great improvement on the three or four irregular buildings that occupied its place, and by which, as by the rings round a tree, strangers could tell the growth and age of this deaconess work; and the imposing and long and almost stately front made it be quickly felt that Kaiserswerth means now Dr. Fliedner, and his institutions. A moment or two was all that was permitted us to linger. We were anxious to examine the entire arrangements, and were placed under charge of two of the most experienced sisters. These arrangements have been so often described, that it would be useless to repeat them. There was great neatness, great order, and great homeliness. There are many hospitals in England that have airier and larger rooms, finer corridors, more perfect and abundant mechanical appliances. In these respects even the new house will not compete, nor is it intended it should. It cost about five thousand pounds, and that would seem a trifle at Guy's or Bartholomew's. But everything was in order; the cleanliness was perfect; as an hospital, it was a very fair and comfortable place to be nursed in, and a most singular place to meet with in a distant and out-of-the-way village. The striking feature it presented was the universal presence of women. The portress was a woman, the apothecary was a woman, the officials were women; they flitted softly about, and with most pleasant and happy faces;* they did everything; they were the authorities on every subject; at their morning worship a woman is the chaplain. It is the "Princess" of our poet laureate realised under human and possible conditions, and it works well. The patients looked not only comfortable but cheerful. There was a human sunshine that threw itself over all the pain. The number of women was also noticeable, not that there was any confusion or

idleness, but that none of our hospitals are half so well officered. This, again, arises from the character of the place, that it is a training-school. The deaconess, as far as possible, goes through the routine of work. She may be an apprentice in the kitchen, the laundry, the house-keeper's, the apothecary's, as well as in each hospital ward. Every department has its learners, and these, again, are all used as workers, so that by careful distribution and subdivision of labour every one has enough to do. The special work is chosen for each by Dr. Fliedner, according to the aptitude of the woman and the necessities of the time, for Dr. Fliedner is supreme, and the influence of the man is superior to that of the woman; and though one of the deaconesses opens their morning meal with free prayer, and though they are all encouraged to converse freely with their patients on religious subjects, and to pray with them, yet Mr. Disselhoff (Dr. Fliedner's son-in-law) is the recognised chaplain. At Kaiserswerth, though not at some similar institutions, it is thought best that a man should control; and the character of the rule is very much that of a father over his children.

After visiting the hospital, the lunatic asylum (distinguished from the other buildings by the simple elegance of its arrangements), the Magdalen, the orphanage, the training-school for governesses, the infant school, and the quiet home for sick and infirm deaconesses, we visited Dr. Fliedner. He was already known on German ground to one of our party, and another had met him at Cairo; and the conversation flowed freely from the mother house at home, to the hospitals and orphanages scattered through the East; as freely, at least, as the harassing cough of our host would permit, for he has been an invalid for many years. His tall slight figure is bent now; his light sandy hair is turning grey. He looks a simple country clergyman, with more sweetness than command in his features. Yet he has strong will and clear and rapid perceptions, and is a man to whom it falls naturally to rule, though in a gentle way. His conversation, like his work, bears the mark of a deep impulsive piety, checked and balanced by extraordinary common sense, and the wisdom of a shrewd observant man. He has strong enthusiasm, and the influence of an enthusiastic nature; and moreover a buoyant, and, like many Germans, quiet and quaint humour. His heart is in his work, or indeed he could never have done it: it is his life, and ambition, and joy.

And it is curious to compare the statistics of what has been done and the influence of Kaiserswerth on the Church of this century, with the modest and feeble-looking pastor who has made Kaiserswerth what it is. The number of the sisters is now about 400, of whom 240 are deaconesses. The head-quarters of their work are in Rhenish

* "What sweet and joyous faces!" was the exclamation of the Queen of Denmark as she went through the house last year.

Prussia and Westphalia, where there are 119 at 55 different points. They have hospitals at Beirut, Sidon, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Jerusalem. They care for 40 orphans at Kaiserswerth, 70 at Altdorf, 106 at Beirut, and some more at Smyrna. They have educated about 1000 female teachers; they have at present at their schools 8500 children (of whom at Jerusalem 50, at Smyrna 200, at Florence 70, and more at Bucharest); and they care for 2800 sick and poor. Yet these statistics do not represent a tithe of what has been accomplished. They are not merely educational or hospital figures, but they are the results of so much Christian energy that would otherwise have been wasted and unknown. Dr. Fliedner has won for Christian women their rightful recognition as fellow-labourers in the Christian church. He has proved that it is not a question between Catholics and Protestants; that there is nothing Romish in it; that it is in perfect harmony with Scripture and the position of women in the world. It is a double gain: to those women who find their solace and duty in Christian work, to those works that are never so well done as by Christian women. There are already 1200 deaconesses in Germany. There are parishes with their own hospitals and orphanages, as well as church and schools, with their own Christian women to nurse the sick and visit and counsel the poor. These parishes are a great power in the country; they are the nearest approach to the true, and hitherto ideal, conception of the Church in its practical aspect. And they are as much needed and would be as great a blessing with us as abroad. German women may fuse better into a body, and submit with less reserve to rules, than Englishwomen. Dr. Fliedner may have some suspicion that an Englishwoman's obedience is not very reliable to any one but her husband; that even his easy order might conflict with "our strong individuality." But what he has given to us is the principle; what he has done for us is to test that it is a workable principle. And when leaving Kaiserswerth we could not but feel that it is a very noble and salutary principle, and that it has found a very devout and single-hearted exponent; we could not but join in Dr. Fliedner's aspirations that it would take deep root among ourselves.

Elberfeld—which we reached next—is a town of very marked individuality. It lies irregularly along the river Wupper, and pushes out one of its suburbs till it touches Barmen higher up on the same river, and the two together form a city with a population of about 107,000, and one of the busiest and wealthiest communities in Germany. Outside and inside both have almost the same character: the same quaint and cleanly houses, the same independent self-reliant population, the same peculiar municipal government, the same intensity and forms of religious life. They are the Siamese twins of German towns; and what the one does the other is almost sure to do. But we shall speak here of Elberfeld alone. It has both a very foreign and a very

homely look: the one from the brown wooden framework of the houses and the multitude of bright green jalousies contrasting with the vivid white of the walls; the other from the manufactories and knots of chimney stacks, and the large artisan population such as might be seen any day in the suburbs of Manchester or the High-street of Paisley,—the long deep-bowled pipes excepted.

Lying in a neighbourhood more beautiful than falls to the lot of manufacturing cities—Glasgow, with the site of Edinburgh—it has also thriven; its population of 57,000 is double what it was thirty years ago. Notwithstanding this rapid increase, it has held a more rigid morality than its neighbours, and whilst absorbing so many strangers, seems also to have been strong enough to reject their vices. The rate of bastardy, notwithstanding the number of mills, was last year but one in twenty-three. More than three-fourths of the people are Protestants, and of them more than half are Calvinists. There is also a Dutch-Calvinistic Congregation, a community of ultra-Lutherans, and a body of Plymouth Brethren; there are about 200 Jews, and 12,000 Catholics. There are twelve Protestant pastors, and the system of Church government for both Calvinists and Lutherans, is, as in almost all Rhenish Prussia, Presbyterian. The town educates its own children in its own way. It has seventeen elementary schools (of which three are Catholic), and a gymnasium; and it spends on these 3300*l.* a year. They are attended by 10,000 children, who commence their school days at six, and end them at fourteen; but from twelve, they attend only half time, and so earn some money at the mill. The Bible and Catechism are taught in them all, but with due regard to the denomination of the children; and a parent who will not send his child, or keeps him at home, is punished with twenty-four hours in prison. The education is controlled by a board of thirty, including the ministers of the town (among them the Catholic priest), and eight members of the Common Council. The town also cares for deserted children, using this word in a wide sense. If the father is in hospital, in prison, or has run away, and the mother is destitute, the children are taken into a special institution, and carefully kept until the father returns. Naturally the majority of these children are of the most wretched class; and it was pleasant to hear of the influence they exercised on going back to their miserable homes. There were 50 in the house; 103 had been admitted, and 101 discharged during the year. As might be expected, the same children often return. The cost per head is 7*l.* 10*s.* per annum. The town has also its orphan house, where it supports 250 children, with room for 330. Should the mother die, bastard children are received. There are hospitals, Roman Catholic and Protestant; there is a Reformatory connected with the Lutherans. And there is a poor-house, tenanted almost exclusively by infirm old men and women. It is not

to be compared with an English poor-house; but the people are evidently well and kindly cared for.

In all this Elberfeld sets an excellent example as a city that cares for its own and those of its own house. But the chief peculiarity, and indeed glory of Elberfeld, is its poor-law. The results of that poor-law have been already communicated.* The three years that have since elapsed have only confirmed them. Unable to meet their poverty and officialism, and finding that with the best administration it grew upon them with appalling rapidity, the citizens resolved upon a new system. They would themselves be the officials. No one could be so interested as they were that the poor should not only be helped but diminished. A new poor law was sanctioned; and a number of the ratepayers voluntarily offered their services from among them the Common Council constructed a Poor-Law Board. It superintends all details, and charges itself with the relief of all the poor, both in the public institutions and in the poorer quarters. It also estimates the annual poor-rate, which is levied by authority of the Common Council. The town is divided into eighteen districts; and the poor of each district are distributed among fourteen persons, whose services for poor relief have been offered and accepted. A man can only offer for three years, and at the expiration of that time must offer himself for re-election. But so well has the system worked, that not only are the applications considerably in excess of the 252 required, but the majority of those in office at present have been in since the beginning, ten years ago. Being a matter of the city and not of the Church it is strictly undenominational. There are Roman Catholics and Protestants, infidels and devout Christians; and it is said that the influence of the work has been to open some avowed sceptics to religious impressions. Being a matter that concerns all, position in the town is not required. Persons of every rank come forward. It may happen that a manufacturer sits under the presidency of his foreman. And it is to the credit of Elberfeld that there has been no social clashing. The two chief elements of the Elberfeld population are the merchants and the artisans. Out of the 252 required, there are at present 88 of the former, including many names well known in England, and 85 of the latter. A large part of the manufacturing population is composed of weavers, and twelve, or one-seventh, of the artisan poor-helpers are weavers. There are fifteen farmers, seventeen tradesmen, nine teachers, five apothecaries, three persons of private means, two bankers, two clerks, two Government secretaries, two architects; there is an advocate, and a contractor, and even a gravedigger. No civic offices could be conceived more fairly distributed. And the benefit is, that while the town is increasing by very nearly a thousand a-year, the poverty has diminished from 1202 cases in

1855, to 572 for the same period of 1863. It would have been cause of reasonable congratulation if after one or two years of the new system the poverty had been brought down within easy limits and kept there. It would have been no cause of surprise if the poor increased with the increase of population. More has been accomplished than that. The following table shows the number relieved in three periods of a fortnight each at the beginning of six successive years. It is commenced five years after the Poor Law was established, and when, it may be supposed, the previous accumulations of poverty had altogether disappeared:—

	1858.	1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.
First Fortnight	675	625	689	567	586	565
Second Ditto	764	640	686	643	596	572
Third Ditto	892	638	666	646	614	572

Fluctuations are apparent in this table: they can be accounted for by temporary pressure. Making due allowance for these, it will be plain that there has been a steady decrease of the poor relieved, and that the number for 1863, and with a much larger population, is less than at any previous period. And with the decrease of poverty there is a decrease of crime. There can be no surer index that the poor relief is healthy and real. It proves that it is the poverty itself that is fought against and overcome, that men are relieved from the most fertile temptation to crime. There are but ten policemen for Elberfeld with its 57,000. We were invited to hear a debate in the Common Council, whether or not the spread of the town demanded an eleventh! Elberfeld and Barmen together have about 107,000 people; Cologne about 104,000. They are in the same district, and both large trading cities. The magistrates sit once a fortnight for the two former, and find it too often; they sit twice a week for Cologne, and find it is not enough.

These are encouraging facts for those that have to do with the poor—and who has not? Some of the principal towns in Germany are copying the Elberfeld plan—Barmen and Bremen among the rest. Confessedly it is not the best conceivable; the very men who originated it have been always affirming that the true machinery for relief should be found in the Christian parish and the Christian congregation; that Christians are bound as such to deal with poverty. It is up to that that Christian men and the Christian church should strive. Yet it has been shown that even a mere civic poor-law would work well when administered voluntarily, when it brings the helper into personal contact with the helped. And after all, that is the Christian principle, which will not suffer the wounded man to be passed by because there are magistrates and police to look after him, but will stop and help him because he is wounded.

* *Good Words*, 1860, p. 5.

We spent a Sunday in Elberfeld. For three centuries, we are told, this neighbourhood has been favoured with faithful and eminent ministers of the Word; and while, in many other parts of Germany, the pulpits were without the testimony of the Gospel, there seems to have been here an uninterrupted succession of powerful and devoted Evangelists from the time of the Reformation up to the present day. It was here—to confine ourselves to more recent times—that Rauschenbach, of whose depth of fervour, manly wisdom, and pastoral love such a vivid and edifying picture is presented in his life and diaries,—it was here that he laboured with tears and prayers, and indefatigable perseverance. Here laboured Gottfried Daniel Krummacher, brother of the author of the Parables; a man of strong faith and great originality, whose lectures on the wanderings of the children of Israel through the wilderness, notwithstanding occasional unexegetical fancies, are rich in profound thought, and evince a very wonderful range of spiritual experience. It was here, that Sander fought with holy energy against Rationalism, and Romanism, seeing with remarkable clearness, their inward relation and connection; and while he defended the bulwark of truth, laboured with unwearied zeal and manly wisdom in the ministry of the Word. It was before an Elberfeld congregation, that the lectures on Elijah and Elisha were preached, which have won for William Frederick Krummacher so many grateful readers in Europe and America.

Such are only a few of the names which occur to us, and many others might easily be added. When a neighbourhood has enjoyed such privileges, and that for a long period, we feel as if in an old well-cultivated garden. Family religion, intimate knowledge of Bible history and doctrine, and a general tone of reverence and morality characterise the population. We are told, that social meetings of the people are frequent, and that in these gatherings of artisans and tradesmen, there is a delightful interchange of Christian thought and experience. One, who has lived here for many years, and is every way well qualified to judge, assures us, that in these circles he has heard thoughts so profound, and opinions so discriminating, that it confirmed to him the saying of a great man: "The Bible and Hymn-book, alone, are sufficient to give the people a solid and true education."

Were we to take Elberfeld as an average town, our estimate of the spiritual condition of Germany would obviously be too favourable. How often, however, is it the case, that a tourist takes what comes under his immediate observation as a specimen of the whole country. Instead of in Elberfeld we might have spent our Sunday in a place where Rationalism has ruled for many years, where on Easter Sunday the learned and practical Doctors preach on the advantages of early rising from the Gospel, which tells us that, very early in the morning Mary Magdalene came to the sepulchre—or where an aged Pastor on his jubilee-festival mentions it

as a sign of his successful ministry, that under his teaching the number of communicants has gradually dwindled down, so that with the last years he has no occasion to administer the sacrament. We might have found most probably in such a place some faithful and laborious servant of Christ, but the effects of a dead ministry in a neighbourhood are too deep-seated and widely spread, to disappear very rapidly. In Germany, especially, it is difficult for a stranger to arrive at a correct conclusion. Every State has its individuality and requires to be studied by itself. How unjust are often the inferences which a stranger draws! A Prussian clergyman, for instance after having spent a few days in Edinburgh, expressed his great astonishment and delight at what he had seen of the Christian piety and activity of the people, but there were two things, that staggered him. He could not understand, how such a church-going and church-loving people, who were evidently generous and liberal in their contributions, could allow their city churches to remain without organs, while even the poorest church in Germany if it has a spark of Christian life, makes a desperate effort to get some instrument; and again he could not at all comprehend how a people religious and devout could stand at prayer and not even fold their hands! However, a few words of explanation enabled him to put himself on another "stand point"!

But although Elberfeld has in many respects enjoyed unusual advantages, it stands by no means isolated, for throughout the great Fatherland, a new life has arisen in Church, and School, and Home. From Hamburg with its Rauhe House and the Lüneburger Heath with its missionary village, to Würtemberg with its warm-hearted devout people, among whom the Word of Christ dwells in all wisdom, and among whom the work of Christ is carried on with wonderful simplicity and affection—from the German Church in Livland, to the Rhenish Provinces with their Kaiserswerth and Barmen, and on to Bavaria, with its apostolic Pastor Löhe and his labours of Christian love at home and abroad: everywhere it is as if we heard the beautiful words: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land, the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give forth a good smell."

We could only stay a few hours at Bonn, but were glad to see again a German university town. We do not wonder that the Germans are proud of their universities, which have exerted so powerful an influence on the national life, and which form so strong a bond of union between the various parts of the Fatherland. At present the twenty-eight German universities have a staff of 1600 professors and assistants, and are attended by an average of about 16,000 students.

It was natural, that when the German universi-

ties first attracted the attention of other nations, the picturesque peculiarities of the student life should be chiefly noticed and described. Their quaint caps and ribands, their spurs and rapiers, their songs and phraseology, their social meetings, traditions and usages, their civil liberties and immunities, were points so striking, that they often prevented people from taking a deeper and a more correct view of the true and valuable peculiarities of the German college life. It is easy to lay hold of the student's absurd trappings and appendages, which it cannot be denied not unfrequently lead to waste of time and energy; still with the great majority of them these things are not merely harmless, but are positively useful, as promoting health, cheerfulness, and friendship among the youths of all the various faculties; while the outward separation, which isolates the student from the life and routine of civil society, affords him quiet and uninterrupted leisure for the pursuit of science. The amount of hard work in the German colleges is very great, and it is all the better, that it is coupled with youthful mirth, and the cultivation of social life and friendship. In the selection of lectures, and the course of reading, the student has greater liberty in Germany than is usually accorded him in other universities. This is partly owing, perhaps, to the circumstance, that the age at which it is usual to commence academic studies is about nineteen. The *esprit de corps* is very strong, and not limited to the members of the same college. The German universities form, as it were, a great whole, and the students regard themselves as members of one organism. It is customary to attend lectures in more than one university, and the connection between the various colleges in South and North, East and West, is kept up in many ways.

The relation subsisting between the professors and the students is very beautiful. Nowhere do teachers take a more kindly interest in their students, and nowhere do students regard their teachers with warmer affection, deeper gratitude, and more unreserved confidence. During the walks, which the Professor frequently takes with his youthful friends, or the evenings, in which his house is open to them, the freest expression of opinion takes place. Doubt and difficulties are stated in the most fearless and candid manner; thoughts and views exchanged with frankness and cordiality. Where such mutual esteem and trust reign, based on love of truth and faith, good and lasting results must inevitably follow. Especially in the theological faculty has this been of the utmost importance. Owing to the state of religious thought in the country, very few youths enter the university without bringing with them a mind unsettled on a hundred important questions, and agitated by the conflicting opinions, which on the highest and most solemn problems have been presented to their view. Doubts, which become hard and obstinate when banished into silence, disappear in the atmosphere of free

discussion, of fatherly affection, of brotherly appreciation, sympathy, and patience. How many of the German theological Professors have nobly performed the difficult and delicate work which was entrusted to their care; and what joy it must give them, to see their former pupils, whom in a period of great mental conflict and doubt they instructed and watched over, labouring now as faithful preachers of the everlasting Gospel and as wise and diligent pastors. How very important and practical does the Professor's life appear when we view it in this light, as pervading the pulpits, and parishes, and religious literature of the country.

We had the privilege of seeing a noble representative of German theology in the person of the venerable Professor Lange, who received us with German simplicity and kindness. Very rarely are gifts so various, blended so harmoniously as in the eminent Divine. Professor Lange is chiefly known by his profound work on the Life of Christ, which was occasioned by the attacks of the celebrated Strauss. It possesses not merely a polemical and temporary interest but is a permanent and valuable contribution to theological literature. In his dogmatic and exegetical works, we meet a deep and acute thinker, and metaphysician; and while perusing his sermons or his exquisitely tender and thoughtful religious poems, or his miscellanies on modern literature and science, we are astonished at the variety and extent of the subjects, in which he is at home and a master, and at the depth, vigour and beauty of thought and feeling which characterise all his writings. He is a bold and uncompromising champion of Christian truth.

But it is time to turn to the goal and aim of our journey. Of course none of our readers have any idea of the Rhine. It is a comfort to find some subjects, fresh and unhackneyed, or on which one may indulge the hope of being original. Have you not been bored to death with Central Africa, Palestine, Japan, and the Andes, Zulus and Cingalese, Turks and Tartars? Look at the catalogue of your circulating library, and mark off how many such nuisances you run the risk of being subjected to, and then honestly answer whether you have discovered one book of travels on the Rhine! But who, you say, would ever think of ordering Murray, or Bradshaw, or Baedeker, in their parcel from Mudie's? No one, assuredly; and therefore, we repeat it, we have found untrodden ground—we take up the Rhine!

Can't you remember when, by some lucky chance, fever or measles in a mild form broke out, long ago, at school—when it was pronounced “a proper precaution to send the other boys away,” and you—oh! *felix puer!*—at the very toughest and driest stretch of your winter term, were ordered home. Was it not doubly delicious to tumble in on the familiar every-day life, and to find nothing “got up” as at regular vacation time. The very absence of your old companions and silence of the once

noisy haunts, gave you a new impression of the place, and you were able to take a calm and philosophic estimate of the ditch cleared by Tom, and appreciate the true character of Brown's memorable run. We felt something akin to this in "doing our Rhine" in winter. We found everything *en famille*, from the dismantled steamer to the dismantled hotel. The very vineyards had their stakes down, and the Lurleifelsen beckoned apologies for the absence of the cunning man hid in the cave, who ought to have awaked their echoes. Here we were in February, from the very midst of our work, standing idly on the quay of Bonn, the broad river flashing past us in the bright winter sun, and with no less than a day and a half for "up the Rhine" and back again. But waiting for a Rhine steamer in winter has an interest of its own, for the Dampfschiff in winter is an entirely different animal from the Dampfschiff in summer. In summer the Dampfschiff is cosmopolitan: in winter she subsides into her normal German habits. In summer the Dampfschiff is punctual, practical, and energetic, having hours observed for her arrival and departure. But in winter, who can tell what the Dampfschiff will do, or not do? She may come to day, or she may not. She may be tomorrow. *Chi lo sa!* Perhaps like an honest Deutscher she lies speculating in a fog at Cologne when she ought to be at Coblenz, or taking a quiet smoke on a sandbank at Nonnenwerth when there is a crowd on tip-toe for her arrival at St. Goar. The telegraph and railways make up, however, now-a-days, for such inconveniences, and one can generally learn at the Bureau whether there is a chance of the steamer being one or twenty-four hours behind time, and act accordingly. In our case we found that an hour's patience would probably be rewarded by at least two hours of daylight, sufficient to take us by water as far up as Remagen. In the meantime we retired to a tidy Gasthof which had a charming little bay-window, overhanging the river, like those one sees painted on German clocks. And there we enjoyed such a view, and such outlets! Outside, the Sieben Gebirge stretched their soft outline against a winter sky, clear and brilliant as in Egypt; the river rolled below us burnished and glittering with sunshine, the long string of boats which form the quaint ferry swayed backwards and forwards in the current, like the tail of a vast kite waving in a peaceful Zephyr. Inside, the "Kellner," chuckled and chatted, and stirred up the embers in the white china stove, rejoicing to see anything approaching to tourists once more. We were a sort of first snow-drops, or primroses, to him,—so early for the season as to be curiosities. And by-and-by came the distant smoke of the steamer; a small knot of peasants gathered on the Quay; and we, shouldering our bundles of coats and rugs, soon found ourselves on board, with the whole quarter deck to ourselves. There is something very sad in the matter of fact, empty aspect of a Rhine steamer

in winter. It is like going into a ball-room when the music is silent, the revellers gone, and the upholsterers are removing the last wreath of ever-greens. After his Churchyard, Gray might have composed a touching elegy on a Dampfschiff in winter, had he but seen it. Where are now the sunny awnings, the bright flags, the bands of minstrels? What ghosts hover about the cold deck, what shades of happy bridal couples seem yet to "bill and coo" in that cosy corner by the companion. Where are the flaxen-haired English girls, the gruff Paterfamilias, the piles of luggage, the groups of soft-cheeked clerks from the City, *hasperating* their way to Switzerland, with the large checks and courier-bags? Where your silent routé of the extensive rings and chains, *en route* for Baden Baden or Homberg?

We at least are thankful they are not here, and that we have the Rhine all to ourselves on this glorious evening of more than summer clearness and golden beauty, though of somewhat less than summer heat. And now for the river! With merry pulses the little paddles beat up the stream, tossing out momentarily glittering jets of sunny hail. The tiled roofs of Bonn float away behind, and gradually, as we approach the Sieben Gebirge and the Drachenfels, the pale delicate lavender hue deepens, until each ridge and valley, and "castled crag" grows distinct. The long wavy outline which these hills presented, as seen from the south, changes as you get near them, and the whole group becomes resolved into a cluster of massive truncated cones, of the true volcanic type, and generally crowned with some church or convent, or "windy keep." Their sides, clothed in summer with leafy greenness, are now however bare and purple-dyed. Here is the true gateway of the Rhine. On one side the Drachenfels lifts its grey warder tower from its frowning precipice, on the other the Roderberg, bends in on the river, ending in the rough buttress of Rolandseck, with its ruined arch. From between these winds on the noble stream, like a vast avenue, walled in by wooded hills up to their knees in vineyards,—sweeping past old quaint towns, noisy with happy bells, and everywhere the rounded softness of the scenery broken up by jutting crags, each bearing its stately ruin and hoary tradition. Let people say what they will, the Rhine stands alone in the world. The Rhone, at certain localities, approaches it. Parts of the Danube may surpass it in grandeur—nay, some of our own rivers, as the Clyde, far excels it in another kind of scenery. But where will you find more beauty, combined with such a continual stream of human interest? With what songs and histories, with what old tales of chivalry or legends of wicked cruelty, is not each spot associated. Grim feudal castles, frowning hatred at one another, as they did when "Roland the Brave" watched the silent nunnery walls of Nonnenwerth, rise side by side with fortresses, whose familiar names call up "the great wars." Above all, whether wrongly or rightly, there is "a voice of freedom

in her roar." German song has consecrated the Rhine as the genius of German liberty.

After an hour more of villages, churches, bare vineyards, and swelling hills, we slowed up at the wooden jetty of Remagen. Daylight had been perceptibly decreasing, and the chillness increasing, so that, while sorry to leave the river, yet the prospect of a warm railway carriage to Bingen was not disagreeable. Finding, however, that we had a couple of hours to wait for the train, we employed the remaining twilight in strolling up to the new Gothic church and convent of St. Apollinaris, which stands nobly out on a crested height above the town. We found the door open, and the church empty. Daylight was almost gone—only a faint glimmer remained, hardly enough to reveal the stained windows and the outlines of the rich mullions. We half groped our way towards the high altar, and sat down on a bench to enjoy the perfect stillness and holy peace of the spot. One crimson lamp burned dimly, a single star in the gloom, but sufficient to throw into dark relief the great beam and crucifix crossing the apse above. We were soon disturbed by hurried footsteps and the rattle of keys, followed by sounds unmistakably symptomatic of doors about to be closed for the night. It was no wonder the young Capucino in his coarse flannels and rope girdle started as we suddenly emerged from the dim religious light of the penetralia. On finding, however, that we were "no robbers of churches," he entered into a frank chat, and told us how the pious family of Fürstberg had built the chapel at their own expense, and how rich it was in beauty,—but, above all, in possessing the skull of the potent Saint Apollinaris. It is a fair spot for a church and quiet convent, raised high above the noisy world, whose traffic goes sweeping past on the broad pathway of the stream below. Before we turned down from the hill we lingered, listening to the evening bells chiming from the many villages along the Rhine valley, now bursting out in merry peals, and now in dropping notes, deep-toned and musical, from tower and town and lonely convent far up among the heights.

It was Scotch fog as we reached Remagen, thickening into an honest pour of rain, which battered lustily on the carriage windows as we ran up in darkness and dreary unconsciousness to Bingen—the *ultima Thule* of our journey. There we found the great hotel fairly in its winter quarters, and more than half shut up. The long suites of rooms were closed—their windows blinded with shutters; the salons dismantled and nearly filled with piles of chairs. A forlorn hope of a waiter attended us in a little room, over-heated by two enormous stoves, which burnt the air into that dry exhausting sort of atmosphere, of which a sirocco in the Desert is the perfection. The last of the "Kellners" had been wisely preserved. He had an ideal head, and an omnipresent busy little body. He might have sat for his portrait as Oliver Goldsmith, and, but for the napkin under his arm,

Oliver himself would have been puzzled as to his identity. We, of course, at once pronounced him the true Oliver, and the hotel, not unworthily, his Deserted Village. It might be a good subject for Notes and Queries, to discover what becomes in winter of all the waiters. How postillions and donkeys disappear has ever been a mystery to the wise, but surely not more so than this strange annual vanishing of thousands of waiters ought to be. Where are gone those ranks of black coats and white neckcloths, and snowy fronts, beneath which, they say, beat human hearts, if so, then the most un murmuring and uncared for of any hearts? Do they migrate as do the swallows? and, as unable to exist without having some useful ministry to fulfil, do they fly south to Italy or Egypt, that they may still sun themselves in the smiles of happy voyageurs? Or do they hibernate, sleeping for the six months of winter, as they are certainly awake for the six months of summer? Do you not envy the lucky *garçon* as he pitches napkin, and collar and tie, and all the seedy black suits aside, and stretches himself once more under the timber rafters of his home, far away in the quiet Swiss valley, dumb and silent in the soft deep snows? No more turnings out in the grey morning to receive the parting thunders of the angry millionaire over his reckoning, and bound himself to return but a smiling "*Bon voyage, Monsieur!*" What sleeps the rogues must have now to make up for it all—what days and days of unshaved slovenly blessedness. We confess to a profound reverence for their cloth. May their dreams be sweet, as ours were, in the Deserted Village!

Our next morning was grey and cold, and grey and cold were the steep heights of Niederwald opposite us, with the surly Bingen Loch at their base. Bingen fronts the finest wine country on the Rhine. From these hills, now chill and bare, what kindly streams of ruddy Rudesheimer, Assmanshauser, and costliest Johannisberger, have trickled their way through Europe, Asia, America, finally disappearing over the nice palates of kings and kaisers, prelates and presidents. Rhine and wine rhyme naturally, they seem made for each other. Did you ever hear a German song in which the couplet did not come in? And good cheerful wine it is, merrily and wisely taken by its people, without intemperance. Liebig attributes the happiness of the Rhine peasantry to their sober enjoyment of their wine. Such a thing as a suicide was never heard of in all the Rhine land. Only once, he says, there was an approach to one. Something went wrong with an honest burgher of Rudesheim. He could not make out why it should be so, but he felt very miserable. Life became a burden to him, and in an evil moment he determined to hang himself. He procured a rope, retired to a lonely apartment, attached the cord to a beam in the roof, and proceeded to adjust the noose. But as he was on the point of effecting his purpose, his fingers paused,—a thought struck him. Would he not

like merely to taste that wonderful vintage, the best he ever had, before he finally dropped? Under the circumstances the opening of a whole bottle would be perhaps excusable. So drawing his head out of the noose, he went away to his cellar. "Ach! what a bouquet! Such wine as that he had never drunk; how it had improved! He would take but one other glass, and then"—his eyes fixed meditatively—"Was it right that he who possessed such a cellar should hang himself?" The burgher was convinced, and, almost ashamed to look his wine-rack in the face, he hurried up to destroy the rope. This, according to Liebig, was the first and last attempt at suicide in the Rhine valley.

To-day the steamer failed us, for, instead of coming in the morning, as advertised, we were told she might probably arrive about six at night. The railway, however, as it winds generally by the very brink of the river, gave us a rapid but pleasant glimpse at things. The day was gloomy—the distances muffled in haze, but the nearer views picturesquely relieved by the strong shadows, so that crags and castles stood out in fine outline against the dimmer background. It is hard work enjoying such scenery from the windows of a railway carriage—as now, at one side, you have to stretch yourself past your neighbour, or flatten your nose against the glass, to gain a look at this turn, where in grand vista you see river, and towns, and castled promontories stretching away behind; or now, if very enthusiastic, you have to rush frantically to the other side, and almost dislocate your neck in trying to have a peep up at the great walls of some Rheinstein or feudal rampart, "toppling to its fall" over your very head. And so we ran down from Bingen to St. Goar, past the little tower in the stream where the noble rats ate the ignoble Hatto, and by many another spot whose fame or infamy is written in the book of Murray. What lively times the Rhine must have had in those days when all those "keeps" were filled with their feudal chiefs—when the mild Archbishop of Treves held this Schloss, and the reverend father of Mentz levied black mail from that other. Castle threatens castle the whole length of the happy valley. There are two, not far from one another, whose names are suggestive—"The Cat," "The Mouse." This seems to have been the game they all played.

To-day the Lurlei rocks were but a huge India-ink mass, without scar or cranny visible on their worn sides. The echo, too, had caught cold, and was unable to do more than hoarsely clear her throat as we went flying down the narrow gorge. The river itself was much as it is in summer, the only difference being that the volume of water was much smaller, and there were no rafts of wood dragging their slow lengths along. The melting of the Swiss snows are the cause of the summer increase of tide and traffic. At St. Goar we alighted and crossed in a sort of Charon's ferryboat to St. Goarhausen, intending to go up to the high ruins of Katzenellin.

Breakfast at the "Adler," followed by what the Germans call "*oosenfischer*," made us change our minds, so we hailed Charon once more, and gave him his obolus to take us back again. As conscience and a virtuous minority however checked us for our laziness, we compensated for it by making a toilsome ascent to the great fortress of Rheinfels, above St. Goar, only to find the door locked, and the key in possession of some worthy burgher in the town below. We therefore contented ourselves in wandering for awhile round the crumbling bastions, enjoying pretty peeps into the quiet valleys lying behind the Rhine, and in listening to a fervid description, from an old fellow who had joined us, of how the French revolutionary army had riddled the strong place "into road metal," and how the German commandant had been afterwards sent "to Hades" by his government, for not preventing them.

From St. Goar we took the railway to Capellen, and once more alighted, in order to visit Stolzenfels. This castle, piled on a projecting crag, several hundred feet above the river, is a modern restoration by the present King of Prussia, at that time Crown Prince, of the old feudal fortress, with all its antique "properties" and appliances, from drawbridge and portcullis, up to the high machicolated tower. The interior, though itself modern, is most interesting as an accurate representation of the ancient "Schloss." The Prince has also gathered here a fine collection of mediæval furniture and curiosities, but above all, a marvellous display of old drinking cups and wassail bowls. The dining-hall is a very museum of tankards of every device and dimension. And there too, in Stolzenfels, are the rooms from which our own Queen and "Albert the Good" had, years ago, looked out together on that noble view, stretching from the ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein to the lofty battlements of Marksburg.

But our short winter day was now over. The drizzly evening gradually shrouded the hills, affording us but a hazy glimpse of Coblenz and Andernach, with its romantic towers and steep roofs, quaint with their multitude of dove-cote windows. And so in mist and drizzle and haze we hurried back to Cologne.

Before parting from Cologne, we must record our impressions of its carnival; which we saw in all its glory, and in all its folly. We *did* the great cathedral, of course—for the tenth time in our life—with all due solemnity and increasing satisfaction. We paid our respects even to the three kings, and in that dimly lighted sarcophagus chambers tried in vain to resuscitate the feelings with which we looked for the first time—how long ago we dare not tell!—on those three worthies, who had then a romantic mediæval charm about them which locomotives, Bradshaws, and "through tickets" have banished. And so it happened, to our sorrow, that, in spite of all the eyes which we knew have gazed upon these eastern monarchs; all the trusting minds which have been awed by them;

all the good peasants, powerful kings, simple nuns, and weeping penitents, whose faith in the Church, and let us hope in a story of something more worthy of their confidence, had been strengthened by them;—in spite of all these associations, so intensely prosaic and modern had we become, that those three brown skulls which once presumed to be real anatomical endings of three actual bodies, were nothing else, in our eyes, than three skulls only, which had befooled and humbugged thousands for many centuries.

No one, now-a-days, describes the cathedral of Cologne, any more than the eau-de-cologne. The world knows both sufficiently well. But it may be satisfactory for the lovers of art to be assured that the grandest work of human hands—not the eau, but the dome—will in all human probability be completed in ten years. So we at least were assured by a person who seemed as one having authority over the busy workmen, and who moreover was himself a fine old strong building—though not quite of the religious order—having been in all the campaigns of Napoleon, from Aspern, Essling, Wagram, down to Waterloo.

But let us to our Carnival. We admit that it is almost like profanity to include in the same page an allusion to Cologne Cathedral and a description of the masks and big noses, so prominent on a day of Carnival. But we are encouraged to attempt this union by the vivid remembrance we have of a priest at the altar of the Cathedral, with a nose quite as demonstrative and quite as highly coloured as most of those we witnessed on the day of festival.

Though there was much to see on that day, yet there is little to tell; for not much of what we did see is after all worth remembering. But if D'Alembert was right when he said that "to know that we cannot know certain things is positive knowledge," so must it be allowed that it is positive knowledge to know that we cannot enjoy or admire certain things; and such was pretty much the result of our experience of a German Carnival.

The day was splendid. The trains were crammed with people at every stoppage, struggling to get to the point of attraction. The masters and officials in all the "Expeditions" of the different stations were in such a state of excitement that they sometimes actually stopped smoking their pipes, and ran shouting along the platforms to the eager crowds! Every hotel and gasthaus was full of "Jas" and "Mein Herrs." The streets were, as the phrase is, a living torrent. Masks concealed, and we imagine, in many cases, improved the faces of the multitude. All pressed and crushed towards the large open space of the "Newmarket," and thither we went, receiving as strangers innumerable compliments, and spiced remarks, from the unseen mouths within the masks.

On paying a few groschen we were admitted within the great square in which the grand procession was to assemble. As the event of the day,

it was thence to promenade through the town, and compel laughter that would suffice for the next year, among the staid burghers who with their wives and little ones filled every window from the streets to the slates in all the thoroughfares which the grand procession was to pass. On entering the square we beheld numerous bands of music. These bands, let us say, performed admirably, and it was probably this feat, with the contrast presented between their artistic skill as musicians, and their costume as old fools, which made them specially ludicrous.

One band, for example, was on horseback, the riders being dressed as Arabs. But the most absurd consisted of about twenty-three first-rate performers, all dressed in top-boots, coat, and waistcoat of an old cut. Each differed from the other in the colour of some portion of his clothes. No coat, waistcoat, or breeches were alike; green, blue, yellow, red, saffron, purple, &c., had their respective patrons. A sober red wig crowned each head; while an appropriate nose adorned each face. The grand decoration, however, was the head-dress. This represented some well-known dinner dish, copied from life (or death). One player gently moved his head in a beautiful waltz, while on his head again moved a large tureen with ladle, or drinking spoon, in it; on another was a large plate with a roast leg of mutton; on another a salmon, with salad; on another bottles of champagne; on another a large ham, and so on. And the ancient company with red wigs and old clothes played with intensest gravity the finest tunes, while the leg of mutton nodded on one head, and the huge tureen threatened to fall from another. The whole spectacle was extremely ludicrous. Even we laughed. Then followed a series of great waggons, drawn by several horses, concealed by gay trappings, and adorned with all sorts of devices. They were filled with men and women in fancy costume, who scattered among the eager crowd printed slips of poetry, descriptive of their peculiar exhibition.

Each of these cars had more or less of a political meaning. One, for instance, had a gilt boat on which were seated men dressed as English sailors. Above was an empty throne, and beside it a figure of a heroine representing Greece, with sundry other artistic arrangements in silver and gold to tell the story of the vacant throne. And in the same way, by means of huge cars, many fantastic ornaments, and stately personages dressed in character, as kings, queens, soldiers or sailors, the prevailing topics of public interest were expressed. Even "Progress" was represented by a spirited horse trampling under foot kings, princes, and soldiers, all supposed to be its opponents. There were a multitude of figures and all sorts of symbols representing the political and commercial state of Germany, until one got wearied of the crowd, the crush, the grave nonsense of the whole thing, and wondered how sensible people could make such fools of themselves and pay about 20,000 dollars for doing so.

We end by expressing a conviction which we have

long held and now hold more firmly than ever, that the merriest, cheerfullest, and happiest country one enters is England; that the saddest is France; and that between them both are Scotland and Germany. The Carnival at Cologne has not altered our belief, however heterodox this may appear to be to those who measure the gaiety of a people by the amount of the means required to produce it.

By the way, we shall give something useful to

travellers—an ounce of bread after all this sack—by publishing an announcement which we copied from a placard on the door of the luggage office at Cologne station. Here it is *verbatim et literatim*: “Gentlemen travellers are begged to surrender their tickets unfold open.” We hope all will do so—we have done our best to make the request known. Its meaning is their look out, not ours.

N. M^cL., A.S., W. F. S., D. M^cL.

CHRISTMAS EVANS.

THESE are very few travellers or tourists in Wales who will not remember having seen at some halting-place in their rambles, either at the sea-side lodging-house, or in the little parlour of the country inn, a picture of an unprepossessing countenance, with one eye quite closed up, and very little apparent speculation in the other. If this portrait were met with anywhere but in Wales, it would probably at once be taken for a representation of some renowned pugilist copied from the original very shortly after one of his professional engagements. But as every one knows that in Wales the people seldom exhibit portraits of any but divines, the visitor is constrained to take a closer inspection of the picture, and from the wisp of white neck-tie, the high black coat collar, and the *tout ensemble* of the costume, he is impelled to the conclusion that the suspected gladiator is verily a member of the clerical ranks. Though by profession clerical, however, our friend does not seem to be very dainty of his “cloth;” for even in an engraving his coat appears to indicate rude manufacture, and long wear. Lavater himself might well be puzzled to divine the powers or the passions which the drowsy face denotes; for, with the exception of a sort of sluggish, elephantine humour expressed in the one eye which is supposed to be susceptible of daylight, a drearier or more stolid physiognomical blank it is difficult to conceive.

Yet this is a faithful likeness of a great man. We use the word great in its more conventional sense, and not as implying the possession of the higher and subtler intellectual endowments, for the most partial and enthusiastic Cambrian would scarcely claim these qualities for his idol. For it is before the picture of an idol that we stand; a man as emphatically and devotedly worshipped in his day, as any deity of heathendom; and more so, probably, within his own sphere than any one hero of a man-worshipping age.

It is a pity that this picture was not taken whilst this Welsh apostle was engaged in public labour, at the moment that his violent imagination was revelling amidst its mildest and most grotesque extremes. Then would have become apparent in the face some index of the specialities of the man; for if ever there was a man whose general

appearance in repose belied his character, that man was Christmas Evans.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for the most phlegmatic spectator to look upon a dense and eager crowd of people unmoved. But no phlegmatic spirit could attract a crowd around himself. There never probably in the history of oratory was an eye which surveyed such vast multitudes of which itself was the centre, as the one eye of Christmas Evans. If an artist could have sketched him then, there would have been an almost inspired animation in the face which is stereotyped as so dull and heavy. Not that there was no fire within; far from that. He had a feverish soul—an almost volcanic nature—there was lava under that drowsy exterior, and it lay very near the surface. But it needed some fire from without to kindle the fire within, and oftentimes the inspiration of the mighty crowds which came to hear him preach effected this in a marvellous degree. Vast crowds they were; and as curious as they were vast. It would have been indeed a study for a painter to have looked upon the rapt fixedness of the upturned faces of the tens of thousands who thronged round this uncouth declaimer, as he held them spell-bound by his weird and rugged eloquence. I can imagine a reader starting at the expression tens of thousands, as applied to one congregation, but in several instances it is not an overstatement. I have been assured by several ministers in Wales, that as many as forty or fifty thousand people have been congregated together at the services he has conducted. The effect of his name in the heyday of his popularity in Wales was talismanic. No matter how formal the company, you had but to introduce his name to lift the thermometer from zero to fever heat. The mention of “old Christmas,” instead of causing a Welshman instinctively to button his top-coat, would be enough to make him literally perspire with enthusiasm—for he would not associate the name with the hoary king who wears a holly crown; but with the travelling preacher, with his old hat, his threadbare coat, his black gaiters—and his one eye.

It is not an easy matter to convey a correct idea of the necromancy of his power by any specimens we might furnish of his style of preaching, as they

must lose much of their wild music from their translation into the English dialect. Still, however, an extract or two will give some notion of the grotesqueness of his imagery; and will furnish an incidental illustration of the susceptibility of the Welsh character to the influence of a luxuriant and perfectly unbridled imagination. It will be seen that Christmas Evans did not trouble himself much about consecutiveness of thought or illustration, but crowded metaphor on metaphor, and absolutely precipitated his soul into the wild turmoil of excitement he was creating in others.

Possibly, however, it may be well to postpone our extracts until we have furnished a very hasty account of his life, with a few of its more amusing incidents.

From among the picturesque hills of Cardiganshire there runs down a mountain stream known as the Tify, or, according to our English mode of pronunciation, the *Tivy*. Until a few months ago the angler found here congenial sport, and many a brave salmon has been landed on its banks. But business enterprise, always unromantic and un-sportsmanlike, has discovered a rich vein of lead amongst the mountain slopes which dip into these leaping waters; and their impregnation with the lead ore has banished the Waltonian from the spot, while the undermining of the hills has also undermined the constitutions of the fish. This part of the Principality has hitherto escaped the relentless invasions of the outer world, and has remained shut up in a sort of intramural seclusion and aboriginal retirement. It was in one of the sparsely sprinkled hamlets of this neighbourhood that Christmas Evans first looked upon the light. He saw the world with *two* eyes at his birth, though an accident closed up one before he reached to man's estate.

While occupied as a farm labourer, he met with a series of narrow escapes, which fomented in his mind a kind of faith in special and supernatural agency. He had a fall from a tall tree whose boughs he was engaged in cutting, and was found senseless with his open pruning knife in his hand. On another occasion he fell into a swollen torrent of water, and, by almost a miracle, escaped drowning. Subsequently, on quarrelling with a comrade, he was stabbed in the breast so savagely as to render his recovery for some time precarious. These things stirred within him that belief in what is preternatural, which from time to time became apparent in the private converse, and even the public addresses of his after life. Speaking about accidents, although the mishap which deprived him of his eye occurred some time after those related above, it may as well be mentioned now. He was a lad of about eighteen, and, stirred by the impassioned fervour of the "revivals" which were continually rife in Wales in the latter half of the eighteenth century, had already begun to preach, though with little satisfaction to himself or profit to others. He had run to a fair at a place called Capel Cynon, and was returning home with a copy of "The

Pilgrim's Progress" he had purchased, when he was attacked by a number of the "roughs" who frequented these fairs, and in the struggle received a blow in the eye, which permanently closed it, and necessitated the truthful artist to present our hero with the *unsightly* wink upon his countenance which his portraits bear.

Christmas Evans showed much of his natural energy in the uphill work of self-education. For the first ten or more years of his life he could neither read nor write, but contrived to teach himself these accomplishments very perfectly as far as his own language was concerned. The prospects of his life beginning, however, to shape themselves more definitely in the direction of the Christian ministry, he began to acquire a very slender smattering of the classics under the Rev. D. Davies of Castell Hywel. This Mr. Davies appears to have been quite a phenomenon. He was a man of gigantic stature and proportions. The neighbours round were afraid to lend him their little Welsh ponies, lest he should break their backs; and his tailor was wont to speak of him after his death with a kind of awful veneration. He was educated at the Caermarthen Presbyterian College, but he wandered widely from the orthodox faith. He was led into these aberrations, not from a sceptical habit of mind, but from the essential tenderness of his nature, which caused him to shrink from all doctrines which seemed to him in any way to interfere with the happier hopes of mankind. He declared his belief alike in the true piety of John Calvin, and Dr. Priestley, though he condemned the materialism of the latter in the following humorous stanza:—

"Here lie at rest, in oaken chest,
Together packed up neatly,
The bones and brains, flesh, blood, and veins,
And SOUL of Dr. Priestley."

Despite his cultured scholarship and refinement of mind, he retained a more than rustic uncouthness of appearance. A Welsh bard, happening to see him in a deluge of rain all swathed from head to foot in twisted bands of straw, delivered an impromptu upon him, of which the following is a translation:—

"O Bard and Teacher, famed afar!
Such light I never saw;
It ill becomes a house like thine
To wear a roof of straw."

to which Davies is said to have replied:—

"The rain is falling fast, my friend;
You know not what you say:
A roof of straw, methinks, does well
Besseem a house of clay."

Such was the tutor of Christmas Evans; a congenial mentor for such a pupil. That pupil continued to preach first under Presbyterian auspices, and afterwards nominally as a Baptist, but actually as a Christmas Evansite, with an increasing degree of acceptance. At first he did not seem very particular how he obtained his sermons, but it appears

he had more confidence in other people's resources than his own. One of his earliest successful efforts was a discourse readily extracted from the "The-saurus Theologicus" of Beveridge. The plagiarism was not detected at the time, though probably confessed by himself after his popularity had been achieved. A second attempt, however, proved less successful;—for having committed to memory and appropriated another published sermon, he was found out and taxed with the fact, which he could not deny. Some of his friends, by way of excuse, were loud in their praises of the young preacher's prayer, but it subsequently transpired that he was indebted also for this prayer to a minister of the name of Griffith Jones! He even went so far as to vindicate to some extent this doubtful policy, for in a charge to a young minister many years after, he is reported to have said—"You may steal the iron, brother, if you like, but be sure you always make your own nails;—then, if needs be, you can swear they are your own property." In accordance with this principle, he gave the following comparison between adroit and awkward plagiarism: "G— goes to Llandovery fair, sees his chance, runs away with a horse, and at the first smithy gets it newly shod, docks the mane and tail, and transforms the animal as much as possible; W— goes to the fair, steals a horse too, but leaves it precisely as he found it;—the consequence is, W— is caught as a thief, while G— passes for an honest man."

I fear I have related nothing yet of this Cambrian apostle to recommend him to the reader's esteem; certainly nothing to account for the wondrous popularity he afterwards attained. I had nearly said, "his *unbounded* popularity;" but that would have been a mistake, for it never extended beyond the hills of "the Principality." Of course the fame of his "sensations" made his name well known throughout the United Kingdom, insomuch that his sermons and memoirs have met with a considerable Transatlantic circulation; and within the last twelve months, or little more, he figured conspicuously in a meritorious French publication. Still, I can never believe, from reading translations of his most notable discourses, that he would ever have attained anything like the legitimate popularity and position in England or Scotland which he attained in Wales. There was an unbridled and an inconsecutive revelry about his pictorial conceits which would have been regarded as savouring of coarseness, and would have repelled any people in whom a taste for what is essentially grotesque and wild did not predominate over more literary and chastened predilections. He was a Welshman to the backbone, and as such we must regard him. And the extravagancies which would have caused him to rank amongst the most illiterate of revivalists here, raised him to a pinnacle of notoriety amongst the *élite* of his own province; and have placed his compositions amongst the selectest of Cambrian classics! So strong were all his Welsh propensions, that he jealously watched

and strenuously censured any appearance of a tendency on the part of the younger ministers with whom he came in contact to import any English idioms or mannerisms, or to select the basis of their discourses from any English source.

But with all this uncouthness, and apparent intolerance of that which we should deem simply becoming and seemly in an aspirant to prelectorial influence, there were a true power and poetry in his mind, which entitle him to stand out as a man of mark. It was his advantage to find his birthplace in a land which has been the nursery of rugged fancies; to speak in a language the most fitting his mind, and which gave a sort of Æolian melody to what in any other dialect would have been harsh; and to flourish at a time when the public mind around him was heated with hectic influences, and the pulse of pietism was at fever point. He had an imagination, and a strong one; and so impetuous was his temperament, that he could scarcely help pouring forth the wild fancies which disturbed him. If his imagination had been more chaste, and his taste more scrupulous, he would undoubtedly have been less popular. There was more of the audacious than the sublime about his flights, if flights they could be called. He seemed fonder of diving than of soaring, and sometimes there would be an unshrinking precipitancy in his descents which seems almost shocking to our reverential sensibilities. Verily, of him it might be said, "*Facilis decensus Averni,*" for he would pitch headlong into some boiling Phlegethon of his own creation—if he could not find one in his text—and flounder there in energetic convulsions until both himself and his audience were almost frenzied by the fervent heat.

The great Carthaginian rival of Scipio lost his eye in a quagmire; and if we had been assured that Christmas Evans sustained a similar loss by tumbling into some sulphurous cauldron, which the hags of his imagination, like Macbeth's witches, had mixed under his pulpit, we could scarcely have marvelled at the fact.

When his popularity was at its height, itinerancy was prevalent amongst the country ministers of the Principality; so our hero was much engaged in journeying from place to place, principally on foot, preaching as he went. As he advanced, his fame went before him, and his admirers clustered round him in vast force. Preaching now in a chapel, whose every corner would be crowded, and whose vicinity would be besieged by as many thousands as there were hundreds within; and now in the open air, his congregations gathered and swelled like a rolling snowball until they attained prodigious proportions. This "Pilgrim's Progress" must have had its deeper as well as its more grotesque appearances. Fully persuaded that he had received a "commission from on high" to undertake the journey, the fervid evangelist would start forth upon an excursion extending from one extremity of the Principality to the other. At first, during the time he was travelling the northern counties, his

success was not quite equal to that which his sanguine presentiments had presaged. Discomfited by this discovery, his tender conscience troubled him with tormenting misgivings that he had not been "called" to the work of the ministry. And as he arrives at that well-known road which lies through the lovely and majestic "Pass of Aberglaslyn," there commences a strong heart-wrestling with the Supreme, which is most touching in its sacred earnestness. We love him better, believe him more, and feel more tender towards his extravagances now that we have seen him weighed down by modest self-distrust—alighting from the pony which has been lent him for a few miles, and going into a field to pray that some inward witness may be given him to attest the truth of his mission, and to assure him of his divine credentials in its discharge. The heart even of the Christian man of taste and culture cannot fail to warm towards the poor wayfarer as he turns aside into those mountain glens and kneels down upon the heather to implore an assurance of his high commission. And as he carries that assurance with him on his further way, in place of the weight of misgiving which had surcharged his soul, we can scarcely wonder at the spreading enthusiasm which his appeals created amongst the population, and that by the time he reached the south his ascendancy over the simple-minded multitude should have become strong and influential. Behold him now amongst the valleys of Glamorganshire in the midst of one of his greatest excitements. The trumpet has been sounded before him, a voice has prepared the way in the wilderness in the shape of "publications" from all the pulpits in every hamlet and town, and the one-eyed evangelist is expected by a mighty crowd at every halting-place. Chapels are by this time out of the question, and nothing but a twenty-acre field will accommodate the worshippers. In the middle of a working-day at harvest time Christmas Evans will arrive. A most inconvenient time! No matter—service at two o'clock. Hodge flings down his sickle and Polly her fork, and away they rush to the field where Christmas is to preach. They perspire more over the sermon than they did over their work. Christmas is to preach again at seven o'clock that evening. Long before the time appointed the stir begins. The housewife cannot keep her servants to their work, and perhaps she would not if she could; but the dairy-maid forgets her milking-pail, and leaves the kine to low untended in the meadow, and all set off to the great point of attraction. Wayfarers from all the country-side come crashing through the hedge, sadly destroying the poor farmer's fences, who cannot interfere, because he stands in the cart with Christmas, with his steel spectacles across his nose, and his best top-boots on, to give out the hymns; and he feels that it will be a much easier job for him to stop the gaps with hurdles in the morning, than to spell out the hymns and pitch the tune: so, like a true philosopher, he concentrates his

energies on the matter in hand, and leaves the rest to take its chance. And now the preacher rises. He peers queerly at the throng out of his one eye as he gives out his text. A very few moments suffices for exposition, for that is not his forte. Soon the stir amongst the crowd begins. The Cambrian clown stands open-mouthed, splashed to the eyes with the soil of many strata: for the orator has slackened the reins, and his wild fancy begins to plunge and grow ungovernable. Very soon the steed becomes as frantic as that of Phaeton himself, and carries its driver *volens volens* up hill and down dale with fearful randomness. But the charioteer has no sense of fear,—there seems to be something in the wild motion which exhilarates and delights him, and away he goes, flinging aside the bridle, and postilioned by relays of "spirits from the vasty deep," who ply whip and spur to make the pace still madder. Judgment and taste run still panting up and make a dive at the heads of the prancing coursers; but the "fast and furious" Tam o' Shanter strikes them down and runs over them, turning back to laugh at them as they lie sprawling in the dust. One can almost fancy the shade of some learned gardener amongst Hebrew roots and Greek derivations rising from the grave, and lifting up its flaccid hands in horror as old Christmas flings all sober commentaries to the winds, and dramatises away as follows concerning the demoniac, whose spirits were transmitted to the swine: "By this time the devil became offended with the Gadarenes, and in a pout he took the demoniac away and drove him into the wilderness. He thought the Gadarenes had no right to meddle with his property; and he knew that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' He could not send him home, so he thought he would try to persuade him to cut his own throat. But here Satan was nonplused, his rope was too short; he couldn't turn executioner himself, as then the act would have been his own sin and not the man's. The poor demoniac must therefore go and hunt up a sharp stone or anything he could get. It was while looking for this that he met the Son of God." After a little more similar description the preacher goes on: "Methinks that one of the men who fed the hogs kept a better look-out than the rest of them, and said,

"What ails all the hogs? Look sharp there, boys—keep them in—use your whips. Why don't you run—Why, as I live, there's one of them bolted headlong over the cliff! There! there—Morgan—yonder goes another! Drive them back, Tom."

"Never was such running and whipping and hallooing; but down go the hogs, before they were aware of it. One of them said—

"They are all gone!"

"No, sure, not all of them gone into the sea?"

"Yes, everyone of them; and if ever the devil entered anything in this world, he has entered into those hogs."

"What," says Jack, "and is the noble black hog gone?"

“Yes! yes! I saw him scampering down that hill as if the very devil himself were in him; and I saw his tail take the last dip in the water below.”

Then he goes on most ludicrously to describe the meeting of the drovers with their master—their rueful tale—and the owner's anger at the loss of his pigs. Then he gives a weird account of the delivered demoniac going through the cities declaring his deliverance, which, if he did it after the fashion which old Christmas ascribes to him, must have left some doubt upon the public mind as to the perfectness of his cure! The preacher makes him shout—

“O yes! O yes!—Please to take notice of me the demoniac among the tombs—I am the man”—and so on—describing the features of his deliverance. After this comes a description of the return of the demoniac to his wife, and the meeting between them. The children are depicted as playing outside—at length they come running into the house.

“O mother! father is coming, and he will kill us all.”

“Children, come all into the house,” said the mother—“let us fasten the doors.”

“Are all the windows fastened, children?”

“Yes, mother.”

“Mary, my dear, come from the window; don't be standing there.”

“Why, mother, I can hardly believe that it is father! that man is well dressed.”

I should like to extract the whole of this grotesque scene; but space will not permit, for the preacher's descriptions are so very minute. Suffice it to say, the demoniac comes tapping at the window; and when the wife has been in strong hysterics and “brought to” by the usual appliances, she finds her husband sitting quietly beside her, tenderly consoling and soothing her, and giving an account of the deliverance wrought upon him. And then he winds up with a chorus of “Glory in the highest! Hosanna! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Let the whole earth praise Him. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!” And this chorus would be taken up by the vast concourse who had been swaying to and fro in unrestrained excitement, until the very air resounded with the shouts of “Gogoniant! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!”

The following is part of a most grotesque description of the search of the Wise Men after the young child:—

“I imagine them entering a village, going up to the gate and inquiring, ‘Do you know anything of the child?’ The gate-keeper comes to the door, and, mistaking their question, answers, ‘You have to pay three halfpence for each of the asses.’ They explain, ‘We didn't ask whether there was anything to pay, but whether you knew anything of the child.’ ‘I know nothing of him,’ says the gate-keeper, ‘but a little further on you will find a blacksmith's shop, inquire there.’ The wise men go to the shop. ‘Do you know anything of the young child?’ The smith answers, ‘The asses

can't be shod just now, you will have to wait two hours.’ ‘You mistake us,’ say the Wise Men, we don't want the asses shod, but we want to hear of the young child.’ ‘I don't know anything about him,’ says the smith, ‘but ask at the public-house.’ The wise men go to the inn. ‘Do you know anything of the young child?’ The landlord shouts to the servants, ‘Be quick, a quart of porter for the strangers.’ ‘No, no, we want neither porter nor ale; but can you tell us anything about the young child?’ ‘No: but in the shop to the left there is a person who reads all the newspapers (!), and perhaps he can tell you.’ At the shop they ask. ‘Do you know anything here about the young child?’ ‘Half a quarter of tobacco for the strangers,’ says the shopkeeper to his apprentice. ‘We don't want any tobacco, but we want to hear about the young child.’ And so old Christmas sends these unfortunate wise men here and there, afflicting all his creations with deafness, until at last they meet with John the Baptist, with his camel's hair, and leathern girdle, who says he knows all about him—“Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world!”

Such are specimens of the wild pictorial style of Christmas Evans. Many other extracts might be given, manifesting greater power and poetry than these, and savouring a little less of the grotesque. But it will be easy to draw from such as have been given some idea of the effects such a man would be likely to produce when speaking vehemently in a language suited to his style, and to a multitude of kindred temperaments with his own. I have made these few transcriptions from a great number of specimens furnished by the Rev. D. M. Evans, of Llanelly, in a very able memoir* of Christmas Evans recently published.

It will be plainly seen that there is something more than the mere illiterate rant of vulgarity and ignorance in this good man. His imagination was by no means of a lofty type; but it was potent of its kind. It made common things available for illustration, and spoke at once to the meaner comprehensions of men. It might be said that he degraded lofty and sacred themes by bending them down to a too material standard; but this fault was not the result of irreverence, or of a desire to popularise himself at the expense of his theme, but only a necessary part of a nature wherein fancy and emotion predominated over every moderating faculty—a mind which was nothing if not pictorial, and which was so natural and unstrained in its painting and dramatic tendency that even in the article of death it could not curb the inspiration of its visions, but with a wave of the hand and a whispered adieu to the weepers round his bed, cried “Drive on!” as though he saw some heavenly chariot waiting to carry him away to the homes of the “spirits of the just.”

ARTHUR MURSELL.

* Published by Heaton & Son, 21, Warwick Lane

EVENING HEXAMETERS.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

DARKLY the minster-towers, against the glow of the sunset,
 Rise from the purple band of mist that beleaguers the city :
 Golden the sky behind, into purest silver melting,
 Then dissolved into azure, and arching over the zenith ;
 Azure, but flush'd with rose, in token that day yet lingers.
 Porcelain-blue in their haze, the hills watch over our dwellings ;
 O'er them the evening-star its pale clear beacon hath kindled.
 All is calmness and silence,—a scene from the happier country.
 O blest shades of Eve ! O gentle parting of daylight !
 Masses of colour divine, all human skill surpassing !
 Earthly pleasures may flit, and leave but a pang behind them :
 Friends that we love may die, and their faces be past recalling ;
 Only an hour like this fades never away from remembrance,
 Only thoughts like these track all our life with blessing.
 If the sun setteth no more in the golden country of promise,
 Then must all be changed,—or else were this earth more lovely !
 Sunset, beautiful sunset—summer, and winter, and autumn,
 Ay, and the budding springtide—what were they all without thee ?
 Lulling the day to sleep with all its busy distractions,
 Calming the soul from toil to share the blessing of converse,
 Tinting the skies with a thousand hues unknown to the daylight,
 Touching the temples of earth with a coal from the fire of the altar,
 Fading away into calmness, and bringing the mood of devotion :—
 Hail, thou time of prayer, and praise, and holy reminders !
 Never does God come down on the soul, as at fall of Evening :
 Fair is the rise of the Sun, and glorious the East in its kindling,
 But then comes the day, and the surface of thought is ruffled ;
 Day, with the world and with care, and with men's importunate faces.
 Far more blessed is Eve : when all her colours are brightest,
 One by one they have time to grow slowly fainter and fainter,
 Fade, and fade, and fade, like music that dies in the distance :
 Then still night draws on, and drops her veil over all things,
 Sealing the memory up, a possession of beauty for ever.

Surely the western glow lay warm on the vaults of the temple,
 When the parents came in, with the doves, the poor man's offering,
 Bringing the holy Child to do as the law commanded.
 Fell not the roseate light on the snow-white hair of the Ancient,
 Lit it not up in his arms the soft fair flesh of the Infant,
 Sparkled it not on the tear in the eye of the maiden Mother,
 While like incense there rose from the depths of the satisfied spirit
 " Let me depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy promise !"
 Therefore the Church doth sing her *Nunc dimittis* at evening,
 Evening, when all is peace, and the land of peace looks closest,
 When life seems at an end, and all its troubles behind us,
 And the salvation so near, that the soul yearns forth to grasp it.

Burned not the domes of the city with day's last beam in the distance,
 When those two turned in, arrived at their door in the village,
 When they besought Him, saying, " Abide with us, for it is evening ?"
 Fell not the purpling shadows o'er rock and crumbling ruin,
 As they sped joyful back to tell their tale to the mourners ?

Thus doth the spirit, in singing of earth, pause ever and listen,
 Seeking an echo from Him, her centre of life and blessing :
 Thus flows forth all beauty from Him, who is best and brightest.
 All fair things are of Thee, thou dear Desire of the nations,
 Thou art the Sun of life, and day is alone where Thou art :
 Thine the effulgence there, and Thou the orb of its glory.
 Set Thou never on me, best light of my soul ! Be near me
 In the meridian hours, the toil and heat of the noonday :
 Nor do Thou fail, when the night falls round, and the shadows enwrap me.

But by this, from the western heaven hath faded the daylight,
 Vesper hath trimm'd his lamp, and the keen stars twinkle around him ;
 Still loom forth from the bank of mist that hath buried the city
 Darkly the minster-towers ; but gone is the glow of the sunset.



“The Harlequin Boy usually kept at a slight distance from the procession.”

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

FROM THE HISTORY OF A REFORMATORY.

It was a beautiful afternoon in summer, as a company of rope-dancers approached a small town in Germany. The dingy appearance of the people, and their strange dresses, consisting chiefly of fragments of used-up wardrobes, betrayed their irregular mode of life. The troupe consisted of five persons—the master, the harlequin boy, his mother, and two assistants, one of whom was beating cruelly a lean exhausted horse, which was dragging a heavy-laden waggon. The harlequin boy usually kept at a slight distance from the procession, as he loved to roam about at discretion; and so it was this afternoon.

The boy's mother, already advanced in years, had charge over the common property of the band, and had also the management of their daily expenditure, although she was altogether destitute of the necessary qualifications for such duties. She was untidy, dishonest, and always scheming for some petty gain. The master of the troupe retained her merely as an indispensable adjunct of the harlequin boy, whose agility and cleverness he found profitable. The only gentle and better sentiment in the heart of the old woman, was her affection for her boy, and under no circumstances would she have left him behind her, if she had been dismissed from the company. The little harlequin himself would never have consented to a separation. As long as he could remember, they had been associated together in their strolling life, and he felt that he owed to his mother the slight protection which he enjoyed from the rough treatment of his companions. The only fixed rule of life which he knew, was,—as you treat me, so I treat you; and this maxim, although it had often led him into evil, had also nourished the dim light of a better feeling in his soul.

His earliest reminiscences were connected with the peculiar interest which the master took in him. He was acute enough to see that the love of money was the motive power in this. As a little boy, his master had often compelled him to fast and to force his body into certain positions and movements. He knew that he was praised and blamed, just as he succeeded in obtaining money for his greedy employer.

Neddy was displeased that his efforts benefited his master exclusively, and were of no advantage to himself or his mother; but when this thought made him negligent in his performances, he was severely punished. He would often have run away, but his mother told him that they would then starve. With disgust, he forced himself to serve the humours of his money-loving master, but the more he found out that he was indispensable to the success of the troupe, the more he found out ways of secretly gratifying his hatred to it. At the same time, he availed himself of the advantages of his

vagabond life, and roamed about during his leisure hours.

In such rough company and with such cruel treatment, what good feelings could awaken in the heart of the child, other than the sentiment of affection to his mother? He loved her, and sometimes thought of showing her kindness. She could easily have turned his mind to what is good, but she herself had become deaf to the voice of conscience, in a protracted life of sin. She approved of his wicked ways, and praised the cunning with which he executed his mischievous pranks. She even taught him how to indemnify himself by theft, for the injustice of the stingy master. Still the boy's chief pleasure was to spend a few hours in the evening with his mother, when the troupe rested in an inn. Often they stayed in an empty barn, when she would deprive herself of her scanty covering, to make his bed warmer and more comfortable. On these occasions he listened eagerly as she told him of her manifold adventures and experiences in life.

On the afternoon above referred to the little harlequin as usual was lagging behind. The master expressed in angry words his dissatisfaction, and threatened the mother that he would give the boy a good thrashing if he did not turn up before they reached the gate of the little town, "for I am afraid," he concluded his ill-natured speech, "that growling fellow of an — won't allow us to stay all night, and we must give the performance at once."

"My poor Neddy," murmured the old woman, in a low tone, "has nothing but toil and trouble. He has been running about the whole day to pick up something for his empty stomach, and who knows whether he got anything. When he comes back, tired and faint, what welcome does he get?—without mercy the whip dances on his back, and he has to jump and cut capers as if he was the merriest lad in the world. Darling boy! there is not a finer boy anywhere. But if I could get hold of you," she added, lifting her fist in a threatening manner behind the master's back, "to plague a boy in such a way."

"There he is! there he is!" she cried, after looking about for a few moments, and pointed to the boy, who was running towards them across the field.

"He has just saved his time," said the master, "but not his punishment; but he must wait for it, as I have to go now to get permission from the town authorities."

He went on in great haste, giving directions for the others to follow. The mother was glad of the short respite.

"Where have you been so long? I have been

frightened about you," she cried, when Neddy was close to her.

"Mother," answered he in a whisper, without entering on a reply, and pointing to a huge piece of bread and some thick slices of ham, "see what I have got for you."

"Where did you get this?" she asked, in the same under tone.

"In the village on the other side."

"Did they give it you?"

"Out there, they don't give at that rate; but what isn't given, must be taken."

"Did it go off easily?"

"The farmer's wife screamed as if her hair was on fire, when she saw me run off, and a man ran after me with a hay fork, but I was as quick as lightning, and left him a long way behind."

"Yes, yes," said the old woman, "they won't beat you in a race, Neddy dear; but I am afraid you are getting too bold; and if they caught you, they would give you an awful thrashing."

"Well now, mother," said the boy, with glistening eyes, "I should not have cared a pin if they had beaten me to-day. I am glad, though, they did not catch me, else you would not have got this supper. Just look at it. The bread is quite new, and what a splendid piece of ham, white and red. You must eat it all yourself."

The old woman took it from him, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and put it in her pocket. "To night, when we are alone, we'll divide it."

"No, no," replied the boy, "I couldn't eat a bite."

"You are a good boy," said the old woman, "and you'll always be a good son to your mother, and not leave her when you are grown up."

"Why, I have often promised you that. I'll get you a good cushioned seat on the cart, and you won't have to run on your poor sore feet any more."

The old woman laughed.

"And when we give our performance in the circus, you'll sell the tickets, and I'll buy you a yellow gown and a cap with a red ribbon."

The old woman laughed still louder. "Red does not become old women," she said.

"Never mind that," said Neddy, with emphasis. "I like a red ribbon best, and what is the prettiest you must have."

They had by this time reached the gate, and stopped for a few minutes, till the men who had charge of the heavy cart came up to consult about an inn where to rest. The master was waiting for them impatiently. As he had expected, he only obtained permission to go through the streets of the town, and was ordered to leave before night. The reason of this was that some years previously he had been in jail in this very place for some theft, and the police did not regard him and his troupe with favour. There was so little time, that the performances had to be considerably curtailed; the ropes could not be adjusted; the only attraction to draw the public was gymnastic feats.

The dresses were rapidly changed in the tavern, and a suitable street fixed upon for their performance. Jack, the musician, began with his trumpet; the master, with his sonorous bass voice, announced the extraordinary and wonderful feats which, with permission of the magistrates, they were about to show; and little Harlequin with the drollest antics spread the carpet on the pavement. Of course he did it badly a dozen times, and gave a few grins in anticipation, to ingratiate himself with the youthful portion of the spectators. Jack was Neddy's great support in all his efforts. Whenever he felt it impossible to play his tricks, the sound of Jack's music revived him. Even the miserable instrument, so sadly out of tune, made his weary limbs agile. He did his work admirably this evening, his leaps and capers were astonishing and funny, and the people looked on with amazement and laughter. The old, used-up sallies of wit which he had uttered a thousand times, came with as much freshness and vivacity as if he was improvising them. When the master pretended to be in a great fury and ran after him to beat him, the boy disappeared among the crowd, after having cleverly substituted a gaping lad in his place.

Near this scene two gentlemen were standing at a window, looking on; one of them a merchant, the other his friend Mr. Werner, the director of a Refuge for deserted and neglected boys.

"How old do you think the little fellow is?" the latter asked his host.

"Well, I dare say he is about ten."

"I think he is older. Children don't grow fast when they lead such a life as I am sure he does. I should like very much to have him in my Home."

"Why do you take such a special interest in him?"

"I'll tell you. In the first place, I know that his master is a rogue, and his mother is not much better, for both of them were in jail not long since. In the second place, I have a special pity for children in a troupe of rope-dancers. This feeling has its origin in my early childhood. Without my parents' knowledge I had become intimate with a little Harlequin boy. In a small place like my native town, the arrival of rope-dancers always creates considerable sensation, and if the troupe remains for any length of time, every one, especially young boys, know them well; and in this way 'clever Dick' became quite a favourite. I got to know him intimately, and the stories which he told me about his life made a deep impression, all the deeper, because my secret intercourse with him was at last discovered, and earned for me a severe rebuke from my father. The boy told me many things which were not proper either for him or me to know. I did not fully understand them till many years after, but since then I have always felt the deepest compassion for these poor creatures. How many sins may this poor little fellow have seen and committed, without almost knowing them to be sins!"

At this moment Neddy was standing under the window, holding up his pointed felt cap, and asking for a small coin.

"Come in," said Mr. Werner to the boy, and when he had entered he asked him his name.

"Harlequin," was the answer.

"You act the Harlequin, but what is your Christian name?"

"Harlequin," repeated the boy.

"Do you see," said Mr. Werner, looking significantly at his friend, "what ignorance he is in?"

"You know that you have a name," the merchant said.

"My mother calls me her Neddy," the boy said, impatiently; "but nobody calls me that except her. Other people always call me Harlequin.

The merchant could not help laughing, and threw a piece of money into the felt cap. The Director said: "if you come to me after the performance I'll give you something better."

"Won't the gentleman be so kind," said Neddy, in a begging voice, "to give poor Harlequin a trifle? he has a hard master, who does not like him to bring anything but money."

"Here is a penny for you; but don't forget to come back for what I promised you."

The boy promised to return, and with a pleased countenance ran away.

Little did he think that during this transaction he was carefully watched by one whose interest in him was not of the philanthropic character of Mr. Werner's. This was the farmer from whose house Neddy had stolen. The farmer had come to town on some business; the sound of the music and the crowd drew him to the street corner where the performers were playing, and he immediately recognised the youthful thief. He quietly went for a policeman, who seized Neddy the moment he came out of the house.

The Harlequin's mother interfered, "What is your business with him?" she demanded angrily.

"He must be punished," replied the policeman, "for the bad practices which you taught him. Don't try to keep him, he must go to the magistrate."

The boy had to follow the policeman. The mother went with them, and the mob pursued them with loud cries and questions. "I told you," whispered the old woman to Neddy, "you were too bold, and you'll now have to suffer for it."

"Never mind, mother," replied Neddy; "don't be alarmed."

The policeman pushed the woman back. "You must not talk to your boy," he said, "he is now my prisoner."

She went only a step back, determined not to lose sight of the boy. They soon reached the police-court. The mob dispersed. The farmer, the harlequin boy, and his mother were admitted. The magistrate examined first the farmer by himself. After a short time the other two were admitted. Pointing to the woman, the magistrate

asked the farmer, "Did you see this woman on your farm?"

"I only saw the boy," replied the farmer.

"He is accused of theft, and he must remain here," said the magistrate to the mother. She made no reply, but looked sulky. "You may come for him the day after to-morrow, and better go away now." She began to sob, but was immediately removed.

The boy confessed immediately after a few questions which the magistrate addressed to him. Being asked his age and his previous mode of life, he stated that he had always been with his troupe, and that he was now twelve years of age, that he had never seen his father, and that during the last winter he had for the first time in his life, been at school for a few weeks. The severe rebuke of the magistrate seemed to make no impression upon him, and with great equanimity he allowed himself to be led to prison.

His situation there did not appear to him very disagreeable; with the exception of his liberty he had everything that he required for the moment; he had often slept upon a harder bed, he had often to content himself with a scantier meal. The bread which was brought to him by the servant of the jail was good, and the water clear. He very soon fell into a sound sleep, but the next day he became impatient, and felt the monotony of his position. He was accustomed to see many novelties in a day, and his eyes were pained looking always at the bare walls. He became irritated, that in his lonely cell he could catch no other sound than the twittering of the swallows flying past.

While he was thus undergoing his imprisonment, Mr. Werner remembered him with affection and pity. Immediately after the sentence had been passed, he had gone to the magistrate, who was one of his friends, and asked him to use his influence that the boy should be sent to the Reformatory. The magistrate was glad to have an opportunity of assisting the philanthropist in his endeavours, so he agreed to hand over the boy to his care on the following day, and promised to see the mother whenever she should appear.

Accordingly, Mr. Werner went into the prison on the evening of the next day. The little Harlequin jumped from his bed when he heard the key turn in the lock, for he was impatiently expecting his supper. Disappointed, and with a sullen face, he returned to his pallet. The Director addressed him in a kind tone: "You have got into a sad plight. How is it that you are guilty of such bad practices?"

"What is that to you?" asked Neddy, impudently. "Are you also a magistrate?"

"No. But why do you ask me?"

"Because if you are not I'll not answer you."

"But the magistrate has sent me."

"What for? will you give me what you promised?"

"You shall have it, and if you are a sensible boy you may be free to night."

"Has my mother come?" he asked eagerly.

"She will come to-morrow, but she has nothing to do with your being allowed to leave the prison. It is I who have obtained permission to take you with me."

"You! and where will you take me?"

"To my Home, where you shall live among boys of your own age, and learn good and useful things, so that you may grow up an honest man."

"Do you want me to stay with you?"

"I do."

"And not to be a harlequin any more?"

"You must become something better."

The boy burst into loud laughter. "That will never do, there is nothing like it," and he took his felt hat and placed it on his head with a roguish expression. Mr. Werner, however, was not taken aback; and continuing in the same calm and kind tone, he asked, "Does your master treat you well?"

"My master," said the boy, with a contemptuous look, "is a —;" and here he whispered a wicked word.

"Does he beat you?"

"Don't he!"

"Does he give you enough to eat?"

"He sometimes does not even give me dry bread."

"Well, I think you are a fool not to go with me. I promise you good food, a good bed, and good clothes."

"Yes, but you'll want me to learn lessons and work, and you won't let me run about as I'm accustomed to."

"My boys all work, but they are quite happy. You can come and see yourself how they live."

"What is to become of my mother?"

"I cannot receive her into my Home, but I hope she will be able to remain in the neighbourhood. I shall try and get her some employment in the town, and keep her as much as I can."

"Mind," said Neddy, with great decision, "if you do not allow me to see her every day, and if she does not get what I get, I won't stay with you."

"Well, at all events you can come with me to-night, and see how you like it."

To this the boy consented. He was provided with a suit of clothes, for which he had to exchange his grotesque dress, and soon they arrived in the Reformatory.

Mr. Werner conducted him to twelve boys who were busy in the garden under the superintendence of a teacher, and who constituted, as they called it, a family. He was told to keep to them. Impudent as his behaviour had been to the magistrate and the director, he was now shy and awkward when these boys of his own age accosted him kindly, and taking him by the hand, showed him their little flower-beds, and told him how comfortable they were. Neddy, who hitherto had only been with people older than himself, was quite bewildered by this unexpected and cordial reception from his young associates. But they knew how to talk to

him, and gradually he breathed freer in this atmosphere of kindness, and was pleased with their little attentions. The bell rang for the evening service. They took him to the little chapel, and there was great competition as to who should sit next to him. A hymn was sung, with the accompaniment of an organ. It sounded strange and yet beautiful. He remembered how often he had heard jests about people who sang pious hymns, and said prayers; but it seemed to him now that the reality was different from what he had imagined. After the service, every family retired to its own apartments. The one to which he was attached, treated him as their guest. During supper they showed him every attention, and the most comfortable bed was assigned to him. He could not fall asleep for a long time, so many thoughts were passing through his mind. In the light of the moon, which was gleaming in through the window, he examined again the suit of clothes which he had received, and saw that although they were not new and handsome, they were much better than any he had ever worn. He was astonished at his comfortable bed, remembered with satisfaction his good supper, and guessed what they would likely give him for breakfast in the morning. But he felt puzzled. It was too good to continue. He felt far more anxious than he did the night before in the solitude of his prison, and he was longing eagerly for his mother, who he thought would be wise enough to know what these people intended to do with him. He was called early in the morning. After the morning service and breakfast, the boys wanted him to join them in their work, but he would not go with them; and as they had been told by Mr. Werner not to press and urge him in case he should refuse to join them, they left him alone to give him time to get reconciled to his new position. He went to the garden gate, and for hours kept his eyes fixed on the road. Hunger drove him into the house at dinner time, but he had scarcely finished his meal when he ran again to his place at the gate. In vain he waited there for hours. It became dark, and his mother had not arrived. The boy became restless. He suspected that there was some plot, and that he was to be detained without the knowledge of his mother. Suspicion roused again his boldness, which had disappeared before the kindness and the gentleness of his new companions. He went to Mr. Werner, and in a defiant manner asked, "What have you done with my mother?"

"You must not harbour suspicious thoughts," was the quiet reply. "I cannot tell you where she is. I have just been at the magistrate's where she was to call for you, but she has not made her appearance."

"If that is true, something must have happened to her. She would never leave me in a scrape if she could help it," said the boy, bursting into tears.

"I dare say you are right, and she was prevented from coming to day; but keep up your heart till to-morrow, when you will most likely see her."

Neddy went into the darkest corner that he could find. He was afraid his tears would be noticed, and that the other boys would laugh at him and mock him, as Jack and his companions used to do—their rough treatment sometimes making him cry.

Next morning very early he went again to the garden gate. The director cheered him to prevent his running away, out of impatience. The whole day the boy never left his post. In the evening he disappeared. He was not able to bear suspense any longer, and trusting to his knowledge of the roads, he thought he would have no difficulty in finding his mother. But he had taken the wrong road. His inquiries after the players did not lead him in the right direction. He was unsuccessful in getting bread, and faint and exhausted, was at last recaptured by a policeman, who brought him to the magistrate, by whom he was sent back to the Reformatory. He was received with the same kindness as before, but was too excited to notice it.

It is high time now to look after the mother of the boy. When she found that she could not obtain Neddy's release, she went to the next village. The master was there waiting till the harlequin boy should be restored to him. He was not in the best humour, and could not allow the old woman to go again into the town to make inquiries after him. The wardrobe, he said, required mending, and she had better employ her leisure to the advantage of the company.

Jack returned late in the evening. "Don't expect to see your boy again, you'll never get him back," he addressed her roughly.

"What do you say?" she screamed. "Does the magistrate refuse to let him go?"

"He has taken precious good care of him. He has sent him to the Reformatory."

"Reformatory?" she asked in astonishment, not having the remotest idea of what the word meant. "What sort of place is that?"

"Why, I never heard of it before myself; the people told me queer things about it. There is a set of pious people who get up these houses and live in them with boys who have done something wrong like your Neddy. They just want people to talk about them and praise them; they pretend it's to do good to the lads,—but what good do they do them? just making hypocrites and cowards of them."

"Do you think they treat him badly?"

"I dare say he will be well enough treated, but he'll have no fun; and perhaps they'll get him round and make him crazy, and he'll be quite happy singing and praying and will forget all his old friends and old ways."

"They have no right to keep him," she said, in an excited voice. "I'll go and fetch him."

"I say, old woman, don't try that, I advise you. It's like running into the trap. If you don't want to march into the house of correction, don't go into the town."

These words of Jack, which he seemed to relish,

frightened the woman, and she asked what their meaning was.

"Why that's easily explained. I saw your boy had a beautiful shirt. You tried to take out the traces of the letters and the coronet, but your old eyes could not see to do it. I know something about your bundle."

"Don't betray me," said the old woman, coaxingly.

"Yes, don't betray me," he said very unfeelingly; "you got yourself into the scrape. I suppose whoever took the linen out of the press, took the silver spoons out of the kitchen."

"Don't betray me, don't betray a poor woman," she begs of him in her most imploring tone. "I'll divide the spoons with you."

"It's easy to give a present of stolen goods when the police are after you. But I won't have them. If I was in your place I should cut for it as fast as I could. But mind, take your spoons with you, else you'll get us all into the same scrape."

The old woman seized her bundle and seemed inclined to follow his advice, but suddenly she hesitated and said: "I can't do it, Jack; I can't do it. I can't go away without my boy."

"Foolish woman," said Jack, impatiently; "you must forget the boy; he doesn't exist for you any more."

She looked at him for a few seconds, and then laughed contemptuously. "Little do you know him," she said; "no window is high enough, no door so barred and locked, but Neddy will find his way to his mother."

"It isn't high windows and strong locks that'll keep him, but it's witchcraft. They keep the boys by magic from running away."

"I don't fear their black art," said the woman, confidently; "I have charmed him myself, and no witchcraft can hurt him; and I am sure he loves me and will come to me."

"It will be too late," replied Jack; "the policemen are sure to have you to-morrow."

The old woman began to tremble. "Jack," she said, after a few moments' consideration, "you know the old tumbled-down barn where the smugglers used to hide long ago. I'll hide myself there for a month. Have pity on me and bring Neddy to me. I'll give you all the spoons, only promise you'll tell him where I am waiting for him."

"I'll see what I can do," her companion assured her. "But do get off as fast as you can."

She went away, she ran, her conscience and the dread of the house of correction chased her. At midnight she reached her hiding-place. She concealed her bundle, and prepared for herself a couch in the barn, but she could not sleep or rest. During the day she begged in the neighbouring villages, and in the evening she went up a hill and spied round her in every direction. This was her life for three weeks; she obtained some food in the houses and farms, and as soon as she had got it she crept back to her barn, dreading the pursuit of the police. She

waited till the labourers had left the fields and no traveller was to be seen on the road, and then she went to her watch-tower. There she sat in the still, peaceful summer nights; the darkness lasted only a very short time; soon after the last streak of the evening light had faded, the grey morning dawned; the cold night breeze played with her white hair, the owls screeched about her head, she stared fixedly on the road, the boy never came. The fourth week drew to a close; she could bear it no longer; she took the road again. She crouched down on a stone, drew from her pocket an old pack of cards, and began to consult them as to which road she should take. She laid them out three times, and the answer was always the same. The left road was the lucky one, which would bring her to safety and comfort. Cheered by these incantations, she felt quite revived, and commenced her journey: that very moment, she saw in the distance the uniform that she had dreaded all her life. How often had the glittering shako of a gendarme, the tread of his horse, and the glitter of his sword frightened her in her dreams and in waking hours! The thought of her guilt and of the house of correction made her tremble. Running back, she arrived at the barn out of breath, and went behind a bundle of hay which she had stolen from a field in the neighbourhood. For several hours she did not venture to leave the spot. When at last she went to get a drink of water, she was frightened again by the sound of approaching steps. But she soon heard the watchword of the troupe, and from a state of great terror she passed to most confident expectation. She looked up, and saw Jack.

"I scarcely thought I would find you."

"Where is he?" she asked, eagerly. "Did you not bring him with you?"

"Who?"

"My boy. Did I not promise to give you all the spoons if you brought him? Have you done nothing for me?"

"I told you from the beginning that you must give up the boy," said Jack, making himself comfortable on the hay.

"What have you done?" she asked, angrily. "Have you done nothing to earn the spoons?"

"Wait a bit, and listen. The first fortnight the master wouldn't let me go near the town; but since then I have found my way back to it, and if it was my own boy I couldn't have acted the spy better."

"Did you speak to him?" she interrupted him.

"No, but I saw him three times in the garden."

"Well, and what did you do?" she asked impatiently; "why did you not call him? what's the use of seeing him and doing nothing?"

"Will you keep your peace, old woman, and let me talk. The first time I saw him, he was with other boys, busy in the garden, watering flowers and sowing; I couldn't catch his eye or ear. But I can tell you, he is quite jolly."

"How can you say so? I am sure he is miserable."

"You may think so if you like. You always made a pet of him, and if anybody found fault with him you flew into a passion; but I wouldn't be angry with the boy, if he forgets you and feels happy in his new place. He has plenty to eat, and a young boy like him soon gets used to that silly hymn-singing and praying. What a pity. Such a clever urchin! Capital harlequin! He might have grown up a first-rate fellow, and now will turn out a miserable, dry, honest fool. But cheer up, old woman; he'll get used to it, and may like it in the end."

"Never mind your silly talk, tell me all about the boy."

"Very well. I saw him in the garden a second time; but the third time I took another opportunity. The boys were all in the field, sitting together, and singing a sort of hymn or psalm. Neddy was in the middle, standing beside the teacher, and he sang parts all by himself. I don't know why he got the post of honour. Maybe because he has a good voice, or perhaps he is more pious than the rest. I caught his eye and made our signal, but he shook his head, and kept shaking it. Well, thought I, if Neddy likes to sing psalms, he won't like to whistle for us, and I went away."

"You did wrong," the old woman said. "You ought to have gone boldly into the house and asked to see him, and then given him my message."

"If you like to venture it yourself, you may try. I do not like to go into such houses. I can imagine what they would say to me."

The mother only sighed. "Did you hear whether they are after me for the theft?" she asked after a short pause.

"I could not well make any inquiries, as I was anxious to avoid suspicion; but I would advise you to keep out of the way."

After a few remarks on the suspicions that had been excited, and the chances she had of escape, Jack wanted to compose himself to sleep, but the old woman gave him no rest. She had many questions to ask about her boy, and as the answers were unsatisfactory, she began to give vent to her feelings of sorrow. Jack was at first angry, but at last seemed to feel compassion. In a milder tone than was his wont he said: "Be sensible, you cannot alter things at present; but if you exercise patience for a few years, and wait till your boy is grown up and has left the institution, you can go to him, and move his heart with your tears. You are very clever at that sort of thing, and as you are able to persuade strangers and make them pity you, you won't have any difficulty in softening your boy's heart, and he'll provide for you and be kind to you. But really you musn't plague me any longer about Neddy. If you like you may go with me to-night, I am looking out for another engagement."

She was sickened, and Jack's words afforded her no consolation. To suspect her son's love was the

keenest pang that she ever felt. She waited till Jack had finished his siesta; they then went together, but they soon parted.

Neddy, who was called Frederick in the Reformatory, had not remained there from choice, for every day he thought of some plan how he could run away to his mother. The only reason why he did not carry out his intention was that he was always hoping for a better opportunity. The teachers and boys were constantly in his immediate neighbourhood, and he imagined that he was purposely kept in ignorance about his mother. This irritated him; his heart was filled with anger and hatred; and consequently he committed many acts of insubordination and naughtiness. He never imagined that his mother was dreading any danger from the police; he had long ago destroyed the mark in his shirt which could have led to discovery. His idea was more correct than the fear of Jack; the police were looking in a *totally different quarter for the culprit.*

While the teachers were unsuccessful in their endeavours to exercise a soothing influence on the lad, the more advanced and right-minded of the boys gradually gained his confidence. They cheered him in their boyish way, which he understood better; they advised him to be obedient; their example showed him industry and tidiness. But their good example would certainly not have exerted so powerful an influence, if they had not told him how they also formerly wished to escape from the Home. Some of the boys tried to excite him to disobedience, and to kindle his desire for a lawless life, by telling him of their previous ways and adventures. But the better boys, some of whom had formerly been even more wicked than he, regarded neither the Home as a prison nor the teachers as keepers. They were now glad to have a protection against the seductive temptations of the world; and their love and loyalty to their teachers influenced Neddy, who had by nature a grateful disposition, which had hitherto been very little called forth, and could only manifest itself in affection for his mother. He felt also that his bodily wants were amply supplied. He remembered his former existence, and it struck him that he had never to starve now, had never to exert himself above his strength, had never to wear tattered clothes. Nor was he altogether insensible to the kindness and love which he experienced without interruption. Even when he had to be punished, there was mingled with severity a gentleness which quite perplexed him, because he had never experienced anything similar. Often he gave way, and could not persevere in the resistance which he purposed to offer. Then he would be obedient for several days, and enter into his work cheerfully, and seem to do his best to recompense love with love. He was in this mood when Jack appeared and beckoned him, and as he always had an antipathy to this coarse man, it was natural that he refused his invitation.

But whenever the remembrance of his mother became vivid, his good resolution vanished. He suspected that Mr. Werner had only deceived him when he promised to look after his mother and care for her, and this suspicion drove him to sulkiness and disobedience. In this way his conduct alternated.

One day the boys got a lesson in reading the Scripture. They read verse about. When it came to Neddy's turn, he shut the Bible, and said, "I won't read." The verse was Matthew x. 37. The teacher asked him to read; threatened him even. But in vain. He asked why he was not willing to read his verse like the other boys: but to this question he could not obtain a reply. "I shall have to report your behaviour to Mr. Werner," said the teacher; and after the lesson Neddy was summoned to the director's room. It was not his first citation. Often the director's serious and kind exhortations had filled the boy's eyes with bitter tears of repentance. He was sobbing violently, and for a long time was so excited that he could not find words. At last he said; "I counted the verse that would come to my turn. It was this—'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.' I thought of my mother, and how fond I am of her."

"Do you think, then," Mr. Werner supplemented the fragmentary statement, "that you love her more than the Lord Jesus, and that you are not worthy of him?"

"Yes," said the boy; "I can't bear it any longer; I must go to her. I promised her that I would live for her, and share everything with her; and now I won't stand it a single day longer, that she should run about the world alone and without me. But you must help me; if I run away secretly the policemen will seize me. You must not keep me back, you are not treating me well."

"And suppose I complied with your request, and allowed you to go to your mother, would you again take to stealing and other sins?"

"I can't say," was the evasive reply.

"You have been taught here that these things deserve God's wrath."

"Oh, I wish I had never learned it," replied the boy, vehemently. "It is this which makes me miserable; now I know that my mother has led a very wicked life, and I shudder when I read in the Bible about the lost, and think of her." Tears interrupted his voice. "You did not keep your word, you promised to look after my mother; I will keep my promise, and go again to her."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Werner, "you are excited, and accuse me wrongly. I have often thought about your mother, and was confident that she would apply for you to the magistrate; in that case I should have been able to keep my promise."

"That's not enough for me; I know that she never came; I must find her out."

"It is quite right of you to think of her, and to

be anxious about her. But you yourself cannot go to look after her. You would only make matters worse. I shall call to-day on the magistrate, and consult with him about the best way of finding her out, and I have no doubt we shall succeed. But if I promise you to do my best to get information of your mother, you must also give me a promise."

"What is it?"

"You must promise me not to resist the knowledge which we are trying to plant in your heart, and which God in his mercy has already begun to give you. You said before, that you would try to think there is no God. Can you believe this?"

"No," replied Frederick.

"Your conscience will never believe it, never. You will never have peace until you listen to the Lord. He is speaking to you through us, through the Bible, through a voice in your own soul which you can't silence. You are tormented by the thought that you might one day inherit heaven, while your mother would be under the curse of God in hell. Did you never think, that if you were again to be brought together, you might lead her to the better path, and teach her how to obtain mercy through faith in Christ's dying love?"

"Very often," answered Frederick; "but it would never succeed. We would soon be driven again to steal, and to do other wicked things which we cannot avoid."

"That is the very reason why I dare not allow you to go back to your former courses. But suppose I obtained some employment for your mother in this neighbourhood, she would then have no temptation to do anything dishonest, and she would be permitted to see you. Would you then tell her what we are teaching you of the love of God?"

The boy's eyes glistened with delight while Mr. Werner was uttering these words. "Yes," he said, "I would tell her all I know, and I would learn very diligently to be able to tell her much."

"Have patience, my boy, and faith; I shall do my best to find your mother."

Frederick went away tranquilized, and Mr. Werner called on the magistrate to consult with him.

He explained to him how affairs stood.

"Can you really not manage the boy without the old woman?"

"No," replied Mr. Werner; "and I regret that I did not make inquiries sooner."

"I never could have imagined the existence of such affection among these ragamuffins."

"The influences of the Divine Spirit are mysterious, we cannot fathom them. I feel convinced that every step of progress which the boy makes in divine knowledge, will intensify his love for his mother. It can scarcely be otherwise. God's truth purifies natural affection. God has many ways of drawing us to himself, and the family tie is a very sacred one. Its very strength may often be a temptation, and instead of bringing us nearer to God, keeps us from him."

"I could easily get hold of the woman, if you allowed me to pursue her in the ordinary way."

"I should prefer to have the thing managed without the aid of the police."

"Well, and how do you think of obtaining your end, unless you apply to the police courts? How can you treat a vagabond woman like that in any other way?"

"I am afraid necessity compels me to follow your advice; but could you not manage it, that your inquiries appear to be made, not for the vagabond, but for the mother of the boy?"

"I daresay I can do that. But we must get the boy to give us an exact description of her appearance. He will easily be able to do that, and this is the only way open to us."

Such was the result of their deliberation, and Frederick, eager to be of use in the search for his mother, did not hesitate to give an exact description of her appearance and dress.

The next few days were a very trying time to the boy. He seemed hopeful and happy; and often sang some of the cheerful songs he had learned in his new home. He was diligent and obedient, and very anxious to please all his teachers, especially the director. He repeated Scripture passages and hymns, to be able to repeat them to his mother, as a testimony of the new and better life which had commenced in his soul. Formerly his acts of disobedience and wickedness did not arise so much from weakness of purpose, as from his hardening himself against the conviction of sin which was forcing itself on his mind. But now he was animated by the hope of a reunion with his mother, and though he knew he was not to return to his former mode of life, yet he resolved firmly to eradicate all the evil thoughts which during his previous course had been instilled, and he resisted every temptation to faults and vices which originated in his old habits. Every morning and every evening he promised God that he would serve Him; at every meal he silently added to his thanksgiving for God's goodness, the petition that God would allow him to share again his bread with his mother. And although a considerable time elapsed without any information being obtained, he did not waver in his hope. His hope had grown side by side with his faith in the mercy of God, and a confidence based upon such foundation is not easily shaken.

At last they heard from a distant town that a person answering to the description sent, was in the jail of the province. She had been guilty of theft and other trespasses. "I must go to her," said Frederick immediately when he heard the news from Mr. Werner.

"And I shall accompany you," replied the director.

The next day they started. The quick way of travelling from town to town was quite a novelty to the boy. He had only had a vague idea of railways and mail-coaches, and though his present journey was so entirely different from his former

wanderings, yet it vividly brought to his mind the olden times. He took a childish pleasure in examining the railway carriage, and thought he would have no difficulty in persuading his mother to travel with him in so comfortable a manner. He also hoped that the prospect of a settled and easy life, which, according to Mr. Werner's promise, he could hold out to her, would induce her to accompany him; but he thought of something still better—he would tell her about God.

A few hours before the two travellers reached their destination, the prisoner was tried. She had always followed evil courses, and, without scruple, continued a life of brawling and theft; but from the time that the only ray of light which illumined her dark soul had vanished, from the time that she lost faith in her boy's affections, she sank lower and lower. Her hand which used to caress her child, and was thus a sign that her heart was not quite dead yet to nobler emotions, closed now with a spasmodic angry jerk whenever she thought of him; her voice, which formerly lost somewhat of its harshness when she mentioned his name, was now often lifted up in imprecations on his head. She went about the country begging and stealing with great daring; she was anxious now to get something for her old age, and to make up by what she could gather in any dishonest way for the disappointment which she felt in her boy. The description sent by the magistrate was very welcome to the authorities. It was shown to her, and in order to compel her to confess her identity, she was told that it was drawn up with the assistance of her own boy, who was in the Reformatory.

"My son? I have no son!" she cried out, trembling with excitement.

"Do not persevere in lying; truth must come out sooner or later, and you cannot escape the punishment you deserve," said the magistrate; "your son has got among people who teach him to hate evil. Do not imagine you can gain anything by falsehood; the best thing you can do is to make a full confession."

The old woman yielded. She replied willingly to all questions, and acknowledged so many crimes that the judge scarcely knew whether or not to credit her statements.

A few hours later Mr. Werner and Frederick were admitted to her cell. The boy ran to her with a loud exclamation of joy; but she pushed him harshly from her.

"Go away," she said. "What do you want with me? I don't want to see you."

"Mother," said Frederick, in fearful alarm, "don't you love me?"

"Love you," she replied, in a wrathful tone; "have you loved me, boy? You did not care what became of me. You enjoyed your life with strangers, and now that you have brought your mother to this wretched place, you come to me. Get away. That's what you call keeping your promise."

"I would have give anything to have come sooner, but I did not know where to find you."

"That's it!" said the old woman, roughly.

"Don't tell me lies; and why did you get me into shame and ruin? Why did you not stay with me?"

"You are unjust to your child," interfered Mr. Werner. "He did not leave you of his own accord, and was always wishing for your return."

"Is it you, parson?" she said furiously, holding her fist before his eyes. "You have stolen my child, and have made him crazy; and it's owing to you that he has brought his mother to the house of correction."

The servant of the jail reproved her for her rude behaviour, and threatened to complain of it to the authorities.

"Why did you bring them here?" she asked. "I didn't want them. Take them away. I won't listen to their chattering. The boy is good for nothing. I loved him better than myself, but he rewarded me with shameful ingratitude."

"Mother, mother," said Frederick, with tears, "how can you say so? I have come to make you happy."

"To make me happy," she repeated, mocking him. "In a few weeks I have to go to the house of correction. Is that your happiness? Besides, that's not why you are come. There's something behind it. You could tell lies cleverly enough when you were a little boy."

"Who taught me?" said Frederick. "You did. But I don't tell lies now: I have learned to hate them."

"Hate?" she interrupted him, angrily. "Now you tell the truth. You hate me. You have been taught to hate me, and they who have taught you are not better than I am; they had no right to come between you and me, they had no right to steal a child from his mother—it's shameful."

"Mother, how can you be angry with them? they mean well with you and with me. It was through their kindness that I found out where you were living, and I was so anxious to see you, to tell you all I have learnt, and to make you happy."

"Don't talk to me in this deceitful way. I know your fine and pious words are just to blind me to your wickedness. I taught you to tell lies—it was me—but it was only to save you from the cruel master when he was angry with you, a poor little boy, and wanted to beat you or to give you no bread to eat. But why are you telling me lies just now? I can see through it all; you won't cheat me. You are a bad, ungrateful child to your mother."

Frederick was anxious to explain still further, but Mr. Werner gently took his arm, and, composing him as well as he could, retired with him to the inn where they were staying.

Notwithstanding Mr. Werner's consolations, the boy, as soon as they had reached their room, burst into tears, and for a long time wept bitterly. The

director spoke kindly to him. "Do not give up hope; all may end well yet."

"Ah," sobbed the boy, "if she does not love me and listen to me, I am sure she won't listen to any body."

"You cannot know this. We often think God has only the one way which we see; and yet a thousand ways are open to Him who is allwise and almighty."

"I would do anything to help my mother. I have no other way of showing my love to her. I would do anything for her."

"You can still pray for your poor mother to God," said Mr. Werner. Gradually he succeeded in soothing the excited mind of the boy, and to encourage him to wait and hope.

They were not allowed to see the prisoner a second time. She continued to utter harsh and angry words about her boy, and the director did not think a second interview would be of any use. So Frederick returned to the Home, but although his comrades did all they could to cheer him, he could not banish his deep grief. His health, which had never been robust, and had doubtless been undermined by the irregularity of his early life, began to suffer visibly.

After a few weeks Mr. Werner had to tell Frederick that his mother was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the House of Correction, which was not very distant from the Reformatory. Frederick asked whether he would be allowed to see her? He was told that the application for such permission had been refused. "Perhaps it is better so, she will have good spiritual instructors, and an interview at some future period may be more beneficial."

"But if my mother break stones on the road along with the other prisoners, I might see her. May I go there to-morrow during the play-hour?"

"You will not be allowed to speak to her."

"But," replied the boy, "I should be satisfied if I could only see her."

"You may go, my boy."

Frederick went accordingly next day. He saw his mother, and observed her from a distance; she was lifting and breaking heavy stones, and his heart sank when he saw her toiling. He went again the following evening, and as Mr. Werner noticed that he was soothed by these silent visits, he gave him permission to continue them. And so Frederick went every evening. At a little distance from the place where the prisoners worked, he stood still and looked at his mother. The autumn was advanced, and the weather bleak and cold, but Frederick thought not of wind or weather, the only thought that absorbed his mind was his mother. His eye was fixed on her: she never rewarded him even with a glance, but he had no rest, he returned to the spot every evening.

His regular appearance was noticed by the officer who had charge of the prisoners. He entered into conversation with the boy, and on hearing the circumstances, was so touched by his affection,

that he said, "I pity you, and if you say nothing about it to any one, I'll allow you to talk to your mother." But the mother, when she heard of it, refused angrily. She said: "I can never forgive him, and though he should come for ten years, day after day, to see me, I can't forget his behaviour to me."

Still Frederick hoped that she would avail herself of the officer's permission, and he could scarcely await the next evening. Just as he started, one of the boys asked him to help him with his lesson. He could not refuse him. It was growing late; he ran to make up for lost time, and almost out of breath reached his destination. It was a cold, sharp evening, and frost was setting in. The prisoners had to finish part of their task that evening, and remained longer than usual at their work. Frederick's head was burning, his limbs trembling with cold. He stood there for some time, and when he returned, the stars were shining brightly, and looked to him like the lights of a large, splendidly lit-up house, into which he would fain have entered if he could have taken his mother with him.

The next day he did not go to look at his mother; he was seriously ill. The mother was very inattentive during the evening, and had to be exhorted several times to mind her work. She was conscious that the spot which she used to avoid with her eyes about that time of the evening was empty. She could not help looking in that direction very often. When evening after evening for a whole week the boy did not make his appearance, she felt her anger give way. She had noticed that her heart began to beat more quickly when the accustomed hour drew near, and now, when for so many evenings the boy had not come, she felt an indescribable anguish.

One morning she was told that she was to go and see a child who was dying. When she heard this, she trembled violently; she uttered not a word, but silently and gently followed the messenger. She stood soon at the bedside of her boy. He was not able to speak loud, but in a feeble voice assured her that he had always loved her, and asked her to listen to those who were teaching her the word of God. She resisted no longer, she believed his assurance of affection, tears flowed down her deeply furrowed cheeks. "Mother, mother," said the boy, "I wish you knew the way to Heaven. I wish you knew it before I die."

She fell on her knees. "Don't speak about dying," she moaned. "You must not die."

"I am dying," Frederick replied. "I am going to the angels. Mother, I am not afraid to die; I am only afraid that you are not on the way to Heaven."

"I will do whatever you tell me, dear, dear child," she said, with choked voice, while she bent over him. He put his thin arms round her, and looked into her deep-set eyes. How often had they flashed in rage; but now they looked so imploring. He kissed her lips, round which for years no other smile had played than the smile of scorn and despair,

but which had now uttered the vow that she would change her life.

After an hour she returned to the House of Correction. Owing to the severity of the season the out-door work was discontinued. She was sitting with the other prisoners busy at the spinning-wheel. She heard the sound of the wheel, and the questions which were whispered by her neighbours as soon as the keeper left them for a moment, but it was only in a mechanical way; her heart was with her child, and she was constantly hearing the feeble affectionate voice which had addressed lately such serious words to her. She could not think of anything else. Hitherto she had cared little about her imprisonment; satisfied with the shelter and food which were provided, her chief dissatisfaction was with the amount of labour she was obliged to perform; but now she began to feel most painfully the want of liberty, to go where her heart drew her. Every minute increased her torture; instead of sympathy she had only the unfeeling curiosity of her companions; her impatience and angry passions were again roused. She forgot her son's request, and the sacred promise she had given him; she forgot all he had told her about the blessedness of heaven and the darkness of hell; she thought and felt only one thing—that it was cruel of people to keep her from her dying child.

The evening came, and she had to go to her lonely cell. The outward quiet and solitude soothed her mind, and she became more calm. Her boy had told her to pray; she wanted to follow his advice. She could think of no petition to offer up except to ask for his life to be spared. But she had not courage to make this request. The thought of God, so unusual and strange to her, filled her with fear, and she could not discover any reason to hope for an answer to her petition. Her doubts and misgivings prevented her from praying; at last she thought that if she limited herself to ask a very small favour; if she asked only to be permitted to see him once more, she might entertain confidence. But even this she could not ask; her lips remained silent and closed. She could not find it in her heart to pray; in vain she sought comfort.

Next morning she was again called to see her child. It was with the greatest trouble that Mr. Werner had obtained this permission for her. He was told that it was not advisable to relax the rule a second time in the case of this woman; that it might easily lead to irregularity and insubordination among the other prisoners. But the kind-hearted man was not discouraged by the refusal; and, aided by the chaplain of the jail, he ultimately succeeded. They both saw the great blessing which might be granted to the old woman through the love and the words of her dying child. And as the boy's life seemed to be rapidly drawing to a close she was allowed to go to the Home for a day, and if necessary to return on the subsequent day.

When the mother entered into the sick-room, the nurse was just busy adjusting the pillows, to give

the sufferer a more comfortable position. "Let me do it," the mother begged; "let me do it. I am his mother, and know best how he likes it. . . . When he was still a little boy," she continued, after the nurse had yielded to her, "he was once sick for several weeks. We were in a barn; I had only a little straw and a few rags, but I managed to make him comfortable, and he stretched out his little hands to me and said, 'It is very nice, mother.' Do you remember it, Neddy?"

"I do remember it," said the boy, pressing her hand. "You were very kind to me then, because you loved me; and if you love me still you may do many things for me now."

"And tell me what, my child. How sick you look. I am afraid you are not the least better." She did not wait for an answer; but glancing at the bottles of medicine which stood on the table with an air of impatience, she exclaimed, "Poor child, are they hurting you with doctor's stuff. It won't do you any good. When you were ill long ago, I made for you a draught from herbs with a charm, and the charm never fails. If I were only free and I could get the herbs, though the frost is so hard—but, wretched woman that I am, the prison!"

"Never think of charms any more, mother," said the boy, seriously. "We must hope only in God: He alone can help us. Did you pray to Him?"

She wept, but remained silent.

"I have prayed," he resumed. "I have prayed for you, that God may have mercy on you, and that He may help you to love Him."

"Oh, you good, child," the old woman said, with many sobs; "if you die, the angels of whom you spoke yesterday will take you, for you are an angel yourself; but as for me—oh, you must not die. I would try to learn from you how to be good."

"Others will teach you, mother, and you must read the Word of God."

They were left alone, that they might have an opportunity of unrestrained intercourse. As much as his feeble voice and general weakness permitted him, the boy spoke to her of the kingdom of God here on earth and in eternity. When he spoke to her about her sinful life, she looked at him in a bitter reproachful way, but he returned her glance with a calm, firm and loving look; then instead of saying what she had first thought, that he should not speak to his mother of her faults, she cast her eyes to the ground. Frederick spoke of his peace. He assured her, that though he remembered his great sins, and knew that his death was near, his heart was quite happy. When he said this, she looked into his countenance with amazement, and was scarcely able to recognise her child.

For a whole day she was allowed to remain with him and to be his nurse. He made a deep impression on her. His gentleness, his love to all who came to see him, his patience in suffering, his whole character, made her feel,—He is your child in a sense,

but it is not from you he has his meekness, reverence, and piety; he belongs more to God, whom he loves, and the people who have taught him this way of peace, than to you, and if you do not love God, you are separated from your son. After a while she was so overcome that she fell at the foot of his bed, and weeping bitterly concealed her face. In the dark lonely night she saw awful pictures of the state of her soul, of the great gulf which separated her from her child, and of the torment of hell. She was in anguish, and for the first time cried to God for help, for mercy. And as her son had told her, and as he had earnestly besought God to grant it to her, she obtained mercy, and began to believe that God would have compassion on her.

Next morning she told Frederick the agony of the night. It was the last thing he knew on earth. Death approached now very quickly, but he died in the blessed hope that his prayers for his mother

were answered. His last words were directed to her. Then he gently fell asleep; peacefully, calmly. She could scarcely believe that life had departed. She was allowed to remain in the house of mourning till the evening. She was then removed to her cell. Before she left, she asked Mr. Werner to give her Frederick's Bible. It was given to her, and he promised to visit her often. The promise was faithfully kept, and the chaplain of the house bestowed also special care on the bereaved mother.

With God's gracious aid she continued in sincere repentance and genuine faith. Her conduct proved the reality of the change. She was now so obedient and diligent, that she was often permitted to ask a favour as a reward for her good conduct. She always asked the same favour,—to be permitted to visit the grave of her boy.

Before the term of her imprisonment had expired, God took her into his heavenly kingdom.

IMMANUEL WICHERN.

A PLEA FOR THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

No. II.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

If a man cares for his peace of mind, and that peace of mind is to be estimated inversely as the number of letters he receives by post, let him avoid publishing on the "Queen's English."

As soon as my former Essay appeared in "Good Words," letters began to flow in from all parts of England, and on all imaginable subjects connected with the article. Some questioned this or that opinion contained in it: some found fault with me for dealing at all with such a matter: some had objections to my style of writing, and contrasted Queen's English and Dean's English. Almost all begged for an answer. Some even enclosed an envelope stamped, which seemed to compel a reply. One gentleman first sent me a letter extending to several folio sheets, on the rules of composition, and my own violations of them: and then, when my answer to his letter was not altogether to his liking, published a pamphlet in the same strain.

Of these replies to my Essay, and of the criticisms contained in them, I shall have a good deal to say, as they furnish the very best material for this my second plea for the Queen's English. I shall, then, make no further apology for entering on the matter at once.

One of the principal complaints against me is that I am not borne out by the dictionaries; that I give small heed to the writers on rhetoric. I need hardly say that I fully expected this charge. If I had believed the Queen's English to have been rightly laid down by the dictionaries and the professors of rhetoric, I need not have troubled myself

to write about it. It was exactly because I did not believe this, but found both of them in many cases, as I conceived, going astray, that I ventured to put in my plea for some of the rules which common sense lays down, and to defend some of the colloquial usages of the English people. My endeavour in this second Essay will be, to follow still further the same track. If I treat of some of the letters of my correspondents, and put in a rejoinder to the replies, written and printed, which have been made to my former Essay, it will be, not so much for the sake of justifying myself, as for the sake of introducing additional matter of the same kind as that with which their answers have dealt, and of leading on to two or three new subjects of which it is my purpose to write. I may be pardoned if I occasionally criticise my critics, when neither of these purposes is directly to be served. It is not in nature to refrain from sometimes making yourself merry at the expense of a man who has made himself very merry at your expense: especially if, in so doing, he has laid himself open to your mirth far more than you ever laid yourself open to his. But I hope that whatever I find occasion to say may be taken in good part: and that it will be believed that (to borrow a figure from the enemy), though I may sometimes break windows, it is only as our windows are broken in the Canterbury precincts, in fair honest bowling and batting, and with no malicious intent to damage the family inside.

It is not easy to arrange the notices of my correspondents in any reasonable order. I will take them as they come, reserving the largest and most im-

portant till last. I had a very curious communication on the subject of the pronunciation of the aspirate. My correspondent objected, that the portion of my Essay which treated of this matter conveyed no meaning to him, for that from a child he had never been able to tell the difference in pronunciation between a word beginning with an "h," and one beginning without: and he insisted that I ought to have adopted some method of making this plainer. He adds, "In all cases where the 'h' is used, *to me* it appears superfluous." I adduce this without comment, to show how inveterate and incurable the habit of neglecting the aspirate must be:—even more so than I had ever imagined.

Another, writing from the sister isle, charges me with being in error for finding fault with those who drop the aspirate in the word "*hospital*," "for," says he, "no one in *Ireland*, so far as I am aware, ever thinks of aspirating the *h* in that word." This is certainly a curious reason why we should not aspirate it in England. It reminds me of an American friend of ours, who, after spending two or three days with us, ventured to tell us candidly, that we all "*spoke with a strong English accent*." The same correspondent states that he never met an Englishman who could pronounce the relative pronoun "*which*." He charges us all with pronouncing it as if it were "*witch*." I may venture to inform him that it was his ear which was in fault. The ordinary English pronunciation "*which*" is as distinguishable from "*witch*," as it is from the coarse Irish and Scotch "*wh-ich*."

A third correspondent finds fault with me for using the Latin names of the cases of nouns—*genitive* and *accusative*, instead of *possessive* and *objective*; as if these latter were not quite as much Latin names as the former. I used those names as being more generally understood, and conveying a more definite idea than the others.

Several gentlemen have found fault with my prohibiting the expression "*on to*;" their general inquiry has been whether it is not necessary in such phrases as "*the cat jumped on to the chair*." One correspondent urges that in saying "*the cat jumped on the chair*," "*the man jumped on the ice*," I might mean merely that the cat remained on the chair, and then jumped; or the man remained on the ice, and then jumped. In reply, I would say that in neither case is there any danger of a mistake. The verb "*jumped*" is not of itself sufficient to indicate that which is suggested, it would require some adverb* to qualify it, as "*about*" or "*up and down*." "*The cat jumped about*," or "*jumped up and down*," "*on the chair*." Occurring alone, "*to jump on the chair*," must of necessity convey the idea of motion from some other place. I should say

that "*on to*" can never be good English. One correspondent asks me why it is not as good English as "*into*"? I answer, first, because one word exists in common usage, and the other does not; and secondly, because "*in*" and "*on*" are not exactly alike in extent of meaning: "*in*" conveys more definitely the idea of rest, and requires "*to*," the preposition of motion, to be attached when it is used as indicating motion; whereas "*on*" is itself employed to indicate motion, "*he fell on the ground*," "*he got on his horse*," and needs no such addition.

A correspondent asks for a comment on the pronunciation of the word "*manifold*." He thinks that we lose the idea of its original composition by calling it, as we generally do, "*mannifold*," and that it ought to be called "*many-fold*," as if it were two words. My reply would be, that the end proposed is a praiseworthy one, but I am afraid it will not justify the means used in attaining it—viz., the violation of common usage, which has stamped "*mannifold*" with its approval. I would remind him, that this is not the only word which suffers change of pronunciation when compounded. We call a "*vine-yard*," "*vinyard*": the man would be deservedly set down as a pedant who should do otherwise. We call a "*cup-board*" a "*cubboard*," a "*half-penny*" a "*haepenny*," and so of many other compound words. The great rule, I take it, in all such cases of conventional departure from the pronunciation of words as spelt, is, to do nothing which can attract attention. We naturally think somewhat less favourably than we otherwise should of a person who says "*vic-tu-al*," when the rest of the world say "*vital*;" "*med-i-cine*," when others say "*med-cine*;" "*ve-ni-son*," where we thought we should hear "*ven'son*." We commonly expect that such a man will be strong-willed, and hard to deal with in ordinary life: and I don't think we are often wrong.

The mention of unusual pronunciation reminds me that Mr. Moon in his pamphlet expresses a hope (these are his words, not mine) that, "as I so strongly advocate our following the Greeks in the pronunciation of their proper names, I shall be consistent, and never again, in reading the lessons, call those ancient cities, Samaria and Philadelphia, otherwise than *Samaria* and *Philadelphia*." The answer to this is very simple—viz., that I do not advocate the following of the Greeks in the pronunciation of their proper names in any case where English usage has departed from their pronunciation. This he might have gathered from the general spirit and tenor of my Essay. It is in cases where there is no such usage, and where the reader is thrown back on what ought to be his own knowledge of the form and composition of the name, that we are pained at discovering that one who ought to be able rightly to divide the Word of Truth, is not in the habit of consulting his New Testament in the original Greek.

But there is more to be said about the two rather unfortunate instances given by my critic. The

* The same correspondent thinks the adverb superfluous in the expression "*stand up*," and that the command would be better given by the verb alone. But here, again, the verb is not of itself sufficient, and completeness of meaning is given, as well as fulness of sound, by the addition of the adverb "*up*."

tendency of modern languages has been universally to shorten the last syllable but one in those names of cities which in Greek ended in *ia*. Alexandria is now called Alexandr^{ia}; Seleucia, Seleuc^{ia}; and Samaria and Philadelphia, Samar^{ia} and Philadelph^{ia}. But no such usage infringes the proper Greek pronunciation of Epanētus, Asyncritus, Patrōbas, Aristobulus, and the like. Of course, usage is not immutable. We now say Zabūlon, but the day may come when the stricter scholars may have overborne common usage, and we may say Zabūlon, which is right according to the Greek. When I was at school, the common practice was to pronounce the names of two of the Greek letters, as "*Epsilon*," and "*Omicron*:" now, such sounds are unknown in schools, and the right pronunciation, "*Epsilon*" and "*Omicron*," is universal.

Three correspondents have written about a Scripture name which was inadvertently left unnoticed in my last Essay. It is that of a person saluted in Rom. xvi. 9, and in our present Bibles spelt *U-r-b-a-n-e*. The common idea respecting this name is that it belongs to a woman, and most readers pronounce it as three syllables, *Urbané*. But it is simply the English for the Latin name *Urbanus*, in English, *Urbane*, or, as we now call it, *Urban*. The assumed name of the Editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine" has been time out of mind, Sylvanus Urban. The king's printers, who have made so many unauthorized alterations in the text of our Bibles, might with advantage drop out the final "*e*" from this word, and thus prevent the possibility of mistakes for the future.

The mention of the king's printers has reminded me of another matter which has been notified to me by no less than six correspondents, and forms the subject of one of Mr. Moon's caustic sentences. "You make," he says, "the assertion that the possessive pronoun '*its*' never occurs in the English version of the Bible. It is to be regretted that you have spoken so positively on the subject. Probably the knowledge of our translators' faithfulness to the original text, and the fact of there being in Hebrew no neuter, may have led you and others into this error. But look at Leviticus xxv. 5; 'that which groweth of *its* own accord,' and you will see that '*its*,' the possessive of '*it*,' *does* occur in the English version of the Bible."

The conjecture as to what it was that misled me and others in this case is singularly unfortunate as regards myself, for I am no Hebrew scholar. But the fact is that it is Mr. Moon, and not myself, that has been misled. What I stated, I stated because I knew it to be the fact: and it *is* the fact. "*Its*" does not occur in the English version of the Bible. Its apparent occurrence in the place quoted is simply due to the king's printers, who have modernised the passage. What is to be regretted is, that a gentleman who is setting another right with such a high hand, should not have taken the pains to examine the English version as it really stands, before printing such a sentence as that

which I have quoted. Setting it where he does, the last sentence in his pamphlet, and introducing it by "and now one word in conclusion," I suppose he means it for something very telling. And so it is, provided we duly appreciate *which way* it tells. But, as Mr. Thackeray has told us, "the critic must pretend to be the author's superior, or who would care for his opinion? And his livelihood is to find fault." I ought to add that the writer, in a letter to me since, justifies his mistake on the ground that if I intended to say that the word never occurs in editions published hundreds of years ago, I should have so expressed myself, and not have said "*in the English version of the Bible*," as by that expression every one understands me to mean the "English version of the Bible as we now have it." But surely this is more unfortunate still.

What I said was intended to illustrate the fact that "*its*" is a word of modern introduction. In support of this I said, "it was never used in the early periods of our language; nor, indeed, as late down as Elizabeth. It never occurs in the English version of the Bible." What words could more distinctly show that I was treating the matter as connected with the *date* of the introduction of the word, and that what he is pleased to call an edition published hundreds of years ago, is and must be our only authority in such an inquiry? But as to this edition published hundreds of years ago. There never has been more than one edition of our English authorised version: the alterations introduced have been made without legitimate authority.* On referring to the only authorised edition, King James's Bible, we find that Leviticus xxv. 5, stands thus: "That which groweth of it own accord of thy harvest, thou shalt not reap," &c. Now this is curiously corroborative of my statement, that there seems to have been a reluctance to attribute personality or possession to the neuter pronoun. The use of "*it*" for "*its*" is even now universal among the lower classes in parts of England. They say of a child, "It won't take *it* food;" of a dog, "It had lost *it* master;" and so on: the word "*it*" in such cases being of course only a clipped form of "*its*," testifying that there was a time when "*its*" had not come fully into use. So that the example by which my critic would demolish my character for accuracy, not only reflects his attempt on himself, but illustrates in a very striking manner that which I was endeavouring to show. †

* Certain emendations were made by Dr. Blayney in 1769, but no new edition has ever been authorised.

† It may be interesting to trace the words in Leviticus xxv. 5, through the earlier versions, and to their present form:

In the first Wycliffite version, about 1380, they stand—"thingis that the erthe frely bringeth forth."

In the second, about 1395—"thingis that the erthe bringith forth in fre wille."

In Tyndale, 1534, and Taverner, 1539—"the corn that groweth by it selfe."

In Coverdale's Bible, 1535—"what groweth of it selfe."

In Henry VIII.'s Bible, 1539, and the Bishops' Bible, 1568—"that which groweth of y^e owne accorde."

While upon the date of introduction of an expression, I may mention that since writing my former Essay, I have noticed the word "*party*" used for an individual, occurring in Shakspeare ("*Tempest*," act iii. sc. 2):

STEPHANO: How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN: Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep, where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

A correspondent who gives me his name vouches for the following anecdote. I own I had fancied it was an old story: but so many things related in Joe Miller have happened again within my own experience, that I must not too readily admit a doubt of my correspondent's accuracy. "My friend," he says, "happened to be present one Sabbath in a parish church some miles north of Aberdeen, the clergyman of which (a true Gael) read to his hearers a portion of the book of Daniel, containing the names 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.' The reverend gentleman finding some difficulty in delivering himself of these vocables, resolved not to attempt the task a second time, but simply referred to '*the three "poys" just mentioned.*'" In illustration, not of the habit of mispronouncing, but, what is worse, of misunderstanding, another correspondent assures me that he heard a man, pretending to be a teacher of the Gospel, preach on what he called "Religion in the arm-chair," his text being (1 Tim. v. 4), "*Let them learn first to show piety at home:*" where the word "*piety*," as the margin of the English Bible would have informed him, means merely "*kindness to their relations*," and has nothing to do with religion in the stricter sense.

Another correspondent is puzzled by my having said that a man who talks of Aristobölus in the lesson, is as likely as not to preach from St. Paul's, "*I know nothing by myself*," to show us that the apostle wanted divine teaching, and not to be aware that he meant he was not conscious of any fault. My correspondent cannot conceive how the words can have any other meaning, than that the apostle had no knowledge of his own. His difficulty (and I mention it because it may be that of many others besides him) is that he has missed the peculiar sense of the preposition "*by*," as here used. It bears the sense of "*of*," in the words "*I know no harm of him*." This is still in the midland counties, "*I know no harm by him*." We have a somewhat similar usage in the Prayer-book version of Ps. xv. 4, "*He that setteth not by himself*," i. e., is not self-conceited, setteth not store by himself, as we even now say. I have heard a parish clerk pronounce these last words, "*he that setteth not by himself*," in allusion, I suppose, to the

In the Geneva Bible, 1560, and King James's, 1611—"that which groweth of it owne accord."

In the Douay Bible, 1610—"the things that the ground shall bring forth of itself."

The first copy in our Cathedral Library in which I find "*its own accord*," is one published at Oxford in 1717.

Squire's pew. To return to "*I know nothing by myself*." The meaning is decided for us by the original Greek, which is simply, "I am conscious of no fault:" and it is plain that the words of the English version were so understood when they were first written; for Dr. Donne, in King James the First's time, preaches on them, and quotes them over and over again, in this sense.

I have had a very amusing letter, written anonymously, from the clergyman in the West of England to whom the verses were sent about the household of Stephanas. He comes to a rather curious conclusion from the fact of my having told the story in my former Essay. He infers that I was present, and that I made the verses. As this may be my only means of communicating with him, let me assure him this was not the case. I merely told the tale as 'twas told to me. He informs me the original lines were these:—

To-day you said ye know Stephanas,
This misconception, sir, doth pain us:
For it is Stephanas we know,
And beg that you will call him so.*

A writer in the "*English Churchman*" adds the following to many instances of mis-pronunciation of Scripture proper names. I strongly recommend Mr. Moon to adopt and teach them, that we may not too strongly advocate the "following the Greeks in their pronunciation." "Too well," says the writer in the "*Churchman*," "do I remember the city of *Colossé* pronounced *Coloss*, as if it were a word of only two syllables; the epistle to Philémon; '*the gainsaying of Core*' (one syllable), betraying that the speaker had no conception he was

* I have had two interesting communications from Cambridge, giving accurate details respecting "*Johnny Stittle*," whom I had mentioned in my former Essay as "a redoubtable preacher who used to hold forth at Cambridge in the chapel which was afterwards Robert Hall's, and now is the debating-room of the Union Society." This was what I had always heard in my day; but, it appears, such was not the fact. Stittle preached, not in the chapel now occupied by the Union Society, but in another chapel in the same (Green) street, which was taken down some years ago; and Robert Hall, not in either of those in Green Street, but in the Baptist Chapel in St. Andrew's Street. Hall and Stittle were contemporaries.

"Johnny Stittle" is mentioned in the Rev. Abner Brown's "*Recollections of Rev. Chas. Simeon*," Introduction, p. 13, where he is described as a "day labourer," and it is said that Mr. Simeon thought well enough of him to encourage him by pecuniary assistance.

In a memoir of Rowland Hill by Mr. Jones, are the following notices of Stittle:

"During Mr. Hill's residence at Cambridge he was much attached to '*Johnny Stittle*,' one of Mr. Berridge's converts. He was naturally a gifted man, though, like his patron, he moved in his own orbit. He preached for many years in Green Street, Cambridge, and died in 1813, in his 87th year.

"As Mr. Hill was on his way to Duxford to preach for the Missionary Society, he suddenly exclaimed, 'I must go to Cambridge, and see the widow of an old clergyman who is living there, for I have a message to leave with her.' On being asked if the message was important, he replied, 'Yes, sir, I want the old lady—who will soon be in heaven—to give my love to Johnny Stittle, and to tell him I shall soon see him again.'"

talking of the person who in the 16th Chapter of Numbers is designated 'Korah.'"

I have also a complaint sent me of a clergyman who insists on always saying "*Achaicus*." Really, what with *Stephānus* and *Achaicus*, occurring together, Mr. Moon seems likely soon to receive his wish, that these names may be pronounced otherwise than the Greeks pronounced them. The trio only wants *Fortunātus* to complete it.

The same writer stigmatises the expression "*different to*," which he shows (I own I was not aware of it) has become very common of late. Of course such a combination is entirely against all reason and analogy. "Compare," says this writer, "any other English words compounded of this same Latin preposition, for example, '*distant*,' '*distinct*,' and it will be seen that '*from*' is the only appropriate term to be employed in connection with them." The same will be seen, I venture to add, by substituting the verb "*to differ*" in the places where "*different*," which in fact is only its participle, is thus joined. For instance, in the sentence quoted from Mr. Taylor's *Convent Life in Italy*, "Michael Angelo planned a totally different façade to the existing one," make this substitution, and read it, "Michael Angelo planned a façade which totally differed to the existing one," and the error will be immediately seen.

As might have been expected, I have been found a good deal of fault with in the matter of "*humble*," and some very curious things have been said about the question. It has been asserted by one correspondent that the alliteration in the words, "*humble and hearty*," is as perfect without the aspirate on the former word, as with it; and I am told that the fact of the occurrence of "*thy humble servants*," and "*thine unworthy servants*," decides nothing, because we have "*thy honour and glory*." But be it observed, that in order to answer my argument, an instance ought to have been produced, not of a *different* unaspirated vowel with "*thy*" before it, but of the *same* unaspirated vowel; because some vowels have in themselves sounds more or less nearly approaching to the power of a consonant, and therefore enduring "*thy*" and "*a*" before them. The long "*u*" has this power; we may say "*a unit*," "*a university*," because the first syllable sounds as if it began with "*you*," and "*y*" has here the power of a consonant. But the short "*u*," as in "*humble*," is not one of those vowels which require a consonant to enunciate them: one could not say "*a unlearned man*," and I must therefore still maintain that the occurrence of "*thy humble*," and "*thine unworthy*," shows us that the "*h*" was meant to be aspirated in the former case, as we know it was not in the latter.

A correspondent questions the propriety of the common use of "*an*" before "*one*," in the phrase "*such an one*." I bring this forward not with any idea of deciding it, but because in my examination of the usage of our translators of the Bible, a curious circumstance has come to light. They

uniformly used "*such a one*," the expression occurring about thirteen times. In the New Testament, the king's printers have altered it throughout to "*such an one*:" in the Old Testament, they have as uniformly left it as it was. It seems to me that we may now, in writing, use either. In common talk, I should always naturally say "*such a one*," not "*such an one*," which would sound formal and stilted.

The verb to "*progress*," is challenged by one of my friends as a modern Americanism. This is not strictly accurate. Shakspeare uses it in *King John*, act v. sc. 2:

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth *progress* on thy cheeks.

But you will observe that the line requires the verb to be pronounced *progrēss*, not *progrēss*, so that this is perhaps hardly a case in point, except as to the word, a verb formed on the noun *progress*.

Milton also uses such a verb, in the magnificent peroration of his "Treatise of Reformation in England." I cannot forbear citing the whole passage, as it may be a relief to my readers and to myself in the midst of these verbal inquiries:

"Then amidst the Hymns and Hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of Truth and Righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy Emulation, to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day, when Thou the Eternal and shortly expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly Tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild Monarchy through heaven and earth. Where they undoubtedly, that by their labours, counsels and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of Religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the Blessed, the regal addition of Principalities, Legions, and Thrones into their glorious Titles, and, in supereminence of beatifick vision, *progressing* the dateless and irrevoluble circle of Eternity, shall clasp inseparable Hands with Joy and Bliss, in *over measure* for ever."

It may be noticed again that Milton's use of the verb is not exactly that which is become common now. He seems to make it equivalent to "*moving along*," or "*moving throughout*," in an active sense. These favoured ones are to *progress* the circle of Eternity, i.e., I suppose, to revolve for ever round and round it. The present usage makes the verb neuter; to *progress* meaning to advance, to make progress. I can hardly say I feel much indignation against the word, thus used. We seem to want it; and if we

do, and it does not violate any known law of formation, by all means let us have it. True, it is the first of its own family; we have not yet formed *aggress*, *regress*, *egress*, or *retrogress*, into verbs; but we have done in substance the same thing, by having admitted long ago the verbs *suggest*, *digest*, *project*, *object*, *reject*, *eject*; for all these are formed from the same part of the original Latin verbs, as this "progress" on which we have been speaking.

A correspondent finds that the newspapers are in the habit of using "predicate" where they mean "predict." I have not observed this; but it may be well to say, that to *predicate* is simply to affirm this or that of anything, whereas to *predict* is to foretell a future event.

There are certain cases where either word might be used without a fault. And such is the very instance cited by my correspondent:—"It is impossible to predicate what the result will be." The writer very likely meant, to *predict*; but he might have intended to say, that no one can *predicate* this or that probable result. If so, he expressed himself clumsily, but did not fall into the error complained of.

"If" for "whether," is another mistake which I am asked to point out. But this usage, though it may not be according to our modern habit, is found in our best writers; and I cannot see that there is anything to complain of in it. Under the word "if," in Johnson, we have, cited from Dryden:

Uncertain if by augury or chance;

And from Prior,

Doubting if she doubts or no.

We also read (Gen. viii. 8) that Noah "sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground."

Another of my correspondents is offended with "seldom or never," and prefers "seldom, if ever." It seems to me that the two express the same idea in slightly differing ways, but that both are perfectly legitimate. The one is analogous to "very little, or not at all," the other to "very little, if at all."

"Like," used as an adverb, is also brought under my notice, and the complaint in this case is not without reason. "Like I do now," "like he was," "like we are," are quite indefensible, and are avoided by all careful speakers and writers. The mistake has been occasioned by the legitimate use of "like" as an adjective at the beginning of a sentence, where it means "like to." You may say, "Like David, I am the youngest of my family;" but you may not say, "Like David was, I am the youngest of my family."

Nouns of number are also proposed as a subject for treatment. I am supposed to have written incorrectly "When the band of French Guides were in this country;" and the opinion is supported by reminding me that we say "There was a large congregation," not "there were a large congregation."

Most true: and from the consideration of this example we may derive something like a rule in such cases. In saying "there was a large congregation," I am speaking of the assembly as a whole. If I were saying anything which suggested the idea of the individuals composing it, I should use, not the singular verb, but the plural. I should hardly say, "the congregation was not all of the same opinion," but "the congregation were not all of the same opinion." The slightest bias either way will influence a writer, when using such words, towards a singular or a plural verb. I should say, that in the case complained of, perhaps it was the fact of "Guides" in the plural being the word immediately preceding the verb, that induced me to put it in the plural; or perhaps the knowledge that I was about to speak of the band, throughout the following sentences, as "they," "the Frenchmen," &c.

A correspondent, speaking of that part of my former Essay where I had found fault with "smelling sweetly," "looking sweetly," &c., thinks that I have fallen into the error myself in writing "The sentence would read rather oddly:"—and yet I could not have said "would read rather odd." The fact seems to be, that in this case I was using the verb "read" in a colloquial and scarcely legitimate sense, and that the adverb seems necessary, because the verb is not a strict neuter-substantive like "smell" or "look"; it conveys the meaning "would strike people, when read: and then I must say, rather oddly." For whatever reason, the adverb does seem necessary here.

But I must pass on to a matter on which I shall have a good deal to say—the arrangement of words and clauses in sentences. Mr. Moon, in the pamphlet which he has done me the honour to direct against my former Essay, has made the violation of certain conventional rules for the arrangement of words and clauses to be the head and front of my offending. He begins his work by saying, "I was surprised to observe inaccuracies in the structure of your sentences, and more than one grammatical error." That such inaccuracies may exist, I should be the last to deny; but seeing that he and I differ entirely as to the rules of arrangement of words and clauses, it may be worth while to devote some time to the subject, and to show, at all events, that I have something to say, right or wrong, in favour of certain sentences which he condemns. It will hardly be possible to do this without incidentally remarking on his pamphlet itself. I must say that when I first looked it through, it reminded me of the old story of the attorney's endorsement of the brief:—"No case: abuse the plaintiff." For the objections brought against the matter of my Essay are very few, and by no means weighty; but he has spent almost all his labour in criticism of my style and sentences. Being himself eminently a purist in English writing, maintaining, as he does, that every sentence ought, by its correctness and perspicuity, to preclude the possibility of a mistake on the part of even the

lullest reader, he opens his preamble thus:—"The subject of your Essay naturally courted attention to the language you had employed." What he meant to say was, "The circumstance, that your Essay itself dealt with language, naturally directed attention to the language you had employed." But I must ask—although I shall use a term which he forbids me ever to mention again,—was there ever such a piece of "slipshod English" as his sentence? The subject of my Essay was "the Queen's English." That subject did not court attention to the language I had employed; but the fact of my having written on that subject. And then, "courted attention to the language you had employed." Surely, a thing or a person can be only said to court attention to itself, not to some other thing or person. He means "directed attention to the language you had employed." Now, I am not purposing to criticise Mr. Moon's English as he has criticised mine; but only give you this sample just by way of showing, that we have not to deal with a very formidable judge of perspicuous English.

He goes on to state this as the *gravamen* of his charge against me:—"When by your violations of syntax, and your defence of those violations, you teach that Campbell's 'Philosophy of Rhetoric,' Kames' 'Elements of Criticism,' and Blair's 'Lectures on Rhetoric' and 'Belles Lettres' are no longer to be our guides in the study of the English language, no apology is needed from me for asking the public whether they will endorse the opinion that these hitherto acknowledged authorities are to be superseded." And further on, he adds to these, Murray's "Grammar," Dr. Irving's "Elements of English Composition," and Dr. Jamieson's "Grammar of Rhetoric."

I really ought to be quite overwhelmed, and to shrink away abashed, at such an array of venerable Scotchmen.* To some of them I have never had the honour of being introduced: and the recollections which I have of those with whom I once made acquaintance at school are not of the most agreeable kind.

I have a very strong persuasion that common sense, ordinary observation, and the prevailing usage of the English people, are quite as good guides in the matter of the arrangement of sentences as the rules laid down by rhetoricians and grammarians. And I must freely acknowledge to Mr. Moon, that not one of the gentlemen whom he has named has ever been my guide, in whatever study of the English language I may have accomplished, or in what little I may have ventured to write in that language. The one rule, of all others, which he cites from these authorities, and which he believes me to have continually violated, is this: that "*those parts of a sentence which are most closely connected in their meaning, should be as closely as possible connected in*

position;" or, as he afterwards quotes it from Dr. Blair, "*A capital rule in the arrangement of sentences is, that the words or members most nearly related should be placed in the sentence as near to each other as possible, so as to make their mutual relation clearly appear.*"

Now doubtless this rule is, in the main, and for general guidance, a good and useful one: indeed, so plain to all, that it surely needed no inculcating by these venerable writers. But there are more things in the English language than seem to have been dreamt of in their philosophy. If this rule were uniformly applied, it would break down the force and the living interest of style in any English writer, and reduce his matter to a dreary and dull monotony. For it is in exceptions to its application, that almost all vigour and character of style consist. Of this I shall give abundant illustration by-and-by. Meantime let me make some remarks on two very important matters in the construction of sentences: the requirements of *emphasis*, and the requirements of *parenthesis*; of neither of which has Mr. Moon, apparently, any idea.

EMPHASIS means the stress, or force of intonation, which the intended sense requires to be laid on certain words, or changes, in a sentence. Very often (not always) we can indicate this by the form and arrangement of the sentence itself. Some languages have far greater capacities this way than our own; but we are able commonly to do it sufficiently for the careful and intelligent reader.

Now, how is this done? A sentence arranged according to the rule above cited from Mr. Moon and Dr. Blair, simply conveys the meaning of its words in their ordinary and straightforward construction; and in English, owing to the difficulty, often felt, of departing from this arrangement, we must very generally be contented with it, at the risk of our words not conveying the fullness of the meaning which we intended. For let me explain, that whenever we wish to indicate that a stress is to be laid on a certain word, or clause, in a sentence, we must do it by taking that word or that clause out of its natural place which it would hold by the above rule, and putting it into some more prominent one. A substantive, for example, governed by a verb, is in a subordinate position to that verb; the mind of the reader is arrested by the verb, rather than by the substantive; so that if for any reason we wish to make the substantive prominent, we must provide some other place for it than next to the verb which governs it. Take, as an example, the words "*he restored me to mine office*": where the words are arranged in accordance with Mr. Moon's law, and the idea expressed is the simple one of restoration to office. But suppose a distinction is to be made between the narrator, who had been restored to office, and another man, who had been very differently treated. Of course we might still observe Mr. Moon's rule, and say "He restored me to mine office, and he hanged him;" but the sentence becomes thus (and it is to this that I request

* I am aware that Lindley Murray was an American by birth, and lived and wrote in England; but of his Scottish extraction I suppose there can be no doubt.

your attention) a very tame one, not expressing the distinction in itself, nor admitting of being so read as to express it sharply and decisively. Now, let us violate Mr. Moon's rule, and see how the sentence reads: "*Me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged.*" Thus wrote our translators of Genesis (xli. 13), and they arranged the words rightly. No reader, be his intelligence ever so little, can help reading this sentence as it ought to be read.

And let there be no mistake about this being a violation of the rule. The words nearest connected are "*restored,*" and "*me,*" which it governs: "*hanged,*" and "*him,*" which it governs. When I take "*me*" out of its place next "*restored,*" and begin the sentence with it, letting the pronoun "*he*" come between them, I do most distinctly violate the rule, that those words which are most nearly connected in the sense should also be most nearly connected in the arrangement. I have purposely chosen this first instance of the simplest possible kind, to make the matter clear as we advance into it. Let us take another. St. Peter (Acts ii. 23) says to the Jews, speaking of our Lord, "*Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain.*" Here we have the pronoun "*Him*" placed first in the sentence, and at a considerable distance from the verbs that govern it, with the clause, "*being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God,*" inserted between. Yet, who does not see that the whole force of that which was intended to be conveyed by the sentence is thus gained, and could not otherwise be gained? Arranged according to Mr. Moon's rule, the sentence would have been, "*Ye have taken Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain Him,*" and the whole force and point would have been lost.

And as this necessity for bringing into prominence affects the position of words in sentences, so does it also that of clauses. A clause is often subordinate in the construction to some word or some other clause; while it is the object of the writer to bring the subordinate, not the principal clause, into prominence. And then, as we saw with regard to words just now, the clause which is inferior in constructive importance is brought out and transposed, so that the reader's attention may be arrested by it. Or perhaps the writer feels the necessity of noticing, as he passes on, certain particulars which will come in flatly, and spoil the balance of the sentence, if reserved till their proper place. Such passing notices are called "*parentheses,*" from a Greek word, meaning *insertion by the way*; and every such insertion is a violation of the supposed universal rule of position.

Thus, for example, I am narrating a circumstance which, when it happened, excited my astonishment. Undoubtedly the natural order of constructing the

sentence would be to relate what happened first, and my surprise at it afterwards. "I was looking at a man walking on the bank of the river, when he suddenly turned about, and plunged in, to my great surprise." But who does not see the miserable way in which the last clause drags behind, and loses all force? We therefore take this clause out of its place, and insert it before that to which it applies, and with which it ought to be constructed: we word the sentence thus: "I was looking at a man walking on the bank of the river, when, to my great surprise, he suddenly turned round, and plunged in." I need not further illustrate so common a transposition: I will only say that it produces instances of violation of the supposed rule of arrangement in almost every extant page of good English; and in common conversation, every day, and all day long.

Sometimes these insertions are such obvious interruptions to the construction, that they are marked off by brackets, and it is thus made evident that the sentence is intended to flow on as if they did not exist; but far more frequently they are without any such marks, and the common sense of the reader is left to separate them off for himself. It is impossible to write lucidly or elegantly without the use of these parenthetical clauses. Care ought of course to be taken that they be not so inserted as to mislead the reader, by introducing the possibility of constructing the sentence otherwise than as the writer intended. But at the same time it may be fearlessly stated, that not one of our best writers has ever been minutely scrupulous on this point: and that there does not exist in our language one great work in prose or in poetry, in which may not be found numerous instances of possible misconstruction arising from this cause. And this has not been from carelessness, but because the writer was intent on expressing his meaning in good manly English, and was not anxious as to the faults which casting and captious critics might find with his style. Mr. Moon quotes from one of his high authorities, Lord Kames, a rule that "*a circumstance ought never to be placed between two capital members of a sentence: or if so placed (I suppose he means, if it be so placed), the first word in the consequent member should be one that cannot connect it with what precedes.*"

Any one on the look out for misunderstanding may convince himself by trial, that there is hardly a page in any English book which will not furnish him with instances of violation of this rule. The principal example which Mr. Moon gives from my Essay is the following:—I have said that certain persons "fall, from their ignorance, into absurd mistakes." The parenthetical clause here is "from their ignorance." Mr. Moon would amend it thus—"certain persons, in consequence of their ignorance, fall into absurd mistakes." Now this is not what I wanted to say; at least, it is a most blundering and roundabout way of expressing it. The purpose is, to bring the fact stated into prominence: and

this is done by making the verb "*fall*" immediately follow its subject, "*certain persons.*" According to Mr. Moon's arrangement, it is the fact of what is about to be stated being a consequence of their ignorance, which is put into the place of prominence and emphasis. Very well, then: having stated that they *fall*, and being about to say *into what*, it is convenient, in order to keep the sentence from dragging a comparatively unimportant clause at its end, to bring in that clause, containing the reason of the fall, immediately after the verb itself. To my mind, the clause, in spite of the possible ambiguity, reads far better with "*from*" than with "*in consequence of,*" which is too heavy and lumbering. The "*possibility of a ludicrous interpretation*" which he speaks of—the falling from ignorance as a man falls from grace, or falls from virtue, seems to me to be effectually precluded in the mind of any man who happens to remember that ignorance is neither a grace nor a virtue. Really, we do not write for idiots: and it must require, to speak in the genteel language which some of my correspondents uphold, a most abnormal elongation of the auricular appendages, for a reader to have suggested to his mind a fall from the sublime height of ignorance down into the depth of a mistake.

I have given a fair sample of the instances of ambiguity which Mr. Moon cites out of my Essay. The others are, if possible, even more puerile than this. Can it be believed that, quoting this sentence from me, "Commas are inserted by the compositors without the slightest compunction," he asks, how can we certainly tell that the words, "without the slightest compunction," refer to "inserted"? and adds, "They seem, by the order of the sentence, to describe the character of the compositors."

Can it be believed, again, that on the words, "the by-rules, to compare small things with great, which hang up framed at the various stations," he asks, "what are the great things which hang up framed at the various stations?" Again, for this is all directly to our present purpose, let us see how he would amend the sentence. "It would," he says, "have been better thus: '*or, to compare small things with great, the by-rules which hang up framed at the various stations.*'" Now this is a precious example of the way in which our sentences would be spoiled if left to the mercy of these philosophy-of-rhetoric gentlemen. The parenthetical clause, "*to compare small things with great,*" is introduced solely as apologetic for the word, "*by-rules.*" As Mr. Moon constructs the sentence, this clause applies to something not yet mentioned. And if any reader really ever thinks that the sentence is meant to be read, "to compare small things with great which hang up, &c.," all I can say is, that his ears must be at least a foot longer than those of the former gentleman, who fell off his ignorance into a mistake.

I said it was not my purpose to tire my reader's patience by replying at length to Mr. Moon. There are, however, two or three points more in his tract

well worth noticing for the illustrations which they will furnish on matters connected with our present subject. Mr. Moon quotes, with disapprobation, my words, where I join together "would have been broken to pieces in a deep rut, or come to grief in a bottomless swamp." He says this can only be filled in thus, "would have been broken to pieces, . . . or would have been come to grief in a bottomless swamp:" "for," he adds, "a part of a complex tense means nothing without the rest of the tense." This wonderful saying, being interpreted by his own filling up of my sentence (for his words have no meaning of their own, "*part of a tense*" being simply nonsense), seems to mean, that the whole of the auxiliary verbs which belong to the first verb in a sentence must also belong to all other verbs which are coupled to that first verb. Now, is this so? I do not find that our best writers observe any such rule. In Deut. vi. 11, Israel is admonished, "*When thou shalt have eaten and be full, beware lest thou forget the Lord.*" We all know that this means "When thou shalt have eaten and shalt be full." But, according to Mr. Moon, it must be filled up, "When thou shalt have eaten and shalt have be full."

Again, he finds fault with me for calling "*the mispronunciation of Scripture proper names, that fertile source of mistakes among the clergy.*" "It is not," says he, "the mispronunciation of Scripture proper names which is the source of mistakes: the mispronunciation of Scripture proper names constitutes the mistakes themselves of which you are speaking. And a thing cannot at the same time be a source, and that which flows from it. It appears that what you intended to speak of was, that fertile source of mistakes among our clergy, Scripture proper names, the mispronunciation of which is quite inexcusable." Again I must beg Mr. Moon's pardon. I did not mean to say anything half so silly as that which he puts into my mouth. Fancy *Scripture proper names being a source of mistakes!* They are not the source of the mistakes, they are the material in which they are made. The source, or origin, of the mistakes is, the clergy not knowing how to pronounce the names, and consequently their habit of mispronouncing them, which I called, speaking generally, their mispronunciation of them.

On his page 18 the following occurs:—"In that elegant sentence of yours about 'Adam's first,' you thus express yourself: 'What a history, it has been well said, is this earth's atmosphere, seeing that all words spoken, from Adam's first until now, are still vibrating on its sensitive and unresting medium.' Query, on the sensitive and unresting medium of Adam's first? And then, first what? First child, or first word? Of course the latter. Still, what nonsense; from a word till a time; from Adam's first till now. Pray never talk of other people's slipshod English after having published such sentences as these." Now, I don't know whether anything by way of a criticism was ever more childish than this. Who does not see that "from Adam's first till now" is simply a note of

time, parenthetically inserted? And then, as to the silly objection, that the expression is *from a word till a time*. Pray may not a word, or an act, or an event, be a *terminus a quo*, as we call it, as well as a date? Did Mr. Moon never read the words of St. Peter in Acts i. 22, "Beginning from the baptism of John unto that same day that He was taken up from us?"

By the way, this last "he" must mean *John*, by Mr. Moon's rule. And you might, by applying to any chapter in the Bible the same treatment, which he has applied to my Essay, show it to be full of ambiguities, which no one in all these generations has ever found out. Take examples from Acts xxii., which happened to be our second lesson on the morning when I received his pamphlet. In verse 4, I read, "*And I persecuted this way unto the death.*" This violates the supposed law of arrangement, and falls under the charge of ambiguity. The gospel may (?) be understood from it to be a way unto death instead of a way unto life. Take again verse 29, "*Then they departed from him which should have examined him.*" Now we all know what this means. It is a more neat way of expressing what would be Mr. Moon's sentence, "*Then they which should have examined him departed from him.*" But here again the captious and childish critic may find ambiguity—"Then they departed—from him which should have examined him."

I must not, however, forget, that Mr. Moon finds it convenient to depreciate the language and grammar of our authorised version of Scripture. "Its doctrines," he says, "being divine, are, like their Author, perfect: but the translation, being human, is frequently obscure." I may venture to tell him, that if the language which conveys doctrines be obscure,—however divine those doctrines may be, they will necessarily be obscure also. And I would recommend him to try the experiment of amending that language. He may then perhaps find that what the translators themselves once said is true. A story is told, that they had a recommendation from a correspondent to alter a certain word in their version, giving *five* sufficient reasons for the change. They are said to have replied that they had already considered the matter, and had *fifteen* sufficient reasons against the change. I think if Mr. Moon can bring himself to consider reasonably any passage in which the English grammar of our authorised version appears doubtful, he will find himself in the same predicament as this correspondent of the translators. I have often tried the experiment, and this has generally been the result. Mind, our present question is not that of their having adequately translated the Greek, which he cunningly tries to make it to be, but whether or not they wrote their own language grammatically and clearly.

Still, lest I should seem to him to be a "man of one book only," I will give him, from our greatest English writer, an instance (from among many) of what he would call a similar ambiguity. In the

"Two Gentlemen of Verona," act i. scene 2, Julia says:—

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings.

According to Mr. Moon, we ought to understand this as saying that the bees yield the honey by means of the wasps' stings.

But surely we have had enough of Mr. Moon and his rules. All I would say on them is, the less you know of them, the less you turn your words right or left to observe them, the better. Write good manly English; explain what you mean, as sensible intelligent men cannot fail to understand it, and then, if the rules be good, you will be sure to have complied with them; and if they be bad, your writing will be a protest against them.

Much has been said by my various correspondents about the placing of adverbs and other qualifying terms in respect of the verbs or nouns with which they are connected; and the dispute has turned especially on the situation of the adverb "*only*," with regard to its verb. "*Did you see a man and a woman?*" "*No; I only saw a man.*" This is our ordinary colloquial English. Is it wrong? Of course the pedant comes down on us, and says, "Yes; it is wrong. You don't want your adverb '*only*' to qualify your act of seeing, but to qualify the number of persons whom you saw. The proper opposition to '*I only saw a man*' would be '*I saw and heard a man*,' or '*I saw and touched him.*'" So far the pedant; now for common sense. Common sense at once replies, "I beg the pedant's pardon; he says I didn't want the adverb '*only*' to qualify my act of seeing. I say, I did. For what was the act of seeing? The two things to be opposed are two acts of seeing. Seeing a man, and seeing a man and a woman. It was not the same sight. I only performed the one; I did not go further, and perform the other. I only saw a man; I did not see a man and a woman." Of course the other way is right also, and, strictly speaking, the more technically exact of the two; but it by no means follows that the more exact expression is also the better English. Very often we cannot have exactness and smoothness together. Wherever this is the case, the harsher method of constructing the sentence is, in colloquial English, abandoned, even at the risk of exactness and school rules. The adverb "*only*," in many sentences where strictly speaking it ought to follow its verb and to limit the objects of the verb, is in good English placed before the verb. Let us take some examples of this from the great storehouse of good English, our authorised version of the Scriptures. In Num. xii. 2, we read, "hath the Lord only spoken by Moses? hath He not spoken also by us?" According to some of my correspondents, and to Mr. Moon's pamphlet, p. 12, this ought to be "Hath the Lord spoken only by Moses?" I venture to prefer very much the words as they stand. Again, Ps. lxii. 4, "They only con-

sult to cast him down from his excellency ;" *i. e.*, their consultation is on one subject only, how to cast him down. You see the account of the matter before us is just this : I may use my adverb "*only*" where two things are spoken of which are affected by the same action, to qualify the one as distinguished from the other, or I may, if I will, separate the action into two parts, the one having regard to the one thing acted on, and the other having regard to the other ; and I may make use of my adverb to qualify one part of the action as compared with the other. If I say "*I will state only one thing more,*" I mean, that being about to state, I will confine that action to one thing and not extend it to any more ; if I say "*I will only state one thing more,*" I mean that all I will do, is, to make one statement, not more. But our gentlemen with their rules never look about to see whether usage is not justified ; they find a sentence not arranged as their books say it ought to be, and it is instantly set down as wrong, in spite of the common sense and practice of all England being against them.

But the adverb "*only*" is not the only word whose position is thus questioned : "*both*" is another. This word, we are told, should always be placed strictly before the former of the words to which it belongs in the sentence, not before the verb or noun which applies equally to the two. Thus, if I say "*They broke down both the door of the stable and of the cellar,*" I am charged with having violated the rules of good English. The pedant would have it, "*They broke down the door both of the stable and of the cellar.*" Now, to my mind, the difference between these two sentences is, that the former is plain colloquial English : the latter is harsh and cramped, and could not have been written by a sensible man, but only by a man who thought less about conveying the sense of what he said, than about the rules by which his expression should be regulated. But let us see how the great masters of our English tongue wrote. Let us balance Shakspeare against Lindley Murray. In the "*Tempest,*" act i. scene 2, Prospero tells Miranda that the usurping Duke of Milan, her uncle,

Having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear.

This is, of course, a clear violation of the rule ; according to which the words ought to have run, "*having the key of both officer and office.*"

As connected with the question of the arrangement of words, I may mention that I have been in controversy, first and last, with several people, while I have been engaged on my edition of the Greek Testament, about the expression "*the Three first Gospels.*" My correspondents invariably maintain that this expression, which I always use, must be an oversight, and that I ought to say "*the first Three Gospels.*" I should like to argue this out ; and the present seems a good opportunity for doing so.

There are Four Gospels, as we all know. And

such is the distinctive character of the three which are placed first, as compared with the one which is placed last, that it often becomes necessary to speak of the three, and the one, in two separate classes. It is in doing so that I say "*the Three first Gospels,*" and my correspondents want me to say "*the first Three Gospels.*" Which of the two is right ? or, if both are right, which of the two is the better ?

My view is this. The whole number is divided into two classes : the *first* class, and the *last* class. To the former of these belong three : to the latter, one. There are three that are ranged under the description "*first.*" and one that is ranged under the description "*last.*" Just in this way are the two classes spoken of in that saying of our Lord, "There are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last." (Luke xiii. 30.) It is not necessary that *one only* should be spoken of as first, and *one only* as last, as this quotation shows. The whole class is first, as compared with the whole other class, which is last. Of twelve persons I may make two classes, and speak of the *five first*, and the *seven last*. This is a correct and logical way of speaking. The opposition between the two classes is as strict and complete, as when I say that of twelve men there are five tall and seven short. If then I wish to divide twelve men into two classes, I say, and I maintain I say rightly, *the five first and the seven last*. If I wish to divide the four Gospels into two classes, I say, and maintain I say rightly, *the three first Gospels, and the last Gospel*.

Now let us try the correctness of the other expression, "*the first three Gospels.*" Used in common talk, it would of course convey the same idea as the other. But that is not our present question. Our question is, which of the two is the more precise and correct ? When I say "*the first three,*" the idea presented to the mind is, that I am going to speak of *another three*, which shall be set in contrast to it. The proper opposition to "*a tall man*" is "*a short man,*" not a short stick. When therefore I take twelve men, and, dividing them into two classes, speak of the tall five and the short seven, I may be intelligible, but I certainly am not speaking precisely nor properly. And so when I take four Gospels, and, dividing them into two classes, speak of "*the first three,*" and "*the last one,*" I may be complying with technical rules, but I maintain that I am not complying with the requirements of common sense, and therefore neither with those of good English.

The next point which I notice shall be the use of the auxiliaries "*shall*" and "*will.*" Now here we are at once struck by a curious phenomenon. I never knew an Englishman who misplaced "*shall*" and "*will*" : I hardly ever have known an Irishman or a Scotchman who did not misplace them sometimes. And it is strange to observe how incurable the propensity is. It was but the other day that I asked a person sprung of Irish blood whether he would be at a certain house to which I was going

that evening. The answer was, "I'm afraid I won't." Yet my friend is a sound and accurate English scholar, and I had never before, during all the years I had known him, discovered any trace of the sister island.

In attempting to give an explanation of our English usage, I may premise that it is exceedingly difficult to do so. We seem to proceed rather on instinct, than by any fixed rule. Yet instinct, in rational beings, must be founded on some inherent fitness of things; and examination ought to be able to detect that fitness. Let us try to do this, though it may be difficult, in the case before us.

The simplest example that can be given is "I will." Now this can have but one meaning. It can only be used as expressing determination: only, where the will of the person speaking is concerned. "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" Answer, "I will." We cannot use "I will," where a mere contingent future event is concerned. We cannot use "I will" of anything uncertain, anything about which we hope or fear. "Help me, I'll fall," if strictly interpreted, would be an entreaty to be saved from an act of wilful precipitation. "I fear I won't" is an impossible and unmeaning junction of terms. If it meant anything, it could only be, "I fear that when the time comes, my power of volition will be found too weak for its work." But this is obviously not what it is intended to mean. The account then of "I will" seems very simple.

Now, what is "I shall?" In its ordinary use, it just takes those cases of things future, where "I will" cannot be said: those cases where the things spoken of are independent of our own will. "Next Tuesday I shall be twenty-one"—an event quite out of my own power. So far, all is plain. But there is a case of "I shall" which somewhat complicates the matter. We are in the habit, when announcing something which we positively mean to do, to speak of it as if it were taken, so to say, out of the region of our own will, and placed among things absolutely certain: and in such cases we turn "will" into "shall." The traveller meets with incivility, or he cannot find his luggage, at the station. He breaks forth, in angry mood, "I shall write to the 'Times' about this,"—and he means the station-master to conclude that his writing is as certain as if it were already done. The "shall" is intended to elevate the "will" into the category of things indisputable. So far then for "will" and "shall" when used in the first person. But how when used in the second? Let us take "You will." "You will" is used when speaking to another person of a matter entirely out of the speaker's power and jurisdiction. "You will be twenty-one next Tuesday." "If you climb that ladder you will fall." This is the ordinary use. Here again there is an exception, which I cannot well treat till I have spoken, of "You shall." "You shall" or "You shall not" is said to another, when the will of the speaker compels that which is spoken of. "Thou

shalt love the Lord thy God." "Thou shalt not steal." The exceptions to both these usages may be stated thus, and they are nearly related to that of which I spoke when on the first person. A master writes to his servant, "On the receipt of this you will go," or "you will please to go," "to such a place." This is treating the obedience of the servant as a matter of certainty, sure to follow of course on his lord's command. The exception in the use of "shall" is when we say, for instance, "If you look through History, you shall find that it has always been so," and the account of it seems to be, that the speaker feels as perfect a certainty of the result, as if it were not contingent, but depended only on his absolute command.

It remains that we consider the words "will" and "shall" as applied in the third person, said of persons and things spoken about. And here, what has already been said will be a sufficient guide in ordinary cases. For all announcements of common events foreseen in the future, "will" is the word to be used. "I think it will rain before night." "Tomorrow will be old May-day." We may sometimes use "shall," but it can only be in cases where our own will, or choice, or power, exercises some influence over the events spoken of: as for instance, "The sun shall not set to-night before I find out this matter." "Next Tuesday shall be the day." Notice, you would not say, "Next Tuesday shall be my birthday:" you must say, "Next Tuesday will be my birthday:" because that is a matter over which you have no control: but the Queen might say, "Next Tuesday shall be my birthday:" because she would mean, "shall be kept as my birthday," a matter over which she has control.

There are some very delicate and curious cases of the almost indifferent usage of the two auxiliary verbs. Take this one, "If he will look, he will find it to be so." Here we use the first "will" in the sense of "choose to:" "If he please to look." But the second has its mere future use: "he will find that it is so." Here however we might use, though it would be somewhat pedantic English, the word "shall" in both members of the sentence: "If he shall look, he shall find it to be so," and then the former "shall" would be in the sense of a mere future, and the second in that sense of absolute certainty, "I will undertake that he shall find," of which I spoke just now. This sentence might in fact be correctly said in four different ways:

- If he will look, he will find:
- If he shall look, he shall find:
- If he will look, he shall find:
- If he shall look, he will find.

I may mention that the almost uniform use of "shall" as applied to future events and to persons concerned in them, is reserved for the prophetic language of the Bible, as spoken by One whose will is supreme and who has all under His control.*

* I am reminded, in writing this, of a criticism of Mr. Moon's on my remark, that we have dropped "thou"

There are certain other cases in which we may say either "will" or "shall." In reporting what another said, or what one said one's self, we may say "*He told me he should go up to town to-morrow and settle it,*" or we may say, "*He told me he would go up to town,*" &c. This arises from the possibility, already noticed, of using either word in speaking in in the first person.

Sometimes an ambiguity arises from the fact that "will" and "would" may either convey the idea of inclination of the will, or may point to a mere future event. We have two notable instances in the English version of the New Testament. Our Lord says to the Jews (John v. 40), "*Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.*" Is He merely announcing a fact, or is He speaking of the bent and inclination of their minds?

We consult the original, and the question is at once answered. What our Lord says is this: "*Ye are not willing,*" "*ye have no mind,*" "*to come to me that ye might have life.*"—Matt. xi. 27.

Again (Matt. xi. 27). "*No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him.*" Is this "will" a mere auxiliary for the future meaning, or does it convey the idea of exercise of will? Here again the original sets us right in a moment. It is, "he to whom the Son is minded to reveal Him."

Let us take a still more remarkable case. The Pharisees said to our Lord (Luke xiii. 31), "Get thee hence, for Herod will kill thee." This seems a mere future, and I have no doubt English readers universally regard it as such: but the original is "Herod wishes," "is minded" "to kill thee."

The sense of duty conveyed by "*should*" sometimes causes ambiguity. Thus we have (Matt. xxvi. 35), "*Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.*" This, to the mere English reader, only conveys the sense, "*Even if it should happen that I should die with thee.*" But on consulting the original we find we should be wrong in thus understanding it. It is "*Even if it be necessary for me to die with thee*"—and would have been better rendered, "*Even if I must die with thee.*" But in another clause (John xxi. 19), "*This said He, signifying by what death he should glorify God,*" the "*should*" does not represent any necessity, but the mere future.

Great fault has been found with me by Mr. Moon (for I am obliged to return to him for a few minutes) for the confused use, as he is pleased to regard it, of the personal pronouns "he" and "it." Now, here is another matter on which he and I are entirely at

and "thee" in our addresses to our fellow-men, and reserved those words for our addresses in prayer to Him who is the highest personality. It will be hardly believed, that he professes to set this right by giving his readers and me the information that "these pronouns are very extensively and profusely used in poetry, even (!) when inanimate objects are addressed:" and thinks it worth while to quote Celeridge's Address to Mont Blanc to prove his point! Really, might not the very obvious notoriety of the fact he adduces have suggested to him that it was totally irrelevant to the matter I was treating of?

issue. His rule is taken from Dr. Campbell, that "wherever the pronoun 'he' will be ambiguous, because two or more males happen to be mentioned in the same clause of a sentence, we ought always to give another turn to the expression, or to use the noun itself and not the pronoun: for when the repetition of a word is necessary, it is not offensive. The translators of the Bible," continues Dr. C., "have often judiciously used this method: I say judiciously, because though the other method be on some occasions preferable, yet, by attempting the other they would have run a much greater risk of destroying (he means a much greater risk, namely, that of destroying) that beautiful simplicity which is an eminent characteristic of Holy Writ. I shall take an instance from the speech of Judah to his brother Joseph in Egypt: 'We said to my lord, the lad cannot leave his father, for if he should leave his father, his father would die. The words 'his father' are in this short verse thrice repeated, and yet are not disagreeable, as they contribute to perspicuity. Had the last part of the sentence run thus: 'if he should leave his father he would die,' it would not have appeared from the expression whether it was the child or the parent that would die.'

So far Dr. Campbell, "Philosophy of Rhetoric." Now it so happens, that although Dr. Campbell has been able to find an instance to illustrate his point, this is a matter about which the translators of the Bible, and indeed the best of our English writers, care very little; of this, numerous instances might be produced out of our English Bible. I will content myself with two: the first from 2 Kings i. 9: "Then the king sent unto him a captain of fifty with his fifty: and he went up to him: and behold, he sat on the top of an hill." Now, to common sense it is plain enough who is meant in each case by *he* and *him*, and I don't suppose a mistake was ever made about it: but the sentence is in direct violation of Dr. Campbell's rule. Again, in Luke xix. 2, 3, we read of Zaccheus: "And he sought to see Jesus who he was, and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him; for he was to pass that way."

Now here you see the pronouns "*he*" and "*him*" are used indiscriminately, sometimes of our Lord, sometimes of Zaccheus: and yet every one knows to whom to apply each of them. The caviller might find ambiguity over and over again; and accordingly Mr. Moon says of this very example, "you surely do not defend the construction of these sentences?" All I can tell him is, they run thus in the *original*: and this, our translators very well knew, is not a matter of the grammar of *our* language, but of all languages, belonging in fact to the laws of human thought. As to the translators having, as Dr. Campbell says, often judiciously used the other method, the expression is peculiarly unfortunate. Our translators rendered most commonly what they found in the original, and very rarely indeed would

have thought of repeating the noun, where the original had the pronoun. In the example from Genesis, it would have been better if they had not repeated the words "his father" the third time, but had left the sentence ambiguous, as I believe it is in the original Hebrew.

What are we to think of the question, whether "*than*" does or does not govern an accusative case? "*than I*:" "*than me*:" which is right? My readers will probably answer without hesitation, the former. But is the latter so certainly wrong? We are accustomed to hear it stigmatised as being so; but I think, erroneously. Milton writes, "*Paradise Lost*," ii. 299,

Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat.

"*Than who*" would be intolerable: and this seems to settle the question.

The fact is that there are two ways of constructing a clause with a comparative and "*than*." You may say either "*than I*" or "*than me*." If you say the former, you use what is called an elliptical expression: *i.e.*, an expression in which something is left out:—and that something is the verb "*am*." "*He is wiser than I*," being filled out, would be, "*He is wiser than I am*:" "*He is wiser than me*," is the direct and complete construction. The difference between the two usages seems to be this: and it is curiously confirmative of what was said in my former Essay about men in ordinary converse shrinking from the use of the bare nominative case of the personal pronoun. Where solemnity is required, the construction in the nominative is used. Our Lord's words will occur to us (John xiv. 28), "*My Father is greater than I*." But in ordinary conversation this construction is generally avoided, as sounding too weighty and formal. In colloquial talk we commonly say either, "*He is older than me*," or perhaps more frequently, "*He is older than I am*." And so with the other personal pronouns, *he, she, we, and they*.

There is an unfortunate word in our language, which few can use without very soon going wrong in grammar, or, which is worse, in common sense. It is the word "*one*," used in the sense of the French "*on*" or the German "*man*," and meaning, people in general.

What one has done, when one was young,
One ne'er will do again;
In former days one went by coach,
But now one goes by train.

So far, "*one*" is pretty sure to be right. It is only when this is carried on further, that the danger arises. Suppose I wanted to put into English the saying of the French gourmand, which, by the way, I am glad an Englishman did not originally utter: "*Avec cette sauce on pourrait manger son propre père*;"—how am I to express myself? In other words, how am I to take up the "*one*" with the possessive pronoun, or with any possessive, in English? The French, we see, say, "With this

sauce one could eat his own father." Is this an English usage (I don't mean the meal, but the grammar)?

I believe not, though it is becoming widely spread in our current literature.

In such a scene one might forget his cares,
And dream himself, in poet's mood, away.

And one of my correspondents says, "When writing on language, grammar, and composition, *one* ought to be more than usually particular in his endeavours to be *himself* correct."

These sentences do not seem to me to be right. Having used "*one*," we must also use "*one's*" cares, and "*one's*" self. We must say, at the risk of sacrificing elegance of sound,

In such a scene one might forget one's cares,
And dream one's self, in poet's mood, away.

The fact is, that this "*one*" is a very awkward word to get into a long sentence. I have sometimes seen it in our newspapers, followed not only by "*he*" and "*his*," but by "*they*" and "*their*," and "*we*" and "*our*," in all stages of happy confusion.

There is another word in our common English very difficult to keep right. It is the verb "*use*," signifying, to be accustomed. "I used to meet him at my uncle's." When the verb is affirmatively put in this manner, there is no difficulty, and no chance of going wrong. These arise when we want to put it in the negative; to speak of something which we were not accustomed to do; and then we find rather curious combinations. I "*didn't use*," I "*hadn't used*," I "*wasn't used*." This latter would be legitimate enough, if the verb were "*used to*," meaning "*accustomed by use to*." We may say, "*I wasn't used to the practice*." But it will be plain that it is a different meaning of which I am now speaking. A friend tells me that in his part of the world the people say, "*didn't use to was*."

If you ask me what we are to say in this case, I must reply that I can answer very well on paper, but not so well for the purposes of common talk. "*I used*" is negated by "*I used not*." But unfortunately, this expression does not do the work in common talk. "*I used not to see him at my uncle's*" does not convey the idea that it was not your habit to meet him there. It rather means, that he was there, but that for some unexplained reason you did not see him. You meant to express, not something which it *was* your practice *not to do*, but something which it *was not* your practice *to do*. "*I never used*" is better, but it may be too strong. I am afraid there is no refuge but in the inelegant word "*usedn't*," to which I suppose most of us have many times been driven.

I had intended to add something on several sayings and habits of speech which seemed to require notice. But I must hurry to an end, and will only quote a few rich bits of English which have been picked up since my last essay was written, and then, with one more criticism, conclude.

A correspondent sends me the following. A placard is to be seen in a certain farmyard in this county:—

“There is a place for everything, and everything for a place. Any person offending against these rules will forfeit 2d.”

By-the-bye, what are we to think of the phrase which came in during the Crimean war, “*The right man in the right place?*” How can the right man ever be in the wrong place? or the wrong man in the right place? We used to illustrate the unfitness of things by saying that the round man had got into the square hole, and the square man into the round hole; that was correct enough; but it was the *putting incongruous things together* that was wrong, not the man, nor the hole.

This puts me in mind of the servant at school once coming into the schoolroom, in consequence of some interchange of slippers, and calling out, “Has any gentleman got his wrong slippers?” Now, if they were his, they were not wrong; and if they were wrong, they were not his.

In the same note, my friend sends me the following: A Mr. Crispin of Oxford announced that he sold “boots and shoes made by celebrated Hoby, London.”

Mr. Hoby, irate, put into the Oxford paper: “The boots and shoes Mr. Crispin says he sells of my make is a lie.”

Some odd descriptions of men have been forwarded me, arising from the ambiguous junction of compound words. In two or three places in London, we see “*Old and New Bookseller*”—an impossible combination in one and the same man; but of course meaning a seller of old and new books. Another tradesman describes himself as “*Gas-holder and Boiler-maker*,” meaning that he makes gas-holders and boilers, but giving the idea that he undertakes to contain gas himself. We have in Canterbury a worthy neighbour who advertises himself as “*Indigenous Kentish Herbalist*”; meaning, of course, not that he was born amongst us, but that he makes *herbs indigenous in Kent* his study.

I have lying on my table a note just received, in the following words: “R. C. begs to apologise for not acknowledging P. O. order at the time (but was from home), and thus got delayed, misplaced, and forgotten.”

“*By doing a thing*,” for “*if he will do it*,” is noticed by a friend as a common error in Scotch papers.

“Found on board the steamer ‘Vulcan,’ a gold locket. The owner may have it *by* giving the date, when lost, and paying expenses.”

“Found, in Stockwell Street, on Friday early, a gold or gold-plated Geneva watch. The owner may have the same on proving his property, *by* applying to Mr. R. B., 166, Hospital Street.”

The one criticism with which I will conclude, is on the practice of using in general society unmeaning and ridiculous familiar nicknames or terms of endearment. A more offensive habit cannot be

imagined, or one which more effectually tends to the disparagement of those who indulge in it. I find myself, after the departure of the ladies from the dining-room, sitting next to an agreeable and sensible man. I get into interesting conversation with him. We seek a corner in the drawing-room afterwards, and continue it. His age and experience make him a treasure-house of information and practical wisdom. Yet, as talk trieth the man, infirmities begin to appear hear and there, and my respect for my friend suffers diminution. By-and-by, a decided weak point is detected: and further on, it becomes evident that in the building up of his mental and personal fabric there is somewhere a loose stratum which will not hold under pressure. At last, the servant begins to make those visits to the room, usually occurring about ten o’clock, which begin with gazing about, and result in a rush at some recognised object, with a summons from the coachman below. I am just doubting whether I have not about come to an end of my companion, when a shrill voice from the other side of the room calls out, “Sammy, love!” All is out. He has a wife who does not know better, and he has never taught her better. This is the secret. The skeleton in their cupboard is a child’s rattle. A man may as well suck his thumb all his life, as talk, or allow to be talked to him, such drivelling nonsense. It must detract from manliness of character, and from proper self-respect: and is totally inconsistent with the good taste, and consideration, even in the least things, for the feelings of others, which are always present in persons of good breeding and Christian courtesy. Never let the world look through these chinks into the boudoir. Even thence, if there be real good sense present, all that is childish and ridiculous will be banished; but at all events keep it from the world. It is easy for husband and wife, it is easy for brothers and sisters, to talk to one another as none else could talk, without a word of this minced-up English. One soft tone, from lips on which dwells wisdom, is worth all the “loveys” and “deareys” which become the unmeaning expletives of the vulgar.

And, as we have ventured to intrude into the boudoir, let us go one step further up, and peep into the nursery also. And here again I would say, never talk, never allow to be talked, to children, the contemptible nonsense which is so often the staple of nursery conversation. Never allow foolish and unmeaning nicknames to come into use in your family. We all feel, as we read of poor James I., with his “Steenie” for the Duke of Buckingham, and “Baby Charles” for his unfortunate son, that he cannot have been worthy to rule in England. We often find foolish names like these rooted in the practice of a family, and rendering grown-up men and women ridiculous in the eyes of strangers. And mind, in saying this, I have no wish to proscribe all abridgments, or familiar forms of names, for our children, but only those which are unmeaning and absurd. I hold “Charley” to be perfectly legiti-

mate: "Harry" is bound up with the glories of English history: Ned, and Dick, and Tom, and Jack, and Jem, and Bill, though none of them half so nice as the names which they have superseded, are too firmly fixed in English practice and English play, ever to be banished. Kate has almost become a name of itself; few maidens can carry the weight of Eleanor, whereas there never was a lass whom Nelly did not become. The same might be said of Milly and Amelia, and of many others. But the case of every one of such recognised nicknames differs widely from that, where some infantine lisp of a child's own name is adopted as the designation for life: or where a great rifleman with a bushy beard is called to hold his mamma's skein of wool by the astounding title of "Baby."

All perhaps do not know the story of the kind old gentleman and his carriage. He was riding at his

ease one very hot day, when he saw a tired nursemaid toiling along the footpath, carrying a great heavy boy. His heart softened: he stopped his carriage, and offered her a seat: adding, however, this: "Mind," said he, "the moment you begin to talk any nonsense to that boy, you leave my carriage." All went well for some minutes. The good woman was watchful, and bit her lips. But alas! we are all caught tripping sometimes. After a few hundred yards, and a little jogging of the boy on her knee, burst forth, "Georgy porgy! ride in coachy poachy!" It was fatal. The check-string was pulled, the steps let down, and the nurse and boy consigned to the dusty footpath as before.

This story is true. The person mainly concerned in it was a well-known philanthropic baronet of the last generation, and my informant was personally acquainted with him.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XI.—CHURCHYARDS AND FUNERALS.

THE Highland churchyard is a spot which seldom betrays any other traces of human art or care, than those simple headstones which mark its green graves. In very few instances is it enclosed; its graves generally mingle with the mountain pasture and blooming heather, and afford shelter to the sheep and lamb from the blast of winter and the heat of summer. But although not consecrated by holy prayer and religious ceremony, these are, nevertheless, holy spots in the hearts and memories of the peasantry, who never pass them without a subdued look, which betokens a feeling of respect for the silent sleepers. To deck a father's or mother's grave, would be, in the estimation of the Highlander, to turn it into a flower-garden. He thinks it utter vanity to attempt to express his grief or respect for the departed, by any ornament beyond the tombstone, whose inscription is seldom more than a statistical table of birth and death.

Many of those Highland churchyards, so solitary and so far removed from the busy haunts of men, are, nevertheless, singularly touching and beautiful. Some are on green islands whose silence is disturbed only by the solemn thunder of the great ocean wave, or the ripple of the inland sea; some are in great wide glens round the ruins of a chapel, where prayers were once offered by early missionaries who with noble aim and holy ambition penetrated these wild and savage haunts; while others break the green swards about the parish church on ground where God has been worshipped since the days of St. Columba.

One of the most beautiful I ever visited is on a small green island in Loch Shiel in Argyshire. The loch for nearly twenty miles is as yet innocent

of roads on either shore, so that the tourist who visits the place has to navigate the lake in a rude country boat; and if he attempts to sail, he must do so with blankets attached probably to the oar, and then trust to a fair wind. Yet what can be more delicious than thus to glide along the shore with a crew that won't speak till they are spoken to, and in silence gaze upon the ever varying scene—to skim past the bights and bays with their reedy margins—the headlands tufted with waving birch—the gully torrents pouring down their foaming waterfalls and "blowing their trumpets from the steeps"—with the copse of oak and hazel, that covers the sides of the mountain from the deep dark water up to the green pasture, and beyond, the bare rocks that pierce the blue.

Not unlikely the crew, when they take to their oars, will sing "Ho Morag," in honour of Prince Charlie, "the lad wi the Philabeg," who on the green alluvial plain at the head of the loch—where his monument now stands—first unfurled his banner, to regain the British crown; and if you don't know this romantic episode in history, the boatmen with pride will point out the glens where the Camerons, Macdonalds, Stewarts, and Macleans poured down their kilted clans, the last old guard of the feudal times, to do battle for "the yellow-haired laddie;" and unless you cordially believe (at least until you leave Loch Shiel) that you would have joined them on that day, with the probability even of losing your head and your common sense, you are not in a fit state of spirit to enjoy the scene.

Half way up this lake, and at its narrowest portion, there is a beautiful green island, which stretches itself so far across as to leave but a narrow passage for even the country boat. Above

it, and looking down on it, rises Ben Reshobal for 2000 feet or more, with its hanging woods, gray rocks, dashing streams, and utter solitude. On the island is an old chapel, with the bell,—now we believe preserved by the Laird,—which long ago so often broke the silence of these wilds on holy days of worship or of burial. There lie chiefs and vassals, fierce cateran robbers of sheep and cattle, murderers of opposing clans, with women and children, Catholic and Protestant, Prince Charlie men, and men who served in army and navy under George the Third. Yet the only monument we remember consisted of a wooden stake driven into the ground, with no other carving on it than D. W. 1746. How silent is the graveyard! You sit down among the ruins and hear only the bleat of sheep, the whish-whish of the distant waterfalls, the lapping of the waves, or the wind creeping through the arclways and mouldering windows. The feuds and combats of the clans are all gone; the stillness and desolation of their graves alone remain.

But "The Parish" churchyard is not much less picturesque. It is situated on a green plateau of table-land which forms a ledge between the low sea shore and mountain background. A beautiful tall stone cross from Iona adorns it; a single gothic arch of an old church remains as a witness for the once consecrated ground, and links the old "cell" to the modern building, which in architecture—shame to modern Lairds—is to the old one what a barn is to a church. The view however from that churchyard of all God's glorious architecture above and below makes one forget those paltry attempts of man to be a fellow-worker with Him in the rearing and adorning of the fitting, and the beautiful. There is not in the Highlands a finer expanse of inland seas, of castled promontories, of hills beyond hills, until cloudland and highland mingle; of precipice and waterfall, with all the varied lights and shadows which heathy hill sides, endless hill tops, dark corries, ample bays and rocky shores, can create at morn, noonday, or evening from sun and cloud,—a glorious panorama extending from the far west beyond the giant point of Ardnamurchan, "the height of the great ocean," to the far east, where Ben Cruachan and "the Shepherds of Etine Glen" stand sentinels in the sky. No sea king could select a more appropriate resting place than this, from whence to catch a glimpse, as his spirit walked abroad beneath the moonlight, of galleys coming from the Northland of his early home; nor could an old saint find a better resting place, if he desired that after death the mariners, struggling with stormy winds and waves, might see his cross from afar, and thence snatch comfort from this symbol of faith and hope "in extremis;" nor could any man, who in the frailty of his human nature shrunk from burial in lonely vault, and who wished rather to lie where birds might sing, and summer's sun shine, and winter's storms lift their voices to God, and the

beautiful world be ever above and around him, find a spot more congenial to his feelings than the kirkyard of "The Parish."

The Highlander has a love which amounts to a decided superstition to lie beside his kindred. The Celt is intensely social in his love of family and tribe. It is long ere he takes to a stranger as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. When sick in the distant hospital, he will, though years have separated him from home and trained him to be a citizen of the world, yet dream in his delirium of the old burial ground. To him there is in this idea a sort of homely feeling, a sense of friendship, a desire for a congenial neighbourhood, which, without growing into a belief of which he would be ashamed, unmistakably circulates as an instinct in his blood, and cannot easily be dispelled. It is thus that the poorest Highlanders always endeavour to bury their dead with kindred dust. The pauper will save his last penny to secure this boon.

A woman from "the main land," somewhere in Kintail, was married to a highly respectable man in one of the Hebrides which need not be specified. When she died, twelve of her relations, strong men, armed with oak sticks, journeyed sixty miles to be present at her funeral. They quietly expressed their hope to her husband, that his wife should be buried in her own country and beside her own people. But on ascertaining from him that such was not his purpose, they declared their intention to carry off the body by force. An unseemly struggle was avoided only through the husband being unable to find any one to back him in his refusal to what was deemed by his neighbours a reasonable request. He therefore consented, and accompanied the body sixty miles to the old churchyard.

This feeling is carried to a length which is too ludicrous to be dignified even by the name of superstition. A Highland porter, who carried our bag but the other day, and who has resided for thirty years in the low country, sent his amputated finger (!) to be buried in the graveyard of the parish beside the remains of his kindred! It is said that a bottle of whiskey was sent along with the thumb that it might be entombed with all honour!—but I don't vouch for the truth of the latter part of the story. I never heard who dug the grave of the thumb—whether it was "I says the owl"—nor who attended the funeral, nor what monument was erected over the respected member. But there, nevertheless, the thumb lies, to be some day joined by the whole body.

This desire of being interred with kindred dust or with "the faithful ones," as they express it, is so strong, that I have known a poor man selling all his potatoes, and reducing himself to great suffering, in order to pay the expense of burying his wife in a distant churchyard among her people; and that too when the minister of his parish offered to bury her at his own expense in the churchyard of

the parish in which the widower resided. Only last year a pauper in the parish of K—— begged another poor neighbour to see her buried beside her family. When she died, twelve men assembled, carried her ten miles off, dug her grave, and paid all the expenses of her funeral, which, had she been buried elsewhere, would have been paid by the parish.

It is still a very common belief among the peasantry that shadowy funeral processions precede the real ones, and that “warnings” are given of a coming death by the crowing of cocks, the ticking of the death watch, the howling of dogs, voices heard by night, the sudden appearance of undefined forms of human beings passing to and fro, &c.

It has also been the custom of the poorest persons to have all their dead clothes prepared for years before their death, so as to insure a decent orderly interment. To make these clothes was a task often imposed upon the ladies, or females in a parish who were good at their needle. The pattern of the shroud was fixed, and special instructions were given regarding it by the initiated. Such things are common even now among Highland families who have emigrated to Glasgow. A few months ago a highly respectable lady, when she found that her illness was dangerous, gave a confidential servant the key of a box, where, in the event of death, all would be found that was required to dress her body for the grave.

The old wrapping of the body was woollen cloth, and the Gaelic term used to express it (*Ollanach*), which may be translated “woolening,” is still used to describe the dressing of the body before burial.* The old stone coffin is dug up in the Highlands as elsewhere, but the coffins hollowed out of the solid log—one of which was discovered a few years ago in Lochaber—seem, as far as I know, to have been peculiar to the Highlands. The Gaelic term still in use for a coffin (*Caisil Chrò*), the “wattle enclosure,” points to what we doubt not was equally peculiar to the Highlands, that of surrounding the dead body with slender branches of trees, and bending them firmly together with *withe*s or twisted rods of hazel or willow, and thus interring it.

From the time of death till that of interment, the body is watched day and night. A plate of salt is always placed upon the breast. Candles are also frequently lighted around it. When the body, on the day of funeral, is carried a considerable distance, a *cairn* of stones is always raised on the spots where the coffin has rested, and this *cairn* is from time to time renewed by friends and relatives. Hence the Gaelic saying or prayer with reference to the departed, “Peace to thy soul, and a stone to

thy *cairn*!”—thus expressing the wish, that the remembrance of the dead may be cherished by the living.

The bagpipe is sometimes still played at funerals. Five or six years ago, a medical man greatly beloved and respected for his skill, and kindness to the poor, died at Fort William from fever, caught in the discharge of his duties in close, ill ventilated huts. The funeral was attended by about 1400 people. Strong men were weeping, and women threw themselves on the ground in the agony of their impassioned sorrow. Three pipers headed the procession, playing the wild and sad lament of “I’ll never, I’ll never, I’ll never return.”—The whole scene has been described as having been most deeply affecting. Many tourists who have ascended Ben Nevis, will remember that green and beautiful churchyard near Fort William which looks up to the overhanging mountain, and down upon the sea and Inverloch Castle, with the dark peat-moss of the Lochy beyond, and further still, the hills of Lochiel.

But after these digressions I must return to the churchyard of “The Parish.”

There are two graves which lie side by side across the ruins of the old archway I have spoken of. The one is an old stone coffin, the other a grassy hillock—and I shall tell what I have heard, and what I know about their inhabitants.

CHAPTER XII.—THE OLD STONE COFFIN ; OR, THE TOMB OF THE SPANISH PRINCESS.

In the year 1588, the good ship “Florida,” one of the Spanish Armada, was driven into the harbour of Tobermory, in Mull, by the great storm which scattered that proud fleet. The ship was visited by the chief of the Macleans of Duart, the remains of whose castle are still among the most picturesque objects in the Sound of Mull. The clan had a feud at the time with the clan Macian, of Ardnamurchan, immediately opposite Tobermory harbour, and for some “consideration” or other, Maclean induced a party of Spanish soldiers to aid him in attacking his rival. Having revenged himself by the powerful and unexpected aid of the Spaniards, he failed to implement his bargain with them, and shortly afterwards, whether through treachery or not is uncertain, the “Florida” was blown up. The body of a female was washed on shore and buried in a stone coffin in the consecrated ground of “The Parish.” She has ever since been dignified by the name of “the Spanish Princess.”

Oliver Cromwell sent a vessel to the Highlands, commanded by a Captain Pottinger, to coerce some of the rebellious Highland Popish chiefs. This vessel was wrecked upon a rock opposite Duart, and only a few years ago the spot was examined, in which, according to tradition, Pottinger’s body was buried, when human remains were discovered. Some of the guns of the vessel have also, I believe, been seen.

* I cannot at this moment quote from authority, but I have somewhere read that in some English Parliament, if I remember rightly, in the reign of Henry VII., it was enacted, in the interest no doubt of the wool trade, that corpses should be dressed in woollen grave-clothes.

So much for true history : * now for the Highland myth founded on these facts. It is literally translated from the *ipsissima verba* of an old woman.

In the time that is gone, the daughter of the King of Spain, in her sleep of the night, beheld in a dream a hero so splendid in form and mien, as to fill her whole heart with love. She knew that he was not of the people of Spain, but she knew not what his race, his language, or his country was. She had no rest by day, or by night, seeking for the beautiful youth who had filled her heart, but seeking him in vain. At last she resolved to visit other lands, and got a ship built—a great ship with three masts, and with sails as white as the young snow one night old. She went to many countries and to many lands, and whenever she reached land she invited all the nobles of the neighbourhood to come on board her great ship. She entertained them royally. There were feasting, and wine and music, dice and dancing. All were glad to be her guests, and very many gave her the love of their hearts ; but among them all she found not her love, the hero of her bright night-dream (her whisper). She went from one harbour to another—from one kingdom to another. She went to France, and to England. She went to Ireland and to Lochlinn. She went to the “Green Isle of the Ocean at the end of the land of the world” (Scandinavia). She made feasting and music wherever she went. Around her all was gaiety and gladness—the song and the harp—the wine, and the voice of laughter—hilarity and heartiness, but within her breast all was dark, and cold, and empty.

At length, passing by the land under the wave (the flat island of Tyree), she came near the kingdom of *Sorcha* (Ardnamurchan), and after this to “Mull of the great mountains,” to the harbour of all harbours, curved like a bent bow, sheltered from every wind and every wave. Here the great ship of the three masts and of the white sails cast her anchor, and here, as in all other ports, the daughter of the King of Spain sent invitations to all the nobles of the neighbouring country to visit her on board her ship. Here many a bold steersman of the *Birlinns* who quailed not before ocean’s wrath, many a brave swordsman who rejoiced in the field of slaughter, and many a daring rider who could quell the wildest steed, with the owner of

many a hospitable house whose door was never shut, and many a leader of numerous hosts who never turned their face from the foe, came on board the great ship. But all were strangers unto her, until at length the Lord of Duart, the chief of the numerous, the warlike, the renowned Macleans, shone upon her sight. Then did her heart leap with joy, and soon turn to rest in gladness ; for he was her vision of the night, and the desire of her heart, in quest of whom she had travelled to so many lands.

It was then that there was the magnificent and royal entertainment. There was red wine in “*cup, iorn, and cuach*” (cup, goblet, and bicker). There was music of sweetest sound. Sorrow was laid down, and joy was lifted on high. The daughter of the King of Spain had a sunbeam in the heart, and brightness in the countenance. The Lord of Duart was so blinded by her beauty and her nobleness that he saw not the black gulf before him. He surrendered himself entirely to her loveliness, and great was the happiness of their converse. He forgot that in the strong black castle of frowning Duart, he had left a youthful bride. On board of the great ship days passed like moments in the midst of enjoyment ; but not faster flew the days than rumour flew to Duart, proclaiming to the forsaken Lady of the castle, the unfaithfulness of her Lord. The colour left her cheeks, sleep departed from her eyes, gnawing jealousy entered her heart, and fierce revenge filled her mind. Often as she turned on her pillow, as often turned she a new plan in her head for the destruction of her who had robbed her of her love ; but none of these did satisfy her. At long and at last (at length and at worst), she contrived a plan which succeeded in drawing the Lord of Duart, and him alone to the land ; and, one of her most attached followers * being on board the ship, set fire to the store of powder, which, with sound louder than the thunder of the skies, rent the great ship of the three masts and the snow white sails into ten thousand pieces, bringing death and utter destruction on all who were on board, and, saddest woe ! on the beautiful and loving daughter of the King of Spain.

The Lady of Duart rejoiced. Her Lord wished not to show his grief, nor to keep in remembrance the wandering love he had given to a stranger. Thus, though he sent followers to gather the

* In the year 1740, Spaldin, the diver, was sent by the British Government to regain some of the treasure which was supposed to have been sunk in the “Florida.” He succeeded only in obtaining ten of the guns, which are now at Inverary Castle. We ourselves have a portion of one of the black oak planks which was raised at the time.

Mr. Gregory, in his learned and accurate history of the Highlands, confirms the tradition of Maclean of Duart having been instrumental in destroying the “Florida.” He states that Spain, being at that time at peace with Scotland, though at war with England, demanded reparation for the savage and inhospitable conduct of Maclean of Duart, and that the records of council in Edinburgh show that the Highland chief had to confess his guilt and sue for pardon, as one who had justly forfeited his life.

* “Most attached follower,” *Cota-encais*—“coat of the waist,” and *Leiné chríos*—“skirt of the girdle,” are the terms used in Gaelic to denote a thoroughly devoted follower. It was customary of old, when a lady married beyond her father’s clan, as was generally the case, that she took with her two or more of her family followers, who always formed a sort of body-guard to her, considering themselves entirely at her disposal, and at her command were ready to stab husband or son. Many strange interminglings of names and races have thus arisen. In the very centre of Lochaber there are several Burkes and Boyles. On inquiry I found that these had come from Ireland ages ago as the followers of an Irish lady, who had married MacDonal of Kippoch. There the descendants still are.

remains of the fair daughter of the King of Spain, and to bury her in holy ground, and though they laid her bones in the (*Cill*) churchyard of the holy Columba (Callum Cille) in Morven, she was committed to the dust without priest or prayer—without voice of supplication or psalm of repose—silently and secretly in the blackness of midnight.

It chanced, shortly after this, that two young men in Morven, bound in ties of closest friendship, and freely revealing to one another all that was in their hearts, began to speak with wonder of the many great secrets of the world beyond the grave. They spoke, and they spoke of what was doing in the habitation of the spirits beyond the thick veil that hides the departed from the friends who sorrow so sorely after them. They could not see a ray of light—they could discover nothing. At length they mutually promised and vowed, that whichever of them was first called away, would, while engaged in the dread task of *Fair'e Chlaidh*, or, "Watching of the churchyard,"* tell to the survivor all that he could reveal regarding the abode of the departed; and here the matter was left.

Not long after it fell out that one of them, full as his bone was of marrow, yielded to the sway of death. His body, after being carried *Deas iùl* † (according to the course of the sun) around the stone cross in the churchyard of Callum Cille (Columba), in Morven, and allowed to rest for a time at the foot of that cross, was laid amid the dust of

* This is a curious idea. In many parts of the Highlands it is believed to this day, that the last person buried has to perform the duty of sentinel over the churchyard, and that to him the guardianship of the spirits of those buried before is in some degree committed. This post he must occupy until a new tenant of the tomb releases him. It is not esteemed as an enviable position, but one to be escaped if possible; consequently, if two neighbours die on the same day, the surviving relatives make great efforts to be first in closing the grave over their friend.

A ludicrous but striking illustration of this strange notion occurred three years ago in the parish of A—. An old man and an old woman, dwelling in the same township, but not on terms of friendship—for the lady *Kate Ruadh* (or red-headed Kate) was more noted for antipathies than attachments—were both at the point of death. The good man's friends began to clip his nails—an office always performed just as a person is dying. He knowing that his amiable neighbour was, like himself, on the verge of the grave, roused himself to a last effort, and exclaimed, "Stop, stop; you know not what use I may have for all my nails, in compelling Kate Ruadh to keep *Fair'e Chlaidh* (to watch the churchyard), in place of doing it myself!"

† Carried *Deas iùl*—"a turn the right or the south way;" i.e. following the course of the sun. This is said to be a Druidical practice, followed in many places to this day. Very recently it was customary in the churchyard of "The Parish" to carry the bier around the stone cross which stands there, and to rest it for a few minutes at its base before committing the body to the grave. It is still customary with people, if any food or drink goes wrong in the throat, to exclaim *Deas iùl*, apparently as a charm; and sending the bottle round the table in the course of the sun, is as common in the south as in the north. The *south* seems to have been held in high estimation by the Celts. Thus the *right* hand is termed the *south* hand: *Deas*. The same word is used to signify "the being prepared or ready," "the being expert," and "being handsome in person."

his kindred. His surviving comrade, Evan of the Glen, mourned sore for the loss of his friend; and much awe and fear came upon him as he remembered the engagement made between them; for now the autumn evening was bending (or waning), and like a stone rolling down a hill is the faint evening of autumn. The hour of meeting drew nigh, and regard to the sacredness of a promise made to him who was now in the world of ghosts, as well as regard for his own courage, decided him to keep the trust (meeting). With cautious, but firm, step he approached the *Cill*, and looked for his departed friend, to hear the secrets of the land of ghosts. Quickly as his heart beat at the thought of meeting the spirit of his friend, he soon saw what made it quiver like the leaf of the aspen tree. He saw the gray shade of him who had, at one time, been his friend and his faithful comrade; but he saw all the "sheeted spectres" of the populous churchyard moving in mournful procession around the boundary of their dark abodes, while his friend seemed to lead the dread and shadowy host. But his eye was soon drawn by the aspect of utter woe presented by one white form which kept apart from the rest, and moved with pain which cannot be told. Forgetful of what had brought him to the *Cill*, he drew near this sight of woe, and heard a low and most plaintive song, in which the singer implored the aid of him whose "ship was on the ocean," bewailed her miserable condition, in a land of strangers, far from father and from friends, laid in the grave without due or holy rites, and thus she moaned:—

Worm and beetle, they are whistling
Through my brain—through my brain;
Imps of darkness they are shrieking
Through my frame—through my frame.

Evan, whose heart was ever soft and warm towards the unhappy, asked her the cause of her grief, and whether he could lighten it. She blessed him that he, in the land of the living, had spoken to her in the land of the dead; for now she said she might be freed from evil, and her spirit might rest in peace.

She told him that she was Clara Viola, daughter of the King of Spain. She told him of the bright vision of her youthful dream, and how, after drawing her over many an ocean, and bringing her to many lands, it had, like the *Dreag*,* the shooting star of night, suddenly vanished in darkness, or, like the flame of the *sky-fire* (lightning), quickly ended in thunder and in ruin. She pointed out the grave into which she had been cast without holy rites. She implored of him to raise her bones—to wash them in the holy well of Saint *Molliag* in Lismore; thereafter to carry them to the kingdom of Spain; and she described a place where he would get a chest full of gold, and a chest full of silver.

* *Dreag* signifies the death of a Druid, and is the common name still for a bright meteor or shooting star, implying the belief that the spirits of the *Druids* departed in fiery chariots.

With many fears, but with the courage of a hero, he accomplished what the Princess asked of him. He washed her bones in the Sainted Well of Molluag, in Lismore, and her name is now attached (bound) to the spring, *Tobar Clàr Mheolain* (pronounced *Clàir Ve-ò-len*), the Well of Clara Viola.* Thereafter he set off for the kingdom of Spain, and though it was a long way off, he was not long in reaching it. He soon made his way to the palace of the King of Spain, and that was the palace of many windows, of many towers, and of many doors, doors which were never closed—the great house of feasts and of royal hospitality. He was received with honour. He got the chest full of gold, and the chest full of silver, and many a reward besides. But when the King of Spain heard how his beautiful daughter had been treated in Albin (Scotland), his heart swelled with wrath, and his face flamed with fury. He ordered his three strongest and most destructive ships of war to be immediately fitted out, his three best and bravest captains to command them, to sail as fast as possible to the three best harbours in Scotland, one in the Kyles of Bute, one in the “Horse-shoe” of Kerrera, and one in the Bay of Tobermory, Mull, and there to load them all with the limbs of Scottish men and of Scottish women.

One ship did come to Tobermory Bay, and fearful she looked, as with masts bending, and great guns roaring, she leaped and bellowed along the Sound of Mull. She was commanded by Captain Pottinger. He was skilful in sailing, firmer in fighting, and besides had great knowledge of magic (Druidism). He spoke the direst threats against the people of Mull, and said that he would sweep the island with a besom,—that he would leave it bare.

The people of Mull were seized with great fear, and the Lord of Duart, though dreading no ordinary foe, had many things to move him. He found no rest in his house or out of it. He sorrowed for the past, and he dreaded what was to come. Not thinking any human power of avail against the great and deadly war-ship of Spain, commanded by a man deep in magic, he and his men sought evil from magic also (Druidism), and with effectual spells and charms, gathered all the witches of Mull, the *Doideagan mìleach*, to one meeting-place. He told them of the dire threat of Captain Pottinger, and begged them to raise a wind which would sink his ship, even in the harbour that was better than any other harbour. The *Doideag* asked him if Captain Pottinger, when uttering his threat of devastation, had said “With God’s help?” “He did not.” “Good is that,” said she.

She and her companions began their work. What every *ùbag*, *obag*, and *gisreag* (charm, incantation, and canting) they used I know not (“Christ’s

cross between us and them all,” says the narrator); but I know that she tied a straw-rope to a *Braa* (a *quern*-stone), passed the rope over one of the rafters of the house, and raised the (*Braa*) *quern*-stone as far as she could. As the *quern*-stone rose the wind rose; but all the strength of the *Doideag* could not raise it high, for Captain Pottinger could put weight on the stone and keep it down. She summoned her sisters from various quarters: one *Laovag Thirideach* from Tiree, *Maol-Odhar* from Kintyre, and *Cas a’ Mhogain riabhaich* from Cowal.* They came to her aid and pulled at the rope. They could not raise it higher. Some of them flew through the air to the ship, and in the shape of cats ascended the rigging. They numbered nine. Captain Pottinger said he was stronger than these—that he feared them not. They increased to fifteen, reached the very top of the mast, and scrambled along all the yard-arms, and up and down the shrouds. Captain Pottinger was stronger than these yet, and defied them all.

At last the *Doideag* seeing her work like to fail, called on a very strong man, *Domhmull Dubh Laidir* (black Donald the strong) to hold the rope and keep the (*Braa*) *quern*-stone from falling lower. He seized the rope with the grasp of death, and with his muscles stretched and strained he held fast the *quern*-stone.

The *Doideag* quickly flew to Lochaber to beg for the assistance of *Great Gormal* of Moy, whose powers were more than that of all the others put together. *Gormal* yielded to the request, and no sooner did she spread her wings on the air than the tempest raged and roared, blowing the sea to *spin-drift*, tearing the trees from the ground, and splintering the adamant rock. Captain Pottinger felt that evil was approaching, resolved to leave the bad neighbourhood, and ordered his cable to be cut with speed. His sailors began to do so with gladness; but when the hatchet was raised aloft to strike the blow, the wind blew the iron head off the handle before it could reach the cable. Not an axe-head would remain on the haft. *Gormal* soon reached the harbour. In the likeness of a cat, larger than ever was seen before, she climbed to the top of the mast and sang—

Aha, Captain Pottinger, thou didst boast
Last year to desolate Mull’s coast,
But now Hoo-hoo! thy ship is lost!

And with this, Captain Pottinger and his men, and the great deadly war-ship of Spain, sank down into the depths.

And so ends the Highland myth!

* The names of the witches may be thought of very little consequence; but it is interesting to observe that these are names all implying some personal deformity or peculiarity, and show that the witches were more objects of dislike than respect. *Doideag* means little frizzle, applied to anything dry and withered, but more especially to frizzled hair; *Laovag* signifies hoofie, clootie, or spindle-shanked; *Cas a’ Mhogain riabhaich*, the foot of the russet, or brindled old stocking—*Osan* is the ordinary term for stocking; *Mogan*, Scottice *Hoggan*, a ragged

* A well in the churchyard of St. Molluag, in Lismore, does actually bear this name, “*Tobar Clàir-Ve-o-len*”—but I cannot in the least certify that it is derived from that of the Spanish princess.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE GRASSY HILLOCK, OR THE GRAVE OF FLORY CAMERON.

We might expect to find peculiar types of character among a people who possess, as the Highland Celts do, a vivid fancy, strong passions, and keen affections; who dwell among scenery of vast extent and great sublimity; who are shut up in their secluded valleys, separated even from their own little world by mountains and moorlands or stormy arms of the sea; whose memories are full of the dark superstitions and wild traditions of the olden time; and who are easily impressed by the mysterious sights and sounds created by mists and clouds and eerie blasts, among the awful solitudes of nature; and who cling with passionate fondness to home and family, as to the very life and soul of the otherwise desert waste around them. But I never met, even in the Highlands, with a more remarkable example of the influence of race and circumstances than was Flora, or rather Flory Cameron.

The first time I saw her was when going to the school of "the parish," early on an autumnal morning. The school was attached to the church, and the churchyard was consequently near it. The churchyard, indeed, with its headstones and flat stones, its walled tombs and old ruined church, was fully appreciated by us, as an ideal place for our joyous games, especially for "hide and seek," and "I spy." Even now, in spite of all the sadder memories of later years, I can hardly think of the spot without calling up the blithe face of some boy peering cautiously over the effigy of an old chief, or catching the glimpse of a kilt disappearing behind a headstone, or hearing a concealed titter beside a memorial of sorrow.

As I passed the churchyard for the first time in the sober dawning of that harvest day, I was arrested by seeing the figure of a woman wrapt in a Highland plaid, sitting on a grave, her head bent and her hands covering her face, while her body slowly rocked to and fro. Beside her was a Highland terrier that seemed asleep on the grave. Her back was towards me, and I slipped away without disturbing her, yet much impressed by this exhibition of grief.

On telling the boys what I had seen, for the grave and its mourner were concealed at that moment from our view by the old ruin, they, speaking in whispers, and with an evident feeling of awe or of fear, informed me that it was "Flory the witch," and that she and her dog had been there every morning since her son had died months be-

stocking without a sole; *Moalodhar*, bald and dun; *Gorm-mhor*, the great blue-eye, is the only one who has a respectable name.

One of my story-tellers gave a different list of the witches engaged in this work. *Luidag*, *Agus Doideag*, *Agus Corrag Nighinn Ian Bhàin*, *Cas a' mhogain Riabhach a Gleaconnham*, *Agus Gorm-shuil mhor bhàr na Maighe*, *Raggie* and *Frizzle*, and the finger of White John's Daughter; that is "*Hogganfoot* from Glenco, and Great Blue-Eye from Moy" (in Lochaber).

fore; and that the dog had been a favourite of her son's, and followed the witch wherever she went. I soon shared the superstitious fear for Flory which possessed the boys; for, though they could not affirm, in answer to my inquiries, that she ever travelled through the air on a broomstick, or became a hare at her pleasure, or had ever been seen dancing with demons by moonlight in the old church, yet one thing was certain, that the man or woman whom she blessed was blessed indeed, and that those whom she cursed were cursed indeed. "Was that really true?" I eagerly asked. "It is true as death!" replied the boy Archy Macdonald, shocked by my doubt; "for," said he, "did not black Hugh Maclean strike her boy once at the fair, and did she not curse him when he went off to the herring fishery? and wasn't he and all in the boat drowned? true! ay, it's true." "And did she not curse," added little Peter M'Phie, with vehemence, "the ground officer for turning old Widow M'Pherson out of her house? Was he not found dead under the rock? Some said he had been drunk; but my aunt, who knew all about it, said it was because of Flory's curse, nothing else, and that the cruel rascal deserved it too." And then followed many other terrible proofs of her power, clinched with the assurance from another boy that he had once heard "the maister himself say, that he would any day far rather have her blessing than her curse!"

This conversation prepared me to obey with fear and trembling a summons which I soon afterwards unexpectedly received. Flory had one day, unseen by me, crossed the playground, when we were too busy to notice anything except the ball for which we were eagerly contending at our game of shinty. She heard that I was at the school, and seeing me, sent a boy to request my presence. As I came near her, the other boys stood at a respectful distance, watching the interview. I put out my hand frankly, though tremblingly, to greet her. She seized it, held it fast, gazed at my face, and I at hers. What she saw in mine I know not, but hers is still vividly before me in every line and expression. It was in some respects very strange and painfully impressive, yet full of affection, which appeared to struggle with an agonised look of sorrow that ever and anon brought tears down her withered cheeks. Her eyes seemed at one time to retire into her head, leaving a mere line between the eyelashes, like what one sees in a cat when in the light; they then would open slowly, and gradually increase until two large black orbs beamed on me, and I felt as if they drew me into them by a mysterious power. Pressing my hand with one of hers, she stroked my head fondly, muttering to herself all the time, as if in prayer. She then said, with deep feeling, "Oh, thou calf of my heart! my love, my darling, son and grandson of friends, the blessed! let the blessing of the poor, the blessing of the widow, the blessing of the heart be on thee, and abide with thee, my love, my love!" And then, to my great

relief, she passed on. In a little while she turned and looked at me, and, waving a farewell, went tottering on her way, followed by the dog. The boys congratulated me on my interview, and seemed to think I was secure against any bodily harm. I think the two parties in our game that day, competed for my powerful aid.

I often saw Flory afterwards, and instead of avoiding her, felt satisfaction rather in having my hand kissed by her, and in receiving the blessing, which in some kind form or other she often gave. Never, during the autumn and winter months when I attended that Highland school, did she omit visiting the grave on which I first saw her. The plashing rain fell around her, and the winds blew their bitter blast, but there she sat at early morning, for a time to weep and pray. And even when snow fell, the black form of the widow, bent in sorrow, was only more clearly revealed. Nor was she ever absent from her seat below the pulpit on Sunday. Her furrowed countenance with the strange and tearful eyes, the white *match* with the black ribbon bound tightly round the head, the slow rocking motion, with the old, thin, and withered body,—all are before me, though nearly forty years have passed since then.

In after years, the present minister of the parish told me more about Flory than I then knew. The account given to me by the boys at school was to some extent true. She was looked upon as a person possessing an insight into the character of people and their future, for her evil predictions had in many cases been fulfilled. She had remarkable powers of discernment, and often discovered elements of disaster in the recklessness or wickedness of those whom she denounced; and when these disasters occurred in any form, her words were remembered, and her predictions attributed to some supernatural communications with the evil one. Although the violence of her passion was so terrible when roused by any act of cruelty or injustice, that she did not hesitate to pour it forth on the objects of her hate, in solemn imprecations expressed in highly-wrought and poetic language; yet Flory herself was never known to claim the possession of magic powers.* “She spoke,” she said, “but the truth, and cursed those only who deserved

* In many Highland parishes—aye, and in Scotch and English ones too—there were persons who secretly gave charms to cure diseases and prevent injuries to man or beast. These charms have come down from Popish times. A woman still lives in the “parish” who possessed a charm which the minister was resolved to obtain from her, along with the solemn promise that she would never again use it. We understand that if any charm is once repeated to and thus possessed by another, it cannot, according to the law which regulates those powers of darkness, be used again by its original owner. It was with some difficulty that the minister at last prevailed on “the witch” to repeat her charm. She did so, in a wild glen in which they accidentally met. She gave the charm with loud voice, outstretched arm, and leaning against the stem of an old pine-tree, while the minister quietly copied it into his note-book, as he sat on horseback. “Here it is, minister,” she

it, and had they not all come true?”—Her violent passion was her only demon possession.

Flory was not by any means an object of dislike. She was as ardent and vehement in her attachments as in her hates, and the former were far more numerous than the latter. Her sick and afflicted neighbours always found in her a sympathising and comforting friend. With that strange inconsistency by which so much light and darkness, good and evil, meet in the same character, Flory, to the minister’s knowledge, had been the means of doing much good in more than one instance by her exhortations and her prayers, to those who had been leading wicked lives; while her own life as a wife and a mother had been strictly moral and exemplary. She had been early left a widow, but her children were trained up by her to be gentle, obedient, and industrious, and she gave them the best education in her power.

But it was God’s will to subdue the wild and impassioned nature of Flory by a series of severe chastisements. When a widow, her eldest son, in the full strength of manhood, was drowned at sea; and her only daughter and only companion died. One son alone, the pride of her heart, and the stay of her old age, remained, and to him she clung with her whole heart and strength. He deserved, and returned her love. By his industry he had raised a sufficient sum of money to purchase a boat, for the purpose of fishing herring in some of the Highland lochs—an investment of capital which in good seasons is highly advantageous. All the means possessed by Donald Cameron were laid out on this boat, and both he and his mother felt proud and happy as he launched it free of debt and was able to call it his own. He told his mother that he expected to make a little fortune by it, that he would then build a house, and get a piece of land, and that her old age would be passed under his roof in peace and plenty. With many a blessing from Flory the boat sailed away. But Donald’s partner in the fishing speculation turned out a cowardly and inefficient seaman. The boat was soon wrecked in a storm. Donald, by great exertion, escaped with his life. He returned to his mother a beggar, and so severely injured that he survived the wreck of his boat and fortune but a few weeks.

There was not a family in the parish which did not share the sorrow of poor Flory.

I have the account of his funeral now before me, written by one present, who was so much struck

said, “and to you or your father’s son alone would I give it, and once you have it, it will pass my lips no more—

“The charm of God the Great
The free gift of Mary:
The free gift of God:
The free gift of every Priest and Churchman:
The free gift of Michael the Strong:
That would put strength in the sun.”

Yet all this echo of old ecclesiastical thunder was but “a charm for sore eyes!” Whether it could have been used for greater, if not more useful purposes, I know not.

by all he saw and heard on that occasion that he noted down the circumstances at the time. I shall give them in his own words:—

“When I arrived at the scene of woe, I observed the customary preparations had been judiciously executed, all under the immediate superintendence of poor Flory. On entering the apartment to which I was conducted, she received me with perfect composure and with all that courteous decorum of manner so common in her country. Her dress she had studiously endeavoured to render as suitable to the occasion as circumstances would admit. She wore a black woollen gown of a peculiar, though not unbecoming form, and a very broad black riband was tightly fastened round her head, evidently less with regard to ornament than to the aching pain implanted there by accumulated suffering. According to the custom of the country she drank to the health of each individual present, prefacing each health with a few kind words. In addressing the schoolmaster, who had been assiduous in his parish attentions towards her, she styled him the ‘Counsellor of the dying sufferer, the comforter of the wounded mourner.’ Another individual present she addressed as ‘the son of her whose hand was bountiful, and whose heart was kind,’ and in like manner, in addressing me, she alluded very aptly and very feelingly to the particular relation in which I then stood towards her. She then retired with a view of attending to the necessary preparations amongst the people assembled without the house. After a short interval, however, she returned, announcing that all was in readiness for completing the melancholy work for which we had convened. Here she seemed much agitated. Her lips, and even her whole frame seemed to quiver with emotion. At length, however, she recovered her former calmness, and stood motionless and pensive until the coffin was ready to be carried to the grave. She was then requested to take her station at the head of the coffin, and the black cord attached to it was extended to her. She seized it for a moment, and then all self-possession vanished. Casting it from her, she rushed impetuously forward, and clasping her extended arms around the coffin, gave vent to all her accumulated feelings in the accents of wildest despair. As the procession slowly moved onwards, she narrated in a sort of measured rhythm her own sufferings, eulogised the character of her son, and then, alas! uttered her wrath against the man to whose want of seamanship she attributed his death. I would it were in my power to convey her sentiments as they were originally expressed. But though it is impossible to convey them in their pathos and energy, I shall endeavour to give a part of her sad and bitter lamentation by a literal translation of her words. Her first allusion was to her own sufferings.

“Alas! alas! woe’s me, what shall I do?
Without husband, without brother,
Without substance, without store;

A son in the deep, a daughter in her grave,
The son of my love on his bier—
Alas! alas! woe’s me, what shall I do?

“Son of my love, plant of beauty,
Thou art cut low in thy loveliness;
Who’ll now head the party at their games on the plains
of Artornish?
The swiftest of foot is laid low.
Had I thousands of gold on the sea-covered rock,
I would leave it all and save the son of my love.
But the son of my love is laid low—
Alas! alas! woe’s me, what shall I do?

“Land of curses is this!—where I lost my family and
my friends,
My kindred and my store,
Thou art a land of curses for ever to me—
Alas! alas! what shall I do?

“And, Duncan, thou grandson of Malcolm,
Thou wert a meteor of death to me;
Thine hand could not guide the helm as the hand of
my love.
But, alas! the stem of beauty is cut down,
I am left alone in the world,
Friendless and childless, houseless and forlorn—
Alas! alas! woe’s me, what shall I do?

“Whilst she chanted forth these and similar lamentations, the funeral procession arrived at the place of interment, which was only about a mile removed from her cottage. The grave was already dug. It extended across an old Gothic arch of peculiar beauty and simplicity. Under this arch Flory sat for some moments in pensive silence. The coffin was placed in the grave, and when it had been adjusted with all due care, the attendants were about to proceed to cover it. Here however they were interrupted. Flory arose, and motioning to the obsequious crowd to retire, she slowly descended into the hollow grave, placed herself in an attitude of devotion, and continued for some time engaged in prayer to the Almighty.

“The crowd of attendants had retired to a little distance, but being in some degree privileged, or at least considering myself so, I remained leaning upon a neighbouring grave-stone as near to her as I could without rudely intruding upon such great sorrow. I was however too far removed to hear distinctly the words which she uttered, especially as they were articulated in a low and murmuring tone of voice. The concluding part of her address was indeed more audibly given, and I heard her bear testimony with much solemnity to the fact that her departed son had never provoked her to wrath, and had ever obeyed her commands. She then paused for a few moments, seemingly anxious to tear herself away, but unable to do so. At length she mustered resolution, and after impressing three several kisses on the coffin, she was about to arise. But she found herself again interrupted. The clouds which had hitherto been lowering were now dispelled, and just as she was slowly ascending from the grave, the sun burst forth in full splendour from behind the dark mist that had hitherto obscured its rays. She again prostrated herself, this time under the influence of a superstitious belief still general in the High-

lands, that bright sunshine upon such occasions augurs well for the future happiness of the departed. She thanked God 'that the sky was clear and serene when the child of her love was laid in the dust.' She then at length arose, and resumed her former position under the old archway, which soon re-echoed the ponderous sound of the falling earth upon the hollow coffin.

"It was indeed a trying moment to her. With despair painted on her countenance, she shrieked aloud in bitter anguish, and wrung her withered hands with convulsive violence. I tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. In the full paroxysm of her grief, however, one of the persons in attendance approached her. 'Tears,' said her friend, 'cannot bring back the dead. It is the will of Heaven—you must submit.' 'Alas!' replied Flory, 'the words of the lips—the words of the lips are easily given, but they heal not the broken heart!' The offered consolation, however, was effectual thus far, that it recalled the mourner to herself, and led her to subdue for the time every violent emotion. She again became alive to everything around, and gave the necessary directions to those who were engaged in covering up the grave. Her directions were given with unflinching voice, and were obeyed by the humane neighbours with unhesitating submission. On one occasion indeed, and towards the close of the obsequies, she assumed a tone of high authority. It was found that the turf which had been prepared for covering the grave was insufficient for the purpose, and one of the attendants not quite so fastidious as his countrymen, who in such cases suffer not the smallest inequality to appear, proposed that the turf should be lengthened by adding to it. The observation did not escape her notice. Flory fixed her piercing eye upon him that uttered it, and after gazing at him for some moments with bitter scorn, she indignantly exclaimed, 'Who talks of patching up the grave of my son? Get you gone! cut a green sod worthy of my beloved.' This imperative order was instantly obeyed. A suitable turf was procured, and the grave was at length covered up to the entire satisfaction of all parties. She now arose, and returned to her desolate abode, supported by two aged females, almost equally infirm with herself, and followed by her dog.

"But Flory Cameron did not long remain inactive under suffering. With the aid of her good friend, the parish schoolmaster, she settled, with scrupulous fidelity, all her son's mercantile transactions; and with a part of the very small reversion of

money accruing to herself she purchased a neat freestone slab, which she has since erected as the 'Tribute of a widowed mother to the memory of a dutiful son.' Nor has her attention been limited to the grave of her son. Her wakeful thoughts seem to have been the subject of her midnight dreams. In one of the visions of the night, as she herself expressed it, her daughter appeared to her, saying, that she had honoured a son and passed over a daughter. The hint was taken. Her little debts were collected; another slab was provided on which to record the name and merits of a beloved daughter; and to his honour I mention it, that a poor mason employed in the neighbourhood entered so warmly into the feeling by which Flory was actuated that he gave his labour gratuitously in erecting this monument of parental affection. But though the violence of her emotion subsided, Flory Cameron's grief long remained. In church, where she was a regular attendant, every allusion to family bereavement subdued her, and often, when that simple melody arose in which her departed son was wont very audibly to join, she used to sob bitterly, uttering with a low tone of voice, 'Sweet was the voice of my love in the house of God.' Frequently I have met her returning from the burying-ground at early dawn and at evening twilight, accompanied by her little dog, once the constant attendant of her son; and whilst I stood conversing with her I have seen the daisy which she had picked from the grave of her beloved, carefully laid up in her bosom. But her grief is now assuaged. Affliction at length tamed the wildness of her nature, and subdued her into a devotional frame. She ceased to look for earthly comfort, but found it in Christ. She often acknowledged to me with devout submission that the Lord, as He gave, had a right to take away, and that she blessed His name; and that as every tie that bound her to earth had been severed, her thoughts rose more habitually to the home above, where God her Father would at last free her from sin and sorrow and unite her to her dear ones."

Flory continued to visit the grave of her children as long as her feeble steps could carry her thither. But her strength soon failed, and she was confined to her poor hut. One morning, the neighbours, attracted by the howling of her dog, and seeing no smoke from her chimney, entered unbidden, and found Flory dead and lying as if in calm sleep in her poor bed. Her body was laid with her children, beneath the old arch and beside the stone coffin of the Spanish Princess.

A TRUE WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Why should women pay taxes? That is the question. They have not the laying on of the taxes; and that slight difference exempted the plebs of Rome, unless ancient history lies. Women have enough to do without paying taxes—at least

the working ones have; and it is little the generality of men do to help them in their struggle. So why not this? Let every bachelor engage to pay the taxes of every spinster (every single working woman, working for her livelihood, if you prefer the limita-

tion), and women may have some faith in their gallantry. A recent accomplished traveller in America complains bitterly of the ingratitude and ungraciousness of women there, who claim precedence from men, and as a right too, and yet pay them back with no light coin of smiles and murmured thanks; with no faith or hope in their good qualities, no charity in their bad practices. But were the substantial service that we hinted at above rendered to women, we will engage, both in the old world and the new, in peace and war, that every benefited woman would do her best to be obliged and cordial, humble and graceful,—at least while the memory of the old burden lasted.

But for a higher argument: the justice of man is the virtue he takes his stand upon. No woman is perfectly just—of course not. It is man who is thoroughly honest and upright. In this character let men look at the unfairness and the positive immorality involved in women paying taxes. As a rule, no woman understands tax papers, though the bold ones may grasp them knowingly, as the timid ones clutch them in terror. Tax papers are puzzled over with far more dubiousness and confusion than railway guide-books, and at last they are deposited under lock and key like loaded guns, safe out of the reach of prying servants (as if they could understand them), but still hovering, like the sword of Destiny, over the unhappy mistresses' heads. Occasionally these mistresses refresh themselves in their misery by taking them out and shaking their heads over the knotty points. "'For property,' I am sure I have very little," one of them groans; "'police,' I'll soon have nothing to guard, and he don't guard me! My servant gets out, my door is left ajar, my door-mat is stolen, I might be stolen myself! My windows are broken by cowardly blackguard lads who know there is no man in the house, and the police knows nothing about it, and is saucy when I complain. 'For lighting the street,' I never go out at night; if I did, I should prefer to carry a lantern. 'Water rates,' they'll leave me no bread to eat, and I need not mind about water; and this annoying due on the house,—the house is not my own, I know that to my cost, but I have to pay, and then the landlord pays me back something; how much am I to get from him though, and when am I to get it? Oh! dear, I will never understand it. I don't believe the collectors and clerks understand it themselves, though it fills their pockets. I know when Mrs. Lorimer's husband was appointed clerk of the Sasine, she said to me, 'Sasine, what on earth is that?'"

It is no exaggeration to say the study of these abominable tax papers must have hastened the death of many a frail old woman, and overwhelmed the mind of many a weak one. It would serve them right—those layers-on of the taxes—if a company of lunatic old women were to invade their territories, and clamour round them, and scratch and pinch them.

Some infatuated women have been known to go and attempt to pay their taxes before the day speci-

fied, in order to get rid of the horrible oppression. As might be expected, they have been snubbed and dismissed by the collectors for their pains. To be behind the day would make the hair of these victims of conscientiousness and nameless terrors stand on end and drive them nearly out of their wits with fright.

"What would happen if you were not in time?" inquired a neophyte at one of these unprotected females, restless under her tremendous responsibility.

"Goodness gracious! child, don't you know? A sheriff-officer would come publicly—do you hear?—publicly, and carry away the table, or perhaps the sofa you are sitting upon,—you may well jump!—for the National Debt."

Well, not to have contracted that debt, and yet to live in such awful apprehension of the creditors, is hard.

Yes, women are punctual souls, at least all except the giddy, giggling ones who have fathers, brothers, husbands, or sons to fall back upon,—and they start betimes on their excursions of severe duty to a public office. Now it is not necessary to explain to any well-principled, well-brought-up reader, man or woman, that to go to a public office filled with men standing before extravagantly large fires,—sitting at desks, casting sharp eyes on the trembling woman as if she were guilty of an impertinence in interrupting their mightinesses,—coming forward and cross-examining her,—sneering at her stupidity and awkwardness,—cutting short her explanations, and entering into no explanations themselves,—showing her out more bamboozled than ever,—it is unnecessary to say, that to go through all this, is a trial of no ordinary kind to a feminine mind of common delicacy. And who does not know that with the spinsters of the sex, the blushes of sixteen may be on the wrinkled cheek of sixty, and the tremour of the voice may be half the quaver of age, half the quaver of bashfulness?

This ordeal is difficult to endure, even where its stage is before a bank counter, and the business is only the presenting of a cheque, and the signing on its reverse side of the maiden name—in the old-fashioned hand which has signed so many protests of dutiful filial affection, vows of devoted youthful friendship, possibly confessions shyer and sweeter still. Even here the hand that did all the rest so deftly, and many a hundred yards of tape trimming and needlework without a blemish, will turn aside perversely, and commit queer errors in the familiar task, purely under the press of adverse, uncongenial circumstances.

But what must the case be when it is in the tax-collector's office, and he rises in his superior knowledge, strength, and power, and expects her to be prepared beforehand with a mass of information and comprehension; and then, when he is done, advises her, if she has anything to object to, to appeal? Appeal! Women worthy of the name never appeal in a tax court or any other, either

for love or money. "No, no, my dear, have my name and my affairs discussed in a public court, and perhaps be called upon to swear,—I could not think of it, though they have put me down for five pounds more rent than I pay. I must just submit; there is nothing else left for me to do."

Women are not capable of much. We hear a good deal of that now-a-days. They have not muscle or nerve or equanimity for doctors, they have not impartiality or assiduity for judges, they want something or other which disqualifies them for being clergymen, though I know not what it is, unless it be St. Paul's consent, for we all know that they frequently undertake and perform parish work. Even without their original defects, they have other claims upon them which might interfere with their fitly preaching, pleading, or physicking the sick. They never wrote a great epic, or composed a great opera, or painted a great picture. They have been lately proved to have so many ounces less bulk of brain than men. Well then, did it ever strike any man who knows all this, that they were not capable of paying taxes,—that they might have demands upon them interfering with that arrangement,—that it was about as unreasonable and unfair as asking irresponsible young persons, and half-grown children, to take care of themselves and others in a position they have never been trained to, and are punished by the weight of public opinion if they so much as try to comprehend? If there is inequality in all else between men and women, why should there exist equality on one head, and that taxes?

One other argument. Women are always clamouring for their rights—these silly women who ought to be more reverent and obedient! Well, might not this act of favour or justice stop their mouths, as it stopped the mouths, for whole centuries, of the old plebs of Rome, whom they resemble? Yes. I go back to my reference at starting: the old plebs at Rome had no votes, and paid no taxes. Women, who are incapable of deciding on any public question, should surely also be held incapable of contributing to discharge the interest of the National Debt, to endow men in office with their salaries, to do any one of the mighty and complicated matters for which taxes are imposed.

Suppose the exemption were tried; suppose it helped those workers whose weakness is so much insisted upon to provide for their bodily wants without coming upon the charity of their brethren, would not virtue have its own reward, and the act of magnanimity to women redound as a benefit to the men who granted it?

But if the great truth is not conceded, then, single women, be prepared for a sacrifice in order that you may come out conquerors. Sell off your beloved household goods, and go into furnished lodgings. Do not hesitate to mulct the Government which does not hesitate to mulct you in your ignorance and helplessness. Follow the example of many a heartless wretch of a man, who boasts of his triumph, his liberal income, his enjoyment of all bachelor pleasures—his exemption from taxes.

SARAH TYTLER.

THE SANGREAL.

A PART OF THE STORY OMITTED IN THE OLD ROMANCES.

PART I.

How Sir Galahad despaired.

THROUGH the wood, the sunny day
Glimmered sweetly glad;
Through the wood, his weary way
Rode Sir Galahad.
Every side stood open porch,
Stretched long cloister dim:
"I was a wavering, wandering church,
Every side of him.
"What if this should be the one
Holiest church of all,
Where through ages dim and lone,
Lies the Sangreal!"
On through tree-built arches high,
On and on went he;
Parched with thirst that made him sigh
Like a misery.
Came the moon, through ghostly trees,
Glimmering faintly glad;
Worn and withered, ill at ease,
Down lay Galahad;
Closed his eyes, and took no heed
What might come to pass;
Listened to his busy steed,
Cropping dewy grass.

Sweet to him the juicy blade,
Cold in the moonshine;
For his labour he was paid—
Galahad must pine.
Dry and fevered, faint and sad,
Prayer itself was dead;
All the joys he might have had,
Gathered round his bed;
Gathered with averted face,
Clothed in sorrow's weed—
Unborn souls that find no grace,
Motherless indeed.
Like the poorest in the land,
He a maiden fair
Might have led, with virgin hand,
To the altar-stair.
Youth and strength away would glide—
Age bring frost and snow;
With no woman by his side,
Downward he must go.
He at noble monarch's board,
Monarch strong and wise,
Drank no more with stalwart lord,
Saw no ladies' eyes.
And, instead, he wandered wide,
Resting never more,
Over lake and mountain-side,
Over sea and shore.



THE SANGREAL.

Gone was life and all its good,
Gone without avail!
All his seeking never would
Find the Holy Grail.

PART II.

How Sir Galahad found and lost the Grail.

Galahad was in the night,
When man's hope is dumb;
Galahad was in the night,
When God's wonders come.
Wings he heard not floating by,
Heard not voices fall;
Yet he started with a cry,
Saw the Sangreal!
Close beside him on the moss,
As if cast away,
Homely wood, with carven cross,
Rough and worn it lay.
Ages hidden from the sun,
Moon, and stars, and all—
Lo! from realms of darkness won—
Lo, the Sangreal!
To his knees, with fluttering soul,
Rose the reverent knight;
Trembling, daring, to the bowl
Went his hand of might.
In a well the mailed hand sinks,
Full of water dim;
All the grey moss floats and drinks,
Flooded from the brim.
Water plenty, but no cup!
Down he lay and quaffed:
To his feet the Knight rose up—
Rose and gaily laughed;
Fell upon his knees to thank,
Fell and worshipped there—
To his heart the water sank
And awoke the prayer.
Down he lay and slept a sleep
Healthful as a death;
Like the sun from ocean deep,
Rose at morning's breath.

PART III.

How Sir Galahad gave up the Quest.

As the sun came quivering
On the little well,
Galahad from couch did spring,
Sat full firm in selle.
"Now," said Galahad, "no more
Seek I dim chapelle;
But in every forest hoar,
Such a hidden well.
Not my thirst alone it stilled,
But my soul it stayed;
And my heart, with gladness filled,
Wept and laughed and prayed.
Hence let every fountain whose
Waters never fail,
Be to me the cup I choose
For a Holy Grail!"

PART IV.

How Sir Galahad sought yet again for the Grail.

On he went, to succour bound,
Through the forest dim;
Many living wells he found,
None that succoured him.
Never more the throb of prayer
Followed on the draught;

Never more he, rising, there
Wept, or gaily laughed.
Common water, all they bore,
Rose and filled and flowed;
Quenched his thirst, but nevermore
Eased his bosom's load.
For he sought no more the *Best*,
And he found it not;
Lofty longing was at rest—
Good was all he got.
Yearned the pain within his mind,
Like a quenched wail:
"Nought will ease me, till I find
Yet the Holy Grail."

PART V.

How Sir Galahad found the Grail.

Galahad went on again,
Thorough wood and wave;
Sought in every mossy glen,
Every mountain-cave.
Sought until the evening red
Sunk in shadow deep;
Sought until the moonshine fled,
Slept, and sought in sleep.
Where he wandered, weary, sad,
Story does not say;
But at last Sir Galahad
Found it on a day.
Took the Grail into his hand,
Had the cup of joy;
Carried it about the land,
Gladsome as a boy.

PART VI.

How Sir Galahad hid the Grail.

Horse and spear and splendour gone,
Gone his sheltering mail—
Singing went he on and on,
For he had the Grail.
Woods he wandered with his staff,
Woods no longer sad:
All the earth and sea did laugh
Round Sir Galahad.
Without place to lay his head,
Singing on he went—
Every cave a palace-bed,
Every rock a tent.
Every tree of sunny fruit
Was a festival;
And the fountain at its root
Was a Sangreal.
Maidens met him in the vale,
Youths on mountains hoar;
And he told them that the Grail
Might be found once more.
Where he went, the smiles came forth;
Where he left, the tears.
Thus he wandered, south and north,
Days and months and years.
Spear nor charger needed he,
Sword nor mighty mail:
Not a foe was left, to flee
From the Holy Grail.
When he died, with reverent care
Opened they his vest,
Seeking for the cup he bore
Hidden in his breast.
Nothing found they to their will,
Nothing found at all:
In his bosom, deeper still,
Lay the Sangreal.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

VI.—MARRIAGE AND A SINGLE LIFE.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

It is a narrow view of the office of the religious teacher which would confine him to the discussion of theological doctrines or the inculcation of devotional duties. Religion is character, and the ultimate end of all religious teaching and discipline is to produce character, to make men holy, and loving, and pure. But character is not a thing that can be developed or cultivated *in vacuo*. It requires the manifold persons, relations, circumstances, interests, trials, difficulties of social life, in order to its manifestation,—to some extent, to its very existence. It is true indeed that there is one side or aspect of religion which might exist if there were but one created soul in all God's universe. The essence of goodness, holiness, piety, might be developed in a man's being if he were alone with God in the world. As gravitation might be manifested if all the material system were annihilated, save the sun and one solitary planet revolving ever in a lonely heaven, so the primary element of true religion—love, might find ample sphere for its manifestation if all created beings should be swept away save one soul, and that were left to pass an eternity in isolation of worship, in the ceaseless exercise of aspiration, reverence, adoring gratitude and affection, towards the Great I Am. But the religion of man, religion according to the human idea of it, is not mere aspiration; it is the outgoing of thought, feeling, energy towards the creature as well as the Creator, towards equals and inferiors as well as towards the supreme Lord of all. The religious teacher, therefore, has to do not merely with theology and devotion, with the unfolding of the relations and duties of sinful man towards God, but with the elucidation of the principles of social duty, with the right modes of thinking, feeling, and acting in the varied situations and intercourses of daily life. He has to do with man, not as a recluse, a devotee, a divine, but as a member of the family, the community, the nation,—with the duties of the husband, the father, the child, the citizen, the subject. Religion is, or ought to be, the regulating principle of man's being in each and all of these relationships. And as gravitation is acting, and is in its principle illustrated, as really by the falling stone as by the planet revolving round the sun, so religious principle may be developed as truly in a kind word or a self-denying act in the family circle as in repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ. A man's mind may be in a religious attitude, engaged in a spiritual, evangelical contemplation, when considering how to behave towards his wife, or treat his servants, or invest his money, or vote for a member of parliament. Piety may be brought

into exercise in the endeavour to bring Christian principle to bear on the gains, losses, rivalries, competitions of business, on the cares and toils and sacrifices of domestic life, as really as in meditating on the doctrine of justification by faith or the perseverance of the saints. Principle elevates everything it touches, ennobles every phenomenon in which it can be traced. Facts lose all their littleness when transfigured by principle or law. The chemist's or geologist's soiled hands are no signs of base work; the coarsest operations of the laboratory cease to be mean or mechanical when intellectual thought and principle govern the mind and guide the hands. And religious principle is the noblest of all kinds of principle. Let it be brought to bear on life, and all its littleness, meanness, vulgarity, all its secularity vanishes. Not only the holy offices of the sanctuary, but the trivial common acts of the household and the family circle gather thus a sacredness round them. The relations of husband and wife, of parent and child, become types of heavenly things; the daily meal becomes sacramental, common work is transmuted into worship, and the very attire of the person converted into priestly raiment. It is upon this principle that we explain the importance which we find the writers of the New Testament attaching, and the frequent and minute reference they make, as to the other relationships of life, so especially to that around which they all converge, the relationship of husband and wife.

Has religion, then, anything to say as to the formation of the marriage tie? Is this a question which is to be relegated to the province of worldly prudence or of worldly passion? Is the union of two human beings for life a matter too light and sportive to be settled anywhere else than in drawing-rooms and social festivities, or, at best, too secular to be discussed, save in the chambers of the lawyer, over financial contracts, jointures, and deeds of settlement? As there are matters too grave and sacred to be introduced amidst the flutter of ball-rooms, the light play of jest and song, of sparkling compliment and blushing retort, so, on the other hand, are there matters too light and gay to come under the cognisance of religion and to be discussed by its ministers. Is the question, Shall I bind myself irrevocably to another, for weal or woe, on to my life's end, one of these? Whatever answer we may be disposed, under the influence of modern conventionalities, to give to this question, it is obvious that if we wish to regulate our conduct by Scripture precept and example, there is but one answer which it admits of. For not only do we find, in the instructions addressed by inspired

apostles to the members of the primitive churches, frequent counsels and admonitions as to the duties of the married state, but also repeatedly an authoritative opinion is pronounced as to the kind of marriage which alone is legitimate for a Christian; and, in one passage at least, a discussion of the question, whether in certain circumstances a single or a wedded life is that in which we can serve God best. I do not think, therefore, that it is in any measure a breach of Christian propriety, whatever it may be of conventional clerical decorum, if I throw out a few thoughts on each of the points which I have indicated as treated of by the sacred writers: viz., first, the general question, whether in any circumstances marriage or a single life is the state in which we can best serve God; and secondly, where marriage is best, what is the sort of marriage into which it is lawful or desirable for a Christian man or woman to enter.

L As to the former of these, the only direct instruction to be gathered from Scripture is contained in a well-known passage in St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthian Church. The question whether, in the existing circumstances of the church, it was better to marry or remain single, seems to have been submitted to him for solution. And the answer which, in various forms of expression, he seems to give, is to the effect that, whilst in no case could marriage be absolutely forbidden, in most cases celibacy was best. "I would," says he, "that all men were even as I myself," that is, unmarried; "but every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that. I say, to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I." And again, "I suppose that it is good for the present distress, for a man so to be. Art thou bound unto a wife? seek not to be loosed. Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife." But that these and similar expressions are not to be taken absolutely, as a recommendation of celibacy as the holier or better state for a Christian, is proved not only by St. Paul's general tone of speaking in other parts of his writings, but especially by one passage in his First Epistle to Timothy, in which he denounces the prohibition of marriage as one of the most deplorable errors of false teachers. "The spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils . . . forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."

Whatever, therefore, be the import of St. Paul's advice to the Corinthians, it contains no sanction of that notion which became so common in later ages of the church—the notion that a special dignity and holiness characterises the virgin life; that they, of all others, live nearest to God on earth, those holy men or maidens who tear themselves away from all the soft amenities, the tender charities, and sweet associations of home and wedded life, and

devote their whole existence to solitary prayer and perpetual self-denial. For this and kindred errors were but parts of a system which, even amongst Protestant communions, has not yet been altogether eradicated: a system which identified piety with austerity, and regarded the privation and pain of the creature as, in and for itself, acceptable to the Creator. Yet it can never be too often repeated that pain as pain, gloom as gloom, evil in any form, is not pleasing but hateful to God. Our Father has no grim jealousy of his children's joy. Himself the blessed and only Potentate, He delights in the communication of happiness; and it would be not only not contrary, but infinitely congenial, to His nature that all the world should be flooded with joy; that every heart should throb with delight, every countenance be radiant with happiness, every home, with its reciprocation of domestic sympathies and affections, become to man and woman a very heaven on earth. The ascetic conception of religion, therefore, which of old led men and women to choose a life of loneliness, pain, and privation, as in itself, of necessity, holier than one of human love and tenderness and innocent joy, and which in modern times associates religion with a severe look, a whining half-querulous tone, a grim distaste for all that is bright and festive and graceful, a suspicious tolerance of beauty and poetry and art, and the manifold delights of sense and imagination—this conception of religion is a miserably mistaken one. There is a kind of pain, suffering, sacrifice, that is noble and pleasing to God—pain endured for others' good, suffering which is borne for the sake of truth and conscience, sacrifice that surrenders its dearest wish and casts to the winds its most prized earthly treasure, rather than forsake Christ or betray His cause. But then the suffering or privation, in this case, is good, not in itself, but merely as the means for the attainment of something else which is essentially good; and if the good could be reached without the suffering, it would be all the better. Disconnect the suffering from the good result, and it is not only not meritorious, but sheer unmitigated folly or wickedness. To let money go, rather than tamper with conscience, and, if need be, to become a beggar rather than a fraudulent bankrupt, is noble loss, for it is to become poor in worldly substance in order to be rich in spirit; but to fling away money into the sea, or take a vow of poverty for no end but to be poor, would be either stark madness or fanatical folly. Our Lord admonishes us to pluck out a right eye, or cut off a right hand, if need be, rather than be shut out from the kingdom of heaven; but no one would infer from this that it is a meritorious thing in itself to maim or blind one's self. To be sad when there is reason for sadness, when the hand of God's chastening providence lies heavy upon us, or when He awakens us by His word and spirit to a sense of our guilt and danger as sinners, is a sign of a right state of mind and heart; for levity in bereavement, or making light of sin, indicates utter heartlessness or moral insensibility. But to go

about with a lugubrious face, or to connect piety with a starchy aspect and a chronic tendency to sighing and groaning, is a piece of weakness which we may overlook in well-meaning, good people, only because we believe that their hearts are better than their heads. Our Lord commanded men to forsake all and follow Him; to hate father and mother and wife and children for the Gospel's sake; and declared that "whosoever he was that loved father or mother, or wife or child, more than Him, and that forsook not all that he had, was not worthy of Him." And so, full often in the history of His church has this test been applied to the strength of a Christian's principles, and applied not in vain. How often have the dearest earthly ties been severed, and home, friends, kindred—all that makes life sweet to a man—surrendered, fearful though the struggle it cost to give them up, for a dearer Master's sake! How often have men of large-hearted, genial, loving natures, thirsting for human love and sympathy, formed to bless and to be blessed amidst the charities of home and wedded life, condemned themselves at the call of duty, like Paul, to a wandering, homeless, loveless existence, carrying, perchance, on to the grave the secret burden of an ungratified affection, the ever-bleeding wound of a love that might be lacerated, but that could not die! And it was this that St. Paul meant when he inculcated on others, if need were, that solitary life of which he himself gave notable illustration. It seemed to him at such a time as that in which he lived, and for men called to such work as his, that there was a possibility of more entire devotion to the work of the Lord, of a more complete and heart-whole surrender of self, of time, thought, energy, to the one great service to which his own life and being were dedicated, if men were undistracted by family cares, unhindered by the entanglements of domestic life. He did not love loneliness for its own sake, or scorn the support and strength and soothing of sympathy from man or woman. Far otherwise. Yet, with a nature singularly open to love, ardent, genial, impassioned beyond that of most men, he was ready at Christ's call to sacrifice all natural yearnings, in order that, as the sap of the lopped branches of the vine rushes with greater intensity into the shoots that are left, or as the force of the stream, cut off from diverging courses, flows all the more impetuously into the main channel, so might the ardent vital force of an undivided affection, the current of his being's energy, not one drop lost by diffusion, flow out only and ever to Christ. There once sat upon the English throne a Queen who lived ever, as has been said, "In maiden meditation, fancy free," and the explanation of whose solitary life is contained in her own well-known declaration, that "England was her husband, and all Englishmen her children," and that she desired no higher character, or fairer remembrance of her to be transmitted to posterity, than this inscription engraved on her tombstone, "Here lies Elizabeth, who lived and died a maiden

Queen." Whether it was a right expediency, or a false pride, or motives of mistaken policy, to which her conduct is to be ascribed, surely her words are suggestive of that nobler solitariness which explained itself in the language of the great Apostle, "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not? In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

The character of the age in which we live, and the circumstances of the church in our day, are very different from those of Apostolic times, and rarely, for the same reasons, are any now called to imitate the self-denying solitariness of St. Paul. Yet not seldom voluntarily, often involuntarily, are Christians in our day called, in the providence of God, to a lot apart from the cares and joys of wedded life; and wherever this arises from arrangements of society over which they have no control, or from other inevitable causes, there is addressed to such, a call as clear and sacred as that which came to the inspired Apostle: "This is the lot in which thou canst best glorify God and do the work of thy Master in the world." To the unwedded, as to the wife or husband or parent, there is a special mission assigned by Christ. "The unmarried woman," it is written, "careth for the things of the Lord that she may be holy both in body and spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." And though the special work or mission of those who are called to lead a single life cannot be definitely pointed out, forasmuch as it varies with the special conditions of each individual case, yet it might not be difficult to indicate generally the direction in which that work very frequently lies.

To take the case of one sex only. It is at least one part of that special duty to which the unwedded woman is called, to remove from her sisterhood that reproach of sourness and censoriousness which often most unjustly points the cheap sneers of superficial and flippant wits. It is not true, whatever the frequent tone of coarse jocularities would seem to imply, that the spring of human tenderness is often turned to gall in her whose youth is fading or has passed away, uncheered by wedded bliss. It may be so in some cases where the fountain of love is not fed from the deeper sources of Christian faith and fellowship with God. There may be those whose whole hearts' desire in early life has been given to the world, and who cannot bear the passing away of those pleasures which had become necessary to their peace. The beauty which once perhaps attracted admiration is gone, but the admiration is as much longed for as before, and, when yielded to younger and fairer candidates, the sight of it excites envy and bitterness in the heart, and even poisons the poison of detraction on the tongue. The old home is broken up; brothers, sisters, companions have settled into

their own separate circles of interest, apart from her. No longer occupied with education, or sought after as a gay and welcome participant in the round of youthful festivities and amusements, and having never cultivated her mind so as to find solacement in intellectual resources, or her heart so as to occupy herself with pleasure in works of Christian charity, she can contrive nothing to fill up the vacant thoughts and the time that hangs heavy on her hand, but an intrusive and impertinent inquisitiveness into the private affairs of her neighbours, the maintaining a strict keen-eyed surveillance over the conduct of younger women, and the performance of the duties of fetcher and carrier of petty gossip and small scandal to a whole district. No spectacle certainly can be more unlovely or provocative of censure than that of one of a sex in which all the gentleness, the tender sympathies and kindnesses of life should predominate, dried up into unwomanly hardness, or settled, like thin sweet wine, into a condition that is saved from insipidity only by its tartness. But God forbid we should present this picture as the type of a class. Far otherwise. There are unwedded women, not a few, who, though they have outlived their youth, have not outlived a beauty that fades not with the bloom on the cheek or the light of youth in the eye. There are those whose Christian cheerfulness and good sense, whose ready sympathy and serviceableness, whose equanimity and helpfulness and helpfulness, render them universal favourites. The unwedded aunt, who with almost, if not all, a mother's love for children, herself set free from domestic responsibilities, becomes the dear friend and confidant of others' cares; ready ever to enter into their difficulties and share the burden of their sorrows; to whom the little ones fly for story or song, or well-contrived sport, the more advanced for sympathy and advice in all their youthful struggles and perplexities; who bears about with her ever the "sunshine of a gentle smile" and the melody of a voice sweet and low—"a most excellent thing in woman,"—surely this is a picture taken from real life which some of us can fill up from our own observation, and which, to all who rightly study it, far more than removes the reproach which unwedded women less amiable have brought upon their sisterhood. And if, in addition to this, you reflect on the more public usefulness of others who, set free from family cares and engagements, gladly and earnestly devote themselves to works of Christian love and charity, to the care of the poor, the sick, the aged,—consecrating their gifts of leisure, of education, of gentle and refined habits, to the service of their Lord in the various works and enterprises of His church,—is there not presented to us a view of unwedded life which may well convince us that Christ in our day, as in the earlier times of the church, has a place and a work not insignificant or ignoble for the unmarried man or woman "who careth for the things of the Lord?"

II. Let me now add a few sentences on the

second topic, viz., the kind of marriage proper for a Christian man or woman. Without attempting any formal exposition of the language of the sacred writers on this subject, I think we may gather from it generally that a Christian marriage is one in which there exists between the parties the sentiments of mental fellowship and moral or spiritual sympathy. For instance, we are told by St. Peter that the husband and wife are to dwell together "according to knowledge," and they are to regard each other as "heirs together of the grace of a life." And by this account of it there is excluded from the idea of Christian marriage a union of mere passion, or a marriage of convenience. A relationship that is indissoluble should not be based upon things that are destructible and that may perish in a moment. "Of all earthly unions," writes one, "this is almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death. It is that engagement in which a man exerts his most awful and solemn power,—the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed,—the power or the responsibility which belongs to him as one who shall give account, of abnegating his freedom, of parting for ever with the right of change. And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures, but between two spirits; and the intention of the bond is to perfect the nature of both by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally defective,—to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will; to the other, sympathy, meekness, and tenderness. And just so solemn and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was intended, just so terrible are the consequences, if it be perverted and abused. For there is no earthly relationship that has so much power to enoble and exalt, and, on the other hand, to wreck and ruin the soul. There are two rocks in this world of ours on which the soul must either anchor or be wrecked. The one is God, the other the relation we are considering. On the Rock of Ages, if the human soul anchor, it lives the blessed life of faith; against it if the soul be dashed, there is the wreck of Atheism, the worst ruin of man. The other rock is of a different kind. Blessed is the man, blessed the woman, whose life-experience has taught a confiding belief in the sex opposite to their own—a blessedness second only to the blessedness of salvation. And the ruin in the second case is second only to the ruin of perdition. For these are the two tremendous alternatives—on the one hand, the possibility of securing, in all sympathy and tenderness, the laying of that step on which man rises towards his perfection; on the other, the blighting of all sympathy, the being dragged down to the earth, and forced to become frivolous and commonplace, losing the zest and earnestness of life, and having the whole being degraded by per-

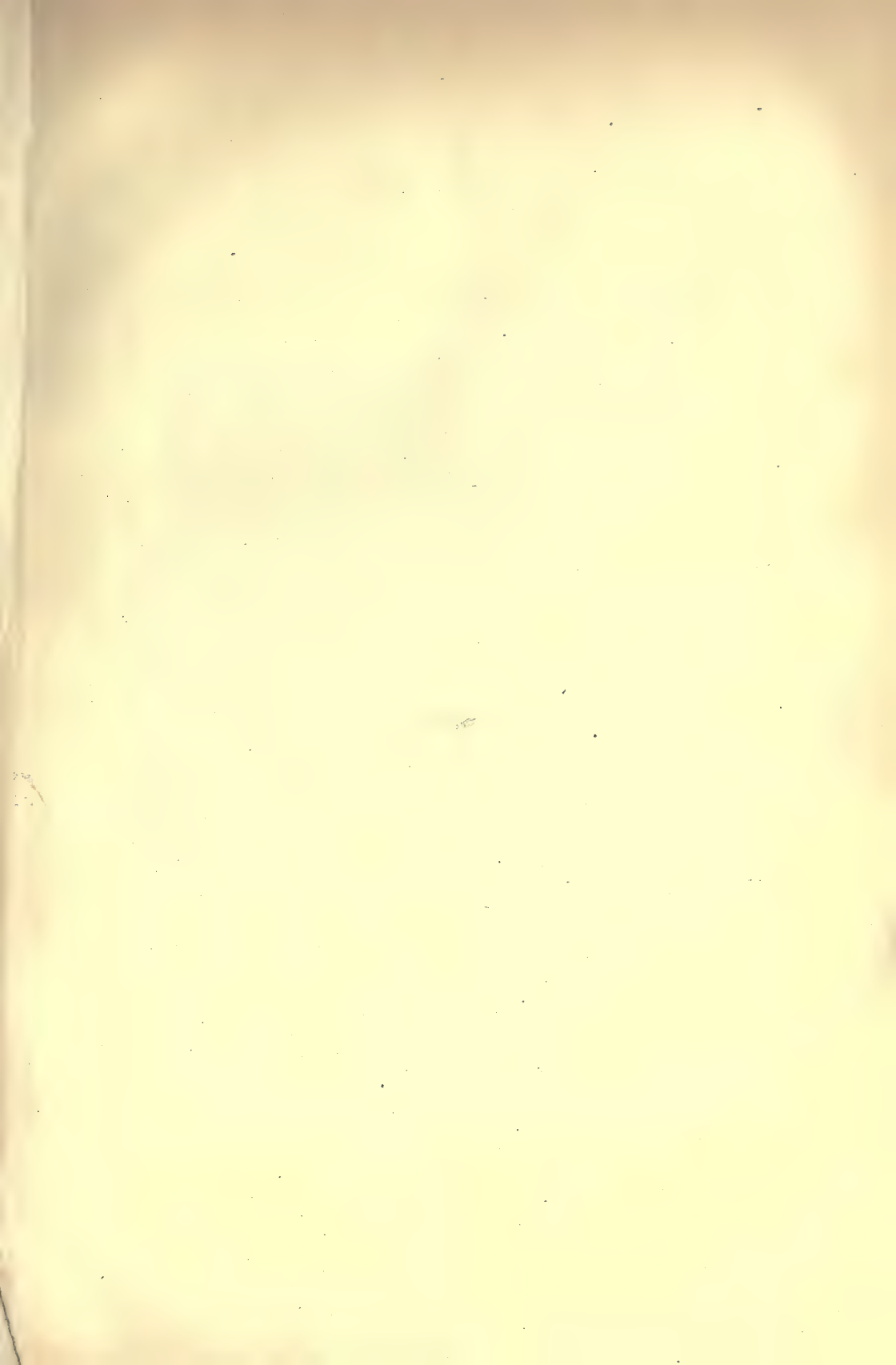
petually recurring meannesses and vulgar causes of disagreement."

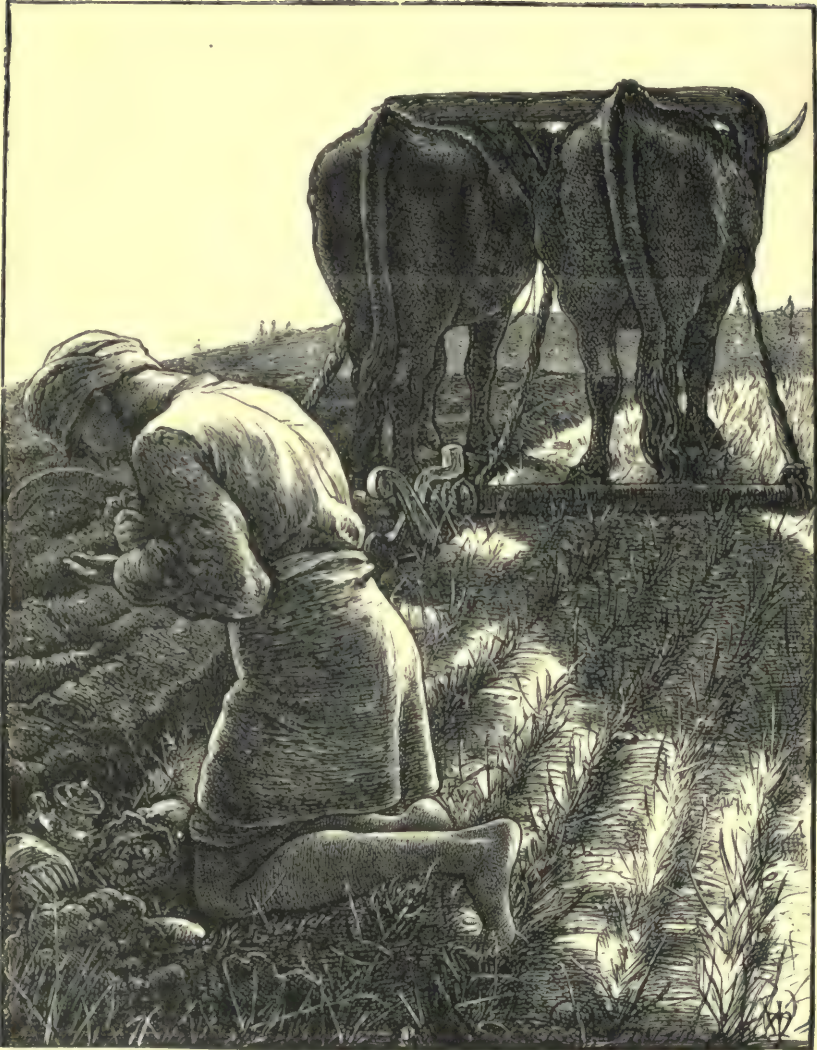
If such be the alternatives in the marriage union, can it but be that they fearfully risk the worst who rush into marriage in the frivolous haste of passion, or, if with deliberation, with the deliberation not of Christian wisdom, but of cold and calculating worldly prudence? That man miserably errs who lets himself drift into a connection which may make or mar his happiness to the grave, and mould his being for eternity, as lightly and thoughtlessly as he undertakes a brief excursion, or accepts an invitation to a party of pleasure. If the charm that lures him be mere physical beauty and attractiveness, then this is the deplorable incongruity, that whilst the relationship is lasting, that on which alone it is based is not: accident may disfigure it, disease may stamp its ugly seams on it, advancing years will surely wear away the beauty that consists in the bloom and symmetry of face and elegance of form. Even if the toy could keep its glitter, it would soon cease to please. But it will not keep it. The gloss rubs off, the surface polish wears away; and when the man who has married a pretty doll for its prettiness finds that that is gone, all that made the marriage real goes too. In the heat of passion, and amidst the fresh charms of novelty, even a man of sense is sometimes blind to the weakness or silliness which youth and beauty conceal. There is a time when even nonsense sounds charming when it falls from pretty lips; but the misfortune is, that the prettiness goes, but the nonsense remains. And so it comes often to this, that that which ought to be the strength and solacement of life—that relationship in which there should be found the soothing of wise sympathy and the strength of mutual confidence and counsel—becomes, if one of the parties be possessed of sense or principle, a yoke which ever galls and frets, but is borne, like other self made burdens, in silence, because nobody else can be blamed for it, and because it is inevitable. Nearly the same thing may be said of the marriage of convenience. Prudential motives are not, of course, to be despised; but to make prudential considerations the beginning and end of the matter is as foolish as it is base.

The only union, then, that deserves and does not dishonour the name of marriage is one in which, whatever external attractions accompany it, there is mental and moral sympathy, and, above all, the

hallowing presence of religious faith. For this alone brings us into real union with another. We may dwell in the same home with another, and yet be wide apart as if oceans rolled between us. But where there is congeniality of taste, sympathy of souls, union of heart in the same God and Saviour, no external distance can affect, or lapse of time weaken it, nor can even that which breaks up all other connections, dissolve this. The hands that were clasped at Mammon's altar may soon drop from each other's grasp. The hearts which passion's force united, when passion's fire has cooled, may fall off from each other, or, in the recoil, fly far apart. But they whom God and holy love bind together, none can ever put asunder. Money may go, hardship and ill fortune betide them, but there are those, many and many a one, whom sorrow and toil and suffering, borne together, have only bound into a closer, deeper, dearer affection. The ardour of youthful passion may evaporate, but there is a calmer, serener, profounder feeling that rises, as the years pass on, in hearts that have known and trusted each other long. The fair face may lose its outer loveliness, and the form its roundness, and the once light and airy step its elasticity. But even on the outward face and form there is a beauty which steals out often, to replace with a more exquisite charm that which the years bear away—the beauty of Christian gentleness and sweetness, of maturing character and more deeply settled inward peace,—“the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” Onward through life's path, stage after stage, truer and more trusted, loving and more beloved, they who are thus united may tread together;—on, amidst the gathering evening shadows and the soft waning lights that tell how fast their sun of earthly joy is westerling—pensively, it may be, yet not sadly or despairingly;—on, hand clasped in hand, heart knit to heart, till the hour when the inevitable parting comes. And yet even in that which to all besides has in it a horror of darkness too dreadful to be calmly contemplated, there is no lasting gloom for them. A little longer, and the loved and lost shall be once more and for ever united; and when the churchyard shadows in summer and winter days play softly on the grave where side by side their dust reposes, bright with immortal beauty, loving as immortal spirits only love, they shall dwell together in the presence of the Lamb.







THE HID TREASURE.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

VII.—THE PARABLE OF THE HID TREASURE.

MATTHEW xiii. 44.

ONE of the most beautiful legends of old times is that of the Golden Age. As sung by the heathen poets, this once was a happy world; its earliest periods being like the bright dawn of a dark and cloudy day; cheerful and happy, as the infancy of a life which afterwards grows beset with troubles and stained by crime. In these days, envy and strife and war were unknown; the habits of men were simple, their wants were few, their lives were virtuous: no slaves toiled in chains, nor captives pined in dungeons, nor bloody tyrants reigned on thrones: plenty filled every cup to the brim, and peace, unbroken by the strife of tongues or clash of arms, brooded on every shore. In contrast with those which followed them and went by the name of the Iron, these happy times were called the Golden Age. No poet's dream, this, like many other legends preserved in ancient song, is a fragment of true history, and one in which it is not difficult to recognise a tradition of Eden, and of man's early innocence—changed, no doubt, from its original form, as, like a stone in the bed of a river, it has come rolling down the long and turbulent stream of time.

Literally, as well as figuratively, the earliest periods of the world were the Golden Age: for the discoveries of archæologists show that man's acquaintance with the metals began with gold and silver. Long ere he had forged iron into sword or ploughshare, sheathed his ships with copper, covered his bull's-hide shield with brass, or cast lead either into pipes to convey water or into bullets to carry death, with no palace other than a hut, and no throne other than a stone, kings wore crowns of gold; while women, attired in wolf's skin, danced on the green with golden ornaments tinkling on their naked ankles. It was so in this island among the brave and hardy savages from whom we trace our descent. It was much more so in sunnier and richer lands. At the invasion of Peru, for instance, Pizarro and his Spaniards found the interior of the king's palaces adorned with the finest and most costly materials; the sides of the apartments were studded with gold and silver ornaments; their niches were filled with images of plants and animals made of the same precious metals; and even much of the domestic furniture displayed the like wanton magnificence. The Temple of the Sun shone with something of his own dazzling splendour. Every part of its interior was richly ornamented:

on the eastern wall, and so situated that at his rising the rays of the sun struck directly on it, was a figure of their god, engraved on a golden plate of massive dimensions, and studded all over with emeralds and precious stones; nor was there in that vast and splendid edifice any utensil whatever that was not made of gold or silver. Besides this, there were a hundred inferior temples in the Holy City, and many in the provinces, that almost rivalled in magnificence that of the metropolis. Historians also mention, that even the pipes which conveyed, and the fountains that contained, water in the garden of the summer palace of the Incas were of silver; and that one ornament of this fairy-like retreat consisted in full-sized imitations of foreign plants, with stalks of silver, and leaves of gold.

Where are these treasures now—the gold and silver of the world's departed empires, of such kings as Solomon, the Pharaohs of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, the mighty satraps and sultans of the East? They have vanished, not perished; for, while silver resists the influences that tarnish the baser metals, gold is absolutely indestructible—resisting the action of fire itself. Expose water to fire, and it dissolves in vapour; wood, and it vanishes in smoke and flame, leaving but grey ashes behind; iron, and it is converted into rust:—but fire may play on gold for a thousand years without depriving it of a degree of its lustre or an atom of its weight. Beautiful emblem of the saints of God, gold cannot perish—their trials, like the action of fire on this precious metal, but purifying what they cannot destroy.

The disappearance of the old world's treasures finds its explanation in the custom to which the man of this parable owed his fortune. In ancient times there was little trade in which men could embark, and there were no banks in which they could lodge, their money. And as secrecy offered them the best, if not only, security, it was common for people, while reserving a portion for ordinary use, to hide their gold and silver in the ground; and it often happened, through sudden death or otherwise, that the treasure was left there, their secret being buried with them. Besides this, old times were unsettled. A country was suddenly invaded,—to preserve their valuables from the hand of the spoiler, the inhabitants buried them in the earth: falling in battle or dying in exile, they never returned to claim them; and thus the earth became a bank in which was accumulated during the course of

ages a vast amount of unclaimed deposits. Even in our country, though scantily supplied with the precious metals, the spade that digs the railway, the plough that breaks up some waste moorland, is ever and anon bringing old coins to light, or still older ornaments of gold and silver. And, since the lands of the Bible were much richer than ours, and had accumulated vast stores of wealth at a period when our forefathers were naked savages, nothing was more likely to happen in these countries than the circumstance which forms the groundwork of this parable.

A peasant goes out to plough. The ground has lain undisturbed, perhaps, for centuries; or, in order to recruit an exhausted soil with virgin earth, he sends his share deep into its bosom. Suddenly, as he whistles carelessly behind his oxen, he is startled by the ring of metal; and on turning his head, how he stares to see the black furrow yellow with scattered gold, and sparkling in the sun with jewels! The plough is abandoned; he drops on his knees;—happy man! he has lighted on an old hid treasure, and has a fortune within his grasp. Restoring the treasure to its place, he conceals with care all traces of the discovery, and, masking his joy under an air of indifference, hastens homeward. To the amazement of his neighbours, who pity him as moon-struck or mad, he sells his house, his furniture, his bed, and pulling the beds out from beneath his sleeping children, sells them—parting with all he has in the world. He is not mad, though men think so—not he. He knows what he is about. Making what others reckon a bad bargain, he purchases the field in question: and ere the villagers have recovered from their surprise, their astonishment at his folly changes to envy of his fortune. Possessor of an enormous treasure, he has exchanged a hard, humble, toiling life for the respect and ease, the comforts and luxuries, which are the eager desire of all and the happy lot of few.

Such is the incident which forms the groundwork of a parable where

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL ARE COMPARED TO A TREASURE.

In a world which looks down on poverty, where beggars are counted offscourings, and the respect is often paid to wealth that is due only to worth, a considerable fortune will secure its possessor from contempt, and a splendid one secure his introduction to the proudest circles of the land. Yet how much higher are the rewards which the treasures of the Gospel secure to him who, though poor in this world's goods, is rich in faith? Lifting "the poor from the dust, and the needy from the dunghill to set him with princes," they introduce him to the presence of the Divine Majesty and the palace of the Great King—to the society of angels and the communion of saints—to the general assembly of those high-born and first-born, compared with whom in point of worth, or dignity, or lofty and enduring glory, your kings are but worms of the

dust. Again, if wealthy, you may reside in a splendid mansion, but it is to leave it one day for the narrow house; you may pamper the body with the costliest luxuries, but you are fattening it for worms; nor can the flashing blaze of a thousand diamonds blind our eyes to the melancholy fact that this gay, beautiful, charming form shall, stripped of all that bravery, be wrapped in a shroud, nailed up in a coffin, and thrust down into a black hole to rot. But give me the treasures of redemption, my food is manna, and my wine is love; my sweet pillow the bosom of the Son and my strong defence the arm of Almighty God; my home that palace, eternal in the heavens, where angels' harps supply the music, and woven of Jesus' righteousness the robes are fairer than angels wear. Again, the bankrupt who succeeds to a fortune is placed in circumstances to pay his debts. Is there a stain on his honour, he wipes it out; if none, he relieves himself of a load which lies heavy on the heart of an honourable man. Henceforth he neither fears to examine his accounts nor look all men in the face: and on the day when he summons his creditors to pay his debts in full, he is esteemed a happy, applauded and fêted as an honourable man. But possessed of the treasures of the Gospel, I pay debts whose sum no figures can express, nor long ages in Hell atone for; with Jesus' infinite merits I pay God all his claims; and obtaining a full discharge from the hands of Eternal Justice in the High Court of Heaven, I lift up my head, not only before men but before angels; not only in the presence of holy angels but of a holy God; and looking round on conscience and the Law, on Death and the Devil, challenge them all, saying, "It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?"

A treasure! So men speak of the child who, like a beautiful flower with a worm at its root, may droop and die;—of fame won on a stage, where the spectators who applaud to-night may hiss to-morrow;—of riches that, like scared wild fowl on the reedy margin of a lake, take to themselves wings and fly away. But how much worthier of the name the Friend who never leaves us; health that sickens not, and life that dies not; love that never cools, and glory that never fades; a peace that troubles may disturb but do not destroy—being to it but the raging tempest that shakes the arms of a tree which it cannot uproot; the swelling, foaming, angry billows that toss the bark which, securely anchored, they cannot part from its moorings nor dash on the surf-beaten shore!

The unspeakable value of those blessings of divine mercy, pardon, peace, and grace represented by this treasure may be tested in a simple way. In London, within whose heart there is gold in more senses of the expression than one, stands a building with armed sentinels by its door, and at its table directors with the fate of empires, with war or peace, want or plenty, in their hands. Entering by the guarded portal, and passing through the bustle of a crowded hall where Mammon sits enthroned,

and gold coins are tossed about like pebbles, and silver, as in the days of Solomon, seems nothing accounted of, you descend, by strongly protected passages, to a room whose walls, divided into compartments, are formed of massive iron. Around you there are heaped, pile on pile, not thousands, but millions of money—the wealth of a great nation—the price of crowns and kingdoms. You are in the strong room of the Bank of England, one of the wonders of the world. Now, from his loom where the shuttle flies from early morn into the night, take a poor, pale-faced, but pious weaver;—from the dark mine, where any moment he may be drowned by water, blasted by fire, suffocated in the choke-damp, or buried beneath falling rocks in the bowels of the earth, take a poor, begrimed, but pious pitman—and placing either in that room, offer him all its treasures on condition that he parts with that in his bosom! He would spurn the glittering bribe, saying as he returned to bless God for his brown bread and lowly home, “Get thee behind me, Satan;” or, “Thy money perish with thee!” With this blood-bought treasure he will rather die than part, saying, “It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof; the gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of pure gold; no mention shall be made of coral or of pearls, for the price of it is above rubies.”

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL ARE COMPARED TO
A HID TREASURE.

The discovery of gold some years ago in our most distant colony agitated the whole kingdom; and as the news spread, thousands, breaking the ties which bound them to home, hurried away to the seaports, where crowded ships bore off the adventurers—all eagerly striving under press of sail which should first touch the happy strand. The voyage ended, our countrymen threw themselves on the gold fields; and soon the lonely dells of Australia, with emigrants from all lands, rang with the sounds of labour and a Babel of tongues. Yet long years before its treasures were brought to light, shepherds had left our hills to herd the flock on Australia's boundless pastures: the hut of the squatter had encroached on the hunting grounds, and his axe had sounded in the forests of the wondering savage; and there, earning only a bare subsistence, far removed from the homes and friends of their love, without hope of improving their condition or returning with a fortune, many had pined and drooped—like a flower removed from its native to an uncongenial soil. Yet all the while a fortune lay hid beneath the exile's feet; the roots of the tree under whose shadow he reclined, recalling scenes and friends far away, were matting rocks of gold; and from the bed of the stream where he quenched his thirst, thousands, with thirst for gold burning as his, came afterwards to draw splendid fortunes,—vaulting at once from abject poverty to the heights of affluence. He lived poor in the

midst of riches; and daily walking above wealth that had made him independent of labour, he sank, exhausted by toil and care and sad regrets into an early and lonely grave. Such fate befell many a one, with gold enough in the stones that formed his rude hearth, or in the rock against which his log-hut stood, to surround him with the splendours of a brilliant fortune.

Now that poor man, with his ragged tent pitched on a gold field, but ignorant of the treasure which he might have possessed and enjoyed, is the type and image of thousands. The treasures of the Gospel, they, as he had those of gold, have and yet have not. They are hid from them. Their minds, as Paul says, are blinded—“The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not.”—“The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” Were God to make these treasures as plain to men as the ploughshare did this to the peasant's wondering, rejoicing, sparkling eyes, they would leave the house of God for their homes happier far than he. What is gold to these? Within the two boards of the poor man's Bible is a greater wealth of happiness, of honour, of pleasure, of true peace, than Australia hides in the gold of all her mines. That, for example, could not buy the pardon of any of the thousand criminals whom a country, weary of their crimes, once cast on her distant shores; but here is what satisfies a justice stricter than man's, and procures the forgiveness of sins which the stoutest heart may tremble to think of. Again, the wealth of the most successful adventurer cannot conceal the meanness of his birth, give polish to his manners, or raise him to a level with an ancient and jealous nobility: it alters the condition, but not the character of the man; and associated with ignorance, meanness, vulgarity, is, to use the figure of the wise man, only as “a jewel in a swine's snout.” But, accompanied with the blessing from on high and received into the heart by faith, the Gospel alters both our character and condition—making the rude gentle, the coarse refined, the impure holy, the selfish generous—working a greater transformation than if a felon of the prison were to change into a courtier of the palace, or the once ragged boy who had been educated to crime on the streets were to wear a star on his manly breast and stand in the brilliant circle that surrounds a throne. In the blood of Christ to wash out sin's darkest stains, in the grace of God to purify the foulest heart, in peace to calm life's roughest storms, in hopes to cheer guilt's darkest hour, in a courage that defies death and descends calmly into the tomb, in that which makes the poorest rich and without which the richest are poor indeed, the Gospel

—— has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And its rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

THE TREASURE WAS FOUND WITHOUT BEING
SOUGHT.

Each spring which by the voices of birds breaking the long winter silence, reminds us that other voices, now mute, shall wake again, and by the flowers on the green sod above our dead, reminds us that they also shall rise again—beautiful from dust, immortal from the bed of mortality, is emblematical of conversion as well as of resurrection. It is Christ's own voice speaking through the Spirit to souls for love of whom he left the skies, which I recognise in this beautiful and tender address, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs; and the vines with the tender grape give a smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." In new life, life as from the dead, in songs of love, smiling skies and balmy air, budding woods and fields which hold the seeds of future, golden, bountiful harvests, the spring is an emblem worthy of conversion—the fitting dress of so great an event.

Besides, both in trees and flowers the spring presents remarkable illustrations of that variety with which God is pleased to work in saving souls, and turning sinners from the error of their ways. All his people are converted; must be so—for our Lord says, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." But all are not converted in the selfsame manner; and there are in grace, as in nature, to use Paul's words, "diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." For example, the leaves of roses, of tulips, and of our orchard fruit-trees appear first—preparing the way for flowers still in the bud. In other cases this order is reversed. In the catkins of the hoary willow hung on naked stems, in the gold and silver cups of the crocus, whether they spring from the grass of Alpine meadows or edge our parterres with a beautiful border, the flowers precede the leaves—these plants, like a day unheralded by a dawn, burst into blossom without any apparent preparation. Even so, while some after a long search for true happiness and their souls' good, in fulfilment of the promise "seek and ye shall find," get in Jesus Christ the treasure of this parable and the pearl of the next, others find a Saviour without seeking him. They burst at once into a state of grace; and without seeking, or so much as thinking of it, they stumble on salvation, if I may say so, as this man on the treasure hid in the field. They are converted, and it is a great surprise to them—what neither they nor any one else expected.

Ambitious of riches and yet averse to work, men have resorted to necromancy to discover hidden treasures, digging for them in fields and amid hoary ruins. The man whose good fortune is recorded here was otherwise employed. Bred up in poverty,

and satisfied with his lot—the robust health of out-door occupation, an appetite that gave zest to the plainest fare, the lively prattle of his children when he came home at even, he thought no more of riches than some of conversion, who, suddenly changed, rise in the morning in a state of nature and close the day in a state of grace. His good fortune, if I may say so, was an accident—the merest accident; and thereby distinguished from the case of him who found the pearl of great price. He, a merchant seeking goodly pearls, found what he sought; but this man what he was not seeking, nor even so much as thinking of. Equally different are the cases of those whom a God, sovereign in working as he is great in mercy, converts to a saving knowledge of the truth. For example, Nicodemus, who repaired to Christ under the cloud of night, was one seeking goodly pearls; so also was the centurion, who "was a just man and one that feared God," and to whom Peter was sent with the tidings of a Saviour; and so in some sense also was that unhappy youth who with more courage than Nicodemus came in open day, and pushing his way through the crowd, thus accosted our Lord, "God master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—only when Jesus told him to sell all, give the price to the poor, and follow him, he judged the terms too hard, the cost too great. Like many others he sought the pearl but disliked the price. On the other hand, showing that God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and that salvation is of grace and not of merit, he sometimes bestows it where it has never been sought; and a change comes as unlooked for as in the case of Saul, the son of Kish—leaving home to seek his father's asses he found a crown on the road, and he who went out a commoner came back a king. Look, for instance, at the case of Zaccheus! Curiosity to see Jesus draws him from the receipt of custom; and leaving his books and money-bags—for he was rich, he throws himself into the crowd. In vain the little publican stands on tip-toe. He can see nothing. Leaving the throng behind, he hies away; and climbing a friendly sycamore that threw its branches over the road, he perches himself on a bough, proud of his ingenuity and congratulating himself on the excellent view he will command as Jesus passes—borne along on the crest of popular favour. His curiosity once gratified, he has no purpose other than of returning to his old habits and resuming the pursuit of gain. What he sought he found; but more, in that, besides a sight of the Saviour, he obtained a hold of salvation. Jesus, as he passed by, looked up, and calling him down, invited himself to his house; and ere nightfall there was a greater transformation wrought on that poor worldling than appears in the insect which lies confined in the morning within its narrow cell, and ere sunset is roaming on wide-spread wings from flower to flower—its bed their cups, its food their honied nectar. Another instance of people obtaining salva-

tion who were not seeking it, is found in that Samaritan who after long years of sin, is sitting crowned like a queen in heaven. With pitcher poised on her head, she leaves her village to draw water,—having no other purpose than to prepare a meal for her paramour on his return from the labours of the day. Shading her eyes from the glare of the sun, she descries a lone traveller resting on Jacob's well. The man and she meet; they converse; and she who had approached the well with the slow step and graceful carriage of Eastern women, leaving both it and her pitcher, hurries back with eager eyes and flying feet. What has happened? She has found her Saviour—found, as she said, “the Christ;” and at the news the whole village,—mothers with infants at the breast and old age bending on its staff,—leave looms silent and streets deserted to see Jesus.

Even so, it may happen that some who repair to the House of God without any expectation or even wish to be converted, and with no better purpose than to see or be seen, may there behold a sight they never expected, and meet one whom they looked not for. Drawn to the church only by curiosity to hear some preacher, they may, Zaccheus like, receive a call from the preacher's master; and so the scene of an idle curiosity may be turned into that of a true conversion. There are some cases in which God has made even the wrath of man to praise him—those who went to mock having stayed to pray. Let me give an example. A stranger to the congregation was one day preaching in a church in England. He wound up an impressive sermon by telling them that, some twenty years before, three bad young men had entered that very house with the intention of stoning the minister. Something, a look or word from the preacher, led one of the three to hesitate. In consequence of this the plot was abandoned: and while his associates who were angry with him for his pusillanimity left the scene, he lingered behind from no other motive than curiosity. The preacher went on to tell how one of the two who left was, some few years afterwards, guilty of a horrid murder, and hanged for it; and how the other also for some other crime ended his life on the gallows. As to the third who stayed behind, strange to say, he was converted on that occasion, and afterwards became a minister of the gospel; and the preacher added, his voice trembling the while with ill-suppressed emotion, He now addresses you in me—a monument of the grace of God, a brand plucked from the burning. And since, as that case proves, God's grace is sovereign, and Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, of whom may we not hope? The pardon of all our sins through the blood of the Lamb of God, the sanctifying influences of his Holy Spirit, glory for a crown and heaven for a home, these, like the treasures which the ploughshare brought to light, lie at our feet. They are within our reach. And why, if yet poor and miserable, with no better portion than a passing,

perishing world, should not we stoop down to make them our own; and saved, through God's free grace and sovereign mercy, be of those of whom it is said, “He was found of them who sought him not?”

THE CONDUCT OF THE FINDER.

He hid the treasure.—“It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer;” and though this man may not have depreciated the real, he took pains to conceal the accidental value of the field. We are not required to settle such questions of moral casuistry as the method he took to possess himself of this treasure may suggest. To the profits of such discoveries as are the fruits of a man's observation or inventive genius, our law gives him the exclusive right—at least for a term of years; nor would it regard the profits of this discovery as belonging of right to the proprietor of the soil. In this country, *treasure-trove*, as it is called, is claimed by the crown. But whether this man's conduct was justifiable is not a question we are called to settle. In hiding the treasure till he had made himself owner of the field, he took the surest way of making it his own, and expressed, better than any words could do, its value in his eyes. Teaching us how to act in those matters that belong to salvation, he spared no pains, and lost not an hour, and grudged no sacrifice to possess himself of this treasure—and, as applied to the infinitely more valuable treasures of the gospel, these are the points which Jesus proposes for our imitation. By this parable the Saviour calls men to leave no stone unturned, no pains untaken, no anxiety unfelt, no prayer unsaid, no Sabbath nor day unimproved to make these treasures theirs. And, oh, how happy the wretched, how calm the troubled, how cheerful the sad, how pure the foulest, how rich the poorest, in view of death how brave the timid, in death itself how tranquil, even triumphant, all might be, if we only felt as much concern and took as much care to find Christ, as this man to secure a fleeting treasure.

Unless in the sense of guarding their peace of mind from being disturbed by temptation, and their purity from being stained by sin, those who find treasures in the Gospel, do not hide them. On the contrary, they seek to make the great discovery known, and to communicate its benefits to all. There is no temptation to do otherwise, to keep it to ourselves, since it has blessings in the pardon and peace of God enough for us and for all others. It is as if one of a caravan that had sunk on the burning desert, were, in making a last effort for life, to discover no muddy pool, but a vast fountain—cool as the snows that replenished its spring, and pure as the heavens that were reflected on its bosom. He revives at the blessed sight, and, pushing on to the margin, stoops to drink; yet ere his thirst is fully quenched, see how he speeds away to pluck his friends from the arms of death; and, hark! how he shouts, making the lone desert ring to the cry, “Ho, every one that thirsteth,

come ye to the waters." None ever found Christ but they wished that others also might find him, were ever saved without a desire to save springing up in their hearts—theirs the spirit of Andrew, when he went to his brother Peter, crying, "We have found the Messiah,"—of those who said "Come thou with us, we will do thee good," "Arise, for we have seen the land, and behold it is very good."

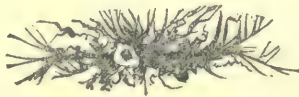
HE PARTS WITH ALL FOR THIS TREASURE.

On boating once along a coast where the billows roared in the deep caves, and broke in sheets of foam on the face of cliffs that rose hundreds of feet sheer up from the sea, we heard the sound of merry voices mingling with the sea-mew's screams; and on looking up saw to our surprise a group of urchins standing with their backs against the rocky wall, and with scant room on its projecting ledges for their naked feet. One false step, a dizzy moment, and the body, bounding from ledge to ledge, had sunk like lead into the deep. Yet these children, poised on the beetling crag, were light-hearted as any culling the flowers of the meadow, or sitting by their mother's side on the hearth of the fisherman's hut. Their safety lay in this, that they had been reared among such scenes, and accustomed from early infancy to positions that would have turned our heads. On the other hand a sudden elevation is usually followed by a sudden fall; and such is the danger he is exposed to, who, like the man of this parable, is raised by one rapid revolution of the wheel of fortune from great poverty to great affluence. The man gets intoxicated with joy; the head grows giddy; and falling into habits of boundless extravagance, or, worse still, into habits of profligacy and vice, he is ruined—his fortune proving in the end a great misfortune. So imminent indeed is this danger, that there is no wise and prudent pious father but would tremble for his boy, should he, when preparing himself to fight his way on in life, suddenly succeed to the possession of a fortune.

In the treasures of gold and silver there lurks great danger; in those of grace none: nor is there a good man but would rejoice should his son come, with beaming face, to announce the tidings that he had found a Saviour; pardon and grace and peace in Jesus Christ.

Unlike common riches, this treasure breeds neither jealousies nor fears nor envy. No Christian woman repines that her husband loves Jesus better than her: no godly mother, however she may feel the pang of parting, but approves the son who, burning

with love to souls, tears himself from her arms to plant the cross on heathen shores. Your families of noble blood or ancient pedigree eye him with jealousy who, emerging from the obscurity of humble life, rises with his plebeian blood to a position lofty as their own. But next to the joy of possessing the treasures and honours of the Gospel is that of seeing poor sinners made heirs of the grace of God, and heaven's highest titles bestowed on those that were the vilest of mankind. The greater the number who get this treasure, the greater the joy of those who already have it. And how great and deep that joy, is set forth in the conduct of this man—he parted with all he had to possess the treasure. What he paid indeed was not the value of it; and certainly this parable was not told to teach us that when the haughty part with their pride, and drunkards with their cup, the licentious with his vices, the gay with their vanities, the avaricious with the love of money, others with their darling sins, they thereby purchase salvation. Assuredly not. Salvation is all of grace. Yet these things are required. — "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity."—"Whosoever would be my disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself daily and follow me." "Ye cannot," says our Lord, "serve God and Mammon." Shrink not from the pain these sacrifices must cost. It is not so great as many fancy. The joy of the Lord is his people's strength. Love has so swallowed up all sense of pain, and sorrow been so lost in ravishment, that men of old took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and martyrs went to the burning stake with beaming countenances, and sang high death-songs amid the roaring flames. Let us by faith rise above the world, and it will shrink into littleness and insignificance compared with Christ. Some while ago two aeronauts, hanging in mid-air, looked down on the earth from their balloon, and wondered to see how small great things had grown—ample fields were contracted into little patches—the lake was no bigger than a looking-glass—the broad river with ships floating on its bosom, seemed like a silver snake—the wide-spread city was reduced to the dimensions of a village—the long, rapid, flying train appeared but a black caterpillar slowly creeping over the surface of the ground. And such changes the world undergoes to the eyes of him who, rising to hold communion with God and anticipating the joys of heaven, lives above it and looks beyond it. This makes it easy and even joyful to part with all for Christ—this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.



A RIDE ROUND SICILY.

THERE is no country within the same distance of home which affords such a refreshing change from everything English as Sicily. It is a *multum in parvo*. Its substratum is of course Italian, but its Grecian remains rival any to be found in Greece itself, and, as is well known, Greek colonists, with their Greek costumes, inhabit the "Piano dei Greci" to the present day. The Spanish element is also strongly represented both in the style of its houses and in many characteristics of its people. I would recommend any one who may have six weeks of Spring at his disposal to take a through ticket to Palermo: and, when they have ridden the three weeks' journey from that city by Segesti, Girgenti, and Syracuse, to Messina—or for a week longer, so as to return by the northern coast to Palermo,—they will have enjoyed some pieces of unrivalled coast scenery; have in a measure visited Italy, Greece, and Spain; seen many of the finest specimens of ancient art; imbibed an endless amount of sunshine and sunbrow; endured just as much discomfort and filth as is salutary for their moral and physical discipline; and not improbably have had "a new sensation" in the shape of meeting real banditti, in being carried off to the mountains, or at once robbed in the most approved highway fashion. We trust, however, that few will take our advice. There are too many tourists—(or, as a certain Highland gamekeeper, a friend of ours, calls them, "touracks") in Sicily even now for the permanent security of her peculiar privileges. We tremble lest those great districts, with no road but the bridle-path winding through bean fields and by groves of Cactus, should be opened up by dusty turnpikes. *Diu absit Macadam!* We are horrified at the idea of the little "Locanda" with its grimy labyrinths, unglazed windows and armies of fleas, not to speak of other and diverse species of irritants, giving way to a great staring Hotel. By and bye there will not be a spot within any reasonable distance from home, where we may, conscientiously and for necessary reasons, enjoy the "great unwashed great unbrushed" principle, which, when so enjoyed, is the most health-giving of all restoratives. Who would exchange the long day on the great mule, with his ponderous ears flapping clouds of flies, or lifting his loud clarion of joy, when in the balmy twilight he reaches the little village and scents the "Stallo" afar off, for the easiest of four-wheelers or most luxurious of railways? In many notable respects, civilization and comfort are a mistake—for a week or two.

The time, when with the companion of many another such expedition, I rode round Sicily, was before the days of Garibaldi, and when the notion of "Italia una" was but an idea, fermenting in the brains of Cavour and a few brother patriots. Bomba Rex, Pater Patrie, then held an undisputed sway.

He was master of the war-steamers we used to see heaving along the brilliant coast, and his hand moved the arms of those signal posts, which passed his commands from headland to headland, and station to station. Things may be changed now, by the opening up of new roads, but travelling in Sicily was then rather a formidable matter, as almost everything had to be carried, from bed and table linen, down to pots and pans. Capital fellows are however always to be had in Palermo, who are quite up to all that is required, being possessed of excellent canteen-chests, and who are themselves good cooks as well as guides. We had a famous old man with us, a certain Giovanni Dimaria, who, if all he told us was true, had led as romantic a life as any contained in the wildest fiction. According to his own account, he had exercised in his time the various functions of cabin-boy, jockey at Newmarket, man-of-war's man, opera singer and cook; and, as a little episode, had once fallen in love and eloped with a young lady of Naples, whom he discovered to be a step-sister of his own within an hour or two of the celebration of the marriage at Portici! Of these many accomplishments I can only vouch for his cooking and singing.

Before the dawn of a glorious April morning, this same Giovanni, leading four large mules hung with trappings and bells, came jingling into the quiet court-yard of the slumbering Trinaeria. There were also Vincenzo our muleteer, in his white Sicilian cap of "Kilmarnock" fashion, and Garofalo the boy, *servus servorum*, besides sundry waiters with pale unwashed faces, and Ragusa, the best of hosts, with his stentorian voice, superintending the preparations. After the usual hubbub of packing, adjusting of saddles, balancing and lashing on of canteen-chests, breaking numberless straps, buckles, and old cords, and with much loss of temper and of breath among all the parties concerned, we got away from the Hotel about six, leaving its inmates to enjoy whatever share of rest might still remain to them. We passed up the sombre street, still in deep shadow, with its great houses of Spanish fashion, and heavy eaves and balconies, and out by the Moorish looking city gate, to the dusty road leading up in long ascent to the hills. The little fragments of suburbs were bright with morning sunshine, that lit up the rough fresco daubs on their walls into colour; women stood in the sunshine, spinning from the distaff; mothers tossed their half-dressed babies in the sunshine; the very donkeys, waiting to have their panniers laden, brayed and made their tails quiver for joy of that warm brilliant glory flooding hill and sea. The first leaves of spring were just beginning to tremble on the vines and fig-trees, the fields were freshly green with the young crops of corn and rows of shumack, here and there were orange groves with the golden clusters

still hanging on the branches, while the grey olive mingled its sober colouring amid the brighter foliage. Long gossamers, beaded with glittering dew-drops, waved from the sharp spikes of the aloe or prickly pear, and spring flowers, blue, and yellow, and scarlet, were strewn like stars among the natural grasses. An hour or two brought us to Monreale, with its grand old church, half Byzantine, half Moorish, standing boldly out on the hill-side overhanging the valley. Except St. Mark's in Venice, there are few finer specimens of that particular style of art, than Monreale. Its mosaic roof-pictures more than rival St. Mark's, and however rude and conventional the stiff hard drawing may be, nevertheless there is something most impressive in those gigantic countenances. Enter at the western door, for instance, and walk up the dim-lit nave, towards that apse, whose whole space is filled with a half-length colossal figure of our Lord, all set in blue and gold, with the long hair divided meekly on either side the brows, the hands raised in act to bless, and the large almond eyes, whose sad loving gaze follows you wherever you go; while all around this central figure and idea of them all, are rows of saints and angels and cherubims—"Thrones, Dominions, Princedoms, Powers," filling the spaces on roof and walls, and every sense of rudeness in the art becomes lost in the pervading feeling of reverence which is inspired.

A short way past Monreale we took our last glimpse at Palermo. In the distance was the deep bay, shaped like a horse-shoe, held in on one side by the bare craggy height of Monte Pellegrino, at whose base were the harbour and the clustered roofs of the city; and ridged in on the other by the long stretching hills of Bagaria, while between, the crescent disk of blue sea swelled up into the bosom of the plain—"La Concha d' oro,"—which, itself a sea of green, lay embayed between the waves, and the purple mountains. "La corona di Montagne," as the spot is proudly called by the Sicilians. When we had crossed the "Col," our path lay among rolling upland hills, to Alcamo, famous as Garibaldi's resting-place—as it was ours, after our first and long day's ride.

And now a word or two as to our mode of travelling. First came Giovanni, his diminutive jockey-figure perched like a crow on the top of certain large bags and sacks slung from his mule. In heat or cold, there Giovanni sat, wrapped in a little brown great-coat, telling us stories of his former life, or of the different travellers he had accompanied, and breaking out sometimes into snatches from the old operas. His favourite song was a high-pitched tenor air from the *Pirata*, "Nel furor delle tempeste," when, as he approached a particular bravura flourish, the little man almost rose from the large bags, in the vain attempt to accomplish what, as inevitably, ended in a collapse and a groan over his lost powers. "Ah, gentlemen, if you had only heard how I could once do it!" After Giovanni came "I Signori viaggiatori,"—

sometimes followed and sometimes preceded by Vincenzo (*Sicilice* Vincenz') balanced on the top of the canteen-chests, which, again, were balanced on the top of a gigantic mule. By his side trotted the boy Garofalo, between whom and Vincenz' there waged a chronic warfare, ever carried on with many gestures, and in the roughest Sicilian. And then there were the mules,—curious, ungainly, pains-taking animals, with many peculiar propensities. They are of course lazy, but for this the Sicilians have devised a simple remedy in the shape of an instrument called a *puntarebbe*. The *puntarebbe* is a neatly fashioned conical piece of wood about two inches long, attached from the larger end, by a light chain and ring, to the finger, and having at the smaller extremity a modestly protruding point, like the end of a thick blunt pin. It is extraordinary the effect this primitive contrivance has even on the laziest of mules. To be sure cruel fellows, like our Vincenzo, do sometimes actually knock it into the animal. Especially when we had a deepish river to ford, and the "Ceccho" showed any inclination to lie down in some tempting pool, then with an Ee-ee! of desperation, and tremendous swing of the arm, you saw Vincenzo digging into the beast's quarters so that the agonized brute absolutely sprang up the opposite bank at a trot, to the great danger of the rider's seat, not to speak of the burden of crockery. But with persons possessed of common humanity, the *puntarebbe* could be made as efficacious, without the infliction of any pain. Is your mule lazy? then all you require to do is to insert the point of the *puntarebbe* among the hairs of his mane, and let it gently rest on his skin. Instantly the charm works, the animal wakes up from any reverie however engrossing, and shuffles merrily away.

From the time we left Alcamo, until, nearly a fortnight afterwards, we reached the neighbourhood of Lentini and Syracuse, we scarcely saw a road, and consequently no wheeled conveyance. We passed towns of as many as 18,000 inhabitants, without any road more than a mere bridle-path, and yet the island had for thirty years been heavily taxed for "road-money." This want implies however no loss of enjoyment to the traveller, as nothing could be more delicious than following those tracks, sometimes wandering through fields of wheat or pale-green flax, or cotton, or of beans in full blossom;—or sometimes among olive copse-woods and by great hedges of the prickly pear;—and sometimes for days, along the coast,—winding round wide bays, with the long roll of the waves thundering on the yellow sands, and the blue sea, dotted with white sails, stretching to the far horizon. We usually began the day at sunrise and ended at sunset, stopping for two hours at mid-day under some broad-leaved Carub or fig-tree for lunch and siesta. Our resting-places at night were not however quite so agreeable. Let me describe one—Sciacca—as a specimen of many others. In the evening we enter a squalid half-town half-village, filled with tall

peasantry lounging about in brown, ragged capotes—untidy, unwashed women, and hordes of sad-looking children. Palaces of noble architecture, but crumbling in decay, their unpainted shutters hanging from broken hinges, and weeds growing from the crevices, rise from the midst of the poorer tenements. We stop at that house in the street where swings a board, bearing the now faded, but once richly emblazoned sign of the "Albergo dell' Aquila d'oro." A dingy-looking peasant at the door, without a coat, is recognised by Giovanni as "mine host" under the magnificent half Spanish, half Sicilian title of Don Puddo (Pietro). Mr. Peter, who in the sister isle would, unmistakably, be simple "Pat," helps us to ungirth our mules, which immediately roll and luxuriate in the warm dust, kicking up their heels and squeezing myriads of flies to death. As the ground floor of "The Golden Eagle" forms the stable of the establishment, we must ascend to our apartments on the "Piano Nobile," where the Don shows us into two little rooms like prison cells, with an iron bed in each, a couple of rickety chairs, a table, and on it a basin about the size of a breakfast-cup. The odour, half garlic, half staleness, of the Hotel, is not agreeable, and the unwashed filth of the rooms is indescribable. On the walls, little stars of blood, here and there, revealing where certain insects had met a violent death, make us tremble lest the surviving relatives should take their vengeance out of us. There is no glass in the windows, so that if we wish to keep out the rain or wind, we must close the shutters and sit in darkness. Until our own linen is put on, we do not in the meantime think it necessary to examine the beds very minutely. By-and-by Giovanni comes in with dinner, his face flushed, and followed by the lank, meek, bandit-looking countenance of Don Puddo. "Per Bacco! Signori, if you only saw where I cooked this dinner," is his introduction, intended doubtless to enhance his own powers, but which would have proved discouraging to any save those who were as hungry and in as jovial health as we. After dinner we stroll about, or watch the noisy population from our balcony, until night comes, when, with a creeping shudder, we commit ourselves to our fate—

"Ah night, thou wert not made for slumber : "

For every now and then come sounds of warfare from the mules, kicking and *squealing* among themselves in the stable immediately below, followed by very audible curtain lectures from the muleteer, as well as the thunders of well-deserved chastisement. No sleeping powers could resist the noise of these riots, and no sooner were you thereby roused, than there came a dawning consciousness of other conflicts with which you yourself had a more personal interest, suggesting the possibility of the tragedy of Bishop Hatto, demolished by mice, being repeated in your case, by smaller, but no less greedy animals. Fatigue and custom, however, work marvels, and,

at early sunrise, a refreshing "header" in the clear blue sea, drowned all evil memories.

The chief points of interest in Sicily are the remains of Greek art, Mount Etna, and the wondrously grand coast-scenery from Taormina to Messina.

Of all the Greek temples, that of Segesti is the most lovely, crowning a lonely eminence with its fair cluster of Doric columns; and picturesquely embosomed among desolate gorges and mountain tracts. When standing in its stately portico, your eye looks across a deep valley, to the ruins of the old city, whose theatre and houses strew the opposite hill-side. Far beyond, are the mountains of Trapani, and the blue bay of Castellamare, while to the right, a wild glen leads down to the rugged "Acropolis" of Calatafemi, since then famous as the battle-field of Garibaldi. Like those of Pæstum, the three temples of Salinuntum, on the other hand, rise by the dreary shoreland flats, but are shaken down into majestic heaps of utter ruin. The great temple of the Sun, has but one column standing, around which the giant fragments of capitals and entablatures have been poured down in fantastic piles. Enormous blocks of masonry, such as are to be found only in Egypt and the East, lie the one tossed on the other. The temple has never been finished, having been destroyed by earthquake many years before the Christian era, and a touching monument of that event still remains, in a solitary block lying in the field, about a hundred yards off, which had thus been stopped when being transported to the building, and has so remained for more than 2000 years. But the most remarkable of all these old places is Girgenti, whose five temples, one rising above the other, crest the graceful line of a long sloping ridge. I first saw them in the splendour of a golden sunset, their broken columns rising against the sky over a foreground of green almond-trees and dark cypresses, while rolling pasture-lands below, swept down to the shining levels of the Mediterranean. And it is only as thus seen that one can duly appreciate the surpassing beauty of Greek architecture, which appears as nothing when choked into the crowded streets of a large city. But when lifted up into the wide air, with bits of blue sky gleaming through the lace-work of the columned porticoes, and the fair outline of the entablatures relieved against the snowy bosom of a floating cloud, you see the very embodiment of summer loveliness, and feel how verily this was the becoming temple-form for sunny Greece, with her clear skies and seas, and craggy heights.

After some pleasant days spent in wandering among the antiquities of Syracuse and Catania, we prepared for our long-desired expedition to the summit of Etna. Never can I forget the first view I had of that mountain, when, the evening we arrived at Terra Nuova, we saw cleaving the northern sky, a white pinnacle, a cone of gleaming snow, and learned that, though more than sixty miles from us, this was Etna. Almost every day since it had

formed the leading object in our landscape, and it was with no small expectations we left Catania to make the ascent. Etna is like no other mountain in Europe. All our other high mountains are in a measure lost among their surrounding rivals, and much of their real height is diminished by the high elevation of the spots from which they are viewed. The valley of Chamounix is itself many hundred feet above the sea. But Etna, all alone, sweeps up in one proud line from the blue sea and almost tropical warmth of the bay of Catania, to where her cold white snows are lost in the blue sky. At her feet are the vine, and fig, and aloe, but her brows are bound with a coronet of ice. As we were very early in the season, and as at that time falls of snow and thick mists often render the ascent impracticable, we went the first day to Nicolosi, a little village about half-way up, in order to take the first favourable opportunity for departure which might present itself. That night, and all next day, "a bad wind" blew, and we had to content ourselves resting at the Little Locanda, and in strolling among the extinct craters, of which there are upwards of seventy, rising on the sides of the larger mountain like so many enormous ant-hills. On the evening of the second day the long-looked-for *Tramontana* blew, and after calling on Signor Gemellaro, the scientific observer, or, as he is called, *Custode* of the Volcano, who gave us his imprimatur, we determined to leave at midnight.

In order to start fresh, we "turned in" for some rest at eight, and had no sooner fallen into a balmy slumber, than we were disturbed by the sounds of music. To our astonishment our bed-room door was thrown open, and in marched the village band, consisting of a few string and wind instruments, and marshalled by Vincenzo, the muleteer, who in return for a great mess of macaroni we had given him that day, thought we might possibly feel rewarded by seeing himself and one or two large young mountaineers dance a *Tarantella*. As performed by our obliging but not very graceful friends, the dance resembled partly a Highland reel, partly a polka, varied by a series of *pas seuls*, in which there was much wriggling, and jumping, and shuffling of the feet. After expressing our profound admiration and gratitude, we persuaded Vincenzo to withdraw his musicians and himself, and had soon the satisfaction of hearing the grunts of the trombone becoming fainter and fainter in the distance. It took us some time to sleep after this episode; but, no sooner had sweet unconsciousness once more stolen over us, than a shake from Giovanni, accompanied by the intimation "the mountain is ready, gentlemen," fairly dispelled our dreams. I confess at that moment I wished the mountain had been asleep too; but there was no help for it, so tumbling up, and swallowing some hot tea and abominable butter toast, which afterwards wreaked vengeance on me, we pulled on tremendous *gambali*, or woollen leggings, rolled ourselves in our capotes and plaids, and mounted the mules. There was a

clear starry sky, a moon half-full, Etna rose chilly white in front and a keen biting wind blew in our faces. We rode up through the silent street of the sleeping village and emerged on an old lava bed, which on every side presented a scene of utter desolation and *erie* solitude. The masses of blackened stone and scoriae were tossed and tumbled in every possible shape and position, looking weird and spectral in the moonlight. Beyond were the mounds of old craters, some rising to 400 and 500 feet, but appearing only as so many pimples on the rugged face of the old mountain.

Mount Etna is divided into three parts—*Piedmontana*, *Regio del Bosco*, and *Discoperta*. We now entered the second of these—or the Forest—where the broken, rocky ground is thinly covered with old trees, more than half-stripped of their branches, and between whose peeled and gnarled trunks glimmered the clear stars. The view backwards was remarkable. Far below stretched the moonlit sea, and the whole coast was visible, stretching to Syracuse, more than fifty miles off. At the extreme edge of the *Regio del Bosco* stands the *Casa del Bosco*—a little hut, in the neutral ground between vegetation and primeval desolation—between the blackened rocks and the white snow. As we approached the *Casa del Bosco*, about three in the morning, dawn began to appear on the banks of cloud which rimmed the sea-line. At first a pale light dimmed the moon, and then a belt of faint orange gleamed on the surface of the clouds, gradually deepening to scarlet. We had intended to leave our mules at the *Casa del Bosco*, and were astonished on nearing it, to hear the bark of a dog, followed by the figure of a gaunt old man, who, as we rode up, presented himself at the door, from which issued also forth a blinding cloud of smoke. It seemed that he and a band of boys were engaged in collecting snow for the *Caffés* at Catania, and had come here to spend the night. No artist ever painted a wilder interior. Closely packed round a half-slumbering green-wood fire in the centre of the floor, were at least two dozen full-grown lads, half-wrapped in ragged capotes, their thin faces begrimed with smoke and filth, and their feet turned towards the hot embers. Some were crouching, and resting their heads on their knees; others were at full stretch; some sleeping, some peering with wistful eyes at the well-fed strangers, who were making way for themselves into their circle. The old man heaped on more wood, till a red blaze lit up the dark rafters, and cast a livid colouring on the strange group around us. The wind moaned drearily outside, and we half-regretted the necessity of leaving the warm fire, where we had been gradually thawing, to resume our ascent once more.

When we again came out, the whole horizon, where it met the eastern sea far below us, was barred with burning clouds; but as we rode on, a thin vapour, blown down from the mountain, swept itself between us and the sun. Never have I seen anything so strangely beautiful as the effect of the

strong red light filling that thin vapour with glory, as blown about and interwoven with itself, it flew rapidly past us like so many aerial webs of gauze glowing with colour. When we reached the snow we had to bid farewell to the mules, and take to our feet. A pure white slope, not very steep, but long, stretched before us up to the *Cima*. I never realised what cold was till that morning. Although wrapped like Esquimaux, and toiling up an ascent through deep soft snow which had lately fallen, yet the wind, which cut along the hill-side, seemed to pierce through us and freeze the very blood. Gradually, as we ascended, and the mist cleared up, the view became superb. The southern and eastern portions of Sicily lay like a relieved map below us. We could see away to the right, the broad plain dotted with villages stretching as far as Terra Nuova, while almost below us, were the Straits of Messina and Calabria, with Rheggio overhanging the sea.

After about a couple of hours' steady walking, I began to feel very unaccountable sensations. Without any symptom of fatigue, my "wind" seemed about to fail me entirely, and a giddiness and sickness, like that at sea, came over me. The thin air was proving too much for me. I struggled on for more than an hour, throwing myself every now and then on the snow, and kept up by the cheery *Coraggio* of the guide, until reaching the Casa Inglese at the foot of the cone, and about 10,000 feet above the sea, I had fairly to give in. I regretted this the less as a mist seemed to be gathering, and our chances of any view small. So as the Casa Inglese was literally buried in snow, I contented myself with wandering over to the summit of the precipice overhanging the Valle del Bove, while my companion went on to the summit. On relating my mishaps afterwards to Signor Gemellaro he quite accounted for all my sensations. The Valle del Bove was the scene of the fearful eruption in 1852, which laid waste one of the fairest regions of Sicily. As seen from where I stood, the side of the mountain seemed to have been torn open, and yawned into a dark ragged ravine. What it must have been during the eruption, let Signor Gemellaro tell. The eruption began on the 12th of August, and on the 2nd of September, when it was in full force, he determined to make an attempt to witness the terrible scene from as near a point of view as possible. Accompanied by a friend, and with a guide and muleteer, he set out from the village of Zaffarana, and passed the night in the open air, amid fearful thunder and lightning and drenching rain, and not far from Monte Finocchio, the point to which they were going. I translate from the published extracts of his journal, his description of the scene which presented itself to his eyes, when next morning they reached the top of Monte Finocchio, a spot almost in the midst of "the eruption."

"A sea of fire, was the first spectacle which met our eyes, filling that great valley of four miles wide and five long, and presenting an irregular surface of

valleys and hills, all of fire, reflecting themselves with a red glow on every visible point around. Great fissures from which flowed the tide of liquid lava, showed their burning depths, and from these every now and then rose livid flames for ten or fifteen minutes, while masses of scoriform rocks forced out by the current, were shot down or split into blazing fragments. From one crater, whose mouth was about 100 feet in circumference, millions on millions of scoriae were launched to an immense height in such uninterrupted succession, that it was almost impossible to keep the eye fixed on them, so blinding was their light, seeming to form but one gigantic column of living flame. The air, too, was laden with sand, which afterwards was found to have covered in its fall all the eastern slopes of Etna." He states another curious fact: "During the four hours we were on Monte Finocchio, our minds were so intently occupied in contemplating the grand scene before us, that we paid no attention to the *continuous movement of the whole mass of the mountain itself on which we were standing*, while, in fact, the motion was such that our guide and muleteer were affected as if in a vessel at sea, so as to suffer from giddiness and faintness, which was succeeded by vomiting."

Before we descended from the high elevation at which we stood, a level bank of dappled cloud floated itself along below and between us and "the under world." We found ourselves, in short, above the clouds, with a clear sunny sky overhead, and this far-stretching sheet of snow-white down, entirely shutting out from us the visible world below, except where we gazed through *holes* on a little patch of blue sea, with perhaps the white sail of a ship crossing it, or on an island fragment of the populous plain. We felt as if we could almost leap through these hatchways, so near did they appear, while the places beneath seemed again to be still further removed and diminished, as when one looks through the larger end of a telescope.

Another fortnight on the mules brought us round the rest of the coast by Messina and the northern shore, to Palermo. It is after leaving Etna that the wonderful coast scenery of Sicily begins, some portions of which surpass anything in Italy. Take, for instance, the view from the old Roman theatre of Taormina, nestled high up on a cliff above the sea, where through a framework formed by the crumbling walls, you see the long yellow coast and soft full sea-line, sweeping from beneath you in a wide curve up to Catania and round to distant Syracuse; while in another line, as soft and full, Etna swells up, white as a cloud, into the blue sky; and beside you are richly wooded crags and hills, crowned with villages. The road, too, for days, wound by a coast like that of Amalfi, where deep mountain gorges, held in by cliffs falling in sheer precipice into the sea, formed little bays of golden sand, with fishing villages filling the mouth of the ravines, and fishing boats lazily heaving on the sparkling waves. We did not repent making the

whole circuit back to Palermo. Although few travellers go further than Messina, yet we found the northern coast, as a whole, more picturesque than the southern, and with many strange old Norman towns.

From what we saw of the people, we thought them, like their island, capable of great things, but so utterly ill-governed as to have become in a measure demoralised. Education was at the lowest ebb. Even such men as our guides on Etna could not read; and I remember the expression with which one of them turned and left me, when I was telling him of the electric telegraph—as if he said, “There is a branch of Her Majesty’s service you may have heard of called the Marines, but you know—” Their religion too had many peculiar features. “La Santissima Vergine” seemed to have a greater share of worship than even in the other parts of Italy. When the peasantry are in the fields, they begin work generally with a sort of hurra, “Viva Maria Vergine!” And I remember listening to a sermon delivered by a Capucino from a moveable pulpit, to the people gathered at a fair in the market-place of Lentini—where, in like manner, as a climax to all his most telling passages, he shouted out “Viva la Santissima Vergine!” to which came the

loud response from the crowd, standing the while When he had got them to the necessities of the state to the enthusiasm, a hat was sent round. As in the great of Italy, one of the great curses of the country is the lottery and the base gambling spirit, the mother of idleness and greed, which it fosters. The late government of Naples used this engine of rapine to the utmost. Wherever any public works were going on, a “Lotto Reale” was at once established, and by this most ingenious contrivance, the larger proportion of the people’s wages was drained back again to Naples. As an instance of this, at a small poverty-stricken village called Gioiosa—in the neighbourhood of which a new road was being made—our innkeeper, who was agent for the lottery, told me he sent to Naples about 10% weekly. Let us trust that things may be improved now!

We were sorry when the day arrived which ended our ride round Sicily, in spite of all its discomforts—and felt sad, as if parting with old friends, when we bid good-bye to little Giovanni and his canteen-chests, and saw Vincenzo leading off our honest mules, and heard their bells tinkling in the distance as they trotted away to their native village, far up among the hills.

DONALD MACLEOD.

IN THE DARK.*

BY ISA CRAIG.

He is down! He is struck in the dark!

By command of his own;
By the men who had stood, as he said,
“Like a wall”—each live stone
Moving into the death-gap, thus builded
As soon as o’erthrown.
And their fire flashes swift at his word,
He who meets it unknown

In the dark!

Every man who fired shot then, obeying
The Gen’ral’s command,
With hot heart is thinking, it may be,
His blood’s on my hand:
Every man to his fellow is turning,
Such comfort to gather,
As each finds in assurance that all,
To a man, had died rather

In the dark!

And strong in their hearts the assurance
That he would say, “Wherefore
My own men I’ve marched with and fought with
And wrestled in prayer for,
Stand ye thus self-accused? Know ye not
That ye did but in one
The will of the Lord and your duty,
And both must be done

In the dark?”

“Take this arm! Take this life! They are Thine!

Life and work, soul and sword—
If my death serve Thee best, be it so:
Thou, not death, art the Lord.”
Thus the soul of the soldier arose
To his God like a saint,
As he lay, yielding up to death,
In his blood, in his faint

In the dark!

“Was this cause, I have led, Thine in truth?
With strong crying and tears,
I have pled, with my soul, O my God,
And the right still appears,
That the State must be free to serve Thee—
Search Thou out our confusions!
That, howe’er we may err by the way,
We may reach Thy conclusions

In the dark!”

“It was no deed of ours,” said his foes,
With a strange exultation,
That none of their side had laid low
This one man of the nation:
They claim him—not one side or other,
But both, now he’s gone—
As brethren, their hero, their brother,
And still they fight on

In the dark!

* General Jackson was shot on the 2nd of May, by his own men, in the dark.

“ Who made she
 “ God Alm-
 “ Wh-

KALAMPIN.

BY THE COUNTESS DE GASPARI, Author of “The Near and Heavenly Horizons.”

THIS singular name belongs to a no less singular figure, that I am in the habit of seeing from time to time in a corner of my anteroom in Paris—the figure of a negro. This figure conceals itself as well as it can behind the bench, and unless one were careful to notice it, would remain silent, motionless, like those China negroes placed as torch-bearers in the vast halls of Venetian palaces;—you have seen them, no doubt, with their curly heads; you have admired their diadems, resembling those worn by Mexican princes, their golden bracelets, sky-blue tunics, red cushions, their whole attire, in short, half-oriental, half Louis Quinze.

This particular negro of mine, however, had neither diadems nor bracelets, nor sky-blue tunic to set him off, nor did he carry a red cushion; simply there he was, his own poor self, in a very humble attitude; old and ugly.

Ugly! yes. But exquisitely neat and clean. In former days he had held some post of steward or major-domo,—I don't exactly know what,—in a creole family who had vanished from the scene. He retained, in consequence, habits of exact propriety and excessive politeness. A great coat, the age of which no one could have calculated, shining in parts by force of friction, wrapped his insignificant figure; his shirt, stiff with starch, dazzlingly white, bulged out over his chest like a cuirass; his boots were bright and shining, let the mud be ever so thick; his hands, which guarded a hat much dinged indeed, but brushed so as to endanger its last hair, were covered with gloves once straw-colour, at present of a quite indefinable hue.

I have said that Kalampin was silent. There were two reasons for this, his ignorance of French, and his extreme timidity: timidity, though, is not the word, I should have said humility.

Now there are people humble from a sense of duty. To become so they have had need of much effort and many prayers. Not so Kalampin. Kalampin was humble, because quite naturally he had not one high thought of himself, or rather, he had no thought of himself at all. His own person was, as it were, unknown to him; he never contemplated himself acting, listened to himself speaking; he had very little compassion for his own afflictions, was hardly indeed aware of them. His mind, absolutely simple in its character, had none of those myriad convulsions with self for their centre, so common to our race. He expected little, asked for still less, and when assistance was rendered him, fell into an amazement that bordered on ecstasy.

From time to time he was in the habit of coming, in his silent discreet way, to creep into the corner I have indicated. If I saw him as he passed, that was well, that was all. If I did not see him, he

continued silent. Without care on the part of others, he would have gone away as he came.

Now this delicacy, this deference, these bursts of gratitude had the effect of rousing my conscience more effectually than—I confess it to my shame—ten fine sermons on charity could have done.

In the presence of this modest and reticent creature, who received the least gifts like manna from heaven, one of those cross-examinations would suddenly take place within me, the severity of which freezes one's blood. Home questions, implacable, searching in their precision; truths starting from their accustomed shadow, and having for result a confusion, nay, more than that, an anguish which leaves one prostrated with a sense of sin at the feet of Him who pardons. I believe that you, dear reader, have had experiences like this.

When you have happened to meet natures of this stamp, little in their own sight, who thoroughly admire you, tell me, have you not been plunged at once into self-scorning? Oh! those fair illusions of others; not open praise, flash notes, which we all know to be valueless, but the admiration—I repeat the word—the admiration of some simple heart which believes you really good, really a-flame with the love of God! The veil falls; we see our own face as it is. What semblance does it wear? Of a truth, never did the sun himself, uncourtly painter though he be, trace it so crudely on the metal plate.

And again there is this opposite phenomenon, if you come across some presumptuous individual, given to harsh judgment of others, your virtues instantly range themselves around you like a sort of civic guard. This takes place spontaneously, without our willing, almost without our knowing it.

A look, the carriage of a head, an inflexion in the voice, something less still, and there you are, sincerely humble, or unmistakably proud.

Words are eloquent, actions have their influence. I know a still more powerful agent—the heart within. The heart is the urn concealed in the sanctuary, which gives out its perfume incessantly. Close the doors, draw the curtains; no bolts, no heavy folds will prevent the aroma from ascending: it is not seen, it is not heard; but we breathe it, we feel it. This is the secret of truth; the spell she has reserved to herself.

Kalampin, simple creature that he was, would have been mightily astonished with the train of thought into which he has thrown me.

To the respect which he felt for men in general, to his traditional deference towards the aristocracy, there was joined an incomparable veneration for the white race.

Now he himself, black, old and poor as he was, possessed a treasure, the contemplation of which filled his days. This was a child—his great-grandson, without father or mother—his life, in short.

He! he was nothing! but his boy, his beautiful boy! Hercules!

The child was a mulatto, or a quadroon. In Kalampin's eyes he was pure white. He belonged to the dominant race. The old grandfather would pass his weak fingers through the rather crisp hair of the handsome little head, pull out its curls, and delight to feel them silky. But indeed that charm was scarcely needed; he loved the child with all the might of his poor solitary heart; he did not define, he only ardently enjoyed.

Kalampin would never have solicited anything to support his aged existence; it was for the sake of his beautiful boy that he came to my house, on those silent quests that so stirred my soul.

The old man occupied a little room, with a southern aspect, on the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse. This room was low, whitewashed (the poor negro put white wherever he could), and the decoration of its four walls showed the peculiar genius of his race.

Pink curtains to the windows, coloured prints on the walls; on the chimney-piece and the cupboard, a very chaos of knick-knacks. Lustrous buttons of mother-of-pearl, bits of china, shells, little mirrors, tinsel—everything shone and sparkled. Involuntarily I thought of those charming birds who adorn their nests for the pairing time. Kalampin had adorned his for his child.

He was very happy there, this handsome little fellow. How many hours passed in looking, one after the other, at these wonderful objects from which the sun brought out all manner of jewel-coloured rays. What reveries he would fall into, distant journeys into some land of light, and then the getting absorbed in the splendid colours that fascinated his eyes, and the asking his grandfather for the explanation a hundred times given of this or that picture!

Indeed, whenever I entered that low room, so warm and light, and Kalampin had a little got over his embarrassment; when I saw him seated, his child on his knees, and the sun playing with all that trumpery, I too was aware of a certain feeling of expansion, such as plants have on the morning of a fine summer day.

Hercules was not unworthy of his name. His curly hair showed his bodily vigour, his bright eyes the energy of his spirit; he carried his head high, looked straight before him, with a martial air and an instinctive authority which was not unpleasing. A fine nature his, affectionate and caressing, a little proud—a complete young Dauphin.

Never, do what he would, could poor Kalampin teach his grandson his own code of manners. As soon as Hercules saw me, he came running up, putting his hand into mine with perfect boldness, calling me *thou* invariably, and asking me what toy

I had brought him. Kalampin, standing the while bareheaded, in perfect torture, would agitate himself, make all manner of excuses, dictate to the child formulas that the latter either did not repeat at all, or repeated wrong. It was a comical scene, but at bottom a very happy one.

Towards spring, when the weather was dry, Kalampin would walk upon the Boulevard with his pretty boy. The great-grandfather's legs would not carry him far. They did not get much beyond that long white line, bordered on one side by elms, on the other by monumental work-yards and sellers of everlasting wreaths.

In the matter of trees, Hercules knew only those rugged trunks surrounded by a handful of leaves, rather grey than green. In the matter of flowers, his only experience was of those little yellow knots which rustle like paper when you crush them; which do not wither, it is true, and grow originally, one would say, woven into wreaths. The child was perfectly satisfied with these.

Oh, how amused he used to be when, pulling the old negro on by the hand, he could get him to make a long pause opposite the urns and the broken columns, where he could watch the workmen turning up their sleeves, and vigorously attacking the marble, while the chips flew on every side.

But the everlastings, those piles of garlands, those letters so skilfully manufactured, those arrested him most completely. Eyes opened wide, motionless, his heart stirred by a silent longing, he counted the ciphers, counted the wreaths; and when his grandfather, yielding to the pressure of that little hand, advanced, took two halfpence out of his pocket, placed them on the table, and said, "Choose!" then dazzled, perplexed, looking now at this and then at that, and having his mind suddenly made up for him by the seller, Hercules would hang the crown on his arm, take it off each minute to look at it closer, and bound about the old man like a kid in April. Why, that was joy enough for a whole day.

As for playing with the boys in the street, Hercules had no wish for that. He loved his grandfather in the same way his grandfather loved him, exclusively. And so they went along, sometimes the great-grandfather behind, supposed to be under arms; the child in front at a proper military distance, head high, eyes straight forward; the old man's eye-balls flashing as he assumed a martial air for the first time in his life.

One day the urchins of the Boulevard attempted some jests at the expense of the old negro, but they never did it again. Hercules, aiming at the ring-leader of the attack, hit him such a neat blow with a stone just in the middle of his back, that the whole troop took the hint.

As to knowledge, Kalampin's did not, it is true, go far; but on the other hand, it soared very high.

"Grandfather, who is it who made these trees?"

"God Almighty."

"Who made sheep?"

"God Almighty."

"Who made the sun?"

"God Almighty."

And so they went on for hours. The notions implanted were not broad, were by no means complex, but the foundation was all the more firmly laid in the child's heart. These words, God Almighty, fell into it like rocks, upon which a super-structure could be raised. In fact, this great doctrine of the creation is the beginning of all.

When Hercules and his great-grandfather had passed in review all that they knew of the material world, animals and things both, Kalampin would speak to the child of Jesus. His theology was meagre; his narrations interminable. Jesus loves little children; Jesus takes pity upon sinners; that was all he knew in point of dogma; but the birth of the Saviour; the shepherds; the adoration of the Magi; oh, all that he would go on about for ever. Hercules listened eagerly; liked to have the story of the Christmas night told him a hundred times over, and the angels' hymn as well. His grandfather described the heavens lit up; the silent country, the bleating of the lambs. Then came the arrival of the three kings of the East in their royal attire, such as Kalampin had seen them wear in some old picture, with golden caskets and censers in their hands; tiaras on their heads, and trailing their brocaded cloaks after them—one of them quite black. "Like you, grandfather!" The grandfather coughed. To liken himself to one of the royal Magi would be a bold thing indeed! Nevertheless, of the three, one had a skin black as ebony, that was certain. Many a time during his prolonged contemplation of the picture the old negro's heart had thrilled at the sight. Then the child would gaze thoughtfully at his grandfather, a holy respect pervading his little mind; he could almost have fancied that he saw on his head an oriental mitre all starred with rubies.

When they came to the murder of the innocents, Hercules would press close to his old ancestor. "Grandfather, they would have killed me,—but not you, grandfather!"

At the story of the passover, when the armed band sallied forth to lay hold on Jesus, Hercules drew his little sword from the same impulse that actuated the apostle Peter. Like Clovis he would have exclaimed, "Why was I not there with my Franks!"

And so the seasons passed by.

One morning I bought upon the quays which were covered with flowers, a certain red rose-tree, and I carried it into the little room. Hercules was for a moment stupefied, then he approached, touched it with the point of his finger, touched the beautiful green leaves, touched the petals with their wondrous texture, inhaled their fragrance, then looked at me, looked at his grandfather with a glance that inquired whether God Almighty had made this miracle too,—made this rose-tree.

Two days later, Kalampin came to my house. Contrary to his custom he rang loudly.

As soon as he was admitted he insisted upon seeing me. His features were distorted, his blood-shot eyes could not fix for a moment. In an impatient voice he said, "The child—the child!"

"Sick?"

He just made a sign of assent, and then rushed away.

When I entered the room an hour later, I felt that a tragedy was going on there.

The little bed was drawn into the middle of the room. The child was lying on it, very pale, and with eyes preternaturally large. Above his head the rose-tree displayed two purple blossoms. The counterpane was covered with wreaths of everlasting; and the boy's little fingers kept moving them with a feverish touch.

It was a striking scene; mortally sad, wondrously beautiful.

I don't know why; but it called to my mind the pictures of Luini and of Francia, with their ideal lines, their faded colours, and their angels holding lilies.

Kalampin had heard me; he did not stir. He remained seated; stiff, arms crossed, his face impassive. Not a word, not a gesture, not a tear.

I drew nearer. The old man preserved the same attitude; alarming in one of his kindly, courteous nature.

The child was dying. His grandfather had prayed; he prayed no longer. He had implored; he implored no longer. What God meant to do, God would do. How was a poor negro to hinder it? He did not struggle, he did not submit, he awaited the blow. His tortured heart still passionately clasped its treasure. It seemed to him as though God had retreated into the cold depths of an inaccessible heaven; his faith had crumbled away.

The little boy kept turning his dilated eyes towards his grandfather. Pain racked his frame; delirious dreams suggested incoherent utterances. But through them all one thought possessed him, vague but tenacious, a doubt, an anxiety; and still he kept looking at that old face. That changed countenance frightened him. He could not enter into the distress of that poor heart; he was only aware of something new and inexorable there. The dying have these intuitions; they see the thoughts. Words are over, this life's noises have ceased to sound, soul penetrates soul to its inmost depth. The child's glance was fixed on those dry and gloomy eyes, and on his little forehead, between the eyebrows, a furrow was forming.

I neither know what I said, nor how I said it. I did not dare pronounce the word *death*; I might as well have killed that old man outright. I spoke of the Saviour, the Friend, He whose arms enfold us in the hour of our last agony, and who carries us pressed to his breast into his Father's house.

The child listened. The negro remained stone

He endured ; he did not consent. On the contrary, his arms still stiffer, his lips still more compressed, his eyeballs fixed and glazed, expressed one of those despairs unlightened by a single ray of faith.

Alas ! my lips were frozen ! That desolation, bordering upon open rebellion, I knew it myself but too well.

And by one of those tricks of memory which sometimes accompany our most agonising emotions by some air, some words repeated over and over again, as if some antique chorus were returning answer in melodious rhythm to the cry of our anguish,—two verses that our village children were wont to sing, kept coming back into my mind—

“The Lord He has a garden fair,
Sweet rosemary is blowing there.”

From my mind they passed to my lips. I supported the child. The Paradise of God Almighty, the beautiful Paradise, full of angels, full of flowers, where those whom Jesus loves walk to and fro,—I spoke to him about that. The little sufferer had grown calm ; he fixed an earnest look upon me. Then suddenly, in a strong and tender voice, “Are there grandfathers there ?”

There was a pause. Then a sob broke out. The old man had sunk on his knees, arms unlocked. He no longer resisted ; he no longer withheld. The Paradise to which his child was going ; yes, he would go there too. Torrents of tears flowed from his eyes ; and as these tears fell the bitterness of his spirit found vent in broken words : “God Almighty ! God Almighty ! if thou hadst chosen, but thou dost not choose ! God Almighty, as thou wilt ! Me, poor sinner ; me, old negro ; me, good for nothing more ! God Almighty, the child not mine.” He buried his head in the bedclothes ; he looked distractedly at that lovely little face, at the roses, the wreaths, and then he suddenly flung himself upon the floor, crushed before the Lord, repeating, “Paradise, God Almighty, Paradise !”

Him that resists, God breaks in pieces. For the soul which throws itself unreservedly on the mercy of the Father, the Father has answers of ineffable tenderness. Yes, in our days, as in those glorious times when the Lord Jesus raised up the little daughter of Jairus, the Saviour, the same still, approaches our dying beds, looks at us with his beaming, radiant glance : “Believest thou me ?” And when, beside ourselves, we remain prostrated, arms outstretched toward him, and voiceless, Jesus raises his hand, lays it on the pale forehead, and says—“Arise.” The dying one awakes, the blood flows back to his face, he speaks ; it is he, it is my son ! Thou hast given him back to me, Jesus, Conqueror, blessed be thy name from eternity to eternity !

In that lowly room, it was thus the Lord entered, thus the Lord drew near, thus that He worked that miracle, of which the language of man can never relate the full glory—a resurrection.

All the timidity of the old negro returned with the first symptom of amendment. He shuddered at the dawn of a hope. He, to have such mercy shown him ! He staggered, he shook, his trembling hands could hardly support his child ; he did not dare to contemplate Him, he did not dare to give thanks ; he thought it was too presumptuous.

But yet a day came when the old negro saw his grandchild smile at him ; another day when he saw him sit up on his bed, and stretch out his arms to him. That day the old negro gave himself up, without reserve, to God the Saviour.

For a long time afterwards you might have seen the child and the old man bent over the Gospels, spelling them out, while they followed each word with their fingers. And when they reached the tomb of Lazarus, when they met the funeral procession of Nain, they stopped and looked into each other's faces.

ON COMETS.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.

[THE FIRST OF TWO PAPERS.]

THE subject of comets, about which I here propose to say something, is one that has of late naturally drawn to it a good deal of inquiry and general interest, by reason of the unusually magnificent spectacles of this description which have within the last few years been exhibited to us. In itself it is perhaps not one of the best adapted for popular discussion and familiar explanation, because there are so many things in the history of comets unexplained, and so many wild and extravagant notions in consequence floating about in the minds of even well-informed persons, that the whole subject has rather, in the public mind, that kind of dreamy, indefinite interest that attaches to signs

and wonders, than any distinct and positive practical bearing. The fact is, *that* though much is certainly known about comets, there is a great deal more about which our theories are quite at fault, and in short, *that* it is a subject rather calculated to show us the extent of our ignorance than to make us vain of our knowledge, and to cause us to exclaim with Hamlet—

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

This, the sublimity of the spectacle they afford, and the universal interest they inspire, make the appearance of a great comet an occasion for the



"You might have seen the child and the old man bent over the Gospels, spelling them out, while they followed each word with their fingers."

imaginings of men to break loose from all restraint of reason and luxuriate in the strangest conceptions. I have received letters about the comets of the last few years enough to make one's hair stand on end at the absurdity of the theories they propose, and at the ignorance of the commonest laws of optics, of motion, of heat, and of general physics they betray in their writers. This is always the case whenever a great comet appears; but in the latter instances one feature of the general commotion of mind they inspire has been wanting. Thanks to the prevalence of juster notions of the constitution of the universe, and of the relation in which man stands to its Author, countries calling themselves civilized appear not to have been disgraced by any of those panic terrors, or thought it necessary to propitiate Heaven by any of those superstitious extravagancies, about which we read on several former occasions. Even at Naples, which not long ago seemed to be almost the lowest point of Europe in the scale of intellectual and social progress, I have not heard that it was thought necessary to liquefy the blood of St. Januarius, or to carry his bones about the streets, on account of any of these later great comets.

When we look through nature and observe the manifest indications of design which every part of it exhibits, it would be very presumptuous in us to assert that comets are of no use, and serve no purpose in our system. Hitherto, however, no one has been able to assign any single point in which we should be a bit better or worse off—materially speaking—if there were no such things as comets. Persons, even thinking persons, have busied themselves with conjectures, such as that they may serve for fuel for the sun (into which, however, they never fall); or that they may cause warm summers, which is a mere fancy; or that they may give rise to epidemics, or potato-blight, and so forth. But I need hardly say this is all wild talking, as my readers will be better able to judge when I shall have stated a few things which are known for certain about them. But *there is* a use, and a very important one, of a purely intellectual kind, which they have amply fulfilled; and who shall say that it has not been *designed* that such should be the case? They have afforded some of the sublimest and most satisfactory verifications of our astronomical theories; they have furnished us with a proof amounting to demonstration of the existence of a repulsive force, directed under certain circumstances, and acting on certain forms of matter, *from* the sun, as well as of that great and general attractive force which keeps the planets in their orbits; and they have actually informed us of the *weight* of one of the planets, which could not have been determined with any exactness if a comet had not on one occasion passed very near to it.

The ancients believed comets to be much of the same nature as meteors or shooting-stars—either in the earth's atmosphere, not far above the clouds, or at all events much lower than the moon; or else as

a species of vapours or exhalations raised up from the earth by the sun's heat, or by some other unknown cause. But they never for a moment dreamed of their forming part and parcel of that vast system of planetary bodies circulating about the sun, of which in fact they had hardly any distinct notions. In ancient history, however, several very remarkable comets stand recorded. One is mentioned by the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, in 371 B.C., with a tail extending over a third part of the sky. Many great comets are recorded at even more ancient dates in the Chinese annals; for that strange people kept an official record of all the remarkable stars, meteors, and other celestial appearances for more than a thousand years before the Christian era, and, what is stranger still, that record has been handed down to us, and seems dependable. A great comet was seen close to the sun sixty-two years before Christ, during a total eclipse; and one which appeared in the year 43 B.C., soon after the murder of Julius Cæsar at Rome, was seen by all the assembled people in full daylight. Such a thing, though very uncommon, is by no means singular; it has happened several times, and in one even quite recently; for the great comet of 1843 was seen at noonday quite close to the sun, both in Nova Scotia and at Madrid, and before sunset at the Cape of Good Hope.* Of course it is only the brightest part or the head of a comet that can ever be so seen; the faint light of the tail has no chance of contending against broad daylight.

Before the invention of telescopes, the appearance of a comet was a rare occurrence, because only a small proportion of them can ever be seen by the naked eye; and of these again only a small portion are considerable enough to attract much attention; but since that discovery it has been ascertained that they are very numerous—hardly a year passes without *one*; and very often two or three, and in one year, 1846, no less than eight were observed. Taking only two a year on an average as visible if looked for in a telescope, and considering that at least as many must occur in such situations that we could not expect to see them, in the 6000 years of recorded history there must have been between 20,000 and 30,000 comets, great and small. A *great* comet, however, hardly occurs on an average oftener than once in fifteen or twenty years, or even yet more rarely; though, as sometimes happens in matters of pure accident and in the course of chances, it is not *very* unfrequent (and we have lately seen it remarkably exemplified) for two, or even three, very great comets to follow each other in rapid succession. Thus the great comet of 1680 was

* At Halifax, in the first-mentioned colony, my informant saw a number of persons, natives of the place, hale and sturdy men, gathered in a group, and gazing full on the sun, which, when he attempted to do, dazzled and almost blinded, he was compelled to desist, and inquire what they were looking at, and how they could do so without being blinded? "Blinded!" was the reply; "Lord bless you! it does not hurt us; what, can't you see it—that thing up by the sun?"

followed in 1682 by another very conspicuous one, of which we shall have more to say. When a comet is first discovered in a telescope, it is, for the most part, seen only as a small, faint, round or oval patch of foggy or, as it is called, *nebulous* light, somewhat brighter in the middle. By degrees it grows larger and brighter, and, at the same time, more oval, and at length begins to throw out a "tail," that is to say, a streak of light extending always in a direction *from* the sun, or in the continuation of a line supposed to be drawn from the place of the sun, below the horizon, to the head of the comet above it. As time goes on, night after night the tail grows longer and brighter, and the "head," or nebulous mass from which the tail seems to spring, also increases, and within it begins to be seen what is called a "nucleus," or kernel,—a sort of rounded, misty lump of light dying off rapidly into a haziness called the "*coma*," or *hair*. Within this, but often a good deal out of the centre, there is seen, with a good telescope and a high magnifying power, a very small spark or pellet of light, which may or may not be the solid body of the comet, and which is the real nucleus. What in an indifferent telescope looks like a rather large puffy ball, more or less oval, is certainly not a solid substance. All the while the comet is getting every evening nearer and nearer to the place of the sun, and is therefore seen for a shorter time after sunset, or before sunrise, as the case may be (for quite as many comets are seen in the morning, before sunrise, as in the evening, after sunset). At last it approaches so near the sun as to rise or set very nearly at the same time, and so ceases to be seen except it should be so very bright and so great a comet as to be visible in presence of the sun.

When this has taken place, however, the comet is by no means to be considered as dead and buried. After a time it reappears, having passed by the sun, or perhaps before or behind it, and got so far away on the other side as to rise before the sun, or set after him. If it first appeared after sunset in the west, it will now reappear in the east before sunrise. And, what is very remarkable, its shape and size are usually totally different after its reappearance from what they were before its disappearance. Some indeed never reappear at all. The path they pursue carries them into situations where they could not be seen by the same spectators who saw them before. Others—like those which appeared in 1858 and 1861—without altogether disappearing as if swallowed up by the sun, after attaining a certain maximum or climax of splendour and size, die away and, at the same time, run southward, and are seen, as that of 1858 was (on the 11th of October, for the first time), in the southern hemisphere, the faded remnants of a brighter and more glorious existence, of which we here witnessed the grandest display. And, on the other hand, we here receive, as it were, many comets from the southern sky whose greatest display the inhabitants of the southern parts of the earth only have witnessed. It also may

often happen that a comet, which before its disappearance in the sun's rays was but a feeble and insignificant object, reappears magnified and glorified, throwing out an immense tail, and exhibiting every symptom of violent excitement, as if set on fire by a near approach to the source of light and heat. Such was the case with the great comet of 1680 and that of 1843; both of which, as I shall take occasion to explain, really did approach extremely near to the body of the sun, and must have undergone a very violent heat. Other comets, furnished with beautiful and conspicuous tails before their immersion in the sun's rays, at their reappearance are seen stripped of that appendage, and altogether so very different that, but for a knowledge of their courses, it would be quite impossible to identify them as the same bodies. This was the case with the beautiful comet of 1835-6,—one of the most remarkable comets in history. Some, on the other hand, which have escaped notice altogether in their approach to the sun, burst upon us at once in the plenitude of their splendour, quite unexpectedly, as did that of the year 1861.

I come now to speak of the paths described by comets in the sky among the stars (which I need hardly observe keep always the same relative situations one among the other, and stand as landmarks, among which comets, planets, the moon, and the sun pursue, or seem to us to pursue, their destined courses). Now, we all know that the sun, moon, and planets keep to certain high roads, like beaten tracks in the sky, from which they never deviate beyond definite and narrow limits assignable by calculation. With comets it is far otherwise. They are wild wanderers, and care nothing for beaten tracks. A comet is just as likely to appear in any one region of the starry heavens as in any other. They are no respecters of boundaries. The first time a comet is seen, no one can tell where it may next day be. The next observation still leaves a great uncertainty as to its future course. The third nails it. After three good observations, carefully made, of its place, we can thenceforth tell where it will go. Meanwhile, such is the variety of which their paths are susceptible, that for a very long time their movements were considered to be altogether capricious and unaccountable—creatures of chance—governed by no laws. *Now*, the case is different. Most persons will remember that the comet of 1858 passed, on the 5th of October of that year, close to a very brilliant star, Arcturus, which shone through its tail at a very little distance from its root, or outspring from the head. Well! within a very short time from the first appearance of that comet, while yet it was but a faint object, it was known to calculating persons that it *would* pass over Arcturus. The day, the hour, nay, almost the minute, when the nucleus of the comet would be closest to the star were predicted; and the prediction was exactly verified. How this could happen I must now proceed to explain; but before I

do so I must premise that my readers are not to be startled if I use some words that are not familiar to many of them, and ask for a little more of their attention than if I were merely telling some amusing story. What I am going to say will be already well known to a portion of them, but will be quite new to many; and I will try to put it in such a way as shall not only be clearly intelligible, *but shall stick by them* and become part and parcel of their minds and thoughts henceforward; and I am mistaken if many of this class of readers (provided they will give me the attention the thing requires) do not rise from the perusal of this brief statement with much larger and higher conceptions of the magnificent system we belong to than they commenced it with.

The sun, as we all know, or may have heard, stands immovable, or nearly immovable, in the centre of our system, and all the planets, including the earth, circulate or revolve round it, each in its own time and at its own proper distance. These distances, for each planet, stand to each other in relations of proportional magnitude which have become, by a long course of astronomical observation and calculations, known to us with extreme exactness, so that if the exact distance of any one of the planets from the sun, or the exact interval between any two of their orbits, can anyhow be ascertained in miles, yards, or feet, the dimensions of all the rest in similar units of measure may thence be derived. Supposing, for instance, we knew exactly the interval between the orbits of the earth and Mars; then, if we would know the respective distances of the several planets in their order from the sun, it would only be necessary to multiply that interval, in the case of Mercury, by the decimal fraction 0.7392; in that of Venus by 1.3812; of the earth by 1.9095; of Mars by 2.9095; of Jupiter by 9.9349; of Saturn by 18.2146; of Uranus by 36.6293, and of Neptune, the most distant of the known planets, by 57.3551.*

Now, the interval between the earth's orbit and that of Mars (or the distance between that planet and the earth when they approach nearest) has quite recently been ascertained by a concerted system of observation made during the past year, in which the astronomers at all the principal observatories of the globe have borne a part, and of which the final result has only within these few weeks become known. From these observations, so far as they have as yet been communicated and reduced,† it has been concluded that the interval in question is 16,071 diameters of the earth; and as we know to a great nicety, by actual measurement of the earth's circumference, that its diameter is $7912\frac{1}{2}$ miles, we are enabled at once to reduce the interval so obtained into miles (which gives 48,036,200 miles), and thence, as above indicated,

to derive the earth's distance from the sun, which comes out 91,718,000, or about ninety-two millions of miles; and in the same way we may obtain the numerical dimensions in miles of the orbits of all the other planets, as also the sun's actual diameter, which appears to be 852,600 miles.

Such of our readers as may take the trouble to compare the distances and dimensions here set down with those stated in my paper on the Sun, in the number of *Good Words* for May last, will not fail to observe that they are materially smaller—by one-thirtieth part of their respective amounts. The numbers there stated are in accordance with the then generally accepted state of our knowledge, which rested for its basis on observations made upon Venus at the time of the transit across the sun's disc in the year 1769—observations by which the nearest distance of the orbits of Venus and the earth was concluded in terms of the earth's diameter, on the same general principle, though by a somewhat more refined and circuitous process, as that from which the least distance of Mars has just now been derived. As the circumstances of this earlier determination (delicacy of instruments and means of observation alone excepted) were much more favourable to exactness, astronomers would have hesitated in accepting the more recent conclusion in preference to the former, were it not for the support and corroboration it derives from another determination, also quite recent (though somewhat prior in point of date), depending on a direct measurement of the velocity of light by a peculiarly ingenious and delicate process invented and executed by M. Leon Foucault. To explain the nature of this process here would lead me too far away from the immediate object of this essay, from which indeed the whole of what is above said on the distance of the sun and planets would be justly considered as a digression, were it not in some sort obligatory on every one to account for a departure from numerical statements once made. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the velocity of light so concluded was found to be somewhat less (and that by about one-thirtieth part) than that which had been hitherto received (192,000 miles per second), and which was concluded from the observed *fact* of its traversing the diameter of the earth's orbit in 16m. 26s. of time, and very considerably less than that before obtained by M. Fizeau with a less perfect apparatus and a less delicate and refined system of procedure.

Now, it will not fail to be remarked, that the *time* (16m. 26s.) remaining unaltered, and the velocity *diminished* by one-thirtieth; the distance traversed (the diameter of the orbit) in that time will also be diminished by the same aliquot fraction, so that there is a coincidence between the two corrections of the sun's distance, which, coming simultaneously from such very different sources, cannot but lead to their acceptance, at least provisionally, and until the recurrence of that grand phenomenon, the transit of Venus, which will take

* We consider in this and what follows the orbits as circles, which is quite sufficient for purposes of illustration.

† Some time will probably elapse before the whole series can be collected and finally reduced.

place in the year 1874, shall put an end to all uncertainty on the subject of the true numerical dimensions of our system.

Bearing now these dimensions in mind, let the reader construct in imagination a figure consisting of concentric circles, to represent the orbits of the planets. Taking the largest, that of Neptune, as 30 feet in diameter, then will that of Uranus measure a little more than 19 feet across, Saturn's somewhat less than 10, Jupiter's rather more than 5, Mars' about 18 inches, and the earth's a foot, while the enormous body of the sun will stand represented in the centre of all by a pellet of very little more than one-ninth of an inch in diameter, the orbits of Mercury and Venus by circles of $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 9 inches respectively, that of the moon about the earth by one-fifteenth of an inch, and the globe of the earth itself by a dot barely the thousandth part of an inch in size.

Strictly speaking, the orbits are not circles; they are slightly oval or, as it is called, elliptic in form; and the sun does not occupy their common centre, but what is called the *focus* of each, that is to say, one of the two pins round which an ellipse may be described by carrying a pencil round them confined by a looped string encircling them both. The planetary orbits, moreover, all lie nearly in one plane, or very slightly inclined to that in which the earth performs its annual revolution, which is called the *plane of the ecliptic*, the angle at which the plane of each orbit meets and cuts this being called its *inclination* to the ecliptic. They all circulate the same way round the sun, and the further they are from the sun the slower they move, so that while the earth goes round it in 365 days, Mercury occupies only 88 in its revolution, while Neptune requires no less than 168 *years* to complete one of his circuits.

When we come to the comets, however, we find a very different state of things. A comet, it is true, moves round the sun as his centre of motion: not, however, in a circle, or any approach to a circle, but (with a very few, and those highly remarkable exceptions) in an immensely elongated or, as it is termed, a very eccentric ellipse. In consequence, the nearest distance to which they approach the sun bears almost universally an exceedingly small proportion to that which they attain when most remote; that is to say, at the two extremities of their elliptic orbits, or what are termed their *perihelion* and *aphelion*. By far the great majority approach it at their perihelia near enough to arrive within the earth's orbit; very many within that of Venus or even of Mercury; and not a few attain an extreme proximity to the actual surface of the sun; while, on the other hand, only four or five among the vast number of recorded comets (those of 1747, 1826, 1835, 1847,) have failed to arrive within twice the earth's distance, or within the orbits of those small planets called asteroids; and one only has had a perihelion distance exceeding four times the earth's distance (that of 1729), still falling short of

the orbit of Jupiter. Probably, however, a comet which should always remain outside of the latter planet's orbit would have no chance of ever being seen by us. As to the extreme distances to which they recede from the sun, it is only in comparatively few instances that it can be even estimated—their ellipses being in general so elongated as to be undistinguishable from that extreme and limiting form which is called a parabola, which never returns into itself at all. The form of this curve is that which a stone thrown into the air describes, or which a jet of water thrown up obliquely by a smooth round pipe assumes in the air, being very much curved or bent about the point which is called the vertex, and less and less so in the ascending and descending branches.

Comets, we have said, are wild wanderers, and despise beaten tracks. No way confined as the planets are to move in planes nearly coincident with the ecliptic, they cut across it at every possible angle, and, as nearly as can be ascertained (with the exception of one small class of comets), quite indifferently as to the degree of their *inclination*, or to the direction of their *longer axes* or longest dimensions of their orbits in space. So that there is no region of space, however situated, either in direction or distance from the sun, which a comet may not visit. Neither do they conform to that other universal planetary rule of circulation round the sun in one direction. *Retrograde* comets, or those whose motion is opposite to that of the planets, are as common as *direct* ones, or those which conform to the planetary rule. Here again, however, there is a small class in which a tendency to conformity is exhibited, coextensive with that above noticed, which affords a certain proximity to the ecliptic. But of this we shall have occasion to speak more at large.

It is only when all the particulars which determine geometrically the situation, and the form of the orbit of a comet, its nearest distance from the sun, and the direction in which it is moving—or what are called the *elements* of its orbit—that it can be ascertained whether it has ever been seen before, and whether we are to expect ever to see it again, and that its future course while it remains visible can be predicted with certainty. These elements are technically called:—

1. The *perihelion distance*, or nearest approach to the sun.
2. The *eccentricity* of its ellipse, or whether the orbit be sensibly a parabola.
3. The *inclination* of its plane to the ecliptic.
4. The *longitude* of its node, or the direction of the line in which its plane intersects the ecliptic, which is called the *line of its nodes*.
5. The *longitude of its perihelion*, or, which comes to the same thing, the angle which the axis of the orbit makes with the line of nodes.
6. The exact moment when the comet passed through its *perihelion*, or was nearest to the sun.
7. The direction of its motion (direct or retrograde).

It is natural to ask *how* all these particulars ever can be known; and to this the answer is: By the same system of observation and calculation combined, by which we have come to know the form and dimensions of the orbits of the planets, their times of revolution round the sun, and their situation in space. It was Tycho Brahe, a celebrated Danish astronomer, who first rose to the conception that comets are beyond the moon, and not mere exhalations. The appearance of a great comet in 1577 set him thinking about it, and he was led by his observations and reasonings on them to a certain knowledge of the fact of its being much more remote than our own satellite. He was therefore led to conjecture that the motions of comets had reference rather to the sun as their centre than to the earth. The elliptic form of the planetary orbits was not then known, and Tycho accordingly supposed that comets moved about the sun in perfect circles, in the same manner as the other planets, in the system of astronomy known by his name as the Tychonic system.

In the century which elapsed after the observations of Tycho, his system had been exploded, and the modern or Copernican system established. Juster, though still very confused notions as to the relations between the sun and the bodies circulating round it had begun to prevail. Hevelius, in a work on comets published in 1668, otherwise filled with absurdities (forgetting the circular motions of the planets, or considering them as determined by quite different causes), struck on the idea that as here on earth, when a stone is thrown up it falls in a parabola, so any body, as a comet, tossed from Jupiter or Saturn (as he fancied might be the case), coming into the sphere of the lower planets, it would, *pari ratione*, describe a parabola concave to the sun—the sun, of course, occupying the focus, as the most remarkable point—a sort of [natural] centre appropriate to that curve. We may regard this as a happy conjecture, or a lucky blunder (being founded on a total misconception of the case): but it fructified in the mind of Doerfell, a German astronomer, who in 1680, on the occasion of the appearance of the great comet of that year, which he observed assiduously, came to the positive conclusion that this comet did really pass round the sun and return in a curve of that form, having the sun in its focus. Borelli, indeed, a Neapolitan mathematician, had also suggested the same idea as a matter of speculation, but Doerfell's conclusion went to the matter of fact. This was an immense step; but neither Doerfell, nor any one else, could at that time give any account of the *reason why* this should be the case, or in what *manner* the comet was made to conform its sweep through space in so singular a way to the sun. Indeed, speculation at that epoch pointed rather to a species of instinct, or a pre-siding mind, for guiding the heavenly bodies in their movements than to any physical cause.

The wonderful discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton made all this clear. He first showed that the sun

controls the movements of these wanderers by the very same force acting according to the very same law which retains the planets in their paths,—that marvellous law of gravitation: the same power which draws a stone thrown from the hand back to the earth; which keeps the moon from flying off, and holds her to us as a companion; which keeps the planets in their circles or, rather ellipses, about the sun; and which we now know holds together several of the stars in couples, circulating one around the other.

That same great comet of 1680, which occurred while Newton was brooding over those grand ideas which broke upon the world like the dawn of a new day in his "Principia," afforded him a beautiful occasion to test the truth of his gravitation theory by the most extreme case which could be proposed. The planets were tame and gentle things to deal with; a little tightening of the rein here, and a little relaxation there, as they careered round and round would suffice, perhaps, to keep them regular and guide them in their graceful and smooth evolutions. But here we had a stranger from afar—from out beyond the extremest limits of our system—dashing in, scorning all their conventions, cutting across all their orbits, and rushing like some wild infuriated thing close up to the central sun, and turning short round it in a sharp and violent curve, and with a speed (for such it was) of 1,200,000 miles an hour at the turning point, and then going off as if curbed by the guidance of a firm and steady leading rein held by a powerful hand, in a path exactly similar to that of its arrival, with perfect regularity and beautiful precision; in conformity to a rule which required not the smallest alteration in its wording to make it applicable to such a case. If anything could carry conviction to men's minds of the truth of a theory, it was this. And it did so. I believe that Newton's explanation of the motions of comets, *so exemplified*, was that which stamped his discoveries in the minds of men with the impress of reality beyond all other things.

This comet was perhaps the most magnificent ever seen. It appeared from November, 1680, to March, 1681. In its approach to the sun it was not very bright, but began to throw out a tail when about as far from the sun as the earth. It passed its perihelion on December 8th, and when nearest, it was only *one-sixth* part of the sun's diameter from his surface (one-fifty-fourth part of an inch on the conventional scale of our imaginary figure), and at that moment had the astonishing speed I have just mentioned. *Now, observe one thing.* The distance from the sun's centre was about $\frac{1}{160}$ part of our distance from it. All the heat we enjoy on this earth comes from the sun. Imagine the heat we should have to endure if the sun were to approach us, or we the sun to $\frac{1}{160}$ part of its present distance! It would not be merely as if 160 suns were shining on us all at once, but 160 times 160, according to a rule which is well known to all who are conversant with such matters. Now that is 25,600. Only

imagine a glare 25,600 times fiercer than that of an equatorial sunshine at noonday with the sun vertical! And again only conceive a light 25,600 times more glaring than the glare of such a noonday! In such a heat there is no solid substance we know of which would not run like water, boil, and be converted into smoke or vapour. No wonder it gave evidence of violent excitement. Coming from the cold region outside the planetary system torpid and ice-bound, already, when arrived even in our temperate region, it began to show signs of internal activity: the head began to develop and the tail to elongate, till the comet was for a time lost sight of. No human eye beheld the wondrous spectacle it must have offered on the 8th of December. Only four days afterwards, however, it was seen, and its tail, whose direction was reversed, and which (observe) could not possibly be *the same tail* it had before (for it is not to be conceived as a stick bran-

dished round, or a flaming sword, but fresh matter continually streaming forth),—its tail, I say, had already lengthened to an extent of about ninety millions of miles, so that it must have been *shot out* with immense force in a direction *from* the sun: a force far greater than that with which the sun acted on and controlled the head of the comet itself, which, as the reader will have observed, took from November 10th to December 8th, or twenty-eight days, to *fall* to the sun from the same distance, and that *with all the velocity it had on November 10th to start with*.

All this is very mysterious. We shall never perhaps quite understand it; but the mystery will be, at all events, a little diminished when we shall have described some of the things which are seen to be going on in the heads of comets under the excitement of the sun's action, and when calming and quieting down afterwards.

GOOD WORDS FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."—1 Cor. xiii. 11.

No. I.—ENDLESS LIFE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You are never to die, but to live for ever, and ever! You will live a year, and, when that is done, another year, and so on and on for thousands and thousands of years. If but one of the grains of sand on the sea-shore was counted each year, yet, long after every grain was counted, you would still be alive. You are to live as long as God lives—that is, for ever.

I know what you are thinking about. You are thinking of death, and wondering why I say such a strange thing as that you are never to die. For, though you have lived a very short time, yet you have often seen burials, and heard of people dying, and have perhaps known some one in your own house who used to be with you every day, but whom you never see now, nor ever hear; and you know, too, that you will never see them more in the house, because they are dead. And, perhaps, you remember some little brother or sister who used to play with you, and whom you loved very much, but who became unwell, and got worse and worse; and then every one looked sad; and by and by you were told that they were dead; and you saw them taken away, but never more come back. Remembering all this, you ask, Am I not to die some time? and thus no doubt you sometimes think of death, though of course you do not like to do so—for death itself is not good. I one day saw a little bird in a cage, and it was very happy singing its songs, and picking its food, and drinking out of its cup. Next day I went to pay it a visit and to hear it sing—but the cage was lying all broken on the floor, and no bird was there! I never saw the bird again. Was it dead? No! It fled away through the blue sky

on a beautiful sunny day, and some people heard it singing as it used to do, near a clear stream of water, among trees and flowers. When your little brother or sister died, it was only the cage that was broken and buried, but the spirit that used to speak to you, and love you, and be happy with you, was never touched, or broken or buried; never!—but it went to Jesus Christ, and there it is living, and thinking, and singing, quite cheerful and happy; and getting far wiser, and learning far more there than you can do here, because it lives in a better place, where there is no sickness and no sin, and where everything is beautiful and good, and every one is kind and joyful.

Now, it may be, you will live for a long, long time in this world, and not leave it till you are old with grey hairs. This, however, is just as God pleases; and God always pleases to do what is best for you, because His name is Love, and so you should be always pleased with whatever He does. But remember, Death, when it comes, touches only the cage, not the bird. It is the body, not yourself, that dies. You yourself will never for one moment be away from Jesus, but always be as close to Him as those babes were whom He clasped to His heart and blessed when He was on earth.

My dear children, is it not good and kind in God to make us in order to live with Himself for ever? He made all the trees and plants on the face of the earth, but He did not breathe into them His own life; they did not, therefore, become living souls, and so they shall all perish. God made all the fish of the sea, all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the field, but neither did He make them living souls, nor say to them "live for ever," and therefore, they also perish. God made all the

great world, the mountains, rivers, and seas; and He made the sun, the moon, the thousands of stars that shine in the sky, but He never said to them "live for ever," and so, too, they must pass away. The earth is very old; the mountains are just the same as they were in the days of Adam; you can walk in the Holy Land just in the same places where Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Jesus, walked: and long after our bodies die, the hills we see will remain the same, and the rivers will roll the same, and the sea will flow and ebb the same; yet these old, old hills, and rivers, and seas, must one day depart and "no place be found for them!" But you, my dear children, will live long, long after them—for as I have told you, you will live for ever! Has not God, then, loved you far more than the birds, or fish, or beasts, or mountains, or the whole world? Has He not loved you when He made you so great, breathed into you the breath of life, and said to each of you, "I wish this child to live for ever?" And now you ought to love God as your own Father, for He surely did not make you that you should be frightened for Him, and try to forget Him, sin against Him, and make Him angry with you! No, no! God, as it were, says to you:—"love me, my child, and be good and happy." Remember then *you are never to die, but to live for ever*, and I wish you to be good, so that you may be happy while you live for ever, and not be wicked and therefore miserable. Pray in this way to God:—

"My Father, Thou hast made me to live for ever with Thyself. I thank Thee for Thy kindness to me. Forgive all my sins. Teach me to know Thee, and help me to love Thee my Father now, that so I may be good and happy. Deliver me from evil. Hear me for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour, who died for me. Amen."

No. II.—ENDLESS JOY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have told you that you are never to die, but to have endless life. I wish to teach you now how you may have endless joy.

Of course you *wish* yourselves to have joy, and all who love you wish this also for you. Your good friends and relations wish it, and are glad when you are glad. The good angels wish it, for they all rejoice when they see even one sinner—and every one is a sinner—come back to God. Your own Saviour Jesus Christ wishes you to rejoice; for did He not leave heaven and come here to enable you to do so? Did He not become a little child, and live for thirty years in the world to teach you how to be good? And did He not die for your sins, and rise again and live for ever to make you like Himself? And is He not always seeing you and thinking about you every day, and all to make you good? And God, your own Father, loves you; and does a father not wish to make his own children good and glad?

How very glad everything is in God's world! The woods in spring are a great concert of singing birds, busy building their nests and singing their songs. The air is full of larks that hymn like angels in the clouds. Bees hum over the meadows, and visit with a song every flower; and the flowers open their hearts, and give all their sweets to them, and then the bees return with joy to their hives, ready to start off at early morning singing again to their work. The waves dance in the sunbeams, and the streams go singing and dancing to the sea, and the fish leap and play in the water. The lambs sport and run races on the hill sides. The flowers have on gay clothes, and look so beautiful and glad, as the breeze plays with them and whispers to them. Even in winter, when the snow drifts, and the wind is cold, and the woods bare, and everything is asleep and resting till spring, the robin-redbreast and other birds are kept alive day and night. Even the little flies and gnats do not die, but appear again in summer. If you walk by the sea, too, you will observe a great number of birds that swim, and dive, and fly about happy, in spite of cold, and rain, and storm! Now God loves you far more than these, for He never called them His *children*, nor made them to be with Himself and to love Himself; and so God, who makes them so glad, surely wishes you to be far more glad? And does He not give you all your mercies and enjoyments every day? For there is not one day in which you do not laugh, and sing, and play. But He wishes to give you such joy as you never yet had, and to give it to you *as long as you live!* "The chief end of man is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever."

But how are you to be happy? That is the question! I wonder what answer you are inclined to give to it. Shall I guess? It is this, I think: "We would be quite happy if we had our own way, and could do just whatever we pleased! Oh! if there was no one to find fault with us, and if we were never meddled with, but could go where we pleased, and do what we pleased, and get all we liked just by wishing it! Yes; *to have our own will in everything, that would make us glad!*" Have I not guessed well? Are not these your thoughts?

Now I do not blame you very much, my dear children, for thinking this. It is natural for you to do so, because even a child's heart has sin and folly in it, and you are perhaps too young to know how mistaken you are; and you are too young also to know how many people have tried the way of self-will and self-pleasing to be happy, and have never been so after all. But I will tell you an old story, which perhaps you never heard before.

There lived a little gold fish in a globe of water, and a little canary in a cage. One day the fish heard the bird sing, and it said, "Oh, how happy would I be, if I could only *have my own will*, and get out of this cold water, and be in a cage, and sing like that bird! But here I must live, and

swim round and round this narrow globe of water; *what a pity I cannot do as I please!*" Soon after, upon a very hot day in summer, the canary saw the gold-fish swimming about in the water, and looking so clean, and bright, and cool. "Oh," said the canary, "how happy would I be if I could only *have my own way*, and get out of this nasty cage, and, in this hot weather, swim about in that pure and cool water where the fish is; *what a pity I cannot do as I please!*" There was a very wise and good spirit present, and he wished to teach them how ignorant and foolish they were; and so he said to the bird, "Believe me, my dear little bird, it would not make you happy to have your own will in this. Do God's will, and stay where He has put you, and sing your song, and be happy, just as He wishes you to be." "But I wish," said the bird, "to have my own way, and to go to the water. I don't believe what you tell me." Then the good spirit said to the little gold fish, "Believe me, my dear little fish, you would not be happy if you had your own will in this, and if you were in the cage. Stay where your Maker has put you, and swim about in the pure water as He wishes you." "But I wish," said the fish, "to be in the cage, and I don't believe what you tell me." So the good spirit sighed, and he said, "Oh, I wish you believed me, and did your Maker's will and not your own; but I will give you your own way, and you will learn, perhaps, by sorrow and pain, who is right, and who loves you best." So he put the fish into the cage, and the bird into the water! Oh, what misery there was! The bird was almost drowned, and the fish was almost choked, till they both cried in despair to the good spirit to help them, and promised they would always believe what he said, and never after this think they were sure to be happy by having their own way, or by doing their own will.

Now, my dear children, you are just as foolish as the little bird or the little fish, if you think you are sure to be glad by *just getting your own way and doing your own will*, without ever thinking whether your way is right, and your will is wise and good.

I have not yet told you where the right road is, but only of a wrong road to gladness, which is very broad and full of people. In the meantime, say to God,—

"My Father, I thank Thee for creating me to rejoice with Thee, and with Jesus Christ, and with all the good people in the universe. I bless Thee for all the mercies Thou hast already given me in this world,—for my health, my food and raiment, my friends and relations, and all I enjoy every day. But, oh! my Father, help me, and teach me how to be truly happy now and for ever and ever. Leave me not in ignorance, lest I should be so foolish and wicked as to seek happiness in my own way and not in Thy way, and by doing my own will, and not Thine. Hear me, for the sake of Thy Son, who always did Thy will, even unto death. Amen."

No. III.—ENDLESS LIFE AND ENDLESS JOY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—What I now wish you to know is, how you may be glad *as long as you live*.

Perhaps you say, "Oh! that is just what we wish to know about, for if we are glad all the days of our life, and until we die, what more can we look for?" But I did not say that I was going to teach how to be happy only till you died; for have you forgotten that you are *never to die*, but to live for ever and ever? And if so, it would be a very little matter to you to be happy only for the few minutes you are to live here, unless you had such happiness as would remain with you *as long as you live* elsewhere. If you were about to take a long voyage of many months across the ocean, it would be of little use to have food in store which would last for a few days only. Now, this is one reason why you need something more than what so many people think would be quite enough to make them happy—such as plenty of money, with grand houses, beautiful lands, servants, carriages, and amusements, all the year round. Suppose you had all this, and that you were as happy as these things could make you, what could they do for you when you went away from the world on your long voyage, to live somewhere else, and had to leave every one of these things behind you, never more to see them? Read a story about this in the Gospel of St. Luke, 12th chapter, verses 16 to 21; and along with this read also what Christ says in the Gospel of St. Matthew, 16th chapter and 26th verse.

It is natural for you, my dear children, to think that riches can make you glad, for you see so many people anxious to obtain them. Remember, I do not say that being rich, or wishing to be rich, is wrong; because riches are a gift from God, and so are houses and lands, and these, with all other beautiful things, are often given as a reward for industry, patience, honesty, and self-denial, which are pleasing to God. Who, therefore, would not like to have riches! But what I say is this, that if you had *nothing more*; if, for example, you were not good, and did not care for God, or love Him, but were proud, vain, and selfish, all the world could not make you good—you would have no *Peace* in your hearts. I am sure, my dear children, if you were afraid of your parents, or if you thought that they were angry with you, because you were doing what was wrong, you *could* not have peace, even though some one gave you money, or tried to amuse you; indeed, it would be a poor sign of you if you could! Or, if you were away from your parents, and did not know where to find them, would you be glad? I am sure not! I saw a little child the other day, that had lost its way in the street, and was taken to a strange house until its parents were found. Oh, how that child mourned! I thought its little heart would break. One gave it sweet things to quiet it, and another some pence,

others showed it beautiful pictures, but it always cried the more, "My mother, my mother, Oh! I want my mother!" And just in the same way you cannot, my dear children, have peace without God, even if you tried it. He loves you so much, that He has made your hearts so, that you cannot be at peace unless you are at peace with Him, and unless you know and love Him as your own Father in heaven, because He alone is worth loving with *all* your heart, soul, and strength, for ever and ever! And if you did not love Him, but were frightened of Him, and tried to forget Him, because you were afraid, then I am sure all the gold and silver in the world could not make you happy! The Bible contains many stories of people who thus tried to find peace without God, but who found they could not do so, any more than their eyes could be satisfied with having money put on them, but the light kept from them. You can read for yourselves about a man who was one of the most powerful kings and richest merchants that ever lived; who had all the world could give him, but who found that all this, *without love to God*, his Father, was but "vanity and vexation of spirit." Read Ecclesiastes, 2nd chapter, from verse 4 to end of verse 11. There is another far more dreadful story than this, of a rich man who cared only for himself, and had no love to his God or to his neighbour. He had a *kind* of happiness, yet you will see, when you read the story, that it did not *last*; and, not only so, but even while it lasted, it could no more fill up his heart, than a candle can fill the world with light without the sun. Read in St. Luke, 16th chapter, from verse 19 to verse 31. And now, my dear children, what do I wish you to learn from all this? It is this, that to be truly glad now, and to continue to be glad for ever, is to *love God as your Father, to trust Him, and do His will*. If you are afraid of past sins, remember Jesus Christ died for your sins, and that God will at once forgive you for Christ's sake, if you sincerely wish to give them up and obey Him; and if you fear the evil in your hearts, God will give you His Holy Spirit to enable you to obey Him.

I have a great deal to say to you about this in other papers. But *think* about what has been already said; and remember, that while God gives you *all* the good you have, your health of body, and cheerful mind, your sports and amusements, with merry hearts to enjoy them, dear companions, friends, relations, parents—everything, in short, except what is bad, and what would therefore make you miserable—that He also gives you what is more than all this, more than all the world,—*He gives you himself in love, and to love!*—and says: "Come, my children, and speak to me, and love me with all your hearts, for I am your Father, and love you, and give you all things richly to enjoy, and wish to make you happy as long as you live." Therefore, speak to Him in prayer, and say:

"My Father! Thou hast made me, and preserved me, and redeemed me from sin and Satan,

through the death of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, my Saviour. Thou hast given me all my mercies, and, best of all, Thou hast given me Thyself, that I might know, love, and serve Thee, with gladness, now and for ever! Oh! my Father, forgive me for having so often forgotten Thee, and kept thee out of my heart as if Thou didst not love me. Forgive me that I do not know Thee better, and love Thee more. Help me, my Father, through the Holy Spirit of love, to think of Thee oftener than I have done, to feel more grateful to Thee for all I enjoy, and never to do anything displeasing to Thee, my Maker, Preserver, Redeemer, my ever present and ever loving Father! Hear me, for Christ's sake. Amen."

No. IV.—"OUR FATHER."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—God wishes you to love Him, because "God is love," and your Father, and He made you to be like Himself, and redeemed you by the death of His Son for himself, and that you might enjoy himself for ever.

Think of this—*God is your Father!*

God made all things. He made this great world, with its wide and deep seas, which the swiftest ships take months to sail over,—with high mountains, on whose tops no human foot has ever trodden,—and islands and countries far away, many of which no human eye has ever yet seen. God has made the heavens;—the sun which is so large that thousands of worlds as large as ours, moulded into one, would not equal it in size,—and all the countless stars, so great that hundreds you see, like diamonds sparkling in the sky, are each much bigger than this world. "Who can understand all his mighty works?" No one can do so. "They are past finding out." But you can understand enough about God himself to know, dear children, that He, the great Creator, is *your Father*.

God not only made, but also *preserves all living things*. Had you been born in the time of Adam and Eve, and had you lived on earth until now, and been every day travelling over it, you would know but very few of the millions of people in it. Yet God knows every person everywhere! He knows at this moment what all the angels and saints in Heaven, and Satan, the wicked one, and all his followers, are thinking about, and what is in your heart and the heart of every child in the world. He remembers, too, every word that any boy or girl ever spoke long ago in the streets of Nineveh, Babylon, or Jerusalem. He is also at this moment seeing and looking after the people in Africa, India, America, in every city and village, and those who are wandering among the ice mountains near the North Pole, or sailing over the distant ocean. He thus knows every one in the whole world, as well as all who have left the world since it was made. In Him they all live, move, and have their being. "Such knowledge

is too wonderful for us." But it is true, and should make you glad, that God sees you, and knows you, and thinks of you, as if you were alone with himself in the world, for this God is your *Father*.

God not only sees and preserves human beings who can love Him, but He is so great and good that *He takes care of all creatures, great and small*. If any of us were to get a few birds and fish, and a very few other animals of different kinds to feed and preserve, we would find how difficult it was to do this. But God, every day and hour, for thousands of years, feeds all the fish, big and little, in all the lakes, and rivers, and oceans of the world,—all the countless millions of beasts that roam over the earth, in burning deserts, dark forests, wild mountains, or among frost and snow,—all the endless flocks of birds that live on sea or land,—all the insects that creep or fly,—all the creatures which are so small that thousands can live and move about in a spoonful of water. Yes! God sees and preserves them all! And this God is *your Father*, and says to you: "Behold the birds of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap or gather into barns, yet *your heavenly Father* feedeth them; are ye not much better than they?" Now, dear children, when you go out and look at the world, and see the green fields covered with plants and beautiful flowers, all kept so fresh and clean with God's rain, which the clouds draw from the ocean and pour down upon them as they need it, and all kept alive and warm by the sun,—or when you observe the lovely picture of woods, streams, lakes, mountains, seas, with the sky overhead, blue by day or full of stars at night,—when you watch the numbers of living things that you see everywhere, all so healthy and happy, or the living persons, old and young, that are moving about, whom God wishes to love and enjoy Himself for ever, say to yourselves: "My Father made all these persons, creatures, and things, and He sees us all, knows us all, and loves us all." Should not this thought make you happy, and draw out your hearts to God, the Father Almighty, "maker of the heavens and of the earth?" Read what the King David said of this God, how much he admired His works, and how happy he was in His presence (Psalms 104 and 139.)

But I dare say you have felt afraid of God, and did not like, therefore, to think of Him as David did. Perhaps I know why you were afraid. Was it because you felt somehow that you had not been caring for Him, or trying to please Him, but only thinking about yourselves, and trying to please yourselves, as if God was not your Maker, Master, or Father? Was it not because you knew that you had done many things that were wrong—that you had not always spoken the truth, or obeyed your parents, and had been often selfish and self-willed? If so, nothing can be so bad as not to love God, for He is the best of all, and most glorious and most worthy to be loved of all. I do not wonder that when you thought how wicked it was not to love God, that you said, as it were in your hearts: "I

am sure God is angry with me, and I fear He will punish me, and it makes me unhappy when I think of Him." And perhaps you tried at last not to think of Him. Oh! what hard thoughts these were against God, your own Father! What if He did not think of *you*? What if He had not cared for *you*? How good, then, He must be, when, in spite of all our sins, He is still our Father! For though God is angry with sin, and hates every kind of disobedience, yet He has, as I have told you, provided pardon for you through His Son. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."

Perhaps you say, "It is quite true that we have been often afraid of God, though we said with our lips, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' for we felt we had sinned against Him. But we would like to know Him better, so as to love Him more: tell us how that may be. How can we know Him?" Your question is just like the one put by Philip: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us;" that is, let us see our Father's face that we may know and love Him.

Now, dear children, God has spoken to us, and has revealed himself to us in many more ways than you can yet fully understand; but all I would remind you of at present is this, that Jesus Christ, of whom you have heard and read, and who is your brother and Saviour, is one with God; and Jesus came to the world to show to us our Father. Remember, then, when you read of the words Jesus spoke, and read of the things He did, say to yourselves: "Now all this was just God my Father speaking to me, and working before my eyes." Yes, dear children! The love of Jesus is just the same as the love of God. When Jesus says, "Come to me," God also says it. When Jesus takes up little children into His arms and blesses them, you see in this the tenderness and goodness of God. And, therefore, when you know and love Jesus, you see and love God; for "He and the Father are one."

Never forget that it is this same blessed Redeemer who died for all your sins, and suffered on the cross for you, that your sins might be pardoned through His blood, and a new heart given to you by His Spirit.

Say, then:

"Almighty Creator of the heavens and the earth, I adore Thee as my Father! Thou art everywhere present, and Thou seest and knowest me Thy child. 'Thou preservest man and beast,' and

Thou preservest me, and in Thee I live, move, and have my being. Father! I am ashamed to think how I have forgotten Thee, and been a self-willed and ungrateful child. I thank Thee for Thy patience; and for sending Thy Son into the world to teach me to know Thee, and to die for all our sins. God, my Father, forgive me for Christ's sake, and give me Thy Spirit, and enable me to be obedient and loving to Thee as was Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son, my Saviour and my brother! Amen."

NO. V.—TRUST IN GOD.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—God our Father loves us, and wishes us to trust Him. Now I will explain to you what is meant by trusting God.

Once upon a time a house took fire, in the old town of Edinburgh. All the people escaped. But, somehow or other, a family in the second floor did not awake until the flames almost entered their room. The father and mother seized their children and rushed down-stairs with them to the street; but, just as they reached it, they discovered that their little boy, Willy, had been left behind, for the father thought he was with his mother, and the mother that he was saved by the father; and so, amidst the noise, confusion, and terror, the poor boy was left alone in the burning house. The moment he was missed, his father ran back through fire and smoke to save his child. But, alas! the wooden stair was burning—indeed, most of it was already burnt—so that it was impossible to reach the floor where little Willy was left. But, just as his father returned in agony to the street, the boy was seen standing at one of the windows, weeping bitterly, and evidently in great fear. Not a moment was to be lost. Yet what could be done? There was no ladder near—in a few minutes the flames would reach the child. The father shouted to him to leap down, and he would try to save him. Little Willy was afraid to take so terrible a leap; but the fire was raging through the building, sending out long red tongues of flame, clouds of smoke, and millions of sparks up to the sky; and no wonder Willy was terrified, as he heard the roaring and crackling around him, and, looking down, saw every face in the large crowd gazing up to him! He knew, however, that there was no hope if he remained where he was. "Jump, my boy, and trust me!" cried the father, with tears. In a moment something white was seen, like a flake of snow, falling from the window. Not a word was spoken by the crowd, every one held his breath, and many, I daresay, prayed that God would preserve the child who had sprung from the window in obedience to his father's command, and trusting to his father's power and love! His trust was not put to shame, for he was received in his arms, and clasped to his bosom; and while the crowd gave a loud cheer, the father thanked God that his little Willy was safe!

You see how Willy *trusted* his father.

Now, dear children, you cannot help trusting some one or other every day of your lives. When, for example, you lose your road, and ask some person to direct you, and you follow his directions, then you *trust* that person as a guide. When you sail in a vessel, and perhaps take a long voyage across the ocean, you are obliged to *trust* entirely to others, day and night, for safety, and for reaching your destination. When in sickness, you ask the physician to find out your complaint, and to give you the best remedies for curing it, if you believe what he says, and take the medicines which he gives, then you *trust* him. When you go to school, you *trust* the teacher, that he is able to instruct you, every day and hour. You *trust* your friends who love you, and, above all, you *trust* your father and mother, who must love you best of all, to take care of you, feed you, clothe you, guide you, choose for you, and to do you all the good in their power. Do you not understand now what is meant by *trusting* a person?

Now, to trust God, is just to have confidence in Him, as little Willy had in his father, and, as we all have in a guide, to direct us on our journey—in a captain of a ship, to bring us safely on our voyage—in a physician, to heal us in our sickness—and in our dear friends and parents, to help us in everything; only *we must trust God better* than we can do them, and I shall tell you why.

First of all, *God loves us much more than any one on earth can do*. Although a father and mother may love us with all their heart, yet their heart is not so great in love as is the heart of our Father in heaven.

Secondly, Those whom we trust on earth, though they may wish to help us, *may not be able to do so*. For example, when we need their aid, they may be far away, and not able to give it. But *God is always with us day and night*, as the Psalmist says, "Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassed my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Thirdly, Friends may be with us, *without the power to assist us*. Willy's father might not have been able to have caught hold of his boy, nor the guide we spoke of to direct us in our journey, nor the captain in our voyage; and the physician may neither know our complaint, nor be able to cure it. But it is not so with God. *He has all power*, and does whatever He pleases; and if we trust Him, it will please Him always to do whatever is best for us, in order to make us good and happy. Trust Him, therefore, for *mercy* to forgive you all your

sins, and for His Holy Spirit to help you to do His will. Trust Him for wisdom to guide you every day; for love to comfort you, provide for you, give you peace, and to make you love Himself, and every one about you. If you do so, you will know more and more the older you get how true it is what the prophet says, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee;" and then you will have the joy of being able to say in your old age, "O Lord! thou hast been my trust *from my youth!*" Therefore say to Him now:

"My Father! I am weak and helpless; I cannot take care of myself; I know not what may take place in a single hour. But Thou seest me, and Thou knowest all I speak, think, and do. Thou art able to help me always, and to bless me in everything. Thou lovest me; therefore, my God, I put my trust in Thee, and I am sure that I shall never be put to shame. Save me, guide me, heal me, and enable me always to love, trust, and obey Thee, as Thine own child, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

(To be continued.)

WHAT HESTER DURHAM LIVED FOR.

ONE of the East Indian steamers was nearing England. Among the crowd of yellow men and women, dusky ayahs, pale-faced children and excited faces everywhere, was one face no more excited than when it touched at Aden, or appeared in the train crossing the Isthmus. If anything, it was a shade colder and more impassive than ever.

Mrs. Durham had little in common with the rest of the women. They were impulsive, demonstrative, chattering. Yes, even the widows were. They had all friends with them, or friends to whom they were going. The very stiffest, loneliest man on board, who still wore, by habit, light shoes and a broad hat, happened to have a brother's household watching for him. Mrs. Durham was the only passenger who looked up the address of an agent. It followed, as a matter of course, that she had never been a many-friended woman; never a sympathetic woman, going out of herself in the joys and sorrows of others. She had been strange even to the little children, though she had noticed them more than she did anything on the voyage.

She was recalling her going out to India to her father, who was a widower—an officer far up the country. Then she was a handsome, calm girl, whose shyness was mistaken for haughtiness. What hopes and wishes and far-reaching dreams hovered over her spirit when she had last looked on the shores of England and passed the coal-ships and the barges! Now all the buds and blossoms of her spirit had faded and fallen away and come to nought. She had landed at Calcutta and found her father, half-affectionate, half-estranged. She had gone up to the station with him, and found it, like the City of Jericho—a station of palm-trees, of rice-fields, cinnamon, laurels, golden bamboos, and of heathen temples. She had presided at his semi-official table, until, half-oppressed by her own isolation and restless for change, she had married hastily (as women are particularly tempted to do in India) and, as it proved, unhappily. She was the mother of an only child, as she had been an only child herself. Like her too, he had been sent to England in infancy.

Now Hester Durham was disposed to wonder, looking back from this point in her history, what she had lived for? Not for her position surely, for it had often been grievously wearisome to her; not for friendship, for she had hardly a friend, though she had a whole bookful of acquaintances; not for love, for she had never known it; and, not knowing human love, she had not been so blest as to find more than its equivalent in Divine love. Yet she was a conscientious woman, and *felt*, as it were, in her own dim, slow, groping way, after duty and heaven. Missionary churches in India, missionary schools and societies, could have made honourable mention of her name for her large subscriptions and even her personal services; but they would all have spoken of her hesitatingly as a singularly abstracted person—as one who walked in her sleep. Something corpse-like there was indeed about that dignified, low-voiced, noble-featured woman. The fact is, there was not a green spot in her heart, save one, and that was tremulous in its gleam of sunshine and verdure; it was full of as many quaking fears as of shivering hopes; and there was a shrinking veil drawn over its deep passion and its soft fondness.

Mrs. Durham was a mother, but she did not know her child, and would not have recognised him (unless by instinct) had she met him in the street. Each trait, each tone, conned and acquired by heart in the experience of other mothers, remained to her a matter of perplexing ignorance until she grew affronted at it,—affronted in her self-consciousness and morbid sensitiveness. A baby's frock and two curls of hair were the most she had of her child. To say that such a woman could communicate freely by letter with a boy of thirteen whom she had parted with before he was three, would be simply absurd.

Never was lovers' interview after long parting anticipated with more anxiety and agitation than this poor, proud, self-contained mother's meeting with her child. Had he grown up the image of his father,—a hard, selfish man, whose hardness and selfishness she had mistaken long ago for manliness

and independence? Well, she would love him still, and seek to serve him all her life; for she was his mother. She had so worked herself up about this meeting with the boy, so often pictured it under dreary and distressing colours (as a melancholic temperament checked and thwarted inevitably learns to do), that she began positively to dread it. It was a relief to her to think of the few days she was to pass among mere strangers in the agent's house in London before she set out for the school in her husband's native town, where her boy was boarded. She leaned over the side of the vessel absently noting novelties, and conjuring up vague remembrances of the boarding-school from which she had quitted England to place herself under her father's protection and guidance. She even indulged in idle surmises as to what had become of the rosy girlish faces, naturally present to her again in vision—whether they had mouldered into dust or grown careworn like her own. Then she drew back to be out of the bustle, and to wait for the tardy agent.

So left to herself and forgotten did Mrs. Durham seem there among all those loud hails and warm greetings, that a little lieutenant's wife in the middle cabin, who had a fretful baby, and who had regarded with irrepressible envy all the way home the general's wife who had everything so handsome about her, and did not know what the absence of a luxury or the presence of a toil or trouble meant,—the little lieutenant's wife, at this moment, when she herself had put her baby into her important mother's arms to be handed over to her own old nurse, and had transferred her luggage to her careful father, and was supported on each side by proud and happy brothers and sisters, could have taken the liberty of speaking to the general's wife, and asking, in the fulness of her heart, if her friends, in whom she was so rich, could do nothing for the poor great woman who had none. But then Mrs. Durham was such a high dame, and remained so unmoved to the last.

Little Mrs. Myrtle would have felt more for Mrs. Durham—would have even screamed with sympathy had she heard the first words addressed to her by her agent when he succeeded in identifying her. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Durham; I am very sorry to—to alarm you; but before I accompany you to London, I must tell you that I have had a telegram for you from Basil's Wood. I trust it is nothing bad. You know how people get frightened. It only came this morning, and I answered that the steamer was telegraphed, and that I would communicate with you immediately."

Mr. Brimley ran on unheeded while Mrs. Durham grasped the paper and read it with fixed eyes:

"Basil's Wood, 2nd August.

"James Hill to Mrs. Durham."

"Roger Durham has met with a serious accident. Pray come on straight to Basil's Wood.

"When can I get a train to Basil's Wood?" she asked, without a muscle of her face altering.

Mr. Brimley had thought of that; he had a *Bradshaw* in his pocket with the right page turned down. If they drove direct to the station, they might just be in time. But was there need for such hurry? She would be completely worn out. An hour or two, in all probability, would not signify; and she would then be rested somewhat, and would not run the risk of breaking down. At least she would permit him to accompany her. He pressed this courteously and kindly, not only because General Durham's family were old and esteemed clients of his, but because he was a worthy man, the father of children, and could feel for a mother who had such a home-coming, such a greeting, before she had put her foot on shore.

"No, thank you, I will go at once, and there is no occasion for your going with me. I have been accustomed to travelling by myself; it is nothing to go on to Basil's Wood; I will manage perfectly if you will be so good as to look after my luggage, and have it taken out of the vessel and sent after me."

Down to Basil's Wood rolled Hester Durham with that message burnt into her heart, though she had last kissed her boy when she was a slender unformed young woman, and he a tottering, lisping, three-years old baby. She said it over to herself hundreds and hundreds of times, "Roger Durham has met with a serious accident. Pray come on straight to Basil's Wood," till she was afraid she would cry it out aloud, and her fellow-passengers would lay hold of her as a mad woman. What kind of accident? and how serious? A fall from a tree or a rock, from a horse or a carriage? When a girl, she had seen a man thrown from horse-back and carried bleeding and insensible into a house, but he recovered. Mr. Hill knew that Roger was an only child, and of course was acquainted with the fact that she was returning to England, and therefore he might be desirous to apprise her, and have the presence and countenance of the person most concerned, in any advisable operation or peculiarity of treatment. She had reason to believe him kind and careful. Perhaps Roger himself, looking out for her, had called for her to be by his side, and fretted because she was not with him in his pain; but he had been so long away from her that that was not likely. Every conjecture, however ingenious, with the ingenuity of despair, resolved itself into the leaden certainty that Mr. Hill was a man of experience, with an experienced wife long acquainted with boys, and that he would not alarm her for nothing.

Often as Hester Durham had imagined her return and her meeting with Roger, she had never come near the truth. There was one thing indeed to be thankful for, and that was that the General was not here—full of discipline and his rights; not leaving her eyes at liberty to shed a tear if it would come and ease the brain; thinking more of his own will and pleasure than of his child's danger; and if he did give way at last, breaking down in a way and at a moment when a weak woman would have been

ashamed to indulge her weakness. The suspense too was not for weeks, but hours. Already the post-towns so familiar to her by name, though she had not seen them before, were passed. She had missed the sense of freshness, of old home-like associations in England; but she knew she was close upon Basil's Wood. Mrs. Durham had never seen Mr. Hill either, but she knew in an instant the one grave, watchful, intent face on the platform, and he knew her white face also.

"Roger is alive, Mrs. Durham," he came up with a merciful whisper; "you are not too late."

Merciful but cruel. Roger was alive, that was all. He told all in that sentence. Then he tried to enter into particulars, to occupy her attention and give her feelings a channel of escape if possible, as he got her out of the carriage and took her away on his arm. His house was only a stone's throw from the station, and they could walk faster than they could go in a cab. Roger had gone out to shoot wild ducks on the half holiday with some of his companions. The boys had often and often done so before without any accident. This time Georgie Hill's gun went off in the act of lifting it to fire, and the shot lodged in Roger Durham's leg above the knee. The boys got assistance and he was carried home, and both the doctors of Basil's Wood were in attendance upon him. Amputation was judged advisable, but rest assured he did not feel it. Chloroform was administered successfully, and he did not give a groan.

Mr. Hill paused, and the strong shudder of his companion subsided. Her boy, her boy, shattered, maimed, agonised! She could have turned fiercely on his keeper. Was this his fidelity? But now Roger was hers more than ever—to be her entire thought and care to her dying day.

Mr. Hill spoke again, his voice breaking down: "Georgie is my widowed daughter's son, reared at my knee, the child of my old age; but I could wish him lying at this moment where his dear friend Roger lies, and I know my wishes are Georgie's with all his heart."

Such women as Mrs. Durham are just; besides, nearly all great sufferers are just in the very greatness of their suffering.

"Mr. Hill, I am sorry for your grandson. But I am thinking of Roger. Will it startle him—cause additional risk if I enter his room?"

He looked at her pitifully. They were on the threshold of his house. Curious, lamenting eyes had been looking upon her, and she had not remarked them. But she had noticed in a flash the market-place, the church-tower, the lime-trees, "where the crows would build, mistaking them for firs," as Roger had described them in his formal boyish letters.

"He is sinking rapidly, there is no time to be lost. It is very doubtful whether he will understand who you are," he said plainly, feeling, after all, there could be no preparation, and the sooner she knew the worst the better.

She raised her hand either to put it to her heart or her head, but let it fall again. She neither screamed nor fainted, and the next moment he was ushering her at her own request into Roger's room. As they entered, a doctor had his hand on Roger's pulse, and the rector had just risen from prayer. Hester Durham was only not too late.

"Roger, my boy," said Mr. Hill, stepping forward, and stooping so that his face and voice might penetrate the dull eyes and heavy ears, "your mother has come, she is standing before you."

The lad's eyelids flickered, his lips twitched slightly; he might be rousing himself by a last effort to the news which yesterday had been so great to him. But at the next beat of the watch which the doctor held in his hand he sank back into the stupor closing over him. It seemed as if the deliverance or the destruction of the whole world would not affect the pale, still figure.

What would Hester not have given at that moment for the command of an old familiar look or tone that would have wiled her boy for a second from the grasp of death! She drew close to the bed, she put out her hand and stroked his curls till weeping eyes could not bear to witness them, and then she cried "My son" in a voice the listeners never forgot. It called back the very dying to life. Roger opened his glazed eyes. A wondering, delighted smile flickered over his face. "Mother," he answered the call, and then his accents fell into the mutter of his well-known prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven." The clergyman had been repeating it with him when the drowsiness stole over him; now the faltering tongue took it up again, and then stopped abruptly. The death-rattle rang, the last sigh sobbed through the room, and Hester Durham was childless.

Her grief was not passionate; it had more of the stoniness of despair. Everything was said and done to comfort her. They told her what a favourite her boy had been. What a quick, obedient, frank, happy lad; happy in his good behaviour and the esteem and liking it won for him. They spoke of his many affectionate references and plans for his reunion with his kindred. How he had not bemoaned himself, but his mother, when he met his accident, speaking only in his pain and faintness to say poor Georgie was not to blame, and who was to tell his mother? Oh! did they remember she would be in England the next day, or the next; he had counted it up for so long a time, and then who was to tell his mother? They said that, while he was too young a lad to have thought much on serious subjects, he had always been reverent in his conduct and punctual in the discharge of his religious duties, and there was something very remarkable in the entire submission with which a young, vigorous, joyous lad had borne his fate, and the humble fearlessness with which, while entering earnestly into the last religious services, he had faced death. Both doctor and clergyman had remarked it. He had not even

looked sad, except for Georgie and his mother; he had smiled as long as he could on all around him. He had died, boy as he was, like a hero.

They told her all this, without receiving much answer. They ventured on the experiment of bringing Georgie to her—the poor lad, stricken next to herself, with his light heart half-broken, unable in his innocence to escape pangs of self-reproach because he had proposed the excursion to Roger, and urged it on him, when Roger would rather have hung about and waited a summons from his mother.

After the first spasm, Mrs. Durham was kind to Georgie in her quiet way; but she soon ceased to notice him. Apathy was the chief outward characteristic of her sorrow. Mr. Brimley and his daughter might have mistaken her again for a mere heartless, soulless fine lady, capable of ordering and arranging her mourning. Mr. Hill, who judged far differently, had his fears both for her life and reason, and was more thankful than he could express when, after being little more than a month in England, she announced she had nothing now to keep her here, and proposed to return to India to General Durham. The old miserable question had laid hold of her, and was working with her: What was the use of her life? What had come of it? What had come of her boy's life? It added a peculiar bitterness to her thoughts that she had followed duty, however blindly; she had sacrificed the companionship of her child for the sake of the young life that had been taken on a summer's day. She had remained in India, with her presence often little regarded, from a sense of duty to her husband, and when she came at last to England she found her boy butchered—twice butchered: shot down by the hand of his companion, and then his fair flesh cut and carved by the operating knives of the surgeons; and all that they could tell her was that he smiled in his death! Oh! how dark and stern Providence had been to her. God had forgotten to be gracious to her.

It was not that Hester murmured openly, that she did not make some struggle in her morbid heart against this conclusion; but no other would come. She could not stay in England. If anything could increase her affliction, it was nourishing it on the spot where her hopes had been centred. She could bear it better in the old life of splendid exile, the old life of official form and show—hollow and cold as a fairy court. So she sought again the old atmosphere of punkahs, and bazaars, and elephants, and long-legged birds; and the General, sensible that the presence of a stately lady in his bungalow gave an additional touch to the dignity and refinement he loved so well, approved of the step, paid her the compliment of bringing her up from the ship as he had taken her down; declined an invitation for the first evening on her account; asked her one or two questions, with his head turned away, about the boy; savagely censured his old master, Hill, for a criminal recklessness, of which there was no proof, while he himself had

expressly desired that Roger should not be reared a milksop; and never mentioned his son's name again. The General might have forgotten for whom his wife wore so much crape so long after he had relinquished every rag of mourning, had he not been kept in a state of irritation by her steadily declining to go abroad with him into society, or to receive more than was unavoidable at home. And this was all the more annoying to him, for he liked to show the Indian world what a distinguished-looking woman Mrs. Durham was, and with what grace she could acquit herself; how everything was right in his house; and how he was not deserted, or left to undesirable indemnifications like other men he could mention, whose wives were constantly at the Hills or the Cape, or gone home for the education of the family. General Durham was much better off; and, generally speaking, it suited him that Mrs. Durham was a reserved, cold, inflexible woman. No nonsense about her, no demand for commodities of confidence and communion in which he did not deal, and you knew when you had her, and when you wanted her.

Soon the old question as to what she had lived for, returned with increasing darkness upon Mrs. Durham, and now there was to her no light, and no end in view.

No end? The end as little dreamt of as her meeting with her boy Roger,—his face calm under the death dews, his poor mangled limb hidden from her bodily eyes, but never out of her mental sight,—the end was hurrying on with giant strides. Soon a cry of rage, and fear, and horror, a mingling of many groans,—a shout of revenge was to rise in the east and echo to the west, and awake there a terrible utterance of fresh wrath and anguish.

Mrs. Durham was as ignorant and unprepared as the rest. The General and she were presiding at one of the remoter stations, and so little interest was she taking in the passing events of the day, that a rumour which had flown abroad of disaffection and disturbance in the Presidency had entered her ears on the previous night, and made not the slightest impression upon her. She had lain down to sleep with a fancy of Roger's cold hand in hers, and his boyish curls lying shadowy on the pillow.

The morning saw another world without and within. The Durhams were roused by a sudden message for the General. The troops had turned out on parade, and there was some difficulty among the subordinate officers which required the superior commander's presence. The General—he was an old-looking man, now with grizzled hair, though high carriage—passed out buckling on his sword, amidst secret signs and significant looks from the dark, keen, subtle faces of the servants making way for him with fawning readiness. Before he reached the parade ground, and before dropping shots startled the wives and children left alone in the English quarters of the Indian town, an orderly hurried back with a verbal message from General Durham to his wife. She must not leave the house this

morning; he would return presently and make arrangements for her.

Hester recalled the message many times that day, dwelt on it, associated it half with shuddering awe, half with strange tenderness with their first appointment—with Will Durham's first caress, for she had obeyed him implicitly. In the afternoon a company of agitated men rushed into the compound, and one of them broke the intelligence to Mrs. Durham that the General was shot dead on the parade ground, and so were Major Denis and Captain Hailes; that the sepoy were in open rebellion, and that the news from Delhi were a thousand times worse than they had suspected. And now what was to be done for the handful of English faithful men, helpless women and children, who were left in the paw of the lion, or rather in the jaw of the serpent? The General's bungalow was the most complete building at the station, and the most capable of defence. Those who had not got off on the first warning were of opinion that they should entrench themselves in it, and defend it to the last. The store was in the enclosure, so was the magazine. They might hold them till they were relieved, at any rate. Here duty pointed the way, and brave men did not hesitate or "reason why." Here they would make their stand, and Mrs. Durham must receive the women and children. Some who were already widows like herself, and many fatherless children, were already flocking in, wild with amazement and consternation.

Hester's experience was singular, as the course of one of those meteors for which there is no known law. The first hours of her widowhood were as unlike the first hours of other widows as could well be. There were eager, earnest men tramping up and down and taking everything under their authority; while shrieking, appalled women were huddling around her; and as the inhuman strife began, and the rattle of artillery was heard at the barricades thrown up on the dreadful spur of the moment, these maddened women grew madder. They had come out of England for a very different fate; for many humble servants and much easy luxury, for dressing and driving and visiting *ad libitum*. Not to the wilds of Africa had they come; not as missionary women to the islands of the Pacific, ready to spend and be spent, and, if need be, to enter heaven wearing the pale crown of martyrdom. But many of them (God knows, not all) were gay women—thoughtless and soft young girls, or proud and defiant ones, who had boasted nothing should move them—and see, their challenge is awfully taken up, and they are weighed in the grim balance and found wanting. They forgot Mrs. Durham's higher rank and reticence, in the present hour of common danger. They even forgot the sacredness of her recent widowhood, and her husband's blood fresh spilt at her gate.

They clung around Hester, where she stood like a rock in a stormy sea. One passionate girl, bold in her approach to the last, clutched her shawl; one devoted mother thrust her baby into those passive arms, empty of children of their own. They cla-

moured to her, they all but prayed to her to save them, so struck were the whole terrified band with the silent strength of her composure—so inevitably did every living creature there elect the calm woman their leader and guide, that even a little whining dog came and crouched at her feet.

Hester bore it unresistingly, uncomplainingly, till the noise without waxed louder and more hideous, and one bullet and then another at intervals penetrated the windows and pierced the opposite wall, increasing the hopeless uproar and agony.

Then in the darkness visible of a scene which those who witnessed it had never so much as imagined in the most tragic drama they had ever read, or seen represented, with their hearts quaking on the brink of death, and worse than death, a sudden light shone round about Hester's spirit, enveloping it, irradiating it, lifting it up into a kind of ecstasy as a martyr's might be lifted up, far above disaster, outrage, pain, or shame. God was good to Hester at last. That slow, still, reserved woman received a full answer to her long-mooted question,—received it with ample satisfaction, though it was in the midst of blood, and fire, and groans.

She knew now why she had lived, why Roger had died. Like lightning came the truth to her. All her ways and wants were not for nothing. She looked up; she spoke with so strangely resigned, so strangely sweet a voice, so strangely noble, so strangely beautiful a face, that even those miserable women in that agonised rout were all attracted to her.

"Why do you cry out so, and writhe, and swoon?" she asked them. "Is it so strange a thing that has happened to us?"

"It is very strange—unheard-of—horrible," they would have answered her, wailing, and beating their breasts, and tearing their hair; but they listened to her, astonished, with gaping mouths and hanging-down hands. The room was dark, but the light of Heaven was on that central face.

"Have we not all to die once, and is it only the old who die, or have there been only quiet deaths before now? Listen, and I will tell you about my boy Roger—younger than any one of you, happier than any one of you—shot down like a beast in a moment. He had his delicate body lacerated afterwards, to no purpose. He had not thought of it any more than you, but he never once complained. Do you hear? He never once complained, young, weak boy as he was, because his father had willed it, and his elder brother had died a harder death than he. He knew then, if he never knew before, how Christ had died, and died for him. He could die for Christ, if he could not live for Him. Do you not know now, if you never knew it before, how Christ has died for you, and you can yet die for Him, because you can love Him at first sight with a passion of love, and trust Him with your sins, if you have no more the power to live for Him? Why do you quake like the condemned?"



"They clung around Hester where she stood like a rock in a stormy sea."

Christ died for you; and my boy Roger died smiling with love for Him, and I tell you the tale."

Over and over again she preached that sermon, with the light of Heaven growing brighter and broader on her face. Her hearers did not tire of listening to the few simple words. The bold girl behind her burst into tears of penitence and ravished love, and laid her head on her sister's shoulder; the fainting woman's relaxed hands recovered hold, and tremblingly grasped her skirt. The baby on her lap smiled, and stretched up its dimpled hands to her beautiful, inspired face. The very little dumb dog nestled, as if in peace, beside her.

A mist comes over the group, a silence settles on the tumult. Were they saved by a miracle of gallantry and bravery? Did the one poor bungalow hold out, or did its women and children break through, encircled by their handful of men, to

wander for fearful days and nights through hostile heathen villages, under the tropical sun, by the fordless rivers, struggling back to the world with blistered feet? They did not; but, in truth, it does not seem as if that would have been so much more blessed a fate than that after Hester Durham's sermon on her boy Roger: while their souls were all caught and melted, the rebels burst in, and these poor women and little children went up within the hour in a fiery chariot, spanned by the bow of Christ's love, straight to God's mercy-seat.

I would fain hope that I have not by "words without knowledge" darkened a noble picture in seeking to tell its story through another language to those who have not seen it, or who, having seen it, have not taken from it all the consolation it has to give.

SARAH TYTLER.

SISTERHOODS.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

I ENDEAVOURED a few months ago* to sketch out the somewhat dim history of the female diaconate in the early Church, showing that it fell through the introduction of a principle inconsistent with its freedom and individuality, that of religious celibacy. Let us not attribute the introduction of that principle to the Church of Rome as such. It was in the institution of the Church-virgins that it took its rise. Female monachism not only must not be confounded with that institution, but was rather a reaction against it. The "perpetual virgins" almost lose themselves in antiquity; female monachism is not by its eulogists traced further back than Syncletica, contemporary with the Egyptian hermits of the third or fourth century, if not indeed herself an allegorical personage. Whilst the Church-virgin belonged to a particular congregation, and was dependent upon the Church for support,—whilst one at least of the Fathers would exclude the younger virgins from all services of active charity, for fear of the temptations of the flesh,—female monachism was at first active, self-devoted. Not only was the practice of manual labour held incumbent both on the nun and on the monk, but, as I have already said, in the African Church the "sanctimonial virgin,"—i.e., nun—is found towards the close of the fourth century fulfilling many of the functions of the deaconess. Jerome, in his letters to Eustochium,—a poor girl who figures frequently in his correspondence,—speaks of a convent founded by Paula, her mother, which was divided into three bodies, each with a "mother" at the head, though all wore one dress, and in which the inmates worked to make clothes for themselves or

others. Chrysostom speaks of the young girls, not yet 20 years of age, and richly brought up, who had taken to a monastic life; how they worked far harder than maid-servants, receiving the sick to be tended, carrying beds, washing others' feet, and even cooking. Augustin says of the "sanctimonial" women that they "exercise and maintain the body by cloth-weaving, and hand over the garments themselves to the brethren, receiving in turn from them their necessary maintenance." This passage points, I may observe, to a practice of which traces occur again and again, and which bears involuntary homage to the true relation between the sexes, though carrying with it the most awful temptations, the establishment of monasteries for women in close proximity to, and connection with, monasteries for men. Again, he says of the monastic communities: "Many widows and maidens, dwelling together, and seeking a living by the weaving of wool and thread, have at their head the most reverend and well-approved among them; women able and ready, not only to form and regulate the conduct of others, but also to instruct their minds."

Female monachism had, moreover, a further superiority over Church-virginship, in its social character. Not that this can have been wholly absent from the latter. The celibate girls attached to particular churches, and maintained in a special building, would scarcely fail to become, in some way or other, a community,—forming, in fact, the often-spoken-of "choir of the perpetual virgins." Those who were not so attached or maintained would find spiritual help, and material comfort and economy, in living together, and are indeed expressly recommended to do so by a religious writer of the time. Female monachism, however, was social from the

* *Good Words*, February, 1863, p. 133.

beginning. Syncretica, the earliest female hermit, was followed into the desert by other women, who sought to strengthen themselves by her counsel and example. Monachism indeed is, in either sex, contagiously gregarious. By its title (*monachus*, *monacha*, solitary) it seems the breaking-up of the social principle. But in fact it soon becomes one of the strongholds of that principle, and carries it at once to its extremest consequences, by proclaiming all things common among the brethren, since nothing is more invariable than the renouncement of all private wealth by the early monks of either sex. The Church-virgins sang together, walked together in procession, sate together in the church. The nuns might do all this, but, instead of being governed by the presbyter or bishop, they were governed by one of themselves; instead of being maintained by the Church, they maintained themselves; instead of being paupers, they had all things in common. Who can fail to see that the one institution had a bond of union, a living principle, which the other wanted, forced as it was to rely on the individual condition of its members, as professing virginity?

And whilst the vow of celibacy must kill well-nigh altogether the freedom and usefulness of the ordained diaconate of the individual woman, it is obvious that it can yet consist with a large development in various directions of what I may call the natural diaconal functions of women, as soon as these were gathered together in communities. Over such, a *surveillance* could be exercised, both from without and from within,—the latter the more zealous of the two,—and by the creation of a little holy inner world, joined only perhaps to the great outer wicked one by a single grated door, it became possible for the caged saints to serve that great wicked world without receiving much pollution from it. Such is one whole side of the sad story of female monachism,—a great yearlong, lifelong, age-long struggle of the loving female heart to be as useful as it can, without endangering that awful vow. And I think it will be found that, precisely in proportion as that vow is slackened or deferred, so does the work of women, even in the Romish Church, become freer, wholesomer, more perfect in every way.

Female monachism therefore, under that aspect of its nature in which it develops itself as a *collective female diaconate*, becomes now the subject of our investigation. But its growth is so essentially connected with that of male monachism, that until about the eleventh century the two can hardly be distinguished from each other. There are Basilian nuns and Benedictine nuns; nunneries, like monasteries for men, become schools or storehouses of learning, sometimes even centres of intellectual activity. At the beginning of the sixth century, the nunnery founded by St. Cesarius at Arles contained 200 nuns, mostly employed in copying books. Their rule bound them to learn "human letters" for two hours a day, and to work in common, either in transcribing or in female labours, especially in making cloth for their garments, so that they should

not be obliged to purchase from without. In the seventh century (640) Bede shows us Earconberth, King of Kent, sending his daughter to Abbess Fara at Brie, in the region of the Franks; "for at that time, many monasteries not having been yet built in the region of the Angles, many from Britain, for the sake of monastic conversation, used to go to the monasteries of the Franks or of the Gauls, and to send their daughters there to be taught, and to be married to the Heavenly Bridegroom." Two female convents must be especially noted. One is that founded at Tours in the sixth century by Queen Radegund the deaconess, whose earlier story I have told ere this, to whom Fortunatus, the poet of the age, and the last Latin poet who has any title to the name, was chaplain, as well as almoner to the convent. Augustin Thierry has given us a charming account of this pleasant little community, and of the literary relations between Radegund and Sister Agnes, the superior of the convent, on the one hand, and the poet on the other; while the graver Guizot has not disdained to dwell on their poetical intercourse, over which not a breath of scandal floats.

Again, in the Swabian nunnery of Gandesheim, there flourished in the latter half of the tenth century the glory of female monachism during the middle ages, the poetess Hrotsvitha (whose dramatic works have been edited and translated into French, within the last few years, by M. Magnin) herself not the first authoress of her convent. From her writings we find that she was instructed in all the Benedictine learning of the age, in the Holy Scriptures, and the works of ancient authors. Nay, in this German nunnery, which we have no reason to suppose peculiar in its constitution, it is clear that women in the tenth century were familiar with the works of Virgil and Terence, and able to converse in Latin metre; that it was considered in nowise contrary to the religious profession for a nun to write comedies, as she says herself, in imitation of Terence; that she did so amidst the universal applause of the learned; and indeed, that, judging from internal evidence, her plays were actually performed in the convent. Let me add, that, amidst much of pedantry and awkwardness, a true woman's heart is felt beating in this nun's breast. The subjects which she has chosen show the germs still dormant, but most living, of that charity which several centuries later will take visible form in many an asylum for the reformation of female sinners. The nun in her convent is yet engrossed with the spiritual miseries of her sex in the wide world. Two of her plays have for subjects the going forth of hermits to rescue women from vice; and the loving words which she puts in her heroes' mouths express the true spirit of a Christian penitentiary. Very nobly too does she speak of knowledge. "All knowledge that can be known," says one of her holy hermits, "offends not God, but the unrighteousness of him that knoweth." "And to whose praise," he says

again, "can the knowledge of the arts be turned more worthily and justly than to His, who made that which may be known, and gave knowledge? For the more wonderful the law through which we recognise God to have constituted all things by number, measure, and weight, the more fervent we grow in His love."

At the same time, up to the eleventh century or thereabouts, so far is female monachism from having yet found a place in the Romish system as a collective female diaconate, that it seems in danger of being a mere mimic of the male. But a period now comes, in which not only does woman's activity take the advance of man's, and make to itself a vast sphere of exercise in the field of charity, but the idea of fellowship is found striving, above all in the female sex, to set itself free from the grasp of monachism, and to stand forth in its simplicity before the world. Through the gradual evangelization of all the Teutonic and some even of the Slavonic tribes, and in the face of Mahomedan conquests, there had sprung up the feeling of a Christendom, a fellowship among all Christian nations. In the Crusades that feeling found an object and a realisation, however imperfect, for the man. But the same religious fervour, the same instincts of fellowship, which threw Europe upon Asia, and united hostile sovereigns under the banner of the Cross, were at work in the breasts of women. Some went forth with their loved ones to the wars; many entered the cloister till theirs should return. Now monachism was in general far in arrear of the religious fervour of the age. The Benedictines—the dominant order of the West—represent mainly the passive principle of monachism. Quiet, stay-at-home folk, very apt to settle on their lees, requiring frequent reform (thrice in the course of the eleventh century): by these very reforms they show the difficulty they have in satisfying the wants of the time. From the latter part of the eleventh century (1086—1207), other orders spring up to supply their deficiencies,—each combining convents of men and of women,—Carthusians, Bernardines, Trappists, Mathurins, Carmelites,—most of them aiming at increased austerity, all eleemosynary in their constitution. As the Crusades proceed, each more hopeless, more ruinous,—as the patrimony of the lord passes into the hands of Jews, Lombards, enriched serfs, or burghers hardly less despised,—the dowerless widow, the portionless orphan, the ruined wife and daughters, and, still more, the families of the obscure dependents who perish in Syria or Egypt, find ever more and more difficulty in obtaining admission into the old-established houses,—rich, idle, corrupt, grasping. The new orders are indeed open to them, and their austerities may seem grateful to those who have lost all earthly hope. But what of those who seek only a temporary asylum during an absence which they fondly hope is but temporary? What of the unmarried daughters? What of all who, however willing to employ themselves with the utmost zeal for God's service, yet shrink from separating them-

selves wholly from their kind? The cloister will not suit these, even if rich enough to buy admission, or strong enough to bear all austerities.

There was a form of life already in practice, which answered this need, that of the *Béguine* sisterhoods, of which a full account is given in a posthumous Latin work of Mosheim, on the "Béghards and Béguines." The origin of their name appears clearly to be the Teutonic *beg*, or pray, used once in no unfavourable sense; so that béghards and béguines were simply "praying" men and "praying" women. The term "béguine" is the earliest, and Mosheim shows it to have been used in Germany and Belgium as early as the tenth century, to designate widows or unmarried girls, who, without renouncing the society of men or the business of life, nor vowing poverty, perpetual chastity, or absolute obedience, yet led, either at their own homes or in common dwellings, a life of prayer, meditation, and labour. The example of these sisterhoods was followed about the twelfth century by young men in Belgium and France. In the thirteenth century these brotherhoods and sisterhoods flourished greatly. Matthew Paris mentions it as one of the wonders of the age for the year 1250, that "in Germany there rose up an innumerable multitude of those continent women, who wish to be called Béguines, to that extent that Cologne was inhabited by more than 1000 of them." Indeed, by the latter half of this century, there seems to have been scarcely a town of any importance without them in France, Belgium, Northern Germany, and Switzerland.

The first of these fellowships were composed of weavers of either sex; and so diligent were they with their work, that their industry had to be restricted, lest they should deprive the weavers' guilds of their bread. Wholly self-maintained at first, they rendered moreover essential service in the performance of works of charity. As soon as a *Béguinage* became at all firmly established, there were almost invariably added to it hospitals or asylums for the reception, maintenance, or relief of the aged, the poor, the sick. To this purpose were devoted the greater part of the revenues of the sisterhood, however acquired, another portion going to the maintenance of the common chapel. The sisters received moreover young girls, chiefly orphans, to educate; went out to nurse and console the sick, to attend death-beds, to wash and lay out the dead; were called in to pacify family disputes. In short, there is perhaps none of the natural diaconal functions of women which they did not fulfil.

Those who were received among the Béguines were required to be of blameless character; but girls were often received in childhood, and invested with the habit; they were not however called sisters, nor did they take any pledge of obedience to the mistress, till the age of fourteen. Great disorders seeming to have flowed from this practice, we find the Archbishops of Mentz and Magdeburg restricting to forty the age of admission; in one case (1310), re-

markedly enough, by reference to the 1st Pastoral Epistle respecting widows. The Béguines were free to marry at any time. The mistress delivered to each, on her reception, the Béguine's dress, and the veil with which she was to cover her head in public and at religious services: the dress scarcely differing from that in ordinary use by respectable women, but coarse and without ornament; in colour varying with each establishment, but generally blue, grey, or brown; the veil invariably white.

In France and Germany the Béguinage usually consisted of a single house, distributed into separate cells, but with a common refectory and dormitory; in Belgium, on the contrary, as we may see still, there were nearly as many small houses as sisters (thus recalling the clustered hermitages of the early monks); the largest and highest buildings being devoted to common purposes. The mistress had usually a sub-mistress under her; in the larger béguinages, numbering thousands of inmates, there were two or more mistresses.

The Béguines had no community of goods, no common purse for ordinary needs. Nevertheless, those among them who were wholly destitute, or broken down with infirmities, were maintained at the public expense, or out of the poor fund; mendicancy was never allowed, unless in the extremely rare case of the establishment not being able to relieve its poorest members.

As contrasted with the deaconess, it will be seen, the Béguine formed no part of the clergy; received no imposition of hands; took no part in baptism. Her office was merely the general diaconal office of the female sex, but carried on by means of a fellowship, and no longer typified in the individual; yet fulfilled with a singular amount of individual freedom, as contrasted with the female monastic orders. It scarcely appears that, under any circumstances, the Béguine was compelled to go out visiting the sick, by the rule of the béguinage. If she did so, it was rather by virtue of a general understanding that, in order to entitle herself to public countenance, respect, and assistance, she was to show herself really helpful to the needy; or it was as a public functionary, nominated, and presumably paid, by the town.

It would thus appear that the Béguine movement really offers the first complete realisation of the idea of a collective female diaconate, in the shape of free sisterhoods of women.

There has now to be told the struggle of Romish monachism with this movement; how it overcame it, how it appropriated to itself the idea of charitable fellowship, and did it so completely that to this day we Protestants can hardly imagine of a religious fellowship that shall not be Romish.

To the end of the eleventh century, it would seem, we must ascribe the first, strictly speaking, charitable monastic foundation of the Romish Church, that of the Augustinian Hospitaliers of St. John of Jerusalem, fellowships both of men and women, established to provide for the necessities of poor

pilgrims to the Holy Land. The example was largely followed, and the charity of the Hospitaliers soon extended beyond the wants of pilgrims only. Cardinal Jacques de Vitry, who died towards the middle of the thirteenth century, says (as referred to by Father Hélyot, the historian of monastic orders) that there were a great many congregations of men and of women, who, renouncing the world, lived, without property and in common, in leper and other hospitals, under the rule of St. Augustin, to serve the sick and the poor, obeying a superior, and promising perpetual continence. The men dwelt apart from the women, not even eating together with them, but both sexes were present at religious services; and in large houses, when the number of brothers and sisters was great, they met together frequently in chapter, to acknowledge publicly their faults and to do penance. Books were read to them during meals; they kept silence in the refectory, and at other fixed times and places, and had several other observances. Father Hélyot supposes that the cardinal must have had chiefly in view the nuns of the oldest Paris hospital, the *Hôtel Dieu*, where there were in 1217—23, thirty-eight Augustinian monks and twenty-five nuns. But I think we cannot mistake here the results of the Béguine movement. The long novitiate—at first of twelve years—indicates at least a protracted period during which the members were free to withdraw and marry, and differed only from the true Béguines in not earning their own livelihood.

But the true parallel, and eventually the successful conqueror of the Béguines of the North, is to be found in the institute of the Tertiarians, or Third-rule Regulars (Tertiaries, as they are called in the English translation of Mosheim).

When St. Francis had instituted the order of Minor Brethren, and that of the Clarissans, or Poor Ladies—doubting whether he should continue to preach, or withdraw into solitude—he asked his brethren to pray for him, and sent two of them to St. Clara and to the hermit Sylvester, to solicit their prayers for his enlightenment, not deeming himself worthy to implore God on his own behalf. On the messengers' return he washed their feet, kissed them, and kneeling down, with bended head and crossed arms, asked what was the will of God? "God had not called him to think only of his own salvation, but also to labour for that of his neighbours, by preaching the gospel, and by a holy example." St. Francis rose up. "In the name of the Lord, brethren, let us go forth." So he and the two brethren went forth from Assisi, not knowing whither. Reaching the small town of Camerio, two leagues off, Francis preached repentance with such effect that the people were about to leave their goods and their families and to withdraw into cloisters and solitudes. But he dissuaded them from doing so, promising to give ere long a form of life which they might follow without quitting the state to which God had called them. This was the Third Rule of St. Francis (1221), which

spread rapidly through Tuscany, and soon formed congregations in Florence itself.

Before reception as a Tertiarian, male or female, the candidate was examined to see if there should be any scandal about him, if he possessed aught of another's goods, if he had any unreconciled enemy. The husband was not admitted without the consent of the wife, nor the wife without that of the husband, "if he were a faithful Catholic and obedient to the Roman Church." A novitiate of one year was required; after admission, none could leave the order, except to take the solemn vows of religion. The dress of the members was coarse and without ornament, neither quite white, nor quite black. They were forbidden to be present at feasts, plays, balls or dances, and were to see that no members of their family contributed to the expense of such entertainments. Besides various obligations as to temperance, fasting, and religious exercises, they heard every month in common a solemn mass and the preaching of the word of God, and took the communion thrice a year, after reconciliation and restitution of unjustly acquired property. Every member was to accept and faithfully fulfil any office which might be assigned to him by the brotherhood, but all functions were temporary only. The brethren were to preserve peace as far as possible, both among themselves and with the world outside; to avoid and conciliate litigation. Sick brethren were visited once a week, and their wants supplied, if necessary, from the common stock; the funeral of one was attended by all. A general assembly and visitation was held once a year or oftener, when those who, after three warnings, were found incorrigible were expelled. The Tertiarians were sometimes officially charged with charitable duties. At Milan, a body of them, including members of both sexes, were invested with the administration of all pious foundations and the laying out of charitable legacies.

It will be seen at once how nearly the Third Rule of St. Francis answers to the Béguine fellowship,—goes seemingly beyond it in its social character. Active duties of charity are, as with the Béguines, closely connected with a religious life; marriage is not forbidden; men and women join alike the institution—are not even compelled to leave their homes. Some may think such monachism no monachism at all. No more it would be, if the Third Rule of St. Francis had been the First. But the First Rule with all its austerities must exist, that the Third may become possible. The Third Rule only subsists to subordinate brotherhood to monachism, charity to asceticism, and so turn the great danger of the age.

There was essential antipathy between the free fellowships and the monastic orders, especially the Mendicants. Not only did they see the Béguines drawing to themselves a large portion of the liberalities which they would otherwise have monopolized, but a larger. The people had taken into their heads that God would rather listen to the prayers of busy

and laborious, as well as pious, women, whom they saw mixing with them in their daily life, freely submitting their conduct to the scrutiny of others, than to those of monks and nuns confined in cloisters, living upon charity, nor even seldom in vice. So gifts and bequests came freely in from the rich, for the sake of the Béguines' prayers, whilst they shared with the religious orders their most important civil privilege—exemption from taxation. Still worse was it when the Tertiarian fraternities grew up, so closely resembling the Béguines in their discipline. There was no friction at first, for the Béguine movement belonged to the North, and Italy was the theatre of Francis's reforms. But as the new tide of monastic fervour swelled by the establishment of new orders,—Dominicans (1215), &c.—all eleemosynary, all with affiliated female communities, all with more or less the same proselytising missionary character, several of them with Tertiarian congregations clustered round them,—collision between the free and the monastic fraternities became imminent, and a conflict indeed broke out about the middle of the thirteenth century, which lasted till the middle of the fifteenth. Council after council, bull after bull, now denounced and excommunicated Béghards and Béguines as heretical. And with every allowance for monkish jealousies and Romish intolerance,—with all due abhorrence for the stake and the rack, and other coercive means by which the extermination of Béghards and Béguines was pursued,—I cannot but feel that the institution fell, like every other, by its own fault. The free fellowships departed from the spirit of their own foundation. In place of the self-supporting industry and active charity which at first characterised them, there crept in the very opposites of these,—reliance upon others' alms, and indifference to good works. So complete was the change, that the very name of "béghard," *pray-er*, surviving in our "beggar," has come to designate clamorous pauperism, and the name "*beguitta*," synonymous with "béguine," surviving in our "bigot," to designate narrow fanaticism.

But the Béguine sisterhoods of the North were too numerous, too useful, too much in harmony with the spirit of their age and country, too deeply rooted in the affections of the people, to perish before the canons of a council, or a Papal bull. Nor, indeed, it was soon seen, did Rome's safety require that they should perish; since, through the priestly director or confessor, generally an essential part of the organisation of any béguinage, they could be kept in dependence, tempted on into monachism. And thus, parallel with the current of censure against Béghardism and Béguinism as a system, there begins to flow another current of toleration, and even, as the danger diminishes, approval, for those "faithful women, who, having vowed continence, or even without having vowed it, choose honestly to do penance in their hospitals, and serve the Lord of virtues in the spirit of humility" (Bull of Clement V., 1311). By little and little the Béguine sister-

hoods are adopted into the monastic system; in the course of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries they are found growing up in close proximity to Franciscan and Dominican monasteries, taking Dominicans and Franciscans for spiritual directors, receiving rules from them, and becoming mere Tertiarian bodies in connexion with the monastic orders, till Hélyot at last claims them all as Franciscan Tertiarians. The name indeed grew to be applied in common parlance to all religious bodies existing for purposes of active charity, and thereby almost necessarily living under a larger rule. Hélyot relates that in France some béguinages subsisted as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. There was in his days (beginning of the eighteenth) a flourishing one at Amsterdam; whilst almost every traveller in Flanders has visited one or both of the two surviving ones at Ghent or Bruges.

And now, when the danger of these free charitable fellowships had been turned by means of the Tertiarian fraternities, there appears the inevitable tendency of these latter sham-free bodies, in a monastic church, to become monastic by pronouncing the three solemn vows. The Third Rule of St. Francis soon had its professed nuns. Here, indeed, we travel on that border-line between monachism and pure fellowship, where so much of usefulness mingles with the falsehood of professed celibacy, that we know not often whether to blame or praise. When we read of these communities of Tertiarian Hospitaller nuns,—some leaving their convents to succour the sick, to console the dying, to bury the dead; others exercising hospitality without leaving the cloister,—we may think that all this devotedness might have found another field, might have been exercised in another manner, without spilling all abroad that very precious ointment of spikenard, the family affections of a woman's heart,—without those fearful vows which are, as it were, the breaking of the alabaster box itself. But still a voice whispers, "Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me." The worship of these nuns may not be the highest and best, but it is surely genuine. Not upon them be the blame, but upon that Church which misdirects it, and offers them up as holocausts to its idol of Heaven-conquering pride.

To the end of the thirteenth and to the fourteenth century, I suspect, belong mainly the Tertiarian convents proper, and the chief foundations of Hospitaller nuns. Very beautiful is the vow of the Hospitaller nuns of Pontoise: "To be all their life, for the love of Christ, the servants of the sick poor, so far as in them lay, to do and to hold until death." But the real successors of the Béguines were the so-called Alexian brotherhoods and sisterhoods; and the passage from the one to the other is so gradual, that in one bull of Boniface IX. (1395) we are in doubt which are meant. A bull of Eugenius IV. (1431) exhibits, on the other hand, the Alexian fellowships in their full-developed type, under the name of the "poor of voluntary poverty."

They live, it says, "the men by themselves, and the women by themselves, in separate houses, without mutual intercourse, in poverty and continence; frequent churches devoutly in humbleness of spirit; reverently obey the Church of Rome . . . freely receive distressed and other worthy persons into their houses, for hospitality's sake; take charge of the sick on request; carry the bodies of the faithful departed to church burial, even in time of furious pestilence, and exercise other works of piety and charity; give to the poor out of the fruits of their labour and of the alms which they receive; live in common; and, through their faith in Christ, are surrounded with much popular zeal, favour, and affection." Although we have here the new feature of a community of life, we can hardly doubt that we have before us still Béguines, only become stricter and more monastic.

At a later period, these Alexian or Cellite sisterhoods are treated of by Hélyot as Tertiarian nuns or Hospitallers, under the still familiar title of "Grey Sisters." Without revenues of their own, they lived by alms, and served the sick out of doors,—the name of "Hospitallers" belonging properly to those who merely exercised hospitality at their convents. In 1483, common statutes were received by the Grey Sisters of most of the Flemish and Northern French houses. By Hélyot's time several houses had become cloistered, sometimes not without a struggle. At Beauvais, in 1627, the municipal authorities tried to prevent the claustration of the Cellite Sisters, which however was authorised by the provincial parliament, the nuns retaining their convent-house, an old béguinage. At Nancy, in 1696, the Bishop of Toul tried to compel the claustration of the Grey Sisters of the city. This time, however, on appealing to the provincial parliament, they obtained leave to remain as they were. It is impossible to doubt that the bulk of Hélyot's "Grey Sisters," and of some "Black Sisters," whom he also speaks of as Cellites, are monasticised Béguines. The works on which they are engaged, the localities in which they flourish, are the same; and surely it was the old healthy Béguine spirit which spoke out in that successful protest of the Nancy Grey Sisters against claustration.

It is observable that, although the mission of the male Franciscans and Dominicans was specially one of preaching and teaching, the religious impulse given by Francis and Dominic took shape among women in offices of physical charity rather than of instruction. No doubt the stricter female communities in connexion with the new missionary orders, especially when cloistered, took in young girls to educate; for the strictest claustration generally allows in the long-run this outlet to the nun's poor heart. But educational labours did not form in the thirteenth century, as they did two centuries later, a prominent part of the nun's or Tertiarian sister's vocation. Perhaps the first indication of an educational impulse occurs in the foundation

by Nicola Orsini, Count of Spoleto, towards 1354, in a Clarissan convent at Genoa, of a college of canonesses, to bring up young girls in piety till they should be in a condition to choose their calling. But the origin of the great educational movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as that of the great charitable movement of the twelfth and thirteenth, belongs to free religious fellowships, which flourished in the same regions as those of the Béghards and Béguines, and took up their work,—the Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods of the Clerks of the Common Life, or Gerardins, founded in the fourteenth century by Gerard Groot of Deventer. The male members of this institute lived together in common houses, took no vows, but had a common table, a community of goods, and earned their livelihood by teaching the young and copying manuscripts. The sisters lived under the same rule, teaching young girls, and occupied in other womanly labours. The fact of these persons living together a religious and industrious life was enough to make the people call them Béghards and Béguines; enough also to draw upon them the hostility of the regular clergy to those names. But the great Gerson took up the defence of the Gerardins, and the Council of Constance (1414) finally acquitted them, in common with the Alexians, and the true Béghards and Béguines (now mere mendicant fraternities), of the accusations brought against them.

And now came the era of the Reformation, and of the prodigious intellectual development which accompanied it, growing always more and more away from Romanism, until that intellectual development was in part turned again to the profit of the monastic church, through the rise of the Jesuits, and of the female educational orders.

Only as members of some affiliated congregation, or of some female religious order closely analogous to, but not identical with, that of the Jesuits, have women been found able to serve the purposes of Jesuitism. Twice were Jesuitesses established, and twice in vain. Ignatius confessed that "the governing of these women gave him more trouble than all the company;" so that the first community of Jesuitesses, founded in 1545, was put an end to in 1547; and when the attempt was renewed in the next century, Pope Urban VIII. had again to put them down in 1631. In other words, Jesuitism in its typical form—monachism in its last development—is so utterly inhuman, that woman cannot be moulded to it. But the true counterpart to the rise of Jesuitism is to be found in that of the female educational and missionary orders. The "Angelicals" of the sixteenth century used at first to accompany the regular clergy in their missions, seeking to convert women, as the latter, men. Cardinal Ximenes, at the beginning of the same century, founded in Spain convents composed of a limited number of nuns, with annexed communities of young girls, who were to be brought up till marriage or profession, and endowed in case of

marriage. Many similar institutions rose up in Spanish America, for the benefit of the young Indian girls, who were educated by four and five hundred at a time. The first great female educational order is however that of the Ursulines, founded in 1537 by Angela of Brescia, though not, in fact, for educational purposes. She insisted that all the girls of her congregation should remain in the world each in her parent's house, from whence they should go forth to seek out the afflicted for comfort and instruction, to assist the poor, visit the hospitals, tend the sick, and for any work of charity which might offer. Although the founder soon died (1540), the order spread rapidly. It seems to have first assumed its educational character in 1575, when the Ursulines of Parma and Foligno were established to instruct little girls gratuitously in reading, writing, and the catechism. By 1715, there were 350 Ursuline houses, divided among several "congregations;" some of these with affiliated "fellowships" of ladies, for the succouring of the poor at hospitals, of prisoners, and the teaching of trades to poor girls. To the nun, be it observed, belongs the home-work of teaching; to the secular associate, the out-of-door work of relief. Thus monachism uses the lever of free fellowship to move the world.

Augustinians and others soon followed in the wake of the Ursulines, as might be shown in tedious detail. Existing female orders, if reformed in the sixteenth century, generally adopted education for their purpose, or new foundations were established with this view. When a convent of Capucines or strict Clarissans was founded at Rome in 1575, on the old Franciscan basis of manual labour, it was made at the same time a school for young girls. When the order of "Our Lady," ranked as Benedictine, was founded at Bordeaux in 1603, its especial object was the education of young women, and the counteraction of the mischief caused by the schools of the heretics, whilst the order itself was modelled on that of the Jesuits. Indeed from this period, whatever be the primary purpose of any female religious order, education comes almost invariably to be superadded to it. Thus the celebrated abbey of the "Daughters of the Holy Sacrament" at Port Royal was reformed for the (to us) blasphemous purpose of the perpetual adoration of the Host. Yet, in addition to many works of charity which he enumerates, their contemporary historian, the French poet, Racine, particularly specifies the excellent education given by the nuns, who sought to render their pupils equally capable of becoming "perfect nuns or excellent mothers of families."* And one of the most ruinous blows afterwards aimed at them by their Jesuit persecutors was the forbiddance to take in young girls as boarders. It should, indeed, be observed that in

* The readers of Victor Hugo's "Misérables" will recollect the precisely similar instance of the Benedictine-Bernardines of Picpus, whose economy he has so vividly described.

time a distinction grew up, which still subsists, between those foundations for charitable education, which exist really for the sake of the poor and the destitute, and those which are simply religious boarding-schools,—sometimes very costly ones,—for the education of girls, not only of the middle but of the very highest classes.

Meanwhile, at the beginning of the seventeenth century,—whether stimulated or not by the example of a short-lived Protestant society of women, of which rather too much has, I think, been made by Protestant partizans of the female diaconate, the “Damsels of Charity” of Sédan (seemingly only a Ladies’ Visiting Society),—a new tide began to flow in female monachism. Education was no longer alone considered; physical suffering reasserted its claim; and there shone forth a spirit of womanly tenderness to the fallen, embodying itself in the female reformatory orders.

Vincent de Paule, preaching in a French country town, recommended a poor family so strongly to his hearers that many persons went to visit them. Hence arose a charitable fraternity for the succouring of the sick (1617), with which he was so much pleased that he resolved to found congregations for the like purpose wherever he should go. By 1629 these had so multiplied that he was obliged to delegate the charge of them to a lady, Mademoiselle Legras, who had originally wished to enter a convent, but from seeing his example had resolved to devote herself wholly to the poor. At first, in the villages and small towns where the “fraternities of charity” originated, the female members relieved personally the wants of the poor, made their beds, and prepared their food and medicines. But when several had been established at Paris, ladies of high rank entering into them, “who could not,” says Hélyot, “render personally to the poor the required services,” country girls were sought out as “servants of the poor,” of whom many offered themselves for life. These were at first dependent on the ladies of the parish “fraternity,” and unconnected among themselves. Vincent de Paule sought to form them into a community, and placed several with Mademoiselle Legras, who now organised a system which spread far and wide.

Thus the work divided into two branches: these communities of women, mostly of the working classes, the true “Sisters of Charity, servants of the poor,” and the visiting societies of ladies, mostly employing one or more “Sisters of Charity” under them. The former institute was however, as such, quite independent of the latter. The “servants of the poor” received successively the charge of the Foundling Hospital, and of two other charitable establishments in Paris, and, through their branches, of several provincial hospitals; were sent to the army, for the care of the sick and wounded soldiers; or, on the Queen of Poland’s request, as far as to Poland, where they received the charge of the plague-stricken in Warsaw (1652), and afterwards that of an asylum for orphan or deserted girls.

When Hélyot wrote in 1719, they had 290 establishments in France, Poland, and the Netherlands, comprising more than 1500 women. The sisters had generally no property; their very lodgings were held consecrated to the poor. They were maintained by the hospitals where they served, and received a very trifling sum for extra expenses. Candidates were admitted to the seminary of the establishment, after strict inquiry into their character, on payment of a small sum for dress and furniture; being entitled to take away whatever they brought in, should they leave the institution. At the lapse of six months they received the sisters’ dress, and began to be instructed; when deemed competent, they were sent out as required. After five years’ probation, they took simple vows, renewable annually. From time to time they were called back to the seminary, for an eight days’ “retreat.” The superior, elected for three years, was re-eligible for three more. But Mlle. Legras was elected for life.

I have dwelt upon the institute of the “Sisters of Charity” at greater length probably than its intrinsic merits required. But, confounded as it generally is by Protestants with many other similar bodies, although itself forming but a prominent detail in the history of Romish charities, it embodies probably for many all that they know of those charities. Viewed in itself, with its class distinctions, it seems to me far inferior in spiritual beauty to Béguinism, or to several forms of Romish sisterhoods. It exhibits indeed a further disentanglement in the Romish Church of the principle of fellowship from the monastic system. The Sisterhoods of Charity do not, like the Tertiarian fellowships, look up to a First or a Second Rule. The very ground of their formation is found in the recoil of Mlle. Legras from the temptations of the cloister. And thus, instead of the charitable fellowship being a mere outside appendage, bulwark, ornament, and at the same time highway to the cloister, it becomes a centre itself, round which clusters again the larger growth of a visiting society.

Second only to the “Sisters of Charity” is the “Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph,” founded by the Bishop of Puy in 1650. The purposes of this institute included all works whatsoever of charity and mercy; the management and nursing of the sick in hospitals, the direction of refuges for penitents, the care of houses for poor orphan girls; schools for the education of little girls, wherever no sisterhoods bound by solemn vows were at hand to hold them; the daily visiting of the sick and of prisoners. The sisters looked especially after poor girls in danger of losing their honour, trying to find lodgings and work for them; sought to establish charitable fraternities of married and unmarried women where none existed; held once a month a ladies’ meeting for the visiting of the sick poor of the parish; besides private Sunday and saints’ day meetings, of widows, married women and girls separately, to converse on religious or

charitable subjects. After two years' novitiate, the sisters made simple vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, humility, and charity. They were authorised to form in villages small communities of three or four affiliated sisters, who only pronounced the three first vows, and were dependent on the superior of the nearest house of their congregation.

Observe that the two great sisterhoods of "Charity" and of the "Congregation of St. Joseph" pronounced only simple, *i.e.*, releasable vows, and the former only from year to year and after a long novitiate. It will be found, I think, almost invariably, that female monachism in its strictest form only exercises Christian charity within the four walls of its convents; that its sphere of usefulness is mainly confined to the education of infants and young girls, the reformation of the erring, perhaps the care of the female sick; that as soon as its charity, even towards the sick, expands to reach the other sex, a long novitiate becomes indispensable, simple vows are substituted for solemn. In other words, as the usefulness of female monachism extends, so must its monastic character sit the looser upon it, and the "sisterhood" take more and more the place of the "order." Would you know how the two principles struggle together? In 1628, the Hospitallers of Toulouse wished to found a hospital for receiving the sick. The council of the order forbade them. It was enough for them to share in the charity which the Knights, to whom they were affiliated, practised with so much edification at the hospital of Malta. So these poor souls, longing to devote themselves to active charity, were put off with the dry husks of a fictitious participation in the merits of others' good works. Would you note the superior efficacy, for active duties, of the comparatively free sisterhood? A secular congregation of Hospitallers under simple vows, and with a five years' novitiate, was placed in charge of the hospitals of Dijon in 1668, after a body of nuns had failed to give satisfaction. Would you see how the free sisterhood gradually loses its efficiency by becoming monasticised? In the order "of the Visitation of our Lady," founded by François de Sales at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the sisters, whilst uncloistered and pronouncing simple vows, used to devote themselves to ordinary works of mercy, such as visiting, relieving, and nursing the sick. In 1626, they became, as the term is, a "religion," changing their simple vows for solemn, attempted the reformation of women, and were entrusted with the direction of a Paris prison for female offenders; and they were received in Poland upon similar terms. Yet in Poland the purpose of their institute was eventually changed to the mere instructing of little girls; in France, they had to give up the charge of the prison which had been entrusted to them, and in Hélyot's time their main work had sunk to the almost passive one of giving an asylum to infirm women and girls. Not, however, that solemn

vows themselves could altogether stifle the active charities of women in this age, although undoubtedly the main strength of the Romish charitable movement lay in the "congregations" as distinct from the "religions." Several orders of Hospitaller nuns — I may mention the "Bethlehemites" of Guatemala — were founded in the seventeenth century, one of which at least took the vow to "serve the poor uncloistered." To the beginning of the seventeenth century belongs also the great reform by "Mother Geneviève Bouquet," a goldsmith's daughter, of the Paris Hospitallers. It should not however be overlooked that the novitiate in this order, although reduced from twelve years, which it had been in the old Béguine days, to seven, was still unusually long.

The new charitable work of female monachism in the seventeenth century was however that of the reformation of erring women. Of the female orders founded for this purpose I will only mention two.

That of "Our Lady of the Refuge" was established in 1624 by a lady whose romantic personal history is given at length by the gossipy Hélyot. She began by taking two women from the streets into her own house, then others, till the number rose to twenty; she herself with her three daughters waiting upon them, one cooking, another serving at table, the third reading to them. When the establishment was finally organised in 1634, the honourable and the penitent formed still but one body, alike in dress and life, except that the virtuous were always to be chosen as superiors, and for offices of responsibility; but lest the institute should ever degenerate into an ordinary convent, the penitents were always to form two-thirds of the whole number. The community was thus divided into three classes: those sisters who devoted themselves entirely to the work of reformation; the penitents, who, being deemed really converted, were admitted to the same profession as the virtuous sisters; and those who were not yet deemed awake to religious feelings. No married woman was admitted unless separated from her husband, or with his consent.

Very beautiful also is the institute of the "Daughters of the Good Shepherd," a much later foundation, established for penitents of all countries, who were freely maintained, beyond the expense of the first dress. The sisters were received at twenty-three, after two years' probation, wore the same dress as the penitents, and were lodged and fed the same. Every sister on her reception kissed all the penitents, waited on them at dinner, and kissed their feet afterwards.

Many other bodies — mostly of a mixed character, partly educational, partly for purposes of physical relief, or again, of moral reformation — were founded during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, most of them under simple vows only, the history of whose establishment offers often noble instances of female self-devotion. But the study of these would lead us no further into our subject; nor shall I attempt to carry down the story from where

Hélyot leaves it, before the middle of the eighteenth century. Since then, old orders have become decayed or been reformed: new ones have been founded. But I have yet to learn that any new development of monachism has taken place. On the contrary, the real wonder is to find such a general identity between the picture drawn a hundred and more years ago, and the original as we see it now. Still, throughout every Roman Catholic country, is the education of girls mainly or wholly in the hands of female communities. Still are "Sisters of Charity" or "Mercy," of "St. Joseph," &c., at work in almost every Romish Hospital, and earning, by their self-devotion and skill, the praise of every English surgeon who studies in foreign wards. Still are "Grey Sisters" sought for as private nurses throughout all their olden haunts, from the Channel to the heart of Switzerland. Still is almost every Roman Catholic refuge, reformatory, penitentiary, prison (for females at least), under the control of re-

ligious sisterhoods—as, for instance, the well-known Asylum of the Good Shepherd at Hammersmith. The Papacy may tremble on its base, but the Collective Female Diaconate of the Romish Sisterhood is rooted in almost all lands.

And with the "Sisterhood," it will be obvious the "Deaconesses' Institute" of modern Protestantism has in fact much more in common than with the individual female diaconate of the earlier Church. But if, as I trust to have shown, the Sisterhood, though indispensable to the charitable machinery of the Church of Rome, yet belongs to her no more than the individual female diaconate, but has, on the contrary, been persecuted by her wherever it has sought to exist as a free organisation, then are both institutions freely open to adoption by Protestant churches: the real question being, as it seems to me, how far they should be combined, how far modified, in reference to the wants of the time.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE "FOOLS."

No one attempting to describe from personal knowledge the characteristics of Highland life, can omit some mention, in memoriam, of the fools. It must indeed be admitted that the term "fool" is ambiguous, and embraces individuals in all trades, professions, and ranks of society. But those I have in my mind were not so injurious to society, nor so

stupid and disagreeable, as the large class commonly called "fools." Nor is the true type of "fool," a witless idiot like the Cretin, nor a raving madman, fit only for Bedlam;—but "a pleasant fellow i' faith, with his brains somewhat in disorder."

I do not know whether "fools" are held in such high estimation in the Highlands as they used to be in that time which we call "our day." It may

* Two correspondents have been obliging enough to favour me with communications as to the laws enacted in England and Scotland, on the wrapping of dead bodies in woollen for burial, to which reference was made in chap. xi. (note to p. 445) of our "Reminiscences." An English correspondent writes—

"The Act to which you refer for the encouragement of the woollen trade, was passed 30 Charles II., stat. 1, c. 3, 1678. The Act was unpopular and fell into disuse, and was finally repealed 54 Geo. III., c. 108, 1814.

"The Rev. G. F. Townsend (now of Burleigh Street Church, Strand) refers to this in his 'History of Leominster,' published October, 1862, of which place he was vicar, and gives some curious extracts from their parish register on this subject. He also gave me one of the original certificates—and I now present it to you, as it may be of some little service to you.

"Pope, you may remember, refers to the custom:—

"'Odius! in woollen: 'twould a saint provoke!'

Were the last words the fair Narcissa spoke:

'No! let a charming chintz and Brussels lace

Wrap my cold hands and shade my lifeless face!'"

The following is the quaint certificate referred to:

"Mrs. Eliz. Watcham, of the Borough of Leominster, in the County of Hereford, maketh Oath, That Mr. Solomon Long, of the Borough aforesaid, of the County aforesaid, lately deceased, was not put in, wrapt, or wound up, or Buried in any Shirt, Shift, Sheet or Shroud, made or mingled with Flax, Hemp, Silk, Hair, Gold or Silver, or other than what is made of Sheeps-Wool only: Nor in any Coffin lined or faced with any Cloth, Stuff, or any other Thing whatsoever, made or mingled with Flax, Hemp, Silk, Hair, Gold, or Silver, or any other Material, contrary to the late Act of Parliament for

Burying in Woollen, but Sheeps-Wool only. Dated the Third Day of October, in the Third Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second, by the Grace of GOD, King, of Great-Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Annoq; Dom^o 1729.

"Sealed and Subscribed by us who were present, and Witnesses to the Swearing of the above-said Affidavit.

"PENELOPE POWELL.
ELIZ. x JONES.

"I, Caleb Powell, do hereby Certify, that the Day and Year abovesaid, the said Eliz. Watcham came before me, and made such Affidavit as is above specified, according to the late Act of Parliament, intituled, an 'Act for Burying in Woollen.' Witness my Hand, the Day and Year first above-written.

"CALEB POWELL."

A Scotch correspondent writes us on the same subject: "There are various old Scottish statutes regulating the cloth to be used at burials. One is the statute of James VII. 1686, cap. 16, enacting that no 'corps' should be buried in any cloth but 'plain linen, or cloth of hards, made and spun within the Kingdom,' and specially prohibiting the use of 'Holland; or other linen-cloth made in other Kingdoms, and all silk, hair, or woollen, gold or silver, or any other stuff whatsoever, than what is made of flax or hards, spun and wrought within the Kingdom.' And two responsible parties in the parish had to certify in the case of every burial that the statute had been complied with; and had to bring a certificate to that effect to the minister of the parish who was then to record the same. The statute was re-enacted, with some sumptuary clauses in 1695, but both were repealed in the last Scottish parliament (1707, c. 14) before the union.—

be that the Poor Laws have banished them to the calm and soothing retreat of the workhouse; or that the moral and intellectual education of the people by government pupils, and Queen's scholars, have rendered them incapable of being amused by any abnormal conditions of the intellect; but I am obliged to confess that I have always had a foolish weakness for "fools"—a decided sympathy with them—and that they occupy a very fresh and pleasing portion of my reminiscences of "the Parish."

The Highland "fool" was the special property of the district in which he lived. He was not considered a burthen upon the community, but a privilege to them. He wandered at his own sweet will wherever he pleased, "over the muir among the heather;" along highways and bye-ways, with no let or hindrance from parish beadles, rural police, or poor-law authorities.

Every one knew the "fool," and liked him as a sort of protégé of the public. Every house was open to him, though he had his favourite places of call. But he was too wise to call as a fashionable formal visitor, merely to leave his card and depart if his friend was "not at home." The temporary absence of landlord or landlady made little difference to him. He came to pay a visit, to enjoy the society of his friends, and to remain with them for days, perhaps for weeks, possibly for months even. He was sure to be welcomed, and never churled or sent away until he chose to depart. Nay, he was often coaxed to prolong the agreeable visit which was intended as a compliment to the family, and which the family professed to accept as such. It was, therefore, quite an event when some rare fool arrived, illustrious for his wit. His appearance was hailed by all in the establishment, from the shepherds, herds, workmen, and domestic servants, up to the heads of the family, with their happy boys and girls. The news spread rapidly from the kitchen to the drawing-room—"Calum,' 'Archy,' or 'Duncan' fool, is come!" and all would gather round him to draw forth his peculiarities.

It must be remembered that the Highland kitchen, which was the "fool's" stage, his court, his reception and levee room, and which was cheered at night by his brilliant conversation, was like no other similar culinary establishment, except, perhaps, that in the old Irish house. The prim model of civilised propriety, with its pure well-washed floors and whitewashed walls, its glittering pans, burnished covers, clean tidy fireside

with roasting-jack, oven and hot plate, a sort of cooking drawing-room, an artistic studio for roasts and boils, was utterly unknown in the genuine Highland mansion of a former generation. The Highland kitchen had, no doubt, its cooking apparatus, its enormous pot that was hung from its iron chain amidst the reek in the great chimney; its pans embosomed in glowing peats, and whatever other instrumentality (possibly an additional peat fire on the floor) was required to prepare savoury joints, with such barn-door dainties as ducks and hens, turkeys and geese—all supplied from the farm in such quantities as would terrify the modern cook and landlady if required to provide them daily from the market. The cooking of the Highland kitchen was also a continued process, like that on a passenger steamer on a long voyage. Different classes had to be served at different periods of the day, from early dawn till night. There were, therefore, huge pots of superb potatoes "laughing in their skins," and as huge pots of porridge poured into immense wooden dishes, with the occasional dinner luxury of Braxy—a species of mutton which need not be too minutely inquired into. These supplies were disposed of by the frequenters of the kitchen, dairymaids and all sorts of maids, with shepherds, farmservants male and female, and herds full of fun and grimace, and by a constant supply of strangers, with a beggar and probably a "fool" at the side-table. The kitchen was thus a sort of caravansera, in which crowds of men and women, accompanied by sheep-dogs and terriers, came and went; and into whose precincts ducks, hens, and turkeys strayed as often as they could to pick up débris. The world in the drawing-room was totally separated from this world in the kitchen. The "gentry" in "the room" were supposed to look down upon it as on things belonging to another sphere, governed by its own laws and customs, with which they had no wish to interfere. And thus it was that "waifs" and "fools" came to the kitchen and fed there, as a matter of course, having a bed in the barn at night. All passers-by got their "bite and sup" in it readily and cheerfully. Servants' wages were nominal, and food was abundant from moor and loch, sea and land. To do justice to the establishment I ought to mention that connected with the kitchen there was generally a room called "the Servants' Hall," where the more distinguished strangers—such as "the post" or packman, with perhaps the tailor or shoemaker when these were necessarily resident for some weeks in the House—took their meals along with the housekeeper and more "genteel" servants.

I have, perhaps, given the impression that these illustrious visitants, the "fools," belonged to that Parish merely in which the houses that they frequented were situated. This was not the case. The fool was quite a cosmopolitan. He wandered like a wild bird over a large tract of country, though he had favourite nests and places of refuge. His selection of these was judiciously made accord-

That act forbade the use of linen at burials; and ordered that 'hereafter no corps of any person of what condition or quality soever shall be buried in linen of whatever kind; and that where linen has been made use of about dead bodies formerly, plain woolen cloath or stuff shall only be made use of in all time coming.'

"The preambles of the first two statutes declare the object to be the encouragement of linen manufacture in the kingdom, and the prevention of the exportation of money for foreign goods; and the preamble of Queen Anne's Act (1707), declares its object to be the encouragement of 'the manufacture of wool' within the kingdom."

ing to the comparative merits of the treatment which he received from his many friends. I have known some cases in which the attachment became so great between the fool and the household that a hut was built and furnished for his permanent use. From this he could wander abroad when he wished a change of air or of society. Many families had their fool—their Wamba or jester—who made himself not only amusing but useful, by running messages and doing out-of-the-way jobs requiring little wit but often strength and time.

As far as my knowledge goes, or my memory serves me, the treatment of these Parish characters was most benevolent. Any teasing or annoyance which they received detracted slightly, if at all, from the sum of their happiness. It was but the friction which elicited their sparks and crackling fun; accordingly the boys round the fire-side at night could not resist applying it, nor their elders from enjoying it; while the peculiar claims of the fool to be considered lord or king, admiral or general, an eight-day clock or brittle glass, were cheerfully acquiesced in. Few men with all their wits about them could lead a more free or congenial life than the Highland fool with his wit only.

One of the most distinguished fools of my acquaintance was "Allan-nan-Con," or Allan of the Dogs. He had been drafted as a soldier, but owing to some breach of military etiquette on his part, when under inspection by Sir Ralph Abercromby, he was condemned as a fool, and immediately sent home. I must admit that Allan's subsequent career fully confirmed the correctness of Sir Ralph's judgment. His peculiarity was his love of dogs. He wore a long loose great-coat bound round his waist by a rope. The great-coat bagged over the rope, and within its loose and warm recesses a number of pups nestled while on his journey, so that his waist always seemed to be in motion. The parent dogs, four or five in number, followed on foot, and always in a certain order of march, and any straggler or undisciplined cur not keeping his own place received sharp admonition from Allan's long pike-staff. His head-dress was a large Highland bonnet, beneath which appeared a small sharp face, with bright eyes and thin-lipped mouth full of sarcasm and humour. Allan spent his nights often among the hills. "My house," he used to say, "is where the sun sets." He managed, on retiring to rest, to arrange his dogs round his body so as to receive the greatest benefit from their warmth. Their training was the great object of his life; and his pupils would have astonished any government inspector by their prompt obedience to their master's commands and their wonderful knowledge of the Gaelic language.

I remember on one occasion when Allan was about to leave "the Manse," he put his dogs, for my amusement, through some of their *drill*, as he called it. They were all sleeping round the kitchen fire, the pups freed from the girdle, and wandering at liberty, when Allan said, "Go out, one

of you my children, and let me know if the day is fair or wet." A dog instantly rose, while the others kept their places, and with erect tail went out. Returning, it placed itself by Allan's side, so that he might by passing his hand along its back discover whether it was wet or dry! "Go," he again said, "and tell that foolish child"—one of the pups—"who is frolicking outside of the house, to come in." Another dog rose, departed, and returned wagging his tail and looking up to Allan's face. "Oh, he won't come, won't he? Then go and bring him in, and if necessary by force!" The dog again departed, but this time carried the yelping pup in his mouth, and laid it at Allan's feet. "Now, my dear children, let us be going," said Allan, rising, as if to proceed on his journey. But at this moment two terriers began to fight,—though it seemed a mimic battle,—while an old sagacious-looking collie never moved from his comfortable place beside the fire. To understand this scene, though, you must know that Allan had taken offence at the excellent sheriff of the district because of his having refused him some responsible situation on his property, and to revenge himself had trained his dogs to act the drama which was now in progress. Addressing the apparently sleeping dog, whom he called "the Sheriff," he said, "There you lie, you lazy dog, enjoying yourself when the laws are breaking by unseemly disputes and fights! But what care you if you get your meat and drink! Shame upon you, Sheriff. It seems that I even must teach you your duty. Get up this moment, sir, or I shall bring my staff down on your head, and make these wicked dogs keep the peace!" In an instant "the Sheriff" rose and separated the combatants.

It was thus that, when any one offended Allan past all possibility of forgiveness, he immediately trained one of the dogs to illustrate his character, and taught it lessons, by which in every house he could turn his supposed enemy into ridicule. A farmer, irritated by this kind of *dogmatic* intolerance, ordered Allan to leave his farm. "Leave it, forsooth!" replied Allan, with a sarcastic sneer. "Could I possibly, sir, take it with me, be assured I would do so rather than leave it to you!"

When Allan was dying he called his dogs beside him, and told them to lie close and keep him warm, as the chill of death was coming over him. He then bade them farewell, as his "children and best friends," and hoped they would find a master who would take care of them and teach them as he had done. The old woman, in whose hut the poor fool lay, comforted him by telling him how, according to the humane belief of her country, all whom God had deprived of reason were sure to go to heaven, and that he would soon be there. "I don't know very well," said Allan, with his last breath, "where I am going, as I never travelled far; but if it is possible, I will come back for my dogs; and, mind you," he added, with emphasis, "to punish the Sheriff for refusing me that situation!"

Another most entertaining fool was Donald

Cameron. Donald was never more brilliant than when narrating his submarine voyages, and his adventures, as he walked along the bottom of the sea passing from island to island. He had an endless variety of stories about the wrecks which he visited in the caverns of the deep, and above all of his interviews with the fish, small and great, whom he met during his strange voyages, or journeys, rather. "On one occasion," I remember his telling me with grave earnestness, as we sat together fishing from a rock, "I was sadly put about, my boy, when coming from the island of Tyree. Ha! ha! ha! It makes me laugh to think of it now, though at the time it was very vexing. It was very stormy weather, and the walking was difficult, and the road long. I at last became very hungry, and looked out for some hospitable house where I could find rest and refreshment. I was fortunate enough to meet a turbot, an old acquaintance, who invited me, most kindly, to a marriage party which was that day to be in his family. The marriage was between a daughter of his own, and a well-to-do flounder. So I went with the decent fellow, and entered a fine house of shells and tangle, most beautiful to see. The dinner came, and it was all one could wish. There was plenty, I assure you, to eat and drink, for the turbot had a large fishing bank almost to himself to ply his trade on, and he was too experienced to be cheated by the hook of any fisherman, Highland or Lowland. He had also been very industrious, as indeed were all his family. So he had good means. But as we sat down to our feast, and my mouth was watering—just as I had the bountiful board under my nose, who should come suddenly upon us with a rush, but a tremendous cod, that was angry because the turbot's daughter had accepted a poor thin, flat flounder, instead of his own eldest son, a fine red-rock cod. The savage, rude brute gave such a fillip with his tail against the table, that it upset; and what happened, my dear, but that the turbot, with all the guests, flounders, skate, haddock, and whiting, thinking, I suppose, that it was a sow of the ocean (a whale), rushed away in a fright; and I can tell you, calf of my heart, that when I myself saw the cod's big head and mouth and staring eyes, with his red gills going like a pair of fanners, and when I got a touch of his tail, I was glad to be off with the rest; so I took to my heels and escaped among the long tangle. Pfu! what a race of hide and seek that was! Fortunately for me I was near the point of Ardnamurchan, where I landed in safety, and got to Donald M'Lachlan's house wet and weary. Wasn't that an adventure? And now," concluded my friend, "I'll put on, with your leave, a very large bait of cockles on my hook, and perhaps I may catch some of that rascally cod's descendants!"

"Barefooted Lachlan," another Parish worthy, was famous as a swimmer. He lived for hours in the water, and alarmed more than one boat's crew, who perceived a mysterious object—it might be the sea-serpent—a mile or two from the shore, now

appearing like a large seal, and again causing the water to foam with gambols like those of a much larger animal. They cautiously drew near, and saw with wonder what seemed to be the body of a human being floating on the surface of the water. With greatest caution an oar was slowly moved towards it; but just as the supposed dead body was touched, the eyes, hitherto shut, in order to keep up the intended deception, would suddenly open, and with a loud shout and laugh, Lachlan would attempt to seize the oar, to the terror and astonishment of those who were ignorant of his fancies.

The belief in his swimming powers—which in truth were wonderful—became so exaggerated that his friends, even when out of sight of land, would not have been surprised to have been hailed and boarded by him. If any unusual appearance was seen on the surface of the water along the coast of the Parish, and rowers paused to consider whether it was a play of fish or a pursuing whale, it was not unlikely that one of them would at last say, as affording the most probable solution of the mystery, "I believe myself it is Barefooted Lachlan!"

Poor Lachlan had become so accustomed to this kind of fishy existence that he attached no more value to clothes than a merman does. He looked upon them as a great practical grievance. To wear them on his aquatic excursions was at once unnecessary and inconvenient, and to be obliged, despite of tides and winds, to return from a distant swimming excursion to the spot on the shore where they had been left, was to him an intolerable bore. A tattered shirt and kilt were not worth all this trouble. In adjusting his wardrobe to meet the demands of the sea, it must be confessed that Lachlan forgot the fair demands of the land. Society at last rebelled against his judgment, and the poor-law authorities having been appealed to, were compelled to try the expensive but necessary experiment of boarding Lachlan in a pauper asylum in the Lowlands, rather than permit him to wander about unadorned as a fish out of water. When he landed at the Broomielaw, and saw all its brilliant gas lights, and beheld for the first time in his life a great street with houses which seemed palaces, he whispered with a smile to his keepers, "Surely this is heaven! am I right?" But when he passed onward to his asylum, through the railway tunnel with its smoke and noise, he trembled with horror, declaring that now, alas! he was in the lower regions and lost for ever. The swimmer did not prosper when deprived of his long freedom among the winds and waves of Ocean, but died in a few days after entering the well-regulated home provided for his comfort by law. Had it not been for his primitive taste in clothes, and his want of appreciation of any better or more complete covering than his tanned skin afforded, I would have protested against confining him in a workhouse as a cruel and needless incarceration, and pleaded for him as Wordsworth did for his Cumberland beggar:

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

While engaged in the unusual task of writing the biographies of fools, I cannot forget one who, though not belonging to "the Parish," was better known perhaps than any other in the Western Highlands. The man I speak of was "Gillespie Aotrom," or "light-headed Archy," of the Isle of Skye. Archy was perhaps the most famous character of his day in that island. When I first made his acquaintance a quarter of a century ago, he was eighty years of age, and had been a notorious and much-admired fool during all that period—from the time, at least, in which he had first babbled folly at his mother's knee. Archy, though a public beggar, possessed excellent manners. He was welcomed in every house in Skye; and if the landlord had any appreciation of wit, or if he was afraid of being made the subject of some sarcastic song or witty epigram, he was sure to ask Archy into the dining-room after dinner, to enjoy his racy conversation. The fool never on such occasions betrayed the slightest sense of being patronised, but made his bow, sat down, accepted with respect, ease, and grace his glass of wine or whisky punch, and was ready to engage in any war of joke or repartee, and to sing some inimitable songs, which hit off with rare cleverness the infirmities and frailties of the leading people of the island—especially the clergy. Some of the clergy and gentry happened to be so sensitive to the power and influence of this fool's wit, which was sure to be repeated at "kirk and market," that it was alleged they paid him black-mail in meat and money to keep him quiet, or obtain his favour. Archy's practical jokes were as remarkable as his sayings. One of these jokes I must narrate. An old acquaintance of mine, a minister in Skye, who possessed the kindest disposition and an irreproachable moral character, was somehow more afraid of Archy's sharp tongue and witty rhymes than most of his brethren. Archy seemed to have detected intuitively his weak point, and though extremely fond of the parson, yet often played upon his goodnature with an odd mixture of fun and selfishness. On the occasion I refer to, Archy in his travels arrived on a cold night at the manse when all its inmates were snug in bed, and the parson himself was snoring loud beside his mate. A thundering knock at the door awakened him, and thrusting his white head, enveloped in a thick white nightcap, out of the window, he at once recognised the tall, well-known form of Archy. "Is this you, Archy? Oich, oich! what do you want, my good friend, at this hour of the night?" blandly asked the old minister. "What could a man want at such an hour, most reverend friend," replied the rogue, with a polite bow, "but his supper and his bed!" "You shall have both, good Archy," said the parson, though wishing Archy on the other side of the Coolins. Dressing himself in his home-made flannel unmentionables, and throwing a shepherd's plaid over his shoulders,

he descended and admitted the fool. He then provided a sufficient supper for him in the form of a large supply of bread and cheese, with a jug of milk. During the repast Archy told his most recent gossip and merriest stories, concluding by a request for a bed. "You shall have the best in the parish, good Archy, take my word for it!" quoth the old dumpy and most amiable minister.

The bed alluded to was the hay-loft over the stable, which could be approached by a ladder only. The minister adjusted the ladder and begged Archy to ascend. Archy protested against the rudeness. "You call that, do you, one of the best beds in Skye? You, a minister, say so? On such a cold night as this, too? You dare to say this to me!" The old man, all alone, became afraid of the gaunt fool as he lifted his huge stick with energy. But had any one been able to see clearly Archy's face, they would have easily discovered a malicious twinkle in his eye betraying some plot which he had been concocting probably all day. "I do declare, Archy," said the parson, earnestly, "that a softer, cleaner, snuggler bed exists not in Skye!" "I am delighted," said Archy, "to hear it, minister, and must believe it since you say so. But you know it is the custom in our country for a landlord to show his guest into his sleeping apartment, isn't it? and so I expect you to go up before me to my room, and just see if all is right and comfortable. Please ascend!" Partly from fear and partly from a wish to get back to his own bed as soon as possible, and out of the cold of a sharp north wind, the simple-hearted old man complied with Archy's wish. With difficulty, waddling up the ladder, he entered the hay-loft. When his white rotund body again appeared as he formally announced to his distinguished guest how perfectly comfortable the resting-place provided for him was, the ladder, alas! had been removed, while Archy calmly remarked, "I am rejoiced to hear what you say! I don't doubt a word of it. If it is so very comfortable a bedroom, though, you will have no objection, I am sure, to spend the night in it. Good night then, my much-respected friend, and may you have as good a sleep and as pleasant dreams as you wished me to enjoy." So saying he made a profound bow and departed with the ladder over his shoulder. But after turning the corner and listening with fits of suppressed laughter to the minister's loud expostulations and earnest entreaties—for never had he preached a more energetic sermon, or one more from his heart—and when the joke afforded the full enjoyment which was anticipated, Archy returned with the ladder, and advising the parson never to tell *fib*s about his fine bed-rooms again, but to give what he had without imposing upon strangers, he let him descend to the ground, while he himself ascended to the place of rest in the loft.

Archy's description of the whole scene was ever afterwards one of his best stories, to the minister's great annoyance.

A friend of mine met Archy on the highway,

and, wishing to draw him out, asked his opinion of several travellers as they passed. The first was a very tall man. Archy remarked that he had never seen any man before so near heaven! Of another he said that he had "the sportsman's eye and the soldier's step," which was singularly true in its description.

A Skye laird who was fond of trying a pass of arms with Archy, met him one day gnawing a bone. "Shame on you, Archy," said the laird, "why do you gnaw a bone in that way?" "And to what use, sir," asked Archy in reply, "would you have me put it?" "I advise you," said the laird, "to throw it in charity to the first dog you meet." "Is that your advice? then I throw it to yourself!" said Archy, shying the bone at the laird's feet.

While correcting these sheets, an old woman from Skye, now in Glasgow, and who knew Archy well, has repeated to me the words which he never failed to use with reverence as his grace before meat. They seem to contain some allusion to the sin of the evil eye, so much feared and hated by the old Highlanders. I translate them literally:—

May my heart always bless my eyes;
And my eyes bless all they see;
And may I always bless my neighbour
Though my neighbours should never bless me. Amen.

By this time I fear that my sedate and wise readers will conclude that a sympathy with fools comes very naturally to me. I must bow my head to the implied rebuke. It is, I know, a poor defence to make for my having indulged, however briefly, in such biographies, that the literary world has produced many longer ones of greater fools less innocent of crime, less agreeable, and less beneficial to society, than those which I have so imperfectly recorded among my reminiscences of the old Highlands.*

But lest any one should imagine for a moment that I treat lightly the sufferings of those deprived of God's highest gift of reason, let me say that my fools were generally strong and healthy in body, and in many cases, as I have already hinted, took a share in farm-work, boating, fishing, &c., and that their treatment was most humane and benevolent. At the same time I do not forget another very different class, far lower in the scale of humanity, which, owing to many circumstances that need not be detailed here, was a very large one in the Highlands:—creatures weak in body and idiotic in mind, who in spite of the tenderest affection on the part of their poor parents, were yet miserable objects for which no adequate relief existed. Such cases

* Since writing the above, I have heard of a distinguished general officer who left the Highlands in his youth, but returned a short time ago to visit his early home. "Will you believe me," he said, with great seriousness and *naïveté*, to my informant, "when I tell you that among the many things so long associated with my faithful remembrances that have passed away, and which I miss much—are—are—pray don't laugh at me when I confess it—are my old friends the fools!" I heartily sympathise with the general!

indeed occur everywhere throughout the kingdom to a greater extent than, I think, most people are aware of. Those idiots are sometimes apparently little removed above the beasts that perish, yet they nevertheless possess a Divine nature never wholly extinguished, which is capable of being developed to a degree far beyond what the most sanguine could anticipate who have not seen what wise, patient, benevolent and systematic education is capable of accomplishing. The coin with the King's image on it, though lying in the dust with the royal stamp almost obliterated, may yet be found again and marvellously cleansed and polished! I therefore hail asylums for idiot children as among the most blessed fruits of Christian civilisation. Though, strange to say, they are but commencing among us, yet I believe the day is near when they will be recognised as among the most needed, most successful, and most blessed institutions of our country.

CHAPTER XV.—THE CUSTOMS OF NEW YEAR'S EVE AND MORNING.

AS NARRATED BY A HIGHLAND PIPER.*

ACCORDING to promise, I will give you a true account of the manner in which we used to part with the old year, and welcome the new, during my younger days in the family of Glendessarie. The last night of the year was, as you know, called *oidhe Chaluinn* (the night of *Calluinn*). They tell me that this word signifies *noise*, or *rattling*; and that the Highlanders so designated this night† from the noisy mirth with which they celebrated it.

* This chapter is translated from the first Gaelic magazine ever published, which was conducted by my father, the late Dr. Macleod, of Glasgow. The account of these Highland customs, though bearing the signature of "Findlay the Piper," was written by himself, and is now offered, along with a few illustrative notes, as a Reminiscence of "the Parish," and also as a characteristic specimen of the narratives of the Highland peasantry.

† The term *Calluinn*. The derivation of this word has sorely puzzled Celtic antiquarians, and it is enough to show the straits to which they are reduced, to mention that some derive it from *Kalends*, and others from the name of the goddess Kalydon, said to have been worshipped by some tribes of Slavonians on the shores of the Baltic. We consider the explanation given by the piper fully as good as either of these. Let it be remembered, however, that the corresponding term *Hagmana*, used of old in England (possibly still in some parts of it), or *Hogmanay*, universally used in Scotland, is of equally uncertain origin—some deriving it from the Greek "*Hagia mēnē*," sacred month, while others resolve it into the French, "*Homme est né*," the man is born, referring of course to our Saviour's nativity. And we may remark, without going into antiquarian dissertation, that with the view of discovering the derivation of the word *Yule*, used in England and Scotland, almost every language from Hebrew to Danish has been questioned and tortured all to little purpose.

The Gaelic term *Calluinn*, then, is not alone in the mystery of its origin. The *Cainneal*, or *Coinneal*, used to denote the first day of the year, has also exercised the ingenuity of linguists. Its simplest solution is, however, probably the nearest to the truth. It literally signifies candle, and in all likelihood refers to the illuminations customary at that joyous season.

Nollraig, or *Nollaig*, the Gaelic term for Christmas, is

Well, my father was piper to Glendessarie, as was his father before him, and every son of mine has, as soon as weaned, taken to the pipe-chanter just as naturally as the young kid takes to scrambling up the rocks. It was the habit of this family to gather for *Calluinn night* (New Year's Eve) all the tenantry on their lands, young and old, especially all the foster-fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters,

evidently of the same origin with the French *Noël*, derived from *Natalis*.

We need say nothing about the Highlanders observing the season of the New Year as a festive, and a joyous one. Almost all nations, Pagan and Christian, have done so, visiting their friends, feasting on the best, and giving a liberal supply to their cattle as well. The piper giving a sheaf of corn to his cows reminds one of Burns' well-known lines to his old mare Maggie, on New Year's Day.

The expressing their joy through rhymes was also common to other nations as well as to the Highlanders. Abundant specimens both of French and English verses used on occasions are to be found in our older books, nor are we aware that the Gaelic rhymes deserve any special mention. We have heard many which were more doggerel—others, again, through which a vein of satirical humour ran, well fitted to rebuke any churlish tendency in those who were addressed; but the great majority of them, like the English ones, expressed kindly wishes towards the households visited, while they all craved a good *Calluinn* for the rhyming visitors.

The carrying about of the *hide*, beating on it with sticks, and surrounding the house three times, going always in the direction of the sun, or *Deas-iul*, is at least in modern times peculiar to the Highlanders. Till very recently it was generally observed, and is, we believe, in remote localities, still practised. Some writers imagine that the thus walking around the house, clothed in the skins of a slaughtered animal, has reference to sacrificial and propitiatory rites. We learn, however, from "Brand's Popular Antiquities," edited by Ellis, that this is a remnant of the wild and fantastic orgies of the old Roman Saturnalia, where men often disguised themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and abandoned themselves to the wildest enjoyments. Early Christian writers state that many of their flocks followed after these heathenish customs, saying expressly—"vestiuntur pelibus pecudum"—"they are clothed in the skins of cattle."

We read of slight traces of this strange transformation being discernible in Yorkshire till a comparatively recent date, but like many other old customs it found beyond the Grampian mountains a more lasting abode than anywhere else.

One other observance we mention which we believe was peculiar to the Highlands. The *Caisein ùchd*, or the piece of skin covering the breast bone of sheep or cow—more especially the former, with its short curly wool—was kept as carefully as was the hide; and on New Year's Eve, after being well singed in the fire, was applied to the nose of every one within the house, visitor or dweller. Thereafter it was carried to the byre, and the olfactories of the cattle also regaled with its fragrance. All we can say of this practice is that it was observed with the view of conferring some benefit on man and beast. Pennant mentions that the cattle in the North Highlands were, on the evening in question, made to smell burnt juniper.

We gather from the old Statistical Account that in some parts of the Highlands *Hogmanay* is called *oidhche dar na Coille*—i.e., "The night of the fecundation of the trees," and that according to the direction of the wind on this night the character of the following season might be predicted. The fresh wind promised fish, and milk. The South, warmth, and general fruitfulness. The North, cold and shivering—literally, *skinning*. And the East wind even as in the land of Pharaoh—the withering of the fruit.

For the principal statements in the foregoing long note, see "Brand's Popular Antiquities."

and according to wont, *Evan Bân maor* (Fair-haired Evan) the ground-officer, went round amongst them a few days before the time. "It is the wish of the family," says he, "that we should observe the *Calluinn* as of old, and see, my lads, that you have your *Camain* (shinties, or clubs) right and ready for New Year's Day." The piper set off in his full Highland garb about the height of the evening (as the sun was beginning to decline). We reached the great house; and can I expect that my heart will ever be as light and joyous as it was on that night? The young ladies of the family met us with bows of ribbon for the chanter of the pipe. The piper played a round on the green before the door, as the men gathered.

The time of *Calluinn* came, when some one had to carry the dry cow hide on his back and run round the house, and every one that could tried to get a stroke at it with his stick. "Who will carry the *hide* this year?" says Evan Bân. "Who but Pàra Mòr?" (Big Patrick) says one. "Who but Broad John?" says another. "Out with the *hide* Pàra Mòr," says Evan Bân, "and you Broad John, stand by his shoulder in case he may stumble." Pàra Mòr drew the hide about his head, taking a twist of the tail firmly around his fist. "*Cothrom na Féinne*"* (i.e., fair play as among the Fingalians, or Fingalian justice), exclaimed he, as he drew near the door of the house where the Laird (*Fear a' bhaile*, the man the place) was standing with his *Camain* (shinty) in his hand. "*Calluinn* here!" says he, giving the first rattle to the hide. Pàra Mòr set off, but swift of foot as he was, the man of the Glen kept at his heel, and you would think that every flail in the country was at work on the one threshing-floor, as every mother's son of them struck and rattled at him, shouting, "a *Calluinn* here! The *Calluinn* of the yellow sack of hide! Strike ye the skin! A *Calluinn* here!" Three times they went *Deas-iul* (in a southerly direction, according to the course of the sun) around the house. "Blow up, piper," (*Seid suas*) said Evan Bân, "and when the company are in order, let them assemble in the Rent-room." My father played *Faill a' Phrionnsa* (the Prince's welcome); for though there was not in the kingdom a man more leal and loyal to the family which then sat upon the throne, yet he loved to listen to this tune; and often have I seen him shedding tears on hearing that thrilling music which had stirred his forefathers to deeds of manliness on these renowned battle-fields, where alas! they lost their men and their estates.

* *Fingalian Justice, or Fair Play.*—We will not enter on the controversy as to whether "Fingal fought," or "Ossian sang." We must remark, however, that expressions like the above, referring to the belief in the existence of a band called *Féinne* or *Fingahans*, renowned for dauntless valour, high-souled honour, and unflinching constancy, are in daily use among the Highlanders from East to West, from North to South.

We may add that the names of the principal heroes, and the scenes of their exploits, are familiar as household words among young and old.

We went into the chamber where the family and the neighbouring gentry were assembled. He himself, the graceful president of the feast, stood in the midst, and his mild, winsome lady by his side. The lovely young branches of the family were around them, though, woe's me! few of them are alive to-day. The Laird (good man) of *Corrie* was standing at the door to guard against anyone slipping in without saying his *Callüinn* rhyme, and John Bän, of the casks (the butler), beside him with a bottle in his hand. Everyone had a rhyme that night except Lowland John and a young conceited fellow from the Glen, who had been for a year or two in Glasgow, and affected to have forgotten his native tongue, as well as the customs of his native land. John Bän dealt round the drink, and the bread and cheese, piled up plenteously, were distributed freely.

After a short time the songs began. He himself gave us an *iorram* (Boat song), and well could he do it. Many a sweet song, lay, and ditty was sung, as well as those which were historical and commemorative. The fox-hunter gave us *Dan a' choin ghlais* (the song of the grey dog), and Angus of the Satires repeated a tale of the Fingalians. After the songs the dancing began, very different from the slow, soft, silken steps of the present day. First came in a smart dame, dressed like a house-keeper, with a bunch of keys jingling by her side; strong, sturdy, and active she looked. The women sang *Port á Beul* (i.e., a tune from the mouth), selecting *Cailleach an Dùdain* (the old wife of the mill-dust), and it was she who capered and turned, and sprang nimbly. After this they danced the *Dùbh-Lùidneach* (Black Sluggard). But the best fun was, when the "Goat Dance," "Weave the Gown," (*Figh an Gìn*), and the Thorny Croft (*Croit am Droighin*) were danced.*

* *Songs and Dances*.—We have preserved these names in the hope that some one more learned than we in Highland antiquities may explain them. The singing called *Port á Beul*, a tune from the mouth, we have ourselves heard, and heard with high pleasure. In the absence of musical instruments, persons trained to it imitate dancing-music with the voice, and when they sing in parts the imitation is remarkably happy. We have seen a company dancing for hours to this primitive music.

As to the dances, there are some of them we can give no account of. A poor remnant of the "Sword Dance" is still preserved among us, and may often be witnessed on the stage; sometimes on the decks of steamers, and even on the streets of our large towns, burlesqued by idle vagabonds who assuredly disgrace "the garb of Old Gaul," by exhibiting it in such contemptible performances. We learn from Brand, that among the Northern nations, and of old in England, the Sword Dance was practised on the most public and solemn occasions, and in a way that put the skill, the strength, and the nerve of the performers to a very severe test.

We know that in one other of those mentioned in our text—the Thorny Croft—there was much pantomimic acting, as well as very dolorous recitative. A farmer, whose lot it was to be located on ground covered with thorns and briars, gives a woful account of the hardship of his fate—with the view, we believe, of exciting compassion of some fair spectator—and we believe there was a considerable amount of dramatic acting in all of them.

The time of parting at length came. The gentry gave us the welcome of the New Year with cordiality and kindness, and we set off to our homes. "My lads," says he himself, "be valiant on the field to-morrow. The sea-board men (*Lethùir*—i.e., Half-land) boast that they are to beat us Glen-men at the Shinty match this year." Thus we passed the last night of the year at Glendessarie, and neither I, nor my father, ever saw a quarrel, or heard an improper word at such a gathering. It is since the gentry have ceased thus to mingle freely with the people that disgusting drunkenness has become common, in these black tipping-houses, which prove the high-way to almost every vice. The people of each estate were as one family—the knot of kindness tying every heart together, and the friendly eye of the superiors was over us all.

I might here give many useful advices to our lairds; but they do not understand Gaelic, and they would not take the counsel of the piper, so I must hasten to tell you about our way of passing the first day of the new year.

On this New Year's morn the sun was late of showing his countenance; and after he came in sight his appearance was pale and drowsy. The mist was resting lazily on the hill-side; the crane was rising slowly from the meadow; the belling of the stag was heard on the mountain; the black-cock was in the birch-wood, dressing his feathers, while his sonsie mate—the gray-hen—was slowly walking before him.

After I had saluted my family, and implored the blessing of the Highest, on their heads, I prepared the Christmas sheep,* (*Caora Nallaig*), gave a sheaf of corn to the cattle, as was customary, and was getting myself in order, when in walked Pàra Mòr, and my gossip Angus Òg (young Angus). They gave me the welcome of the New Year. I returned it with equal heartiness. Then Pàra Mòr produced a bottle from his pocket. "A black-cock," says he, "whose gurgling voice (crowing, *Celticè*, *g'gail*) is more musical than any roar (*rùan*) that ever came out of the chanter of the pipe." We tasted to one another, and then Mary, my wife, set before us a small drop of the genuine Ferintosh, which she had stored up long ago for great occasions in the big chest.

It was my duty to gather the people together this morning with the sound of the pipe. So we set off, going from farm to farm up the Glen, making the son of the cave of the rock (i.e., echo) answer to my music. I played "*A Mhathàn a' Ghlinne so*;"† and if the pipe had been dry that

The *Dùbh-Lùidneach*—Black-Sluggard, or black clumsy one—we may observe, is the name by which the natives of Lochaber still designate the yacht in which Argyle sailed away on the day of the battle of Inverloch—leaving his men to the fury of Montrose and the MacDonnalds. Of the dance so called we can give no account.

* See note †, p. 507.

† The tune "*A Mhathàn a' Ghlinne so*," &c.

This still popular pipe tune, known, we believe, as Breadalbane's March, is said to have been composed on

day it had ample means of quenching its thirst! The company continually increased in numbers until we came down by the other side of the Glen to the ground-officer's house, where it was appointed for us to get our morning meal. The lady had sent a three-year-old wedder to his house. We had a roebuck from the corrie of Yew-trees; fish from the pool of whittings; and such quantities of cheese, butter, and solid oat-cake, sent by the neighbours round about, as would suffice for as many more—though we were fifty men in number, besides women and children. Grace was said by Lachlan of the Questions (*Lachum ceistear*), the Bible reader. Evan Bân well sustained the hospitable character of the house which he represented. We had an ample and a cheerful feast.

Breakfast over, I set off and played the tune of the *Glasmheir*, while Red Ewen, the old soldier, was marshalling the men. We reached *Guala-nancárn* (the shoulder of the cairns), where the gentry were to meet us; and before we knew where we were, who placed himself at our head but our own young Donald, the heir of the family! He had reached home that very morning, having hastened on without sleep, or rest, all the way from Dun-Edin (Edinburgh). Dear heart! he was the graceful sapling. I could not, for awhile, blow a breath into the pipe. "Play up, Finlay," says Pára Mór. "What sadness has seized you?" "Sadness!" said I; "very far is it from me." The people of the sea-board then came in view, and *Alastair* Roy of the Bay at their head. When the two companies observed each other, they raised a loud shout of mutual rejoicing. We reached the field, and many were the salutations between friends and acquaintances exchanged there.

The sun at length shone forth brightly and cheerfully. On the eminences around the field were the matrons, the maidens, and the children of the district, high and low, all assembled to witness the *Camanachd* (shinty match). The goal at each end of the large field was pointed out, and the two leaders began to divide and choose each his men. "I claim you!" (*Buailiaid mi ort*, literally, "I will strike on thee"), says young Donald. "I permit you" (*Leigidh mi leat*), says *Alastair* Roy of the Bay. "If so," says young Donald, "then Donald Bân, of Culloden, is mine." This was by

the following occasion:—The father of *John Glas*, i.e., Grey John, of Breadalbane, to whom such frequent reference is made in the case of the disputed succession at present, was married to a daughter of the Earl of Caithness. The promised dowry was not paid to him, and he, apparently content with his wife herself as his portion, lived and died in peace with the Lindairs. His son, *John Glas*, however, was of a different mind. Collecting a hardy band of Campbells from the age of thirty-five to that of fifty, he made a secret and sudden raid on the land of the Sinclairs, gathered as much spoil as would cover the amount of his mother's tocher, utterly defeated the Caithness-men, who were unprepared for such an invasion, and, as he was leaving their territory, early in the morning, he summoned the poor women to arise, telling them that their cattle had been lifted, and their husbands wounded.

far the oldest man present, and you would think his two eyes would start from his head with delight as he stepped proudly forth, at being the first chosen.

When the men were divided into two companies—forty on each side—and refreshments set at each goal, *Alastair* Roy flung his shinty high up in the air. "*Bas, no Cas, Donald* of the Glen," said he (i. e., *Head, or Handle*). "Handle, which will defy your handling till nightfall!" replies Donald. *Alastair* gained the throw (toss), and was about to strike the ball immediately, when the other exclaimed, "A truce (*Deis-dé*); let the rules of the game be first proclaimed, so that there may be fairness, good-fellowship, and friendship observed among us as was wont among our forefathers." On this, Evan Bân stepped forth and proclaimed the laws, which forbade all quarrelling, swearing, drunkenness, and coarseness; all striking, tripping, or unfairness of any kind; and charged them to contend in a manful, but friendly spirit, without malice or grudge, as those from whom they were descended had been wont to do.

Alastair Roy, as he was entitled to do, gave the first stroke to the ball, and the contest began in earnest; but I have not language to describe it! The sea-board men gained the first game. But it was their only game. Young Donald and his men stripped to their work, and you would think the day of *Blár na Léine* (Battle of the Shirt)* had come again. Broad John gave a tremendous blow, which

* *Blár na Léine*—Battle of the Shirt. This was a very fierce clan battle recorded in history, and of which tradition preserves a very vivid remembrance. MacDonald, of Moidart, married one of the Frasers, of Lovat. The son and heir, Ronald, was brought up at Lovat, or Beaufort Castle, and was known to his clansmen as *Kaonull Gallda*, or Ronald the Lowlander. At his father's death, he came to take possession; but to the utter disgust of the people, he forbade the killing of ox or sheep for the inaugural feast, saying that poultry would be quite enough. He was at once dubbed Ronald of the Hens, expelled the country with ignominy, and a natural brother, John of Moidart, chosen as chief in his unworthy stead. The Frasers were far too powerful to allow such an affront to pass. They speedily mustered, and, to "make assurance doubly sure," asked, and obtained the aid of some friendly clans in the direction of Strathapey. They invaded Moidart with a force which it was vain for the MacDonalds to resist. They therefore betook themselves to the most inaccessible fastnesses, and made no show of opposition. But whenever the invading host departed, the Moidart-men followed carefully in their track for the southern end of Loch Lochy; the auxiliaries from the east struck off by the Badenoch road, judging their friends quite secure at such a distance from the land of Moidart. At the north end of Loch Lochy, however, quite close to where the Caledonian Canal enters that Loch, the Moidart-men made a fierce onslaught on the Frasers, now left alone. Both parties, it is said, stripped to the waist, and on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, the battle was called the Battle of the Shirt. Both "Ronald of the Hens" and his father were slain, and the Frasers were defeated with great slaughter. History carries us thus far; but we see in a ballad published by Mrs Ogilvie on the subject, that eighty of the Fraser widows were considerate enough to bear each a posthumous son, and these not only restored the weakened clan, but, as a matter of course, inflicted dread vengeance on the men of Moidart.

sent the ball far beyond the goal. We thus gained the day, and we raised the shout of victory; but all was kindness and good feeling among us.

In the midst of our congratulations Pára Mór shouted out, "Shame on ye, young men! Don't you see these nice girls shivering with cold. Where are the dancers? Play up the reel of Tulloch-gorum, Finlay." The dancing began, and the sun was bending low towards the Western Ocean before we parted. There was many a shin and many a cheek of the colour of the *Blae-berries* (*i. e.*, black and blue) that day, but there was neither hate nor grumbling about these matters.

We returned to the house of nobleness, as on the preceding evening. Many a torch was on that night beaming brightly in the hall of hospitality, though dark and lonely is its state to-day. We passed the night amid music and enjoyment, and parted not until the breaking of the dawn guided us to our own homes.

And now you have some account of the manner in which your ancestors were in the habit of passing New Year's Eve and New Year's Morn'—*Calliunn* and *Cainneal*—in days not long gone by.

I know that people will not now believe me, yet I maintain that many good results followed from

this friendly mingling of gentles and commons. Our superiors were at that time acquainted with our language and our ways. The highest of them was not ashamed to address us by name, in our native tongue, at kirk or market. There were kindness, friendship, and fosterage between us; and while they were apples on the top-most bough, we were all the fruit of the same tree. We felt ourselves united to them, and in honouring and defending them we respected and benefited ourselves. But, except in the case of the one family under whom I now am,

All this has passed as a dream,
Or the breaking of the bubble on the top of the wave.

Our superiors dwell not among us; they know not our language, and seek not to converse with us. Pipers are no more, and even their servants many of our Lairds scorn to take from among their own men. They must have their *Flunkies* from the Lowlands—spindle-shanked *shaughling* creatures, with their short breeches and white stockings, without pith or courage enough to rescue the young heir of the family from the beak of the turkey-cock! Not so were thy men, Donald of the Glen, on the day when "thy king landed in Moidart!"

"WOE BECAUSE OF OFFENCES."

BY J. S. HOWSON, D.D.

WHEN the Bible was translated into English, the word "offence" had a different meaning from that which is commonly given to it now. If you see a blind man groping his way with timid and hesitating steps, and lead him into broken and dangerous ground, so that he falls and is hurt,—by so doing, according to the old English expression, you cause him to "offend." It is exactly what is forbidden in one of the provisions of the Law of Moses, where it is said: "Thou shalt not put a stumbling-block before the blind, but shalt fear thy God." (Levit. xix. 14.) Or if, when a young child is unsuspecting, you place something in his way which may throw him down and bruise him and fill him with fear, that stumbling-block, which you have cruelly placed there, is called, in the language of Scripture, an "offence."

Now apply this to spiritual things, and we see immediately the meaning of the word. "Offences," in the spiritual sense, are the occasions of falling into sin—the stumbling-blocks of the soul. If any man misleads the ignorant into false doctrines or wicked practices,—whether it be done consciously and with deliberate intention, as by the evil spirits and those who imitate them,—or whether it be "the blind leading the blind," so that they both "fall into the ditch,"—such conduct is an "offence." And if any man tempts a child into sin, or one who is like a child in simplicity or in weakness, it

was of *him* that our Saviour spoke when He said (and the child whom He had called was standing there in the midst of the disciples): "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. xviii. 6.)

And then He proceeds to add, in reference to the whole world which He came to redeem:—"Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom they come" (ib. 7)—a threefold sentence of warning and of prophecy,—which brings three subjects before our attention. 1. The misery of the world because of the offences or stumbling-blocks of the soul; 2. The inevitable necessity of the prevalence of these offences and the existence of this misery; and, 3. The certain judgment which will fall on those who place these hindrances in the way of the soul's progress from earth to heaven.

The misery of the world arises entirely from sin. Everything that makes sin easier and more prevalent, increases the misery. And nothing makes sin so easy or so prevalent, as the mutual example we set to each other, and the mutual encouragement we derive from each other. It may truly be said, that a very large portion of the life of most men is spent in affording to others the occasions of falling,

and in fulfilling the prophetic words: "*Woe unto the world because of offences!*" I do not speak of open persecution,—of deliberate attempts to corrupt the principles of others, or of the effects produced by flagrant examples of notorious profligacy: but rather of what takes place in the ordinary course of the world's proceedings. Take the world as it is, and view some of its ordinary features. Consider, for instance, some of the common distinctions—as of rich and poor—of educated and ignorant—those, on the one hand, who exercise influence on others—and those, on the other, who are influenced by the former. How do men use their wealth, their power, their talents, their knowledge? The answer is very easy. For the most part, they use them for themselves, without thinking of God. They use them not according to the principles of faith, but of unbelief. And unbelief is the parent of all sin. Their life is a testimony against the necessity of faith. And so far as their temporal advantages or mental superiority may give them influence over others, so far their influence tends in the direction of sin.

Now this principle is evidently applicable to all ranks and all ages of life. For no man is quite without influence. Most men have more than they imagine. Wherever a man is placed, his conduct is an example to those around him. He cannot be worldly and selfish without doing harm. An ungodly habit of mind is a perpetual "offence:" and most men are ungodly. This is true everywhere. Neighbours in a village, children at a school, servants in a household, not only by persecution, by ridicule, by profaneness, but by the silent effect of indifference to religion,—is it not too true that they continually cause each other to stumble and to fall?

But to see the extent of this woe and misery, "because of offences," it is useful to consider this influence, where it is strongest and most marked, by looking at the broad distinctions between man and man, which were alluded to before.

If a man is eminent for his possessions or his power, he is closely observed by his neighbours; he is the subject of their conversation; too often the pattern of their life, and the excuse for their sins. And each of these observers and imitators exerts in turn an influence on others. Each observer is observed again. Each imitator is a pattern to somebody. Now let all these results be considered. Accurately calculated they cannot be: but let them be considered: and it will easily be seen how much harm one man may do, not only by open and shameless iniquity, but simply by a selfish, idle, and worthless life.

Or take another of the important differences between man and man,—that which relates to intellectual eminence, natural or acquired. What harm has been worked by individual men, who have sowed the seeds of error in their day, leaving whole harvests of superstition or profaneness to be reaped by subsequent generations! What power

does the imagination possess to spread mischief and undermine all faith and principle, especially when it is found in those minds where a certain kind of natural beauty assumes the appearance of moral goodness, and when fine and delicate feeling can easily pass current for religion. The experience of the woe arising from this kind of offence, in its highest degree, has been reserved for modern centuries, in which so much of our education and so much of our employment are provided by Books. Who can calculate the mischief which can be done by the bad doctrines, or even by the ill-considered fancies, of one man, when they are multiplied by being printed, and circulated among thousands, and then copied into other books, and made the foundation of new structures of falsehood and folly?

By following such trains of thought as these, we come to take a very gloomy, but a very just, view, of the evil and the misery which pervade the whole of society. However widely we may wander among the tracks of human action and human thought, we find them everywhere strewn with stumbling-blocks. But I believe we might gain a still deeper impression of the woe which comes from offences, if we were to look closely into the best and most sacred portions of our natural human life. The Father, who sets an example of careless ungodliness to his family; the Mother, who by the evident worldliness of her own spirit, justifies all the wickedness of her children; the Brothers and Sisters, who imbue each other with a systematic disregard for what is sacred; the Familiar Friends, who learn and teach the habit of unbelief; the close Companions who come together for mutual encouragement in the forgetfulness of God,—here it is that the worst occasions of falling are to be found. I am content to glance at this part of the subject thus lightly in passing. But the writer on such a subject must ask his readers to look closely into their families and their friendships, and to see what is going on there,—to watch carefully that you "walk in a way wherein you shall not stumble," or rather (since our own unassisted watchfulness is nothing else but slumber and blindness) let us all pray to God that He would "hold up our goings, that our footsteps slip not," and graciously in His mercy prevent us from endangering the footsteps of those whom we love.

It will naturally be felt, that the view we have just taken of human life is mournful and dreary. And it is good that we should feel this, if it helps us to appreciate the extent of human corruption, and really to desire that better life for which we profess to be preparing. It is good for us to feel keenly that we are in a fallen world—that no human power can save us—that our best affections may be made the channels of wickedness—that the natural ornaments of character are quite different from Christian holiness—that every man, however pleasing, is a sinner, and can only be withheld by

God's grace from becoming the occasion of sin in others.

We must now go one step further, and having devoted some lines to the *fact* of that woe which offences bring, must now consider the *inevitable necessity* of their existence, and of the misery they produce.

"*Offences must needs come*" in a world of sinful men. The very constitution of the world makes it inevitable. The disparity which subsists between one man and another, is of necessity the occasion of offences. Sin in the higher classes, must act at a great advantage in its effects on the lower. Legitimate influence can never abdicate its throne. It must reign over its subjects, for good or for evil. Where there is superior wealth or superior power, unless there is also superior holiness, the bad cause cannot but reap the benefit of the difference. Where there is a greater height of intellectual eminence, unless there is also a greater depth of Christian humility, our Enemy will always know how to pervert the best gifts for his own purposes.

There is no possibility of escaping this necessity. Suppose that we could, by some violent effort, alter the constitution of society. Suppose that the rights of property were abolished, and all ranks reduced to the same level. This state of things would not last a day. Industry would soon begin to gather its harvest. Prudence would secure what industry had gained. The quick would outstrip the slow. The strong would defeat the weak. The energetic man would become powerful, and the indolent would sink into insignificance. All the old differences would reappear. And then would follow all that admiration of what is worthless, if it has a name to make it honourable,—and all that imitation of what is bad, if it is sanctioned by the rich,—and all those social hindrances to a good and holy life, which cause men, in the language of the prophet, "to stumble in their ways." (Jer. xviii. 15.)

And again: if education could be equalized, if all men could be suddenly made equally learned or equally ignorant, the old intellectual differences would immediately reappear. The man who acquires the most quickly, who retains the most exactly, who judges the most wisely, would again become eminent; and rising with his eminence, would be felt his Influence. Nothing is more impossible than to push aside the Influence of a superior mind. And since the gifts of the intellect have no necessary connection with moral goodness, you have here again Sin acting at an advantage. You see the man of practical wisdom giving his sanction to the lowest motives:—the man of imagination making the vilest doctrines decent and attractive:—the man of cunning argument entangling the unwary in the meshes of his subtlety: and the result is, in the words of another prophet, that men "grope like the blind and stumble at noon-day as in the night, erring in vision, and stumbling in judgment." (Isaiah xxviii. 7, lix. 10.)

And, just to say one word again of those relations which are still more essential parts of the framework of society,—can the Father divest his actions of that authority which God Himself has given to them—can the Brother or the Sister set a bad example and resolve that it shall not be followed—can the Friend and Companion deliberately lead a sinful life, and forbid its natural and inevitable consequences? No: they cannot. Unless we can dissever those bonds which are nearly all that is valuable here, we cannot unbind that necessity which clasp this fallen world, "offences must needs come."

If such is the hopeless state of the world, if offences must needs come by reason of the very constitution of society, if the "woe because of offences" is inevitable, would it not be better to resign ourselves to that which we cannot avoid? Would it not be better to live easily and carelessly, to enjoy life while we can, though such a life should add a few more stumbling-blocks to those which are almost innumerable already?

Yes! such an argument might have some show of wisdom, if we could divest ourselves of personal responsibility. But the world is governed, not by Fate, but by God: and God has given to every man his own conscience. Though individuals are forgotten in that which we call History, every man has his separate Biography. Though he associates others in his sin, he is alone in the account he must render. Though he is occupied all life long in the busy market of human affairs, the eye of God's observation is ever upon him, and the foot of God's justice follows him to the last. Our blessed Saviour, after He had said that "woe was unto the world because of offences," and that "it must needs be that offences come," added in the third place, "*woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh.*"

He who has thoughtlessly done harm,—he who, by a selfish life, has brought others into sin,—he who has been determined to pursue his profits, his amusements, his fancies and his follies, without any regard to the souls of his brethren, what will he say at the Great Judgment, when Christ reminds him of those words? None of those differences of condition which make in this world the sin of doing harm to others so easy, and its effects so extensive, will remain in the next world to shelter the guilty. All the glory which dazzled and blinded the eyes of men, will fade before the Judge's coming. Everything will be seen as it is. The power which fostered evil instead of good, the wealth which was made the encouragement of sin, the intellect which sowed the seeds of falsehood, the genius which made vice attractive, will be held responsible for the mischief they have caused. The differences of condition and capacity were ordained on earth to be the opportunities of good, and if they have been made the opportunities of evil, all that remains is a greater condemnation. To one is given ten talents, to another five, to another one. No

one can be excused because his responsibilities are heavy, and no one can be excused because they are light. If any one is burdened with the thought of the effect his own miserable infirmities may have on the spiritual welfare of others, let him remember for his encouragement that he that was faithful and most highly honoured by his Lord, was he that had received ten talents. And if any thinks his own position in society is so small and insignificant that he cannot hope to do good and can hardly do harm, let him remember that he that was condemned, was he that received one.

And leaving now these general distinctions, which belong rather to the surface of society, let me glance, for the third time, at the closer and dearer relations of life. If on anyone the woe denounced on him who makes his brother to offend, if on anyone that woe will descend with terrible weight, it will be on him who, being linked to others by the ties of close Friendship, might employ his influence for good, but really employs it for evil;—it will be upon those members of the same Family who live on for years together without ever remembering that they have souls to be saved;—it will be upon the heedless Parent, who, while he is following the dreams of earthly ambition, and occupied with the comforts and amusements of life, forgets that his children are copying his example, and preparing to reproduce or to exaggerate his sins.

It is evident that we have all much reason for serious thought and anxious prayer in the three-fold warning and prophecy of our Saviour. And it is in the light of such responsibilities as these, that we see the value of the doctrines of Grace—of free pardon for the past—of Divine strength for the future. If all the harm we have done in the past could only be cancelled by some righteousness of our own,—if all our hopes of doing good in the future rested on our own sufficiency,—we could not bear to look either backwards or forwards. In either direction the prospect would be intolerable. Here it is, between such responsibilities in the past, and such responsibilities in the future, that we learn to adore that mercy which gives us in Jesus Christ a perfect Saviour, and in the Holy Spirit a sufficient Comforter.

And there is another thing which we see very plainly: and this is the last reflection I desire to leave with the reader.

It is very evident that we have all much to look to in our own conduct, without any need for judging our neighbours. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him to stand. . . Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge thus rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." (Rom. xiv. 4—13.) And then the Apostle goes on to say, in allusion to some of the scruples which were

harassing the minds of the Christians of that age—"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or made weak." (1b. xiv. 21.) And again he says, in another place, "Meat commendeth us not to God: for neither if we eat, are we the better; neither if we eat not, are we the worse. But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours be made a stumbling-block to them that are weak. If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." (1 Cor. viii. 8—13.) Here is the pattern of our conduct—watchful care of the consciences of others; self-denial for their sakes; abstinence from things lawful, if it is likely that our example may be perverted into the occasion of sin. And will you say that such a life is mean, spiritless, and contemptible—a life of miserable bondage, and full of unceasing anxiety?

No, my friends, it is not a mean and contemptible life thus to carry with us, in our daily conduct, the thought of our brethren's salvation. Rather it is a noble and honourable task: for however humble may be our own share in the work, we are helping on that which our Saviour came and died to accomplish. No man can propose to himself a higher honour,—whether it be a man of wealth and distinction who devotes his life to the removal of the causes and occasions of moral disease,—or a man of high intellectual gifts who spends his strength in refuting error and circulating truth,—or a friend who gently softens the prejudices of his friend,—or a poor man, who breaks up the stumbling-blocks which he sees around him, and mends the road of his neighbours to heaven.

Nor is it necessarily an anxious life (though anxiety for the salvation of others is never discreditable). It would be an anxious life, if we were forced to calculate all the results of all our actions. But this must be left to God, who alone can follow the effect of what we do in the moments of our life, to all their remote and future consequences. The wise Christian seeks to maintain a conscience void of offence, and he leaves the result to God. He does not live on the ridiculous theory of doing right that he may set a good example. What is our example worth, unless God vouchsafe His blessing? But *He* will take care that those who serve *Him* shall not live in vain. The lamp that is trimmed will shine and give light. He whose face is set toward Jerusalem, shall not be alone in his difficult pilgrimage.

Need I add that such a life is a happy life—the only life that deserves to be called happy? To live for this world only—to set the example of unbelief—to sanction sin—to help no one to be holy—to discourage everybody,—and then to find at the last that your life has been spent in doing harm, because you never honestly sought to do good:—do you call this a life of happiness? Or is not happiness rather to be found in watching for the causes of evil, in

removing prejudices, in supporting the weak, and comforting the feeble-minded, and then at last in taking others along with us to that world where all the pathways of our heavenly employments shall be free from the possibility of danger,—for the angels

shall have “gathered out of the kingdom of the Son of man all things that offend,” and “the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.” (Matt. xiii. 41-43.)

REMEMBRANCE.

SHALL I, because I have seen the subject which has been simmering in my mind for several past days, treated beautifully by another hand, resolve not to touch that subject, and to let my thoughts about it go? No, I will not.

It was a little disheartening, no doubt, when I looked yesterday at a certain June Magazine, to find what I had designed to say, said far better by somebody else. But then Dean Alford said it in graceful and touching verse: I aimed no higher than at homely prose.

Sitting, my friend, by the evening fireside: sitting in your easy chair, at rest: and looking at the warm light on the rosy face of your little boy or girl, sitting on the rug by you: do you ever wonder what kind of remembrance these little ones will have of you, if God spares them to grow old? Look into the years to come: think of that smooth face lined and roughened; that curly hair gray; that expression, now so bright and happy, grown careworn and sad; and you long in your grave. Of course, your son will not have quite forgot you: he will sometimes think and speak of his father who is gone. What kind of remembrance will he have of you? Probably very dim and vague.

You know for yourself, that when you look at your little boy in the light of the fire, who is now a good deal bigger than in the days when he first was able to put a soft hand in yours and to walk by your side, you have but an indistinct remembrance of what he used to be then. Knowing how much you would come to value the remembrance of those days, you have done what you could to perpetuate it. As you turn over the leaves of your diary, you find recorded with care many of that little man's wonderful sayings: though, being well aware that these are infinitely more interesting to you than to other people, you have sufficient sense to keep them to yourself. And there are those of your fellow-creatures to whom you would just as soon think of speaking about these things, as you would think of speaking about them to a jackass. And you have aided your memory by yearly photographs: thankful that such invaluable memorials are now possible; and lamenting bitterly that they came so late. Yet, with all this help: and though the years are very few; your remembrance of the first summer that your little boy was able to run about on the grass in the green light of leaves, and to go with you to the stable-yard and look with admiration at the horse, and with alarm at the pig, voraciously

devouring its breakfast; is far less vivid and distinct than you would wish it to be. Taught by experience, you have striven with the effacing power of time: yet assuredly not with entire success. Yes; your little boy of three years old has faded somewhat from your memory: and you may discern in all this the way in which you will gradually fade from his. Never forgotten, if you have been the parent you ought to be, you will be remembered vaguely. And you think to yourself, in the restful evening, looking at the rosy face, Now, when he has grown old, how will he remember me? I shall have been gone, for many a day and year; all my work, all my cares and troubles, will be over: all those little things will be past and forgot, which went to make up my life, and about which nobody quite knew but myself. The table at which I write, the inkstand, all my little arrangements, will be swept aside. That little man will have come a long, long way, since he saw me last. How will he think of me? Will he sometimes recal my voice, and the stories I told, and the races I used to run? Will he sometimes say to a stranger, “That's his picture: not very like him;” will he sometimes think to himself, “There is the corner where he used to sit: I wonder where his chair is now?”

Cowper, writing at the age of fifty-eight, says of his mother: “She died when I had completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well. I remember too a multitude of maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression.” For fifty-two years the over-sensitive poet had come on his earthly pilgrimage, since the little boy of six last saw his mother's face. Of course, at that age, he could understand very little of what is meant by death; and very little of that great truth, which Gray tells us he discovered for himself, and which very few people learn till they find it by experience, that in this world a human being never can have more than one mother. Yet we can think of the poor little man, finding daily that no one cared for him now as he used to be cared for: finding that the kindest face he could remember was now seen no more. And doubtless there was a vague, overwhelming sorrow at his heart, which lay there unexpressed for half a century, till his mother's picture sent him by a relative touched the fount of feeling, and inspired the words we all know:

“I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day:
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away:

And turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!”

Nobody likes the idea of being quite forgot. Yet sensible people have to make up their mind to it. And you do not care so much about being forgotten by those beyond your own family circle. But you shrink from the thought that your children may never sit down alone, and in a kindly way think for a little of you after you are dead. And all the little details and interests which now make up your habitude of life, seem so real, that there is a certain difficulty in bringing it home to one that they are all to go completely out, leaving no trace behind. Of course they must. Our little ways, my friend, will pass from this earth: and you and I will be like the brave men who lived before Agamemnon. A clergyman who is doing his duty diligently, does not like to think that when he goes, he will be so soon forgotten in his old parish and his old church. Bigger folk, no doubt, have the same feeling. A certain great man has been entirely successful in carrying out his purpose; which was, he said, to leave something so written as that men should not easily let it die. But that which is nearest us, touches us most. We sympathise most readily with little men. Perhaps you preached yesterday in your own church, to a large congregation of Christian people. Perhaps they were very silent and attentive. Perhaps the music was very beautiful, and its heartiness touched your heart. The service was soon over: it may have seemed long to some. Then the great tide of life that had filled the church ebbed away, and left it to its week-day loneliness. The like happens each Sunday. And many years hence, after you are dead, some old people will say, Mr. Smith was minister of this parish for so many years. That is all. And looking back for even five or ten years, a common Sunday's service is as undistinguished in remembrance as a green leaf on a great beech-tree now in June, or as a single flake in a thick fall of snow.

Probably you have seen a picture by Mr. Noel Paton, called *The Silver Cord Loosed*. It is one of the most beautiful and touching of the pictures of that great painter. I saw it the day before yesterday: not for the first or second time. People came into the place where it was exhibited, talking and laughing: but as they stood before that canvas, a hush fell on all. On a couch, there is a female figure, lying dead. Death is unmistakably there, but only in its beauty. And beyond, through a great window, there is a glorious sunset sky. “Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw herself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” Seated by the bed, there is a mourner, with hidden face, in his first overwhelming grief. Looking at that picture in former days, I had thought how “at evening time there shall be light:”

but looking at it now, with the subject of this essay in my mind, I thought how that man, so crushed meanwhile, if the first grief do not kill him (and the greatest grief rarely kills the man of sound physical frame), would get over it: and after some years would find it hard to revive the feelings and thoughts of this day. People in actual modern life are not attired in the picturesque fashion of the mourner in Mr. Noel Paton's picture: but it is because many can from their own experience tell what a human being in like circumstances would be feeling, that this detail of the picture is so touching. And the saddest thing about it is not the present grief: it is the fact that the grief will so certainly fade and go. And no human power can prevent it. “The low beginnings of content” will force themselves into conscious existence, even in the heart that is most unwilling to recognise them. You will chide yourself that you are able so soon to get over that which you once fancied would darken all your after days. And all your efforts will not bring back the first sorrow: nor recal the thoughts and the atmosphere of that time. When you were a little boy, and a little brother pinched your arm so that a red mark was left, you hastened downstairs to make your complaint to the proper authority. On your way down, fast as you went, you perceived that the red mark was fading out, and becoming invisible. And did you not secretly give the place another pinch to keep up the colour till the injury should be exhibited? Well, there are mourners who do just the like. I think I can see some traces of that in *In Memoriam*. In sorrow that the wound is healing, you are ready to tear it open afresh. And by observing anniversaries: by going to places surrounded by sad associations: some human beings strive to keep up their feeling to the sensitive point of former days. But it will not do. The surface, often spurred, gets indurated: sensation leaves it. And after a while, you might as well think to excite sensation in a piece of India rubber by pricking it with a pin, as think to waken any real feeling in the heart which has indeed met a terrible wound, but whose wound is cicatrized. All this is very sad to think of. Indeed I confess to thinking it the very sorest point about the average human being. Great grief may leave us: but it should not leave us the men we were. There are people in whose faces I always look with wonder; thinking of what they have come through, and of how little trace it has left. I have gone into a certain room, where everything recalled vividly to me one who was dead. Furniture, books, pictures, piano: how plainly they brought back the face of one, far away! But the regular inmates of the house had no such feeling: had it not, at least, in any painful degree. No doubt, they had felt it for awhile, and outgrown it: whereas, to me it came fresh. And after a time it went from me too.

You know how we linger on the words and looks of the dead after they are gone. It is our sorrowful protest against the power of Time, which we know is taking these things from us. We try to bring

back the features and the tones : and we are angry with ourselves that we cannot do so more clearly. "Such a day," we think, "we saw them last : so they looked : and such words they said." We do *that* about people for whom we did not especially care while they lived : a certain consecration is breathed about them now. But how much more as to those who did not need this to endear them ! You ought to know the lines of a true and beautiful poet, about his little brother who died :—

"And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life !

"His every look, his every word,—
His very voice's tone,—
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone !"

I wish I could tell Mr. Hedderwick how many scores of times I have repeated to myself that most touching poem in which these verses stand. But I know (for human nature is always the same) that, when the poet grew to middle age and more, those tones and looks that came so vividly back in the first days of bereavement, would grow indistinct and faint. And now, when he sits by the fire at evening, or when he goes out for a solitary walk, and tries to recal his little brother's face, he will grieve to feel that it seems misty and far away.

"I cannot see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I knew ; the hues are faint,
And mix with hollow masks of night."

And you will remember how Mr. Hawthorne, with his sharp discernment of the phenomena of the mind, speaking in the name of one who recalled the form and aspect of a beautiful woman not seen for years, says something like this : When I shut my eyes, I see her yet, but a little wanner than when I saw her in fact.

Yes ; and as time goes on, a great deal wanner. I have remarked that even when the outlines remain in our remembrance, the colours fade away.

Thus true is it, that as for the long absent, and the long dead, their remembrance fails. Their faces, and the tones of their voice, grow dim. And sometimes we have all thought what a great thing it would be to be able at will to bring all these back with the vividness of reality ! What a great thing it would be if we could keep them on with us, clearly and vividly, as we had them at the first ! When your young sister died, oh how distinctly you could hear, for many days, some chance sentence as spoken by her gentle voice ! When your little child was taken, how plainly you could feel, for awhile, the fat little cheek laid against your own, as it was for the last time ! But there is no precious possession we have which wears out so fast as the remembrance of those who are gone. There never was but one case where that was not so. Let us remember it as we are told of it in the never-

failing Record : there are not many kindlier words, even there :

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

So you see in *that* case the dear remembrance would never wear out but with life. The Blessed Spirit would bring back the words, the tones, the looks, of the Blessed Redeemer, as long as those lived who had heard and seen Him. He was to do other things, still more important ; but you will probably feel what a wonderfully kindly and encouraging view it gives us of that Divine Person, to think of Him as doing all that. And while we have often to grieve that our best feelings and impulses die away so fast, think how the Apostles, everywhere, through all their after years, would have recalled to them when needful, *all things* that the Saviour had said to them ; and how He said those things ; and how He looked as He said them. *They* had not to wait for seasons when the old time came over them ; when through a rift in the cloud, as it were, they discerned for a minute the face they used to know ; and heard the voice again, like distant bells borne in upon the breeze. No : the look was always on St. Peter, that brought him back from his miserable wander : and St. John could recal the words of that parting discourse so accurately, after fifty years.

The poet Motherwell begins a little poem with this verse :—

"When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,—
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart sad memory keeping
Of heretofore?"

Now that is a pretty verse ; but to my taste it seems tainted with sentimentalism. No man really in earnest could have written these lines. And I feel not the slightest respect for the desire to have "bright eyes weeping" for you ; or to have some vague indefinite "heart" remembering you. Mr. Augustus Moddle, or any empty-headed lackadaisical lad, writing morbid verses in imitation of Byron, could do that kind of thing. The man whose desire of remembrance takes the shape of a wish to have some pretty girl crying for him (which is the thing aimed at in the mention of the "bright eye weeping") is on precisely the same level, in regard to taste and sense, with the silly, conceited blockhead who struts about in some place of fashionable resort, and fancies all the young women are looking at him. Why should people with whom you have nothing to do weep for you after you are dead, any more than look at you or think of you while you are living ? But it is a very different feeling, and an infinitely more respectable one, that dwells with the man who has outgrown silly sentimentalism ; yet who looks at those whom he holds dearest ; at those whose

stay he is, and who make up his great interest in life; at those whom *he* will remember, and never forget, no matter where he may go in God's universe: and who thinks, Now, when the impassable river runs between,—when I am an old remembrance, unseen for many years,—and when they are surrounded by the interests of their after life, and daily see many faces but never mine; how

will they think of me? Do not forget me, my little children whom I loved so much, when I shall go from you. I do not wish you (a wise good man might say) to vex yourselves, little things; I do not wish you to be gloomy or sad: but sometimes think of your father and mother when they are far away. You may be sure that, wherever they are, they will not be forgetting you.

A. K. H. B.

HEARTLESS DECEPTIONS.

BY DR. JOHN CROSSWATHE.

THE biography of a rascal, if truthfully and briefly written, would probably show the same changes in families which we see in respectable society. A father and mother, living on the borders of what have been very affectedly called "guilt gardens," carry on the occupation of "duffers." The father is a tailor; the mother hunts about the drapers' shops for pieces of cheap cloth: the father makes up these pieces into showy garments; the mother pawns them at various pawnbrokers for the highest loans she can obtain for them—generally a little more than their full value. The pawn-tickets are sold separately or in bundles, most probably to play a part in another form of swindling.

If any moralist or teacher were to call these people to account for their occupation, they would consider themselves insulted. They regard themselves as traders making the most of a little capital. They think they are far better than some of their neighbours, and as good as most of them. The frauds of adulterating tradesmen, users of light weights, and sellers under false pretences in more exalted spheres of trade, unfortunately, seem to warrant their deceptive dealings.

What, by a stretch or tolerance, may be considered as being only sharp trading on the part of this father and mother, becomes, by a law of progression or divergence, rank swindling on the part of the son.

The son, made useful from necessity from time to time in pawning the clothes manufactured by his father, becomes familiar with deception. The different uses that may be made of pawn-tickets unfold gradually before him, and if his parents seek to keep this knowledge from him, with the usual keenness of childhood he arrives at it in spite of them. When he starts in the world to get his own living, he probably fancies he sees a way to profits far larger than his father's. Gathering tickets from other "duffers,"—from pawners of duffing watches, duffing jewellery, and duffing cabinet-work; getting also a few made-up tickets from unscrupulous pawnbrokers who wish to sell their unsaleable stock at a good profit, he makes his bow to the public as a "struggling tradesman." The struggling tradesman has always pressing need of ten or twenty pounds to meet a bill, to extend his busi-

ness, or to purchase a beneficial lease; he is always willing to give a five or ten-pound bonus if accommodated with this money for a fortnight or three weeks, and to deposit property with the lender worth four times as much as the required loan. He offers one or two thousand per cent. per annum with excessive security, and advertises almost daily in various forms for tenders. That his advertisements succeed we are bound to believe, because of their regular appearance; and they generally take one or other of the following forms:—

"CASH £50.—£20 given for the IMMEDIATE LOAN of £50 for one week only. Security worth £200 (real, and convertible at a moment's notice) deposited.—Address Alpha, Post-Office, Ludgate Hill."

"MONEY—£25.—A small manufacturer of ten years' standing REQUIRES this SUM till the 30th instant. To insure the punctual return, will deposit real security to treble the amount, and pay £7 for the accommodation. Address X., Money Order Office, Blackfriars' Road, S."

"A BONUS of £8 will be given for the use of £20 for seven days. Security to the value of £100 will be deposited. Address Bonus, Manchester Street, King's Cross."

This form of swindle has now been more or less practised for twenty years; and the somewhat greedy victims who lend their money on bundles of pawn tickets or sham jewellery, tempted by the extravagantly high rate of interest promised, can hardly be astonished when they find that the security is almost worthless. When they redeem the pledges, they ought not to feel surprised that they have been throwing good money after bad, and are left in possession of property made for pawning and nothing else.

There are many schemes which the full-blown swindler tries besides this money-borrowing business, and none probably pay him as well as the sham "Loan Societies." By starting on the assumption that one-half of the world are fools, and that a large proportion of that half are generally in want of money, he is able to extract the largest amount of plunder with the least possible amount of risk. Without the courage of the burglar or the physical strength of the garotter, he arrives at far more

profitable results by merely dodging behind a screen. Under cover of the "Good Samaritan Loan and Discount Association," or some title likely to inspire equal hope and confidence, he attracts unwary dupes from every corner of the country. With a little capital, no scruples, and a large share of low cunning he has founded a business which nothing seems able to destroy. Exposure may follow upon exposure with little or no effect. Persistent prosecutions may secure one member of the gang, but another springs up directly to supply his place. Victims wearied by paying "inquiry fees" which bear no fruit, may be taught prudence in time, or may learn it from heavier losses and the warnings of magistrates; but still a fresh flock is always ready to be fleeced. Just as the billiard-sharper seldom fails to find a ready listener who believes him to be a clergyman's son just come into possession of several thousand pounds, so the sham loan-office keeper is seldom without believing applicants. A certain number of weak but respectable people seem to have formed themselves into a society for the encouragement of scoundrels, and we can therefore hardly wonder that swindlers increase and thrive. It appears, from a hundred cases brought forward in the course of the year, that such swindlers have only to ask and to have. They merely shake the boughs, and the willing fruit drops into their ready mouths. They enjoy an unwholesome security because the law is uncertain, because prosecutions are expensive, and because people who have been swindled often object to be paraded as dupes.

When the "struggling tradesman" buds into the "capitalist," and becomes the manager and owner of a sham "Loan Office," he generally derives his profits from inquiry fees. He entertains no application for loans without a cash deposit to pay for all the supposed necessary inquiries as to the respectability of the applicant, &c. As two or more sureties are always demanded, this gives an excuse for extracting more fees to pay for inquiries touching the securities, and it is almost needless to say that these inquiries never prove satisfactory. The applicants for loans are generally dismissed with letters declining their propositions with thanks, and they may think themselves fortunate if the swindle proceeds no further. Sometimes the capitalist, however, is encouraged to extract much more from his victims by promising the loan on receiving a pre-payment of the first year's interest. This is greediness which brings him within the grasp of the law, and is almost sure to lead to the break-up of the office. A gang of "capitalists" of this kind was very recently exposed and convicted, but not before their members had swindled successfully for two or three years. They consisted of a laundress, a bill-sticker, a commission-agent, a quack who had once been imprisoned for eighteen months for swindling under pretence of curing deafness and diseases of the ear, and one or two other members equally disreputable. Their office was only a

dilapidated tenement in a low neighbourhood, but they succeeded by reason of the uninquiring faith of their dupes, and their own bold and unsparing use of the best banking and commercial names. They advertised in country papers that post-office orders were to be made payable to Gurney, Lindsay, Twining & Co., and were gladdened by receiving thirty or forty communications a day. One letter, stopped by the police, contained thirty pounds sent up as payment of a year's interest in advance on an expected loan of five hundred pounds, and many other letters were intercepted, which showed how easily people might be defrauded of their money.

The thorough swindler is heartless enough in his management of these sham loan offices, but he thrives upon other swindles which are even more heartless. He preys without remorse or pity upon a peculiarly helpless class,—that large, struggling, needy, and believing body who are always seeking employment. A new occupation, or a new invention, is often used by him as a new mask, under cover of which he carries on his frauds. The sewing machines seem to have been the last invention which the swindler has made use of. He puts an advertisement in one of the morning papers headed, "Highly advantageous to young ladies in search of employment," in which he sets forth that the advertiser, who carries on an extensive business, will teach applicants the art of using this machine, and obtain them profitable work when they become proficient, for a fee of half a guinea. The applicants, mostly needy females, scrape up the necessary fees, pay them over to the supposed thriving tradesman, attend at his office, see three or four cheap machines at work for a few days, at the end of which time the machines and their swindling owner disappear together. Hundreds of shops in faded or half-developed neighbourhoods seem to exist only as empty traps, to be occasionally baited by swindlers of this description.

The most common swindling appeal to the pressing wants and scanty purses of females seeking employment, comes in the shape of a "Registry Office"—a parlour fitted up as a general business agency web in which to catch the poor flies who are seeking for situations. These offices are found more or less thriving in every quarter of the town, but particularly in neighbourhoods where the population is dense and has to fight for its living. The proprietors of an agency office of this kind generally fix themselves on some terrace of fading respectability, where they herald the approach of that decay which gives up mansions to small brokers and cheap photographers. They put a black board outside the house where the delusive registry is to be established, and on this they paint the words, "Advertising, Registry, and General Business Agency Offices." This board, with a table, a couple of chairs, and a desk, placed in the front parlour or reception room, constitutes all the "plant" of the office.

The first thing which the keeper of this place

does is to buy regularly two or three of the newspapers most noted for their miscellaneous advertisements, and to copy on slips of paper all those announcements which relate to vacant situations. The names of the persons advertising are carefully omitted from these copies, the object being to attract applications to the "office" and to extract fees. These slips of paper are pasted on the black-board, in a column headed "Vacant," and are made to appear as if they were original applications for servants sent to that particular "Registry."

When applied to by a person writing to accept one of these situations, the keeper of the office charges a fee which varies from sixpence to half-a-crown, according to the look of the applicant. In exchange for this payment, the address of the employer is given, and that is all,—a piece of information which might have been learned from the newspapers. If the fee has been made large enough to entitle the applicant to the first suitable situation which may come to the knowledge of the office-keeper, a few stamps for postage are demanded to cover letters to employers. These letters are often written, because they help to advertise the office, and often lead to a few genuine

applications from employers for servants, which mix well with the borrowed advertisements. Advertisements concerning "businesses to be disposed of," "apartments, warehouses, and shops to let," "articles lost or found," and "servants wanting situations," are also freely borrowed or stolen. In some of these offices an extra fee is charged, which binds the office-keeper to pay for the insertion of one special advertisement in a leading London newspaper, if he fails in obtaining a situation for the applicant within a week. He keeps to his contract by inserting the advertisement, but, by making it sufficiently general, and having the answers addressed to the office under initials, he makes it satisfy a dozen applicants to whom he may be bound in the same way. The whole system is based upon fraud and deception. It is as heartless and cruel as that other system by which applications are encouraged for posts long filled, though formally advertised as open, that a few joint-stock directors may keep up appearances, and seem not to have favoured their friends. By both systems the time and money of the poor are recklessly wasted, and false hopes are held out to those who are already sick with hope deferred.

RHODA; OR, THE WHISTLE.*

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. LORD ARDMILLAN.

A FAIR young girl sat working by the fire ;
Her nimble fingers plied the twinkling wire,
Knitting, the while she read the Book of Grace,
Till a soft light stole radiant o'er her face,
And hid some lines of passion and regret,
Which marred the lines of beauty where they met.
For something—somewhere—what I cannot tell—
Faint and diffused and undefinable ;—
Or in the large grey eyes that strangely gleamed
'Neath drooping lids, as one that inly dreamed ;
Or in the full-lipped mouth, where some old pain,
Now changed to pensiveness, would still retain
A tremulous place ; or in the pallid cheek
That flushed too often with a hectic streak—
I wot not which, but something seem'd to say,
Lo ! now the sin hath all been washed away.

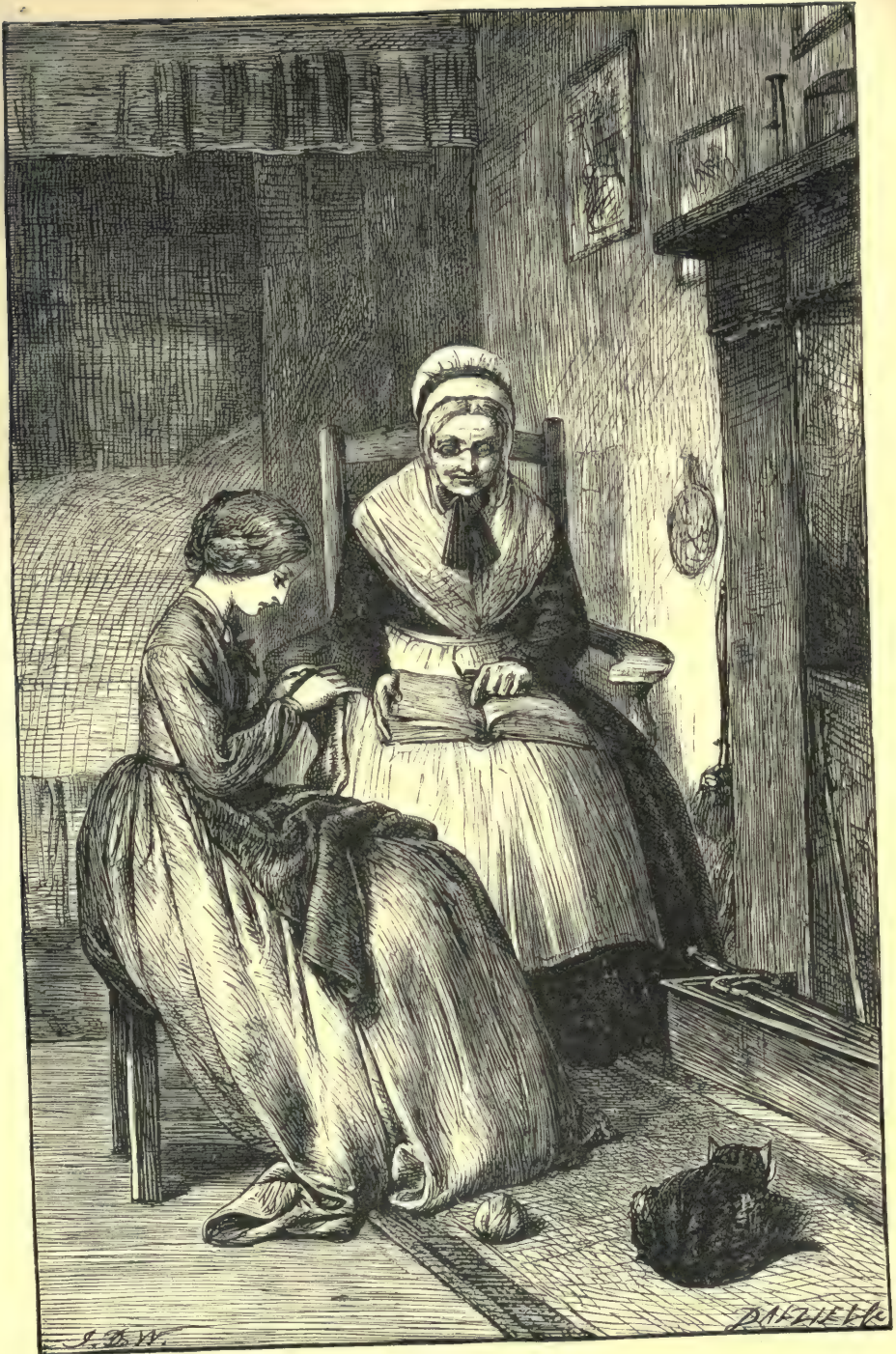
A simple room, but neat and clean : a bed
Stood in a corner, draped in white and red ;
A tall geranium on the window ledge
Breathed perfume from a leaf with silvered edge ;
And over that a caged linnnet sung ;
And dim old prints around the walls were hung—
Eve plucking the sad fruit by which man fell,
A Jesus with the woman at the well,
A Magdalen redeemed from cruel fate,
A Pilgrim hastening to the wicket gate,

In flaming tints a Prodigal's return,
And Death with mowing scythe and funeral urn.
Such pious help the simple worshipper
Still craves from art, debased and secular ;
Craves, yet forbids the chief inspiring theme,
Of Him whose "lifting up" draws all the dream
Of beauty up to Him, by reverence
And purity and high religious sense ;
Making all sacred that its task may be
Crown'd with the bleeding Love upon the accursed
tree.

The fair young girl sat working by the fire,
With nimble fingers on the twinkling wire ;
And by her side a woman old and grey,
Whose wrinkles told of years of kind decay,
And of a simple heart that did not spin
An age of sorrows from remembered sin.
Grey time had marr'd her beauty, yet was she
Gentle and bland, with smiling courtesy
Nicely old-fashioned, and the tender grace
Of wise consideration in her face.
Round her white locks a close white cap was pressed,
And purest muslin folded o'er her breast,
Smelling of rosemary and lavender,
And old and fine, and darned with meikle care ;
And the big Bible in her blue-vein'd hand
Opened where "Jesus wrote upon the sand."

* This story is substantially true, though here somewhat disguised, for reasons which will be understood by those acquainted with the circumstances.

An aged woman wrinkled now and grey,
And all her wisdom in a good heart lay,



"The fair, young girl sat working by the fire,
With nimble fingers on the twinkling wire;
And by her side a woman, old and gray,
Whose wrinkles told of years of kind decay."

And all her knowledge in the book of God,
 And all her schooling in his chastening rod.
 Thankful she was to Him who guides our ways,
 And whose rich mercies compassed her with praise ;
 But lowly too, herself esteeming not,
 Save as a servant happier in her lot
 Than in her service faithful, being led
 In a straight path and helped and comforted.
 Some sorrow had she known ; but she had found,
 Hid in its wrappings, joy of God profound,
 And peace and love and sense of grace supreme,
 Which are the heart of grief. For still we deem
 That every keenest pain and carking care,
 Like the sharp winds of the autumnal air,
 But loosen tender roots, to earth that cling,
 And ripen the ear for heaven's great harvesting.

Strange contrast showed the pair in that small room,
 She old and grey, and she in beauty's bloom :
 Yet the grey woman, mellow with grace and truth,
 Had in her heart the freshness of her youth,
 Had in her face a light serene and clear,
 Had in her voice a tone of blithesome cheer,
 Happy as when they bind the yellow grain,
 Or swathe the hay, or pile the creaking wain,
 Mid sun-brown'd mirth, upon the clover lea,
 With breath of kine and milkmaids laughing free.
 While that fair girl, although a splendour broke
 And beam'd o'er all her beauty, as she spoke,
 Look'd weary with a world's experience,
 And pining for remembered innocence,
 And older in the burden of her thought
 Than aught that wrinkling Time hath kindly
 wrought ;—

Weary and pining, and the grey eyes seem'd
 To gaze far off as one that only dream'd.

She said, "He loved us, and for loving died,
 He took our sins, and He was crucified ;
 In guilt-doomed innocence the Man Divine
 Clasped the shamed cross, and made no other sign.
 And what if, dying, I could thus atone
 For ills I've borne, and bear the grief alone ?
 Or what, if it is wrong in such as I
 To dare comparison with thoughts so high ?
 I know not. I have had fond dreams of good
 Which still returned, like swallows, home, to brood
 In one bright nook which to my heart was given,
 As a sweet window, to look through to heaven ;
 And there they sang, and sweetened life to me,
 Though sometimes terrible in their purity.
 But now I vex you—may be, I am wrong ;
 And shall I sing you then the evening song ?"

"Yes, sing to me ; I like to hear you sing ;
 Better is praise than sad remembering ;
 Better is praise for blessings we have got
 Than wrestling with the universe of thought ;
 Better is praise for woman than to try
 Conclusions with a strange philosophy.
 And in the light of some heroic dream
 Often our daily, homely duties seem

Common and dull, with nothing great to do ;
 And then there's nothing done. The wise and true
 Crave not for lofty tasks, but turn the small
 To greatness by the great heart doing all
 For God. At any rate, the past is gone,
 Nor can our sorrows for its ills atone ;
 But there's a grace of wise forgetfulness,
 The while we forward reach and onward press :
 Let the dead past be buried. It will calm
 Our thoughts now if you sing the evening psalm."

Then rose a voice in song, that once had been
 Liquid and mellow, and round and soft, I ween ;
 Now broken and sad, yet with a pathos sweet,
 And all was feeling true and worship meet.

O blessed Jesus, Christ of God,
 Who this weary earth hast trod,
 Bearing all the sinner's load ;
 Gracious Jesus, let me rest
 On thy promise, on thy breast
 Which the Magdalen hath pressed.

O sweet Jesus, Rose of Sharon,
 Mighty Jesus, Rod of Aaron,
 Making streams flow as we fare on,
 Grant me faith and love and peace,
 Bid my wandering thoughts to cease,
 Give me life and more increase.

Saviour—Brother, King of Glory,
 Heir of all the ages hoary,
 Crown and flower of Time's great story,
 Despised, rejected, crucified,
 Wash me in the crimson tide
 Flowing from thy wounded side.

Take me, Father, for thy child ;
 Keep me, Jesus, meek and mild ;
 Spirit, calm my passions wild ;
 And the glory shall be thine,
 God of our hope, and Man Divine,
 Saviour of the world, and mine.

And then they knelt to Him that heareth prayer,
 And knew He heard, and felt that He was there,
 An ear unseen, a Father's loving heart
 Throbbing with all the good He would impart
 To all his creatures ; and they spake to Heaven
 About the ransom that for us was given,
 About the sins which had defiled the day,
 About the grace that cleanseth sin away,
 About the comfort of his staff and rod,
 About the peace that resteth all in God.
 O happy in this prison-house of clay,
 To whom the grace is given to love and pray !
 Rich in their poverty—though lowly, high—
 Strong in their weakness—living while they die—
 Still hating sin, the more it is forgiven ;
 Still blessing earth the more the more they live for
 heaven !

Now, rising from their knees, peaceful and calm,
 Soothed by the worship, strengthened by the psalm,

The younger to the window softly went,
And stood and mused, with silent soul, intent
On something far off in the misty years,—
The grey, vague eyes more vague through gathering
tears,

Half-conscious. 'Twas a peaceful winter night,
Windless, and with a pale, diffused moonlight,
Although the moon was hid by falling snow
Whose broad flakes glimmered wavering to and
fro,

And feathered all the air, and softly fell,
Ghostly, on the white streets. A distant bell
Rang, muffled, from the steeple; and it seemed
Almost a silent world which she had dreamed,
Save that a cracked voice quavered a street-song,
Or a short laugh rose from a passing throng,
And here and there a hazy glimmer showed
Where a lamp burnt, and here and there the road
Was shadowed by a carriage rolling by;
But all was still as ghostly scenery;
So deep the calm, the very sounds appeared
To mark the silence more than to be heard:
When suddenly there rose in the still air
A long, low whistle strange, that seem'd to bear
On its weird notes a burden of loneliness,
And passion of a wild heart's fierce distress,
And wilful; and it ceased with a sharp strain
Of power impatient, touch'd with some keen pain.

A weird unhappy sound! what could it be
That through the wan night wailed so eerily?
And why did Rhoda blanch so deadly pale,
With frighten'd ghastly look, as when a tale
Of horror, told at midnight, seems to find
Sure confirmation in the crannied wind,
Breaking the troubled silence suddenly,
And answering to the thought? so pallid she
Stood at the window, fascinate, and press'd
Her trembling palms upon her heaving breast,
And gazed into the night, and saw the snow,
Each quivering flake that trembled to and fro,
And heard the crack'd voice, and the muffled bell,—
And the snow crunching where a footstep fell,—
All senses living, tense, with eager pain,
All seen and heard and felt, yet nothing plain,
Save terror of an apprehended ill
Making the heart beat wildly audible.
When hark! again that eerie wail arose,
And rung more clear its sharp, impatient close,
And ceased abrupt; and with a cry of fright,
A low, wild moan, she rush'd into the night.

That night went by in sorrow, and fear, and pain,
And the next day, and then the night again;
Another day of clinging hope arose,
Another night of dread crept to a close;
Three days of hope to see her face once more
Brightening in beauty at the open door;
Three nights of wonder, fear, and weariness,
And idle speculation and distress;
For she had won that aged woman's heart
By many a stroke of simple loving art,

And by a certain greatness in her mind,
And by a nature womanly and kind,
Which her life's error did awhile encrust
And overlay with wasteful envious rust,
But could not all destroy. Three days went by,
And wonder ceased to wonder dreamily;
But on the fourth a shuddering whisper ran
Through all the town about a murder'd man
Found 'mong the spotted rushes of a fen
That swamp'd the oozy bottom of a glen
Among the neighbouring hills—a cursed place!
And there the dead lay with his ghastly face
Upturned to heaven amid the slushy snow,
The spotted rushes wavering to and fro,
And red with spouted blood, and whispering low.

Keen search was made; and by-and-by the scent
Tracked one but late returned from banishment;
But not alone he stood, alas! for she
Was strangely mixed with the fell tragedy.

The court assembled; they were at the bar;
He, with a scowl of grim, defiant war,
Fronting the judge; a fierce, impassioned soul,
Wilful and reckless, scorning the control
Of Law and Love: but she was rapt and high,
And in the glory of an ecstasy,
Beautiful, saintly, tranquil and serene,
Radiant inscrutably, as you have seen
The heaven-light mantling some entranced face
At the high sacrament of love and grace.
You could have sworn her innocent as a child,
Pure as a lily, white and undefiled;
When lo! she rose, and casting back her hair
From her pale face, said with a lofty air:
"Guilty, my Lord; and guilty I alone;
This man is innocent—let him begone,
And let my death for many ills atone."

A moment's hush, and then the startled crowd
Murmured astonishment, or wept aloud.
Deeming her true to love's mysterious law,
Divine, and good, and beautiful, they saw
The false word rooted in a heart of truth,
And pitied her great sorrow and her youth,
Which falsely lied—and still the lie is ill—
But truly loved—and love is holy still;
So they would have her false that she might be
True in her soul to that high mystery.
And the great crowd swayed, sobbing, to and fro,
And bright eyes dimmed, and strong men whispered
low,
With choking syllables of tenderness,
Esteeming her false word a fairer grace
Than truth had been in such an evil case.
The judge was strangely moved; yet only said,
"Record, the female panel 'guilty' pled,
And let the case against the man go on
To proof." But still she cried, "Let me atone
For all his sin—he is not fit to die—
Leave the great God to search the mystery.

What more is needed?—it is Heaven's own way—
 'Tis fit that one should die; but if it may
 Consist at all with your inhuman law—
 I have a father living—do not draw
 The furrows deeper on his broken heart
 By searching out the name he did impart
 Unto the baptism-child long years ago
 In the grey kirk of God. He has had woe
 Enough from me already; let him die
 Unburdened with that needless agony.
 And bury me not in prison: lay me there
 Beside my baby—*He* will tell you where.
 So let the end come—best that I should die;
 Guilty, my Lord, and guilty only I.”
 And the great tears flowed down her pallid face,
 Looking on him with pitiful tenderness—
 A sorrowful, yearning, half-upbraiding glance,
 All haloed with a loving radiance.

There was a sound of weeping in the crowd,
 And sorrow and amazement sobbed aloud;
 An instinct deep of incredulity
 Murmured refusal of her guilty plea,
 Discerning that the falsehood of her tongue
 Was rooted in true love. And she was young
 And beautiful, and had a mournful air
 Of pathos now and patience and despair.
 And the Judge wiped his clouded glass, but saw
 No better; and he spake of Roman Law
 Confusedly, and dashed the tear aside,
 And ordered silence. But she only cried,
 “Let me atone—he is not fit to die—
 And I am weary of life's long agony.”

The trial sped, the proof was led; the truth
 Soon shaped itself most clearly. In her youth
 She loved this man, a guileless village maid,
 Loved all too trustfully, and was betrayed.
 But yet content, if he was only near,
 To brook the scorn, and hide the bitter tear,
 For him to wreath the face with cheerful smiles,
 And win his better heart with tender wiles,
 Through dreary years of outrage and neglect,
 And shame and wrong and loss of self-respect,
 She loved him, clinging to his falling fate,
 As ivy clasps a ruin desolate,
 And clothes its wreck with beauty, where sweet birds
 Nestle and sing; so she with gentle words
 And kindly ministry of love sublime
 Tempered his fate, and soothed the evil time,
 Still finding in meek constancy relief,
 And in the full acceptance of her grief
 A gracious penitence, amid whose fears
 A gracious Heaven made rainbows in her tears.
 Yet ere those years he was not wholly ill;
 But wild and passionate, with imperious will
 Self-confident, which oft to woman seems
 The true heroic strain, if only gleams
 Of generous courage break the selfish gloom;
 And there she finds her idol and her doom.
 But evermore the passion fiercer grew,
 And evermore the wilful temper knew

Less good restraint, and selfish evermore,
 The loveless heart, now rotten to the core,
 Vaunted, as trophies proud, that he had trod
 On broken hearts of man and laws of God.

At length his course seem'd ended; he was sent
 For many crimes to distant banishment;
 And happily she found a home the while
 Where sunless days began again to smile.
 That aged woman, wrinkled, thin, and grey,
 Might not in idlesse waste her years away,
 For in her sorrow she had found the joy
 Which man can neither give nor yet destroy;
 And now, with kindly pity, yearned to draw
 Others to Him who was her life and law.
 And chief her pity was on woman bent,
 Being most womanly; and thus she spent
 Her days, and thoughts, and prayers, and scanty
 all,

For rescue of the hapless who might fall
 By guile, or snare, or folly into sin,
 And them to better ways and better thoughts to
 win.

So in his happy home beside the sea,
 The blither still its brightening hearth may be,
 The more it ring with laughing children dear,
 And warm with mother love and wifely cheer,
 Still as the goodman hears the booming wave
 Break on the beach, and o'er the skerry rave,
 He thinks upon the hapless castaway,
 The drifting wreck, the boat amid the spray,
 And ever the more his mercies are so great,
 His pity stirs for their untimely fate,
 Nor rests until the dripping sailor boy
 Breathes on the bed, and fills their hearts with joy:
 So she, in sacred peace, beside the sea
 Of darkened, troubled life and misery
 Watched, scarcely patient of her happier lot,
 While the wild tide surged round the tranquil spot,
 Speaking unspeakable sorrows. Rhoda found
 A home with her, and in its hallowed ground,
 Some years, had toil'd in patient duty meek,
 Reclaimed the lost, and strengthened oft the weak,
 And lived a life of lowly penitence
 And mercy sweet and fruitful diligence,
 And walked with God in peace, and truth, and
 love,

Kissing the rod, the while she looked above:
 Till that sad night when, through the falling snow,
 She heard his call recalling all her woe,
 And yet in fearful love unto his side must go.

The rest was all uncertain, save that he
 Had plainly wrought the fateful tragedy.
 But was she also guilty, as she said?
 Could those fair hands, so womanly, have shed
 Blood in the rushy fen, which often soothed
 The fevered hour, and oft the pillow smoothed
 For sick and weary souls? Until the close,
 Sullen he stood, regarding all as foes—
 Jury and judge, and laws of God and man—
 And grimly sneering, still his pleading ran,

“She says I’m innocent and unfit to die ;
 She says she’s guilty, and fain to Heaven would fly.
 My Lord, so be it ; I had rather stay ;
 It’s not so bad a world as people say ;
 At least, I know no better ; I’m content
 To stay a while ; but wherefore keep a saint
 In this bad world of sin and punishment ?”
 And bitterly he laughed ; and saw with pride
 A shuddering horror creep on every side.
 For he had reached the pitch of scornful hate
 When the wild heart can triumph, high elate,
 To outrage all the instincts deep of good,
 As flowers and fripperies of weak womanhood.
 But ere the doomster spake the words of doom,
 He rose in the dim twilight’s dusky gloom,
 Perchance half-touched by her meek, patient air,
 Perchance remorseful for her mute despair,
 Perchance remembering brighter, better days,
 And all her gentle love and tender ways ;

And lifting up that drooping lily’s head
 With a rough tenderness, at length he said,
 “My Lord, this farce, or tragedy, or how
 You please to call it, may be ended now :
 I did the deed, even as I swore to do
 When I was yonder, where you sent me to—
 A nice place for repenting of my sin,
 With company and time to do it in.
 No matter. As for her, if prayers and tears,
 And preachments making hours as long as years,
 Are guilt, then she is guilty ; for she hung
 About my neck, and pray’d to God, and sung
 Old psalms of David till she drove me mad ;
 I scarce had done it, but she looked so sad,
 It made me spiteful ; as for aught beside
 She knew no more than her own babe that died
 Long years ago. There now, I’ve righted you.”
 And with a mighty curse he swore the girl was
 true. ORWELL.

A WORD OF REMONSTRANCE WITH SOME NOVELISTS.

BY A NOVELIST.

SHADES of Shakespeare and Sir Walter, what would you think of our new heroines, our charming criminals, our fascinating plots of mystery and wickedness ? You dealt with wickedness, but you had a simple habit of calling things by their right names, and awarding vice its true desert. Suppose your tragedies and novels were re-written in the present day, how all would be changed. Lady Macbeth would wash her little hands quite clean ; then having disposed of Macbeth by a lucky accident at Dunsinane, would marry Malcolm Canmore, or become a second wife to Macduff.

Othello, after his murder of Desdemona, would think better of it and only slay Iago, not himself. He would then begin life anew with Emilia, who would lay aside her guile and hardness for the occasion, and start afresh sincere and transparent as the day,—filching no more handkerchiefs, putting them to no more treacherous uses. You can easily fancy her hanging over the cradle of her first-born little Moor. Would she ever hear “Willow, Willow,” I wonder ? Othello and she would rather sing, “Happy, tawny Moor” together, and be content.

Cordelia would have no interest for us as the sweet low-voiced daughter of Lear. Pooh ! Cordelia, where would be the excitement in so tame, commonplace, milk-and-water, bread-and-butter character and feelings as hers ! All our sympathies would fly to Regan and Goneril, “sublime in passion,” spurning weakness, loving “not wisely but too well,” wild in love and hate. What a pity that one or other was not rewarded by being suddenly transformed into a dying saint, if not into a bountiful, blessed wife and mother !

We would have no time to waste over Portia’s pleading, unless there was an ugly suspicion that

she had in her early youth, when she bought her necklaces, entered into a private marriage with Shylock, who had so far forgot his ducats as to become enamoured of the high-spirited Christian maiden.

In the modern version Rebecca would elope with Bois Gilbert, and, returning penitent, wed poor Ivanhoe.

And with regard to Jeanie and Effie Deans, what a tremendous mistake we and the author together have made in being (like Reuben Butler and Dumbiedikes) devoted lovers of homely, noble Jeanie, and travelling every step with her in that long journey to England, when we had the sinners Effie and George Robertson to engross our thoughts and fancies. What a poor figure Jeanie makes without stage accessories, what a small sensation now-a-days standing up in the court and crying out “Alack, alack, she never breathed a word to me about it,” rather than tell one little lie to save her sister—what a poor figure beside our modern heroines, with their all-excusing taint of insanity, or their glow of impulse, yet who are not so impulsive but that they keep hideous secrets “gnawing at their hearts” for weeks, months, and years,—whose whole life is a cheat and a lie ?

Yet we were wont to set store on immortal Will and Sir Walter, and call their art true art, and boast how they had enlightened and bettered the world. How much health and happiness will redound to society through this modern treatment of sin is a very dubious question.

For a time our rage after criminal heroines owned certain bounds. It began with a frenzy for supercilious or violent damsels, rampagious young women whose waywardness and perversity, that is their selfishness, folly, and slightly-veiled coarseness,

came to be harped upon as their chief attractions. We have long passed these respectable bounds. Falseness, dishonesty, murder even; are rapidly claiming our most intense sympathies. It is the old Jack Sheppard mania, with female Jack Sheppards. We began our infatuation by executing the sentence of reprobation on our favourites. We hanged them like Captain Rock—we banished them—at least, we exiled them and condemned them to die, however becomingly and edifyingly, of remorse and misery. But now, even this small concession is cast aside, and after a little temporary anguish we bring back our criminals to sit at our tables, and “take sweet counsel with us,” as if Jezebel, after having painted her face and tired her head, in place of being thrown to the dogs, was rescued and restored to a dignified palace and an undisturbed reign.

Decidedly the latest, most enticing, engrossing, breathlessly delightful heroine, is she who is in some form connected with the crime of bigamy. I beg to propose, if this style of novel continue in fashion, that the scene be removed to the more appropriate locality of the Mormons' city. By this means a great deal of invention, some improbability, and a few moral and religious scruples may be saved, although there will no doubt be a falling off in the element of danger. Or if this is not granted, then I would suggest the introduction of the slight variety of one man with two wives, and so shift the responsibility in fairness to the opposite side of the house.

I once knew a case of bigamy, and its facts were these. A working man married unhappily, and within a week of his marriage quarrelled with and separated from his wife by mutual consent, neither party seeing nor seeking to see the other's face again. The man removed to a different locality, lived alone for seven years, and then, actuated by an erroneous idea, not rare among the lower class, that seven years' separation breaks the marriage vow, set about courting another wife. He was not guilty of concealment; he told the circumstances of his former life to his intended wife. She was a bold lass, unreflecting, and not over scrupulous. She consented to marry him; still there was no double dealing, both man and woman were aware of the facts. They even took some steps to consult higher authorities; but unfortunately gave up the process as a tedious and contradictory one.

They found a clergyman, who was also made aware, I think, of the old transaction that barred the new, but who, I suspect, shared the ignorance and delusion of those who fancied it of no matter—a thing ended and gone. At all events he married the couple openly, in the circle of their friends. Within a few weeks a charge of bigamy was brought against the man, not at the instance of his first wife, who desired to have nothing more to do with him, and was on the point of a second marriage herself, but upon the information of an old acquaintance. Without any ceremony the man was thrown into gaol. He and the second wife—

who, not very consistently or justly, resented her downfall—did not meet after their honeymoon was thus rudely broken up, until both parties were on their way to the circuit court, the man in his fustian, to be tried as a criminal, the woman in some of her dearly bought marriage finery, to be examined as a witness. Then the man seized an opportunity to speak reproachfully to her with a certain rough pathos, because she deserted him in the day of his calamity.

The court condemned the man, but in consideration of his self-deception and openness, awarded no severer sentence than a few months' imprisonment, while it censured the woman for her heartlessness and rashness.

The poor woman returned to her father's house and remained there till her baby was born. Then, broken in character, and ruined in prospect, she was persuaded into the sin of returning to the man, and living with him in an illegal connection. The gaol brand had burnt into him, and the degradation of her position taunted her, so the couple fell fast into vice and poverty. The man lost his industrious habits and took to drinking. At last the woman wandered back to her first home, a baby in her arms, a baby on her back, a baby at her knee, with white lips and shrunk arms and defiant eyes, to beg bread for her starving children.

A haggard tale enough, but still with no spurious sentiment in it, craving no morbid attraction towards its weak and wretched victims. Yet for this couple in their ignorance and rudeness, I say it advisedly, there are excuses and palliatives a thousand-fold stronger than can be urged for our favourite heroines. This poor man and woman were straight as cedars, and pure as snow, beside them.

I do not protest against the introduction of wickedness into art, living as we do in a wicked world. I believe “terror and pity purge the human heart,” but let wickedness be painted as William Hogarth painted it, in its loathsome, ghastly, downward career, ending in the gallows, the kennel, the mad-house. Do not let us have liars and cheats, and false wives, transformed by a touch into dying saints and honourable matrons. Do not let crime or its penalty be the crucible which converts our dross into gold.

“The greatest sinner may repent.” Thank God, she may; so, also, “while there is life there is hope.” But do not our hearts quake when this is all the assurance that the pitying doctor dare afford us in our friend's peril?

Is it honest or benevolent to take the exceptional cases, flaunt them, distort them, exaggerate them, so that sinners may indulge in excess, clinging to the faith that if they do not become reformed and prosperous men and women, they are at least likely to wipe out the past, by quitting this world as martyrs and saints? It is unutterably mean to lead a life of imposture, under whatever motives of revenge and retribution the life be undertaken, and no mortal can deliberately and persistently follow

it who is not a debased being in the beginning and in the end. One true act can no more make a true woman, than one swallow can make a summer.

In the name of a holy and merciful religion let us profoundly pity and tenderly succour the miserable, but do not let us commit the grave error of preferring degradation to renown, and the infinitely more heinous error of preferring guilt to innocence. When the prodigal's father received the lost son with the kisses of love and the music of joy, he did not fail to answer the protest of the elder brother, "Son, thou art ever with me, and *all* that I have is thine." Is it possible we are more merciful than He who was the type of Divine mercy?

In Solomon's day it was held that jealousy was the rage of a man, and that there was one disgrace

which could not be wiped away till the black curtain of death descended and hid it from the appalled, horror-stricken sight. Why do we depart from the wisdom of the wise king, and believe that it is not a virtuous woman, but a deceiver or a betrayer, whose price is above rubies, and that it is she alone who should usurp our regard, and awe our admiration?

I humbly pray our good writers, moralists, satirists, humourists, by precept and example, by tongue and pen, to exorcise this evil possession of our literature, that we may not have the sorrow and shame of knowing that the reign of good Queen Victoria, our true woman and wife, will be identified in after generations with the reign of female criminals in English literature.

H. K.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

VII.—THE CO-OPERATION OF THE LAITY IN THE GOVERNMENT AND WORK OF THE CHURCH.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

THERE are two incidents in Scripture history which seem to suggest corresponding lessons with respect to the government and work of the Church. The first of these occurs in the early history of the Israelites. In the book of Exodus it is recorded that, at the suggestion of his father-in-law Jethro, Moses introduced a very judicious change in the management of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the people over whom by divine ordination he ruled. For some time after their escape from Egypt he had borne unaided the burden of directing the affairs of the community. He was their sole instructor and guide. "The people," he said, in answer to the inquiries of Jethro, "come to me to inquire of God . . . and I do make them know the statutes of God and his laws." But, besides this, the proper and legitimate function of his office, there had devolved upon him the entire management of the secular affairs of the nation, the settling of disputes, the decision of difficult cases, the multifarious and incessant occupations of the man of business. The consequence of this was, as very soon became apparent to the eye of his sagacious relative, that by taking too much upon him, Moses was doing injury both to himself and to the people whom he wished to serve. In the attempt to do everything, he did nothing thoroughly and well. Let him select his own proper province and stick to it—devolving upon others the work that properly belonged to theirs. Let him confine himself mainly to the duties of his high vocation as the interpreter of the Divine Will to the people, and not cramp his energies, waste his strength, and abstract from the time so precious when devoted to thought and reflection and communion with God, in order to fritter it away on the perpetual demands of secular business. Other men,

pious and wise in their own department, might be found among the community who could attend to its inferior interests as well, or better, than he. Let him call in the aid of these men of practical sagacity in the daily government and discipline of the people, and thus secure for himself liberty to devote his thoughts and energies more undistractedly to the peculiar duties of his sacred office. Such, in substance, was the advice which Jethro gave to Moses. "And Moses' father-in-law said unto him, The thing that thou doest is not good, thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and this people that is with thee, for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone. Hearken now unto my voice, I will give thee counsel, and God shall be with thee. Be thou for the people to God-ward that thou mayest bring the causes unto God: and thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt show them the way wherein they must walk and the work they must do. Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them; and let them judge the people at all seasons. And it shall be that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge: so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee." (Exodus xviii. 17—22.)

Here, then, is a specimen of the way in which many of those arrangements, to which the name Church government or Church polity is applied, took their rise. Another and precisely analogous example in New Testament times we find in the account given in the Acts of the Apostles of the institution of the order of deacons. The Apostles, it is related, had somewhat inconsiderately permitted themselves to be encumbered with the

direction of the secular and external affairs of the Church. But as the community of believers rapidly increased, complaints arose that the business was mismanaged and the interests of many neglected, whilst by a multiplicity of secondary cares and duties, the Apostles were diverted from their proper and more important vocation, the ministry of the Word. They therefore proceeded at once to apply the proper remedy to the evil, by separating in a great measure the pastoral from the administrative functions in the government of the Church, and selecting certain wise, experienced, and pious men, on whom the burden of external affairs might greatly devolve, whilst their own thought and time might be given without distraction to the great work of Christian instruction. "It is not reasonable," they said, "that we should leave the word of God and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word." (Acts vi. 2-4.)

I. Now, in calling attention to these transactions in the history of the Church, the first remark I desire to make is, that in all matters of form, ritual, outward organisation and government of the Church, no fixed rule seems to be laid down in Scripture; the principle on which such arrangements were made being merely that of expediency or reasonableness. I do not believe that there is to be found in the Bible any prescribed and definite Church polity, any form of Church government rigidly and unalterably stereotyped for all future ages. I am persuaded that whilst the great truths on which the existence of the Church is based are immutable and everlasting, as the infinite mind from which they emanated, yet that the forms of worship, and arrangements of government and discipline, under which these truths are to be propagated and professed, have been by the great Head of the Church left indeterminate and flexible. So that whilst the grand verities of sin and salvation, of redemption by the blood, and sanctification by the spirit of Christ,—whilst these and the great practical duties of the Christian life are set forth with such explicitness, and enforced and reiterated with such clearness and frequency in Scripture, that he that runneth may read; in vain will any unprejudiced and simple-minded student of the Bible seek for either Episcopacy, or Presbytery, or Independency, or any one form of Church government imperatively laid down in Scripture. The simplest peasant seriously applying his mind to the study of his Bible will never fail of conviction as to the former; but it requires all the resources of learning, and all the subtlety and ingenuity of practised reasoners, to extract with any show of plausibility a recognition of any one of the latter from Scripture.

And the reason for this is very obvious. The

Church and Church arrangements do not exist for themselves; they are but means to an end. The grand design of God by his Church is to make men holy, to Christianise the world, to convert and save souls. The Church is neither more nor less than a spiritual corporation for putting down sin and making men good. Now, it is a very inferior consideration by what particular means or machinery it accomplish this end, if only it be accomplished. It is of very secondary importance by what road out of half-a-dozen I reach my journey's end, if only I get there. It is of minor consequence of what colour, texture, form, be the clothes I wear, or of what style of architecture the house I live in, if only they afford me shelter, warmth, and comfort. It matters little in what form the medicine be administered to me, if only it succeed in curing the disease. And so in the case before us. The end for which all Church ordinances and arrangements exist is, I repeat it, to Christianise and sanctify the world; and the question as to the particular means and machinery by which this end is attained is altogether secondary. Whether by the highway of Prelacy, or the foot-path of Presbytery, or the open common of Independency, I reach the presence of my Saviour, it may cost me little thought, if only I win Christ and be found in Him. Whether my spiritual home be reared with all the splendour and beauty of the noble cathedral, or with the unpretending aspect of the simplest church or chapel, that is not the main consideration; but it is this,—whether beneath its roof I shall find a shelter from the storms of temptation and trial, a sweet place of rest for my spirit, amid a world of care and sin. Whether the healing medicine for my spiritual hurt, the balm in Gilead, the divine prescription of the Great Physician of souls, shall be administered to me by bishop, priest, or presbyter, whether I shall be taught its virtues by the voice of learning and eloquence, or by rude and stammering lips,—this is a matter of comparative indifference; the infinitely momentous thing is that I do in very deed receive it into my sick and dying soul, and live. Inasmuch, then, as the end is more important than the means, it is to be expected that in the Bible we should find, as we do, much with respect to truth and holiness, and little or nothing with respect to outward forms and arrangements.

But, besides this, as the best means are those which in given circumstances best attain the end in view, and as circumstances are always changing, it is to be expected that no rigid and unalterable forms of government and ritual would be found in a religion intended for *all* nations and for *all* times. Truth and religion are suited to all lands and ages, but a mode of teaching and propagating truth, or a form of religious worship or discipline, which might be well adapted to the state of society in Jerusalem or Ephesus in the year 63, may not be the best, may need considerable modification to make it fit for England or Scotland in the year 1863. And the same sound reason and practical wisdom

which dictated the adoption of some institution in one age or country, may dictate its alteration or abandonment in another. The mode, for instance, of building houses, towns, cities, that was quite proper in an unsettled and warlike age, would be highly unsuitable in quiet and peaceable times; so that no one dreams of keeping up the strong fortifications and grim, thick walls of our ancient cities, now that safety and comfort can be procured by less impregnable but more commodious edifices. But the end in both cases is the same, not to erect houses and towns, but to afford secure and comfortable dwellings to their inhabitants. Or again, it is clear that law and government are good things for all nations and times, because all men are happier in a condition of peace, order, and security, than in a state of anarchy. But it is not equally clear that one particular kind of government is alike good for all nations and times. On the contrary, from the national temper and character, from the particular state of civilisation, from climate and other causes, what may be a good system of government for one nation, may be a very unsuitable one for another; what may be well adapted to one age, may, as new exigencies arise, and new national characteristics emerge, require great and progressive modification in other and succeeding ages. Absolute monarchy may be the only sort of rule that will maintain order in some countries and in some stages of national civilisation. Oligarchy, or limited monarchy, or democracy, or a mixed and balanced constitution, may best answer the end of government among others. And the very wisdom that suggested one plan or theory in one case, would suggest its alteration or subversion in another; because in all cases the end in view is not to plan out a theory of government for its own sake, but to promote the prosperity and happiness, the individual, civil, social welfare of a nation.

Now, in precisely the same way I would maintain that we cannot expect to find in the Bible any rigid, uniform and unalterable form of Church government; for no one unbending form would be adapted to the endless varieties of clime and character, of time and circumstance, for which the religion of the Bible is designed. That is the best style of ritual and government which is best adapted to the particular age and country in which it may be established. We are not, with narrow-minded bigotry, to endeavour to torture Scripture texts into the exclusive recognition of Episcopacy, or Presbytery, or any one form of Church polity which we may favour; or attempt to force upon others, or condemn others for not accepting, that very form, which, though it may be the best for the culture of *our* religious nature, may not be the best for theirs. I can quite well conceive that one man's mind may be so constituted as to derive more benefit from an elaborate ritual, whilst the spiritual needs of another are better supplied by a simpler form of worship. I see nothing absurd or unscriptural in the supposition that one class of minds

may be soothed and strengthened by the pathos, the beauty, the completeness of a liturgy or set form of devotion; whilst another class, from natural temper, education, old association, or other causes, may enter more heartily into, may relish and receive, greater spiritual aid from the practice of extemporaneous prayer. Far from being irrational or latitudinarian, it seems only consistent with Scripture and with those laws of human nature to which Scripture is so marvellously adapted, to suppose that, considering the national diversities of character and history, Episcopacy may be best in England, and Presbytery in Scotland. Nay, I can conceive it quite possible that in the progress of events a gradual revolution or modification might so come over the mind and character of a nation or community—there might be such an advance in education, such a change in civil, social, domestic relations, as to require a gradual and corresponding modification of the form of worship or Church government—a more or less elaborate ritual, an approach or recession from the purity of Presbyterian, or the graduated and stately order of the Episcopalian form of polity. And in such cases to insist on rigid adherence to the old platform, to stickle for every atom of the old ritual or constitution, would be as absurd as it would be to compel men to live in castles and to rear the fortified cities and strongholds of a bygone age, now, in settled times of peace. In one word, the great rule in all Church arrangements is that we adopt, modify, abandon, external forms just as they serve the great end of all such machinery—the Christianising, sanctifying, saving of our own souls and the souls of others.

It was obviously on this ground—the reasonableness and expediency of the thing, and not any direct Divine appointment—that the change in the management of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the Israelites, and the analogous alteration in the government of the primitive Christian Church, to which I have referred, were adopted. And it is on a similar ground, and not any dubious inference from Scripture precedents, that I would defend any existing Church institutions, or the modification and re-arrangement of such institutions amongst ourselves.

II. There is, however, another subject which the incidents to which I have referred naturally suggest to our thoughts, viz., *the duty of the laity to take part in the management and work of the Church.*

The reasons which led to the appointment of judges over the Israelites, and to the institution of the office of deacon in the Primitive Church, are precisely analogous to those for which the clergy in our day may claim the co-operation of the laity in the practical work of the Church. It is still a misconception too commonly entertained that the work of the Church is the exclusive vocation of the clergy. The duty of attending to the religious interests of others is, it is supposed, the peculiar function of their office, and one with which it cannot be expected that the laity should interfere. If amongst

the laity there are found devout and earnest-minded men who, whether by teaching in schools, or visiting the poor, or in any other capacity, interest themselves practically in the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men, the majority are disposed to regard this as a manifestation of exceptive zeal. Such men go out of their way in so acting. This semi-clerical activity is by no means a duty of common obligation, and ordinary men may be excused if they feel no vocation for it. A man of business would be going out of his province if he began to dabble in medicine, an amateur lawyer would be regarded as interfering with another man's business in attempting to draw up title deeds and conveyances of property; and in like manner, the latent or half-acknowledged notion is, that a layman who begins to care for the souls of others, is obtruding himself into another man's office. Theology is thus but too often regarded as a technical science, quite as distinctly as law or medicine, engineering or navigation. Religious zeal and energy come to be looked upon as the characteristics of a class or calling; love to the souls of men, enthusiasm for the cause of Christ, self-denying exertion for the diffusion of the truth, are regarded as the special qualifications of a profession or art, and as by no means to be looked for in ordinary men. No man dreams that he is neglecting his duty by not attending to the spiritual welfare of his neighbours and friends, any more than by not interfering with the medical man in prescribing for their bodily ailments. The common tone of thinking and talking in society is in entire consistence with this narrow view of religious exertion as appertaining to a technically sacred office. A youth who studies theology is "preparing for the Church." One who is about to be ordained is "going into the Church," as if all but clergymen were outside of the Church, and had nothing to do with theological studies and religious activities. When an oath or improper expression is blurted out in the presence of a clergyman, though all the company may be professing Christians, everybody looks as if *he* should be specially offended and a particular apology were due to him. Thus by these and many similar indications the tendency is manifested to degrade spiritual things into technicalities, to keep the Church and the world apart, and to carry on the work of Christ in the world as most men fight their country's battles, by a set of functionaries who have nothing else to do, and who are paid for the purpose.

Now, in order to correct this misconception, it is not necessary to enter on any general discussion of the idea of the Church and the relations of the clergy and laity which are involved in it. The subject may suggest one or two obvious reasons why the whole practical work of the Church should not be left to the clergy.

The first of these reasons is, that by the co-operation of Christian laymen in the practical work of the Church, *the clergy are enabled to give more time and thought to the work of public instruction.*

The burden of his manifold duties was too heavy for Moses. By a multiplicity of employment his attention and energy were withdrawn from the more peculiarly spiritual functions of his office as the divinely-appointed guide of Israel. It was therefore a most rational expedient which was suggested by Jethro, that those duties which others could discharge as well as he, he should share with others; that he should associate with him pious and prudent men drawn from among the people, who might aid him by their counsels, relieve him of much unnecessary labour and anxiety, and permit him to devote his whole energies to that peculiar part of his duties for which he alone was competent. A similar remark obviously applies to the institution of the office of deacon in the primitive Church.

Now it is obvious that some such expedient as we find recorded in these cases is not less necessary in our own times. The modern teachers of the Church need relief, as much as those of any other age, by the division of labour. In most cases the management of the religious interests of a parish by a single office-bearer is utterly impracticable. If, in addition to the studious preparation of weekly discourses, there be imposed upon the minister the sole superintendence of the moral and religious state of a large district, implying a familiar acquaintance with the character, history, necessities, trials, attainments, deficiencies, of each household, the devising of plans for the physical and moral welfare of the population, the administration of discipline, the visitation of the sick, the religious instruction of the young, with a whole host of similar duties arising out of these,—if the attempt be made to devolve all these upon the single spiritual instructor of a congregation or parish, it is quite clear that it must prove an utter failure. Either he will apply himself mainly or exclusively to one class of duties, and then all the rest will be neglected; or, in the attempt to overtake all, he will do none of them efficiently. And I need not say that in both cases the result is one greatly to be deprecated. It is never good for a man to feel either that he is neglecting a part of his duty, or discharging the whole in a superficial and perfunctory manner. Whatever a man's work be, he should feel that he is fairly master of it. Better to cultivate a patch of ground well and thoroughly than a large farm carelessly and ill. Better even to be a good and clever day-labourer than a bad physician or lawyer. A ship should never have more canvas spread to wind than the crew can manage when the gale rises. We should never kindle more fires than we can tend.

But this error will undoubtedly be committed in the instance before us—the working of a parish—if the laity do not help the clergy: for unquestionably the minister's first, most legitimate, most important office, is that of a religious instructor or teacher. Whatever be neglected, this should have the first and best of his time and thought. Now, in very many situations, if a minister give himself conscientiously to the work of preparing give weekly two such

discourses as are at all presentable before an intelligent auditory—discourses not thrown off in haste, the mere skimming of a superficial and presumptuous mind, but the careful result of thought and toil—then no one who has the least idea of what intellectual labour is, but will admit that in this work the best part of a man's weekly hours and energies must be exhausted. It is of course quite possible, without much time or trouble, to preach in a sort of way; to come, for instance, to the pulpit week after week with a hastily concocted piece of talk; to fill up two half-hours on the Sunday with a weary, rapid repetition of the same threadbare thoughts and illustrations; to take refuge in the same well-worn stock ideas and phrases of systematic theology, which everybody has heard again and again till they have become meaningless to the ear, and rouse the mind as little as the ceaseless murmuring of a stream or revolutions of a wheel. If a religious instructor can satisfy himself with serving up this sort of spiritual fare to his people, he may leave himself plenty of time—well nigh his whole time—for other avocations. But it will be at a sad expense to the interests of his people. That which ought to be a weekly feast of intellectual and spiritual nutriment they will speedily detect to be but a serving up of viands, poor, shabby, ill-cooked and ill-dressed at the first, and certainly not improved by age and keeping. Even the simplest of the people will nauseate such wretched fare, and turn away from it.

Now, it is to obviate such a result as this, to secure to the minister time for careful study, meditation, enriching his mind by all those resources of literature, learning, intellectual culture, without which the ablest mind would soon become shallow; to enable him, in short, to give his whole heart and soul, the main force of his energies and current of his thoughts, to this one chief part of a pastor's work, that the help of the laity is needed. In so far as their position and duties in life may permit, it becomes the lay members of the Church to aid the pastor in the management and supervision of its moral and religious interests. They can give him the benefit of their knowledge of the world and more intimate acquaintance with its ways, and suggest to him such modes of action as would not be likely to occur to his comparative inexperience. They can take part, if possible, in the visitation of the sick, and the instruction of the young. It is in their power, in short, to become, in some sort, eyes, ears, and hands to the minister; giving him, by their knowledge and activity, a sort of omnipresence in a parish which in no other way consistently with his higher duties could he attain. Like the elders of the people whom Moses appointed by the advice of Jethro, they can "bring every great matter unto him, but every small matter judge themselves, that so it may be easier for him, and they may bear the burden with him."

Another reason for the co-operation of the laity in the work of the Church, is that the *labours of a*

layman for the spiritual good of others are sometimes more influential than those of the clergyman, as being gratuitous and unprofessional.

Voluntary and disinterested acts of kindness are always more highly appreciated than those which come within the scope of a man's ordinary and necessary duties. The regular soldier who is paid for fighting may get some credit for courage, but never so much as the patriot who voluntarily and with disinterested bravery devotes himself to his country's cause. The paid physician or hired sick nurse may win our gratitude by the kind way in which they discharge their duties, but we prize far more highly and feel far more deeply in our hour of need the spontaneous attentions of one whose unwearied acts of kindness, whose affectionate inquiries and solicitous efforts, whose every look, and word, and deed, betoken the motive from which they spring—pure, unmingled, disinterested affection.

So, too, is it in the case before us. However unjustly, yet not unfrequently, the labours of ministers, their good advices, and serious talk, and visitations in sickness, often fail to be appreciated, from the secret feeling that it is all their trade, that they are paid for looking solemn and speaking seriously, that it is nothing more than people might expect from them. Clerical seriousness, it is to be feared, is looked upon very often as purely professional. Nobody regards it as of necessity implying much personal earnestness. It is listened to as the stock language of the profession. It excites as little surprise as to hear a farmer talk of crops, or a merchant of bills and investments, or a politician of diplomacy and affairs of state. There is a latent feeling that the clergyman is as much bound to be serious as the comedian on the stage to be merry and comic: and thus, in the way of influence and example, the piety and pains-taking efforts of a minister sometimes lose part of their natural effect.

It is different with a layman. Who has not often noticed that a serious word from a layman in common life will do more good and produce a more powerful effect than a whole sermon from a professional instructor? People feel that it can be nothing but conscientious conviction that makes him talk so. They can ascribe his words to no mixed motives, to nothing but a disinterested sense of duty and the desire to do good. And so the kindly counsels of a Christian friend in private life, the visit of a private Christian to the home of poverty, the scene of suffering, the house of mourning, the beneficent efforts of a layman to alleviate the temporal or spiritual wants and sufferings of his neighbour—these are labours of love which are at once attributed to their proper motive, and carry with them the overpowering influence of whatever flows from genuine, disinterested regard for others. The Church therefore ever acts wisely when she avails herself of this great power of voluntary and unprofessional agency, and seeks to combine with

the regular training and practised skill and energy of the clergy, the spontaneous zeal and unsuspecting labours of the laity.

The last consideration I shall adduce in illustration of the peculiar advantages of the combination of lay with clerical agency in the work of the Church, is that it *constitutes an admirable means for carrying the influence of the Church and of religion into the affairs of ordinary life.* Important as the office of the minister—the public official, teacher, and pastor—may be, there are many circumstances which limit the range of its influence. There is great need for a supplementary agency to carry the streams of Christian thought and principle in various channels from the central reservoir down into the field of common life. Public instructions, sermons, solemnities, may tend very much, by their periodic recurrence, to elevate the mind; but they only supply the theory of religion—they set before us the ideal of the Christian life. In order to the highest religious effect on men's minds, you must bring down theory to the test of practice, reduce the ideal to the actual. Show them by a life of elevated Christian piety amidst the exigencies of the world, not only that the thing ought to be done, but that it *can* be done. There is a secret feeling often in the minds of practical men that ministers do not know much of the world; and that, if they did, they would see how impossible it is to carry out all this fine talk about heavenly-mindedness and superiority to the world's vanities and pleasures amid the rough business of every-day life. Men like very well to hear all this solemn, elevated sort of discourse about piety and holiness. It is the sort of thing for the Sunday and sermons; but the feeling is, "we must make allowances for clerical ignorance of life; sermon goodness must be discounted before we can make use of it in business. We need rougher tools to work with than Sunday rhetoric supplies. The theory is a very fine one, no doubt, but it is too fine-spun for this world—it won't work."

Now, it is true that this objection might, in some measure, be met, if we who preach would live up to our preaching; if the man who propounds the theory on Sunday, would himself furnish the practical illustration and test of its excellence throughout the week. But it is to be remembered, that a minister's example would not supply all that is wanted. It is not an example of what a clergyman's life should be which men need; but of what the life of a man of business should be amidst the temptations and difficulties of common life. From the secular transactions of life, its commerce, trade, politics, its bargains, buyings, sellings, marketings, a clergyman is in a great measure shut out; and yet these are the affairs in which a religious example, the manifestation of religious principle and motive, is most needed. The world does not need so much specimens of religious ministers, as specimens of religious lawyers, and physicians, and merchants, and magistrates, and tradesmen. The

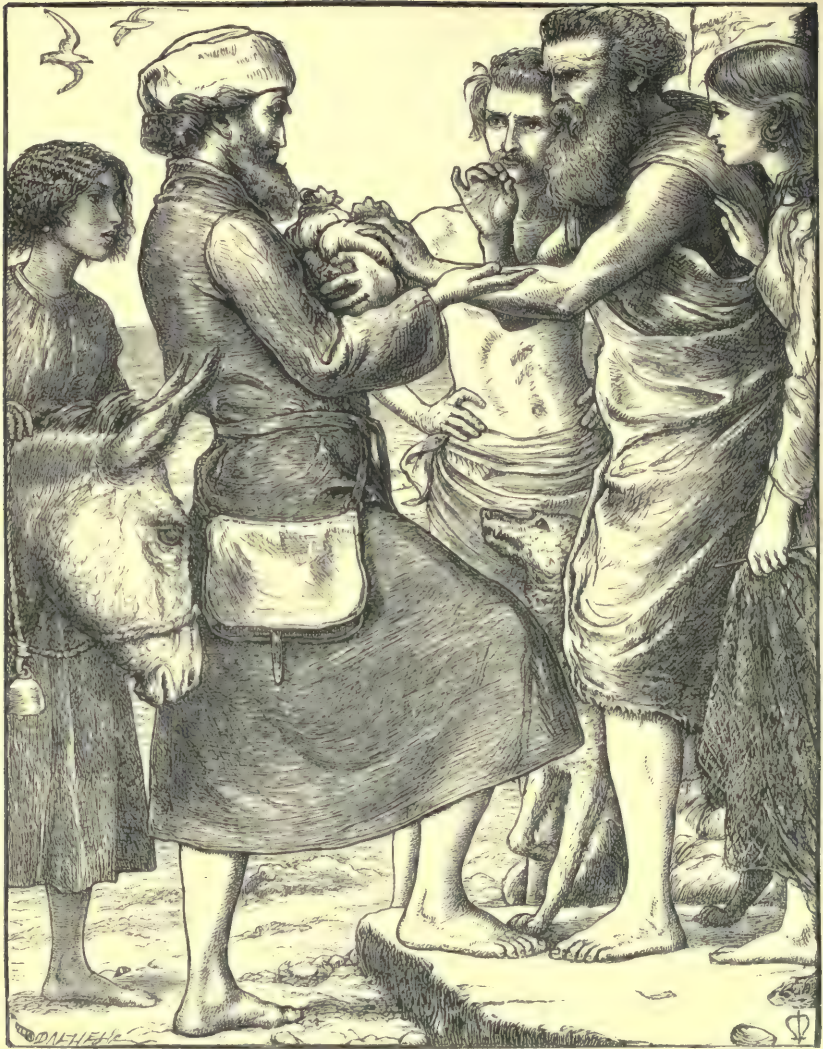
great lack is not of an exhibition of official, clerical piety, but of piety in the counting-room, the exchange, the shop, the market-place. It is in these places, and not in the comparatively safe and sheltered walk of clerical duty, that the severest and most numerous temptations occur; and, therefore, in which the restraining and impelling influences of Christian principle can most strikingly be manifested. It is not the way in which the vessel will float in the haven, or sail in the smooth and well-defined course of river or lake, that we need to see; but how, when she puts off into the wide wild ocean, amidst its perils and hardships, its winds and storms and currents, she can withstand and triumph over them. Of theoretical soldier-tacticians in the closet—men who stand apart upon a height while the battle rages, and exhort to valour—we have enough; what we want most, is men who can go down into the thick of the fight, and prove their mettle there. Every profession and calling in life has its special difficulties and duties, its special temptations to be overcome, its special opportunities of being and of doing good. The profession of the clergyman is only one among a hundred. But the Church wants illustrations, not merely of clerical goodness; it demands an exhibition not of this one narrow aspect of Christian piety only. The thing to be desired is that the Church should be able to send forth special emissaries into all the varied walks of life, Christian officials without the official stiffness, officers of the Church out of uniform; to the end that men may have irrefragable evidence afforded them that in every several walk of life it is possible to live for Christ, and the world may have everywhere brought to its very door, and forced on its notice, a specimen of what a Christian man should be.

Moreover, this also is to be considered, that the influence of a clergyman's example is greatly neutralised by the assumed air of decorum that is generally maintained in his presence. A clergyman bears about with him an atmosphere of formal propriety. He cannot make his personal influence tell for what it is worth on society, because men do not let themselves out in their intercourse with him. People are generally on their good behaviour before a minister. Habitual coarseness or impropriety of speech or conduct are for the nonce kept out of sight, and good-company manners produced for the occasion. When the minister of a parish makes his rounds, the children are smoothed into a decorous trimness of dress and demeanour, the house is swept and garnished, the Bible is brought out, and everything puts on a Sunday look till he goes away. It requires, of course, no great amount of discernment to see through and allow for much of this artless ostentation; yet it does serve in a great measure to frustrate the personal influence of the clergyman. If there be asperities to soften, bad tempers to correct, evil habits to reform, rough, selfish, sensual ways of speaking and acting in the ordinary intercourse of the family on which the power of Christian

example might be brought to bear, the clergyman is precluded from exerting it. Just as the Queen, when she goes on her progresses, can scarcely form a right estimate of the ordinary look of the country, for all before her is holiday garb, smiles and shouts, music and gay attire, and the beggary and squalor and misery are studiously kept out of sight; so in some measure the clergyman is an imperfect judge of the ordinary character and ways of men, and cannot adapt his influence to the real state of matters in society, forasmuch as very generally society hides as much as possible the moral rags and obscenity, and puts on its best looks before him. But the influence of a layman is not thus hindered. The daily inmate of the home, the companion of the workshop, the familiar acquaintance of the marketplace, the friend of the festive board, sees all things as they really are, neither better nor worse. His presence creates no occasion for concealment. No refracting medium needs to be allowed for in his view of the world. Whatever his salutary influence, he acts in the full cognisance of the evils to be remedied. In this respect, therefore, his power to do good is likely to be greater than that of the clergyman.

Not only, therefore, is the work of the Church—the Christianising of the world—a work too vast to be undertaken by any limited or official class, but it is a work in performance of which an official character in some respects narrows a man's influence. It is a work, moreover, let it be remarked finally, which can never be done by proxy. From the nature of the case it cannot be devolved by the members of Church upon any special functionaries. As a matter of order and arrangement, the public offices of religious worship may be conducted by an official personage; special training may be necessary for the adequate performance of the duties of the pulpit; and it is well that a single representative of the Church should be specially responsible for the pastoral care of a particular locality. But there is a limit beyond which, in the work of the Church, official mediation cannot go. Responsibility for the care of souls can never by any Christian man be devolved upon another. Society may commit to certain of its members the work appertaining to special trades and callings. It may leave entirely to men trained for the purpose the business of cultivating its fields and building its houses, and preparing its food and raiment. Having hired trained experts to do for it the work of the physician, the advocate, the soldier, the engineer, it may give itself no further concern about the matter than to see that the deputed work is efficiently done. But society cannot thus do its religious work by proxy. The clergymen cannot act for others as the physician or the lawyer, each in his vocation, can act for others, if for no other reason than this, that the personal influence of each individual man is an intransferable deposit. It is something lodged in

an individual, and can be used by him alone. Every one who reads these words is endowed, each for himself, with a special gift of salutary influence, a peculiar benign power, which he can no more get another to employ for him than one flower can get another to breathe forth its fragrance, or one star depute to another star its shining. Your individual character, the special mould and temper of your being, is different from that of all other beings, and God, in creating it, designed it for a particular use in His Church. Your relations to your fellow-men are peculiar to yourself, and over some minds,—some little group or circle of moral being,—you can wield an influence which it is given to no other man to wield. Your place and lot in life, too, is one which has been assigned to you alone. For no other has the same part been cast. On your particular path no other footsteps shall ever leave their print. Through that one course, winding or straight, rapid or slow, brief or long protracted, in no other course shall the stream of life flow on to the great ocean. And so to you it is given to shed blessings around you, to do good to others, to communicate, as you pass through life, to those whose moral history borders or crosses yours, a heavenly influence, which is all your own. If this power be not used by you, it will never be used. There is work in God's Church which, if not done by you, will be left undone. As no priest can mediate between you and God, so can none mediate between you and your brother. You can no more do good than you can be saved at second-hand. The true ideal, then, of the Church is that of a Christian community in which each individual member exerts his own gift of usefulness for a common end. Wherever it is realised, the province of exclusively clerical effort will be a very limited one. By their charities, their prayers, their active and unremitting exertions, their earnest, holy lives, the laity will cooperate with the more official labours of the clergy. Each individual will be a priest to his own home, a minister of God to all who come within the range of his influence. The Sunday sacredness will not cease, but it will be less distinctive; for, instead of being checked and thwarted, its influences will be perpetuated by those of week-day life. One man will no longer vainly endeavour to preach up, on one day, what on all other days multitudes are preaching down; but a thousand week-day preachers, by the all-potent eloquence of pure, earnest, self-denying, holy lives, will silently and constantly plead for God. Each man will feel a solemn obligation resting on him to do for Christ and for the world's good all the work he can. No smallest scruple of holy influence wherewith God has endued his Church shall be lost; but all Christian men, in all positions and relations in life, of all crafts and callings, of all talents and endowments, at all times and seasons, will do each his own share of Christ's work in the world.



THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

VIII.—THE PARABLE OF THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

MATTHEW xiii. 45, 46.

THE costliest jewel mentioned by ancient writers is a pearl which belonged to Cleopatra, the beautiful but infamous queen of Egypt; and the strongest proof which Roman historians have to give of the wanton and boundless extravagance of some of their emperors is the fact that they dissolved pearls in vinegar, and drank them with their wine. In harmony with these passages of profane history, this and other parts of sacred Scripture prove that among jewels the highest place in former times was assigned to pearls. When our Lord, for example, warned his disciples to beware how they wasted truths of the highest value on such as could not appreciate them, he selects these as their emblem, saying, "Give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine." Such place also pearls hold in the attire of the woman whom John names "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, who was drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." In a picture, so graphic as to remind us of the memorable words of Lord Bacon,—who said that, if the descriptions of Antichrist were extracted from Scripture and put into the *Hue and Cry*, there was not a constable in all England but would apprehend the Pope,—John describes the dress as well as the deeds of this bloody persecutor. She was arrayed, he says, "in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls;" and here, be it observed, while other gems, however beautiful and costly,—the flashing diamond, and burning ruby, and purple amethyst, and sea-green emerald, and sapphire with hues borrowed from the sky,—are only mentioned under the general term of precious stones, pearls, as more valuable than these, are distinctly named. From all which we are warranted to conclude that when our Lord compared "the kingdom of heaven," the blessings, in other words, of redeeming love, to "one pearl of great price," he intended to set them forth as of pre-eminent value; as in fact, amid a thousand things desirable, the one thing needful.

But, besides its money value, a pearl such as this presented a remarkable as well as beautiful emblem of salvation in other aspects—in, for instance, a colour of snowy whiteness, a purity unclouded by the slightest haze, and a form so round and polished and perfect that it was impossible to improve it. The lapidary, to whose grinding wheel the very

diamond owes much of its brilliancy and those many-coloured fires with which it shines and burns, may not touch a pearl. His art cannot add to its beauty—the polish of its snowy surface, or the perfection of its rounded form. And what an emblem, therefore, is this gem of that salvation which came perfect from the hand of God—of that righteousness of Jesus Christ which, as no guilt of ours can stain, no works of ours can improve—of that Gospel which, as revealed in the Bible, is without defect of truth or admixture of error, and which the last of the inspired writers therefore closes with this solemn warning: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city."

Nor does this pearl present an emblem of salvation in respect only of its incalculable price and intrinsic characters. In the hazards and sacrifices at which both were obtained, we discern, however faintly, another point of resemblance. Other gems, the diamond and ruby and emerald and sapphire, lie bedded in river-courses, or set in the solid rocks; and there men seek them without loss of health or risk of life. But pearls belong to the ocean; they are gems which she casts not up among the pebbles that strew her beach, but hides in her dangerous and darkest depths. Hence a dreadful trade is the pearl-fisher's. Weighted with stone to sink him, and inhaling a long, deep-drawn breath, he leaps from the boat's side, and, the parting waves closing above his head, descends into the depths of the sea to grope for the shelly spoils amid the dim light which faintly illuminates her slimy bed; nor rises, breathless and black in face, to the surface till on-lookers have begun to fear that he will rise no more. And not unfrequently he never does. These waters are the haunts of terrible monsters; and, marked for its prey by the swift and fierce and voracious shark, in vain the wretched man stirs the muddy bottom to raise a cloud to cover his escape. Some air-bells bubbling up, and blood that spreads crimsoning the surface of the sea, are all that is evermore seen of one who dies a sacrifice to his hazardous pursuits; and the story of the dangers which pearl-fishers have always to encounter, and the dreadful deaths they have often to endure, will recall to a reflective mind the memory of Him who,

in salvation, purchased this pearl at so great a price—giving his life for ours, and dying, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

Though it belongs to ages long gone by, I may mention another aspect of this emblem that devout men once considered peculiarly appropriate. Ere the progress of science had robbed this and other things of their wonders, they saw in the manner in which the pearl was said to be generated a figure of the mystery of our Lord's divine descent and miraculous conception. Unlike those which are found in the womb of the dead earth, this gem is formed within the shell of a living creature; and in old times it was believed that when the heavens were in a peculiar state, manifesting their activity in flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, the future parent of the pearl rose from the bottom to the surface of the sea, and, opening its shelly mouth, received something of the nature of a dewdrop from the propitious skies. From this germ, with which the shell-fish descended again into its native depths, the pearl was believed to be formed; and in this natural mystery and strange birth of the precious gem, old divines saw an emblem of our Lord's descent into the dark humiliations of this lower world, the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, and the conception of the Virgin's womb. The researches of naturalists have taught us that the pearl has no claim to such a lofty and heavenly descent. Yet, though science has robbed that as well as many things else of the dignity which belongs to the mysterious, and pearls now-a-days have lost much of their pre-eminent value, neither the discoveries of science, nor the changes of time and fashion, have abated the value or lessened the wonders of redeeming love. Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever: and salvation, with its blood-bought and inestimable blessings, will ever remain that "one pearl of great price" which may be found by all; and which whosoever finds should sell all he has to buy,—saying, with the apostle, "I count all things but loss that I may win Christ."

In opening up this parable let us consider

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED BY THIS MERCHANT.

Mankind present all shades of colour,—from the negro, God's image in ebony, as one said, to the fair-skinned, blue-eyed, golden-haired types of our Scandinavian ancestors,—all varieties also of disposition, from the penuriousness of Nabal to the affection embalmed by David in this immortal song: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women,"—all degrees also of sense, from the fool who, untaught by experience, though pounded in a mortar comes out the same, to those astute, far-seeing, and long-headed men, whose utterances, like the counsels of Ahitophel, are "as if a man inquired at the oracle of God,"—and all differences also of outward condition, from Lazarus covered with sores and clothed in rags nor ever enjoying one good full meal, upward

to him who, clothed in purple and fine linen, fares sumptuously every day. Yet in God's sight the whole human family is divisible into two classes, and only two—the good and bad, the chaff and wheat, the wheat and tares, the sheep and goats, the converted and the unconverted—those that, still at enmity with God, lie under condemnation, and such as, renewed in the spirit of their minds and reconciled to Him by the blood of his Son, are in a state of grace.

But, like those great orders of plants or animals which we meet with in the sciences of botany and zoology, these two classes are divisible into numerous subdivisions, differing apparently, though not radically, so much from each other that some sinners seem to stand more nearly related to saints than to many of their own class; just as, for instance, the sponge or branching coral, fixed to the rocks and belonging to the animal kingdom, looks more allied to the tangle that sways than to the fishes that swim in the flowing tide. Let no man therefore conclude that he must be converted because there are broad outward marks of difference between him and many who certainly are not. People have gone down to hell, as the Pharisee did to his house, thanking God that they are not as others. The difference between them has been more apparent than real, being no greater than that between two nights—one where the bark seems to sail in the moonshine on a silver sea, and the other so pitchy dark that her outlook can see neither coast nor reef, though he hears the roar of breakers; or between two bodies both dead—one still beautiful in death, and the other a horrid spectacle of loathsome and ghastly decay. In such circumstances how necessary it is to remember our Saviour's warning: "Take heed that ye be not deceived." What though we are seeking even goodly pearls, unless we have found the one of great price?

And there are such people. Owing to the influence of a pious education, or of something naturally elevated and refined in their disposition, or of the society in which they move, or of some more mysterious causes, there are people in the world, and of the world too, who may be said to be seeking goodly pearls. They cultivate refined enjoyments; they are pursuing patriotic and philanthropic objects; they are seeking to be good, and to do good; they feel that man's happiness cannot lie in gratifications which satisfy the brutes, or in empty gaiety, or in the common prizes of ambition, or in any amount of money, but in nobler and godlike pursuits—in purity of heart, peace of conscience, and that happy relationship to God without which there is no more rest for a human soul than there was for the wandering dove till, skimming the waters on drooping wing, she returned to her home in the ark. These are "not far from the kingdom of heaven;" and were in it, would they take but another step. Almost Christians, they are almost saved. But what avails it to have almost made the port? So did the ship whose naked timbers I once passed sticking out of the

water. Struck by a giant sea, she stove in her sides on the point of the pier, and went to pieces in the harbour's mouth; and as on entering it I passed these skeleton ribs bedded in the sand below and rising on the tide above, they had a warning look, and seemed to say, that as in that case so in the case of souls, "almost saved" was but another expression for "altogether lost."

Let it be observed that different characters, different classes of sinners, are represented as being saved in the two parables of the Hid Treasure and the Pearl of Great Price. For examples of these, let me select two remarkable men—Colonel Gardiner and John Bunyan. Gardiner's was a sudden and remarkable conversion. Previous to that, he, who afterwards proved himself as brave a soldier of the Cross as of an earthly sovereign on that fatal field where, refusing to fly, he fell beneath the Highlander's scythe, was a mere man of the world—not a lover only of pleasure, but of the basest pleasures. The eventful night which he so unexpectedly passed in prayer, he had intended to spend in the arms of sin. As he impatiently watched the finger of the clock moving slowly on to the hour of a guilty assignation, nothing was further from his thoughts than conversion; and had Death himself, throwing open the chamber door, stood before him in visible form, he had not been more startled than by the blow, dealt by an unseen hand, which laid him penitent at the feet of Jesus. In salvation Gardiner found as much as the man in the treasure which his ploughshare brought to light, what he neither sought nor expected. In Bunyan, on the other hand, we see one who had come to know that the world and its pleasures could never satisfy the cravings of his heart. He felt the need of being other than he was. As an imprisoned eagle, chained to its perch and turning its eye up to the blue heavens, feels the strivings of a native instinct, and springing upwards beats the bars of its cage with bleeding wings, Bunyan tried to rise out of his estate of sin and misery. He made vigorous efforts to keep the law of God—to live without sin—to establish a righteousness of his own—to work out a sum of merits, and thereby obtain peace and pardon, and reconcile himself to God. Seeking the pardon of sin, a purer life, and a holier heart, he had been a merchant seeking "goodly pearls." And as in his case the seeker became the finder, so shall all who, like him, listen to the voice of Jesus, saying "Turn ye, turn ye—I am the way, the truth, the life—all which your souls need and your hearts desire is found in me, 'the one pearl'—for whosoever believeth in me shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Wealth in our country is measured by the amount of money which a man has lodged in bank or afloat in business, the value of his house and its furnishings, or the number of acres in his estate. It is quite different in many parts of the East. There you enter a house with walls of clay and thatch of

straw or reeds or palm-leaves, and in its tenant—who sits, simply attired and amid the scantiest furniture, cross-legged on a rug which, spread out on the naked floor, forms his seat by day and his bed by night—you find a man of enormous wealth. He has it invested in jewels—nor without reason. In countries liable, on the one hand, to sudden invasion, and on the other to sudden and violent revolutions, where bloody tyrants oppress their subjects, and wealth is the carcass that draws the eagles together, it is in the form of jewels that property is most securely because most secretly kept, and in the case of flight most easily removed. Here, for example, is a family who, with villages in flames behind them, are flying from a ruined home and wretched country. They seek safety elsewhere; and, with nothing saved but their scanty clothing, seem reduced to the greatest want. Yet stop the mother who carries one child on her breast and has another at her side, and, undoing her raven locks, shake them out, and a shower of diamonds falls at your feet. In this form, and hid in a woman's hair, fortunes have often been carried from place to place in the East; and it is only by taking this fact into account, that while with us little else than ornaments, precious stones are there a form of money, and often of immense wealth, we rise to an adequate idea of the value which Christ puts on his people in calling them his jewels; or of the full meaning of a figure that represents the blessings of his salvation, as "one pearl of great price" which all other pearls and property should be sold to buy.

As all which the merchant sought in acquiring many goodly pearls was found in one—one precious, peerless gem, Jesus teaches us that the soul finds in himself all it feels the want of, and has been seeking in other ways—peace with God and peace of conscience, a clean heart and a renewed mind, comfort in sorrow and a sweet satisfaction with all the discipline of providence, hope in death and a heaven of glory after it. Great as are these blessings in respect of their value, they are equally so in respect of their price. They cost God's only Son long years of the deepest humiliation—his bloody agony and dreadful death; and yet, alas! in being offered to sinners who despise and reject Him, how often is this pearl cast before swine? To them who believe, Christ is precious; but what can be more sad than to see the value a woman sets on trinkets, the pride with which she shows and wears her jewels, while Jesus has no preciousness in her eyes? What fools people are! They set more on some glittering bits of glass or stone than on a crown of glory!—they care more in this dying body for the perishable casket than for the immortal jewel which it holds! Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? Yet my people, says God, have forgotten me days without number. From such sin and folly, good Lord preserve us!

HOW THIS PEARL WAS OBTAINED.

It was not bestowed as a gift. On the contrary,

this merchantman, trading in goodly pearls, bought it at the price of all he had. If so, where, it may be asked, lies the analogy between this case and a salvation that, all of mercy and not at all of merit, is the free gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord? In answer to that question, let it be observed that the Bible has paradoxes—things that appear contradictory, destructive as fire and water are of each other; and yet are true. We have a living one, if I may say so, in our Lord himself. He is a creature, and yet the Creator—he is the Son of man, and yet the Son of God—he is the victim of death, and yet his victor—he is the captive of the grave, and yet her spoiler—he is Lord of all, and yet, with water and towel in hand, he stoops as the lowest servant to wash his servant's feet—there on Calvary's bloody cross he suffers as a man, and yet saves as a God. And Christ's followers, like himself, present to a wondering world what seem inconsistent features, impossible combinations. Are they not, to quote Paul's words, unknown, and yet well known—dying, and behold we live—chastened, and not killed—sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—poor, yet making many rich—having nothing, and yet possessing all things? Now as—though people may ask, how can these things be?—both are true, it is as true that salvation is a free gift, and yet a thing to be bought and sold. Nay, more and stranger still, it is bought “without money and without price.” A trader without either money or credit has no footing in the markets where Mammon presides, and man is the seller as well as the buyer; but in the market which Divine Mercy opens, and over which Divine Love presides, and where “gold tried in the fire,” and robes washed in the blood of the Lamb, and celestial crowns all set with gems of glory are displayed, wealth and character offer no advantage. Here the poor get as good bargains as the rich—often better indeed; harlots and publicans enter the kingdom, while scribes and pharisees are left standing at the door.

I do not mean to disparage good works. Christians are to be careful to maintain them, and to “make their light so to shine before men that they, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father which is in heaven.” But we are on the wrong road altogether if we are attempting to earn or deserve salvation by these. No gathered sum of human merits, of virtues, prayers, or charities can, like the accumulation of money that forms the price of an estate, purchase heaven. We have to buy, no doubt, —but not after the world's fashion. The price, on the contrary, which we are required to pay is not virtues and merits, but just that we abandon all trust in these; give up in them what we may have reckoned goodly pearls; and consent to be saved as poor, lost, undone sinners—whose type is the beggar that, clad in filthy rags and knocking timidly at our door, stands before us, making no appeal but to our compassion, and urging no plea whatever but our mercy and his own great misery. Still, though we cannot, in the ordinary sense of the

term, buy salvation, no man is saved but he who gives up his sins for Christ—takes up his cross, and, denying himself daily, follows Jesus. We are not saved *in* sin, but *from* it; and, though we cannot buy salvation, we are to seek it as those who, if they could, would buy it at any price, at any pain—giving the whole world, were it theirs, for Christ; and as earnestly seeking and as highly esteeming Him as she who exclaimed: “Were I on one bank of a river and saw Jesus on the other, and that river ran burning fire, I would dash into the flames to reach Him.”

SOME LESSONS TAUGHT BY THIS FIGURE OF A MERCHANT.

When Napoleon Buonaparte, after subduing Europe, found himself unable to subdue us, and saw his armies broken on our firm front like waves which the storm launches against a rocky headland, he called us, in his impotent rage, “a nation of shopkeepers.” Owing our power and wealth more to commerce than to anything else, in a sense we are so—nor are we ashamed of being so. Trade is an honourable occupation. Like those ocean streams that temper the cold of northern climes with the heat of the tropics, and float ice-field and ice-berg southward to cool the air of the torrid zone, its currents also convey to different lands the peculiar blessings of each; and, besides thus binding country to country in the bonds of mutual advantage, it promises to be an instrument in the providence of God of diffusing the blessings of Christianity over the world. A nation of traders whose merchants are princes, and whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth, there is no figure in the Bible—neither that of a shepherd, nor of a soldier, nor of a watchman, nor of a husbandman, nor of a householder—which comes more home to us than that of a merchant. It suggests many lessons; and to select a few of them I remark that—

It teaches us to make religion our chief pursuit.—Such is to the merchant his business. To it he does not allot merely some hours stolen from the pursuits of pleasure. He rises to business every morning; it engages his entire attention during the day; nor, save during a few hours in the evening, and a few days, or weeks at most, in the year, does he ever yield himself up to the enjoyments of ease. In its pursuit he is all energy and activity. What a hold it takes of his mind?—forming the topic of his conversation at feasts, and often at funerals—intruding itself unbidden, and to a good man unwelcome, into the closet where he prays and the church where he worships!

Would God that the business of eternity had as strong a hold of our minds! But, alas! the least thing puts it out of our head. And what greater contrast than the appearance of the same people in a church and at a market—the dull worshippers of this scene and the keen traders of that—the listless looks of the Sabbath congregation and the animated

what life, what keen competitors, what watching to catch a chance!—no sleepers there, but every face turned up to him who, raised above the eager crowd, descants on the bargains to be had. Enter a church, and how different the aspect of many?—people asleep in the pews—listlessness in the countenances and weariness in the attitudes of others. Who would believe this to be a crowd of men under sentence of death, whom one is telling how to break their chains and escape the gallows—a crowd gathered on the deck and hanging over the bulwarks of a sinking ship whom one, who has brought a life-boat to the scene, is offering to rescue from the roaring waves and a dreadful doom? The danger there is that, unless you back your oars and go warily to work, the eager throng, rushing *en masse* to the side and throwing themselves headlong in, will swamp your boat; but, alas! the chances in that church are, that not one of a hundred, or of a thousand, accepts the offer. If I may use a common expression, multitudes make religion a *bye job*, and not a business,—giving it but the ends and odds of time; and many not even that. May God help us to throw our whole heart into this business; teaching us to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure—to work out our salvation with fear and trembling—to work while it is called to-day, seeing that the night cometh when no man can work!

It teaches us to guard against deception.—The money which has a suspicious look the wary trader rings on his counter; knowing what frauds are practised in business, the wise merchant often puts such goods as he receives to the test; and the utmost care is taken in such a trade especially as that of this parable to guard against mistakes or imposition. Before buying a gem, the jewel-merchant examines it with a powerful magnifier—nor without reason. The smallest speck on a diamond detracts greatly from its value: worthless bits of glass are so cut and coloured as to pass for precious stones: and by means of the brilliant scales of a small fish which inhabits a river in France, they fabricate such perfect imitations of the pearl, as to impose on ordinary, and almost to deceive the quickest, eyes. The dupes of fraud, men have paid immense sums for pearls which were found to be only paste.

But, through the deceitfulness of the heart and wiles of the devil, men have been greater dupes and suffered unspeakably greater losses. As it is not all gold that glitters, it is not all grace that seems so. There is a counterfeit peace as well as counterfeit coin—there are hopes of heaven which rest on sand as well as hopes founded on the Rock of Ages—there is a righteousness which is ours, as well as one which is Christ's—there are virtues that, like sweet wild-flowers, cling to the ruins of humanity as well as graces that are the fruit of the Holy Spirit—there are kind and generous, but merely natural, as well as holy and heavenly affections. Such being the case, no merchant needs to be more on his guard against fraud and deception than those

who may flatter themselves that they are regenerated when they are only reformed. Many, it is to be feared, fancy that they are on the way to heaven who are on the way to hell; that they are at peace with God when their only peace is that of the river which is locked in ice—the quiet and silence of a tomb where there is no disturbance just because there is death!

It teaches us to examine our accounts with God.—There is a biography called “The Successful Merchant,” and, without having read it, I will venture to affirm that Budgett—this merchant—was careful to balance his books, and apply to his business the spirit of the Apostle's precept, “Let a man examine himself.” Alas! that in the use of such a precaution the children of this world should be so much wiser than the children of light! It is a part of every merchant's education to learn that art; and it is his only safety to practise it. Neglecting to balance his books, he may launch out into expenses quite unsuitable to his circumstances; persevere in branches of business which are not to his profit, but loss; fancy he is making money when he is driving on ruin. No other fate awaits the reckless adventurer than that of the emigrant ship which some weeks ago, with hundreds on board of her, full of hopes of happiness and fortune in the New World, ran headlong on Cape Race to break in pieces, and, whelming its living freight into the devouring waves, give them a grave on the shores where they expected a happy home! They took no soundings, and so they found no safety. The wise merchant takes stock, balances his books, and, in some businesses at least, strikes a balance on every day's transactions. In this, as in the energy and toil and self-denial and resolution of worldly, how much is there worthy of the imitation of Christian, men? Why should not we, at the close of each day, recall and review its transactions to see how our accounts stand with conscience and with God—what duties had been neglected, and what done—what temptations had been resisted, and what yielded to; how far we had indulged evil passions, how far mortified them—how like or how unlike to Christ's our demeanour had been? This were a scrutiny which, though often painful and humbling, would be attended with the happiest results. How many sins would it extinguish in the spark from which Christians have afterwards to be saved by being pulled out of the roaring fire? How often would it check a deviation at the beginning which ends in our going far astray, and losing a peace which in this world we may never fully recover? In how many cases would it, by early sending us to the balm of Gilead, heal wounds that, neglected, fester into deep, running, sores? And as I have seen the workman, ere he retired to rest, throw himself into stream or sea to wash away the sweat and dust of his daily toil, from such a review the Christian would repair each evening to the fountain of Jesus' blood to be cleansed of the guilt of daily sins; and rise each morning to seek the aids of the Holy Spirit to do

his work, to keep his watch, to bear his burden, to fight his battle, better. If balancing our accounts with God, if reviewing the day's transactions, showed no progress in the divine life, what earnestness and liveliness would it impart to our evening prayers? If, on the contrary, it showed some good done, some sin crucified, some progress made, what a comfort,

as we laid our head on the pillow, to think that we were nearer heaven than when we first believed, and that, with Jesus standing by the helm, our bark, whether gliding smoothly over calm or tossed in tempestuous seas, was approaching the shores of the happy land—the home and haven of our eternal rest!

TWO CENTURIES OF GERMAN HYMNS.

THERE are some things which Englishmen have not done as well as other people, and among them is the writing of Hymns. Perhaps we could have done them better; perhaps there is a golden era of hymn-writing in store for us; it might be too daring to say that there is anything which an Englishman *cannot* do as well as another. But our deficiency is matter of history; and two or three centuries of such national life as ours, may be supposed a tolerable test of capacity. We have good, sterling hymns, of as great beauty as in any other language on earth,—hymns that linger in our memories in “linked sweetness long drawn out,” that shine like stars by having turned many to righteousness. But whoever has had the courage to plod steadily over the dead level of a popular English Hymn-book, will confess that Hymn-writing is not our business. Is there any other people that would versify a profound religious thought in such a shrewd practical way as—

“You'd better come to Jesus”?

We are intensely matter of fact in our Christian life; matter of fact and arithmetical even in our scepticism. The soil and the climate are not favourable to devout singers: they flourish among us like rare exotics, and even exchange the rich bloom of their native flowers for the sober tints of our grey skies. This may partly account for the baldness and poverty of our hymnology. This, and that most of our hymns were written during the latter half of the last century, when the fire of poetry was burning dimmest, flickering like life in death. Their writers assumed the conventional language of a hollow conventional time. The “raptures,” and “ecstasies,” and “balmy sighs” of which, in a degenerate age, lovers sung to their mistresses, were, in the same age, transferred by the sacred poets to their purer lyre. Every line is bristling with tropes and figures; every adjective comes wearily in, dragging a useless adjective behind it. We have eyes bedewed with pity's tear, musing sorrow weeping the past, smiling patience smoothing the good man's brow. Marble domes, and gilded spires, and curling clouds of incense, are packed within the compass of two lines. Congregations are supposed to address their souls as “deathless principles.” They invoke a “tremendous God.” Sleep is “a serene oblivion,” a bed is a “couch of rest,” a shower is “the diffusive rain.” The clouds ascend with a “watery treasure;” the waters over which the Spirit of God

brooded are a “liquid element.” Meaningless platitudes that have long since descended to the penny-a-liners are triumphant. Patiently and cheerfully the good men have sat down, saying, with fanciful Sir Thomas Browne,

“There will I sit like that industrious fie,
Buzzing Thy praises.”

They were right, and they meant it well, and it is often excellent to read. But this fly's buzzing is very commonplace, and may be tiresome and soporific; and it is not because the fly is out of place, but because ear and soul are meant for melody, that we could wish instead the carol of some lark when the upper sunlight is flashing off its wings.

Want of poetry is one serious defect; want of taste is another. Watts closes the fine hymn,

“Let me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day,”

with this ludicrous doggerel—

“So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.”

The same hymn, that has so fine a stanza as

“Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long,”

sinks down into

“His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.”

What would the Apostle Paul have thought of such thanksgiving as

“Ye British Isles, who read His love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent His sacred word
To every land), Praise ye the Lord”?

Most persons would feel reluctant to commence their praise with such awkward familiarity as

“Well, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God.”

Now it is startling, after the tender thoughts of Cowper, to stumble on a ferocious stanza like

“Into a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground,
While human bears, on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves surround.”

In our solemn thoughts of the dead we shrink from such a swinging, rollicking, measure as this :

“ Ah, lovely appearance of death !
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.”

Perhaps we shrink as much from the careless, rollicking view of life that peeps out—Anacreon Moore in cassock and bands—through

“ We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence hath sent,
Nor aim beyond our power ;
And though our stock of wealth be small,
With thankful hearts we'll spend it all,
Nor lose the passing hour.”

All the skill of our poet-laureate could not soften the harshness of

“ My Zerubbabel is near,
I have not believed in vain.”

And, much as we venerate Dr. Watts, it would have been pleasant to sing some statement of the resurrection less abrupt than

“ Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly.”*

It is true that within the last thirty years a group of Hymn-writers may be noticed, chargeable with neither want of taste, nor want of a poet's heart ; but, whatever pleasure their hymns will give to individuals, it is probably too late for them to become identified with the religious thoughts of the nation. It is true also that the past has its treasures, of which few had any right conception until Sir Roundell Palmer exhibited them in his *Book of Praise*, a book by which he has performed as gallant and kindly a service for our hymns as Bishop Percy did last century for our ballads, winning a place for them against all incredulity and scorn in the literature of the country. But these hymns are not a copious nor, until recently, an influential literature. In Germany they are a literature of centuries' standing and centuries' growth. Their history is the history of the inner life and power of the German

* Dr. Watts, indeed, is a sad transgressor. He teaches us to sing :

“ Dearer than all my passions are
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.”

The authorised version of the Bible may be pleaded for one of the words in these disagreeable lines, but the poet is the sole authority for

“ High in the midst of all the throng
Satan, a tall archangel sat.”

In another hymn we have—

“ ‘ Go,’ saith the Lord, ‘ my Gabriel, go,
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb ;
Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.’ ”

Nor is he more fortunate among the inferior orders of creation—

“ The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live !”

church. For it is through Germany that the Christian hymn has descended to modern times, in Germany that it has reached its dignity and perfection. And at a time when attention is constantly drawn to our own hymns, it may not be uninteresting to glance at those that maintain an unbroken connection and sympathy with the hymns of the ancient Christian Church.

It is characteristic of any national lyric poetry, that, springing, as it commonly does, out of the tumult and struggle of national birth or change, it bears manifestly the contrasted impression of its time. The lyric lives in the present, and prophecies of the future. It may want the refinement and perfection which can only come from calm and patient art ; but it has a freshness, reality, truthfulness, and insight, which make it an invaluable, but often overlooked, aid to the understanding of history. And the hymns of Germany share largely these characteristics. Rising from the innermost heart of the people, bound up with the life of the nation, they are rich in pictures of their times ; those of the Reformation, especially, represent, in their very striving, imperfection, and confused abruptness, the conflict going on between the old and the new,—the throes of that great new birth in which the nation was heaving. Personal consciousness, personal faith, are struggling everywhere through the old Church hymns. The feelings of men were too strongly roused to be kept within the limits of a mere poetic statement of dogmas, and, with this bondage, they were ready to throw off the classic form. Often, lines of homely earnest German break in through the statelier Latin. And though the authority of the elder verse lingered on to the close of the sixteenth century in the many translations from Latin sources, yet these translations became ever more individual, less ecclesiastic, until at last, in the seventeenth century, they ceased altogether. The hymn of the Reformation reflects the progress of the struggle. The Latin is still predominant, but everywhere the German rises up against it. There is still much of the old broad statement of doctrine, retained above all in the ancient hymns of the Bohemian brethren, but it is mingled, sometimes very rudely and inharmoniously, with the deep and hard-won experience of the believer. The verses are unfinished and unequal, the thoughts are often but half expressed, there is a poverty in the language, there are quick and puzzling transitions ; no matter what the subject is, the writer has his mind on the prevailing controversies, introduces emphatic statements of the true doctrine ; but while there are these scenes of the fight, there runs through all, a brave, joyous, prophetic tone.

There were three distinct classes of hymns at this time. Those of the Bohemian brethren were the oldest in the German tongue. They were restricted in their subjects, dwelling chiefly on the glory, wisdom, and mercy of God, as manifested in crea-

tion, redemption, and sanctification; dealing little with the wants and aspirations of the human heart. They were not very rich in poetry, but they were thoroughly biblical in their statements, thoroughly doctrinal in their themes. There is one of them, which, beginning with the Advent, sets forth repentance, forgiveness, the Christian life with its helps of grace, death, the resurrection, the judgment, and eternity, in the compass of nine stanzas.* But there was seldom so much compression. Their length was as remarkable as their orthodoxy. They were sound expositors of divine truth, but unrelieved by any warm touch of feeling; they were apt to be dry, argumentative, tedious, like a rhymed handbook of the marrow of divinity. Yet they had their uses and their popularity: they were linked with gracious and blessed associations, and in many a family where Huss and Jerome were household words, they, too, had their place of household songs; they grew up in the children's hearts, with memories of their homes, and of the martyr tales they heard by the fire on stormy nights of winter; they were sung to the only music in their churches; the aged spoke them with living reverence; verses from them had been heard at the stake; soldiers had joined in them before the battle. They were at least plain honest truth of God, let the rhymes and feet be as they might; they expressed unmistakably what it concerned and rejoiced men to know; and in the same age which witnessed, every year before Lent, the solemn scourging of a top with "Hallelujah" gilded on it through a church at Paris, angels stooped down to hear the rugged ballads in which the Hussites chanted their faith—the genuine hallelujahs that were carried to heaven from all Bohemia—from lone hamlets, and the stillness of the forest—from churches and rotting dungeons, and armed bands met in wild conventicle. And here the Reformation made itself felt. The hymns grew more personal, sprang more directly from the heart: there is one as popular now as it was three centuries ago. Michael Weiss was one of the deputies sent by the brethren in 1522, to congratulate Luther on his deliverance from darkness into God's marvellous light. After his return, and when he drew near his end, he wrote a funeral hymn, which has been a favourite ever since, beginning, †—

"Now let us gently lay the dead,
Beneath God's eye, in quiet bed;
He shall arise at judgment day,
And go forth incorruptibly."

There is, too, a hymn to the Trinity, apparently of an earlier date, and which shows favourably even side by side with the later poetry: ‡—

"Father, who didst send Thy Word,
Christ-God to be our Lord,
Of His life and death the merit
Let us inherit.

* *Gottes Sohn ist kommen.*

† *Nun lasst begraben uns den Leib.*

‡ *O Vater, der Du den Heiland.*

"O Christ, God's Son,
Who from Thy throne
Didst stoop to earth, that we
Might be like Thee;
Enter our minds and hearts this day;
Dwell there for aye.

"O God, the Holy Ghost,
Comfort us when our need is uttermost;
Our hearts renew;
Make us to hold, and still keep true,
The Covenant new.
"BOHEMIAN BRETHREN."

But these hymns had never any great influence on the German people. The Bohemians never drew cordially to the Lutherans; they inclined more to the Swiss. Their sacred muse was seldom heard after the Reformation spread, and what she had already uttered retained a place in the German Church chiefly out of respect to her antiquity and outspoken simplicity.

With the Latin hymns of the middle ages and the earlier time it was different. They were just as limited in their subjects—had as little to do with the work of God's Spirit on the heart of a sinner—as the others; but the people heard in them the voice of their forefathers speaking across the centuries—they were the expression of the Church's creed—some of them could be traced back to the godly men and purer faith of old—they were instinct with poetry, often sublime in thought and language; and when Luther and his fellow-workers made them live again in the common tongue, they made them live for ever. Many of them long continued to be sung in the Latin, even those of which the Reformed Church possessed a noble translation. Many were altered, enlarged, coloured unconsciously by those who adapted them to German verse and the altered service. They were made to express more of individual feeling—to become the vehicle of Christian joy and sorrow. Even in the fifteenth century the change was beginning. The people got the hymns, sang them for themselves, made alterations, popularised them. And thus, as the hold of the priest and the Church upon them was loosened, they strengthened their hold upon the nation. Grand hymns there are among them, hymns for all time, like the "*Veni, Redemptor Gentium,*" of Ambrose, the "*Veni, Creator Spiritus,*"* of Hildebert, the "*Dies iræ, dies illa.*"† But those in favour at the Reformation were more striking for their quaint homeliness than for their poetry, and have been deservedly forgotten.

Sometimes the German crept in between the Latin, sometimes displaced it, and there was the curious anomaly of hymns in which the lines alternated irregularly between the two languages, as, for instance, in that most popular hymn of the

* "*Creator Spirit! by whose aid.*"

† Of this poem there are upwards of sixty German versions, and probably half as many English. Among the translators are Herder, Fichte, and Sir Walter Scott.

Reformation and the period preceding, "*In dulci jubilo*."*

"*O Jesu parvule,*
My soul still longs for Thee;
This troubled heart of mine,
O Puer optime,
Comfort with love of Thine;
O Princeps gloriae,
Still draw me after Thee.

"*Ubi sunt gaudia?*
Where, with Hallelujah,
Angel bands are singing
Nova cantica,
And sweet bells are ringing
In Regis curia:
Would we were there, *eya!*"

While the Latin hymn of the Church was thus becoming modified, and merging into the popular lyric, a native poetry was rapidly springing up, and, even before Luther's death, had carried the torch of Reformation from end to end of Germany. Luther was the first to give the German hymn its essential form and popularity. Before his time it had floated about in various forms, fragmentary, ill-constructed, pretending to no poetry,—pretending indeed to be little else than aid to the memory. The same masterly insight which led the Reformer to translate the Bible into the popular dialect, led him to use the hymn as a vehicle for spreading the truth. He did not seek much originality. His object at first was almost identical with that of his predecessors—to communicate the Gospel in a form that would seize fast hold on the body of the people; and much of what he wrote for this end is little above the average of doggerel rhymes, though marked often by a force and idiomatic concentration that are not doggerel. We may smile at such verses as:—

"These are the holy precepts ten
The Lord God gave us, sinful men,
Through Moses, who His servant was,
And on the Mount received these laws."

—but they did admirable service at the time; nor is there anything weak, or trifling, or mean in them: they tell their message in a direct homely way, roughly perhaps and boldly, and without much art, but with an honest reality and fervour. In form and spirit, the poetry of the better class of them is strikingly like that of the old English ballads which, in Luther's day, were popular among ourselves. They take the same high objective ground, the story moving on without being cumbered by reflections on it—here and there a touch of rare pathos, everywhere the stamp of a man who is possessed with the belief of what he says. It was the very historical character of these religious ballads which insured their success. It was not an age of self-analysis, as ours has come to be, when poets

* It was sometimes sung in an entirely German version, beginning "*Nun singet und seid fro jauchzet alle und singt so;*" and still, in remote Lutheran parishes, the last line of the first stanza strikes oddly enough on the stranger's ear, "*Du bist A und O.*"

and other people go about with a restless morbid craving to anatomise their feelings, and lay bare their hearts (a disagreeable sight at the best, and which a man had better keep between himself and God). It was an age when men's minds were yet fresh, when they cared more to live than to think, when action went before speech, when men sought to know what message God had for them, and did not stop to sift its adaptation to their mental training, and whether and why this or that effect should or should not spring from it. And when Luther sang of the Redemption, the Coming of Christ, the Love of God, there was the power of a simple story simply told, while most of the roughness and imperfect metres and unrhymed lines, which jar upon the modern ear, had a harmony of strength and nervous purpose which was all-sufficient to the ancient. To make them spread more rapidly, they were set to familiar melodies, chants which had been sung on pilgrimages, or airs of popular songs, and the new words made their way wherever the old ballad was sung. It was not till the hymn had secured its footing that he ventured to compose music for his own words. Nor was the music particularly good. All his melodies, with the exception of two or three, have long lost their hold on the people. They had graver faults than the hymns, though, in a minor degree; the same merits, gravity and earnestness, but were abrupt and wanting in variety and cadence. Still anxious to retain for the hymns a footing in old well-known forms, he translated some of the best of the Latin hymns that occurred in the Church Service. They are not naked translations, but are instinct with his own spirit—almost as much marked by his individuality as by that of their authors. He wrote for the children also; and the chief of all Christmas hymns in Germany is one which he wrote for his little boy Hans, when Hans was five years old, and which he entitled "*A Child's Christmas Song concerning the Child Jesus.*" Another, which bears the preface, "*A Child's Song to sing against the two arch enemies of Christ and His holy Church, the Papacy and the Turks,*" has had a very wide rule and influence. But the best hymns that Luther wrote are his versions of some of the Psalms, in which he has risen to the true height of manly religious poetry, and which, for their vigour and loftiness and power of kindling great and holy thoughts, have not been surpassed by any. Their very irregularities and scorn of metrical niceties are scarce faults; it seems as if the mighty flow of the verse could not pause till the soul of this dauntless man of God was poured out in his own strong words. There is no attempt at a literal rendering; the Psalm is there indeed, the same thoughts, and in the same order; but it is Luther's Psalm, the thoughts have become his own; and it is this that has made "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*"* the heroic song of his countrymen, graven on their national memories, swelling

* "God is our stronghold, firm and sure."

up in days of trial from numberless hearts that grow brave and confident in singing it, the firm utterance of the national hope and steadfastness, the outburst of national feeling when it is deepest, the aspiration of it when it is feeblest, ever lifted high against all peril from without. Besides these, Luther wrote hymns suggested by the needs of the Church, and springing out of his own Christian consciousness. They are not in any way personal, but such as that for Trinity Sunday, beginning, "We all believe in one good God, maker of the earth and heaven,"* and that well-loved one, "Now joy ye all, dear Christian folk,"† seizing on the leading doctrines of the Gospel, and expressing them as simply and broadly as a child might, and with the trust and fervour of a believer,

The results proved the Reformer's wisdom. The hymns, we are told, flew from end to end of Germany as if on the wings of the wind. They spread inconceivably fast through church and school and house. Sometimes a hymn won whole towns to the evangelical faith, as if by one blow. Scarcely was it composed till it was sung before every door; if any knew it, crowds gathered round to listen, and though they heard it for the first time, they were ready to join with loud, joyful voice in the last strophe. We have a vivid picture of the marvellous popularity the hymns had reached, even in Luther's lifetime, in the preface which a pious lady of Strasburgh wrote to a little collection of spiritual songs published in 1534:—"The artisan," she says, "sings them at his work, the maid as she washes the clothes, the peasant on his furrow, the mother to the child that cries in the cradle."

Other hymns also clustered about these. Little was known of their authors, yet they kept pace with Luther's. These men were voices crying in the wilderness, heedless of themselves and of their fame, possessed with the glorious truth of God, and pouring it out of the fullness of their hearts. Not stooping down to their own private needs and mercies, they spoke only of that great common need and mercy which thrilled every heart. The writer did not separate himself from those for whom he wrote. He felt them to be one with him, their thoughts to be his thoughts, all, from remotest corners of the land, bending before the same cross. Without losing his personal feelings, he identified himself with the national feeling. And in the completeness of this happy blending lay his success; not the success of being a popular author—for that he cared nothing, but suffered his name to perish with him in the grave—but the success, vouchsafed to few, of giving his countrymen to latest generations fitting words in which to clothe the deepest and holiest thoughts that are born in the heart of man. He had no fear of reviews before his eye; there were no would-be critics to catalogue his plagiarisms from the Bible; he was not tortured with desire to

excel what had been well said already; he was unfurnished with the inversions, capitals, interjections, dashes, impossible rhymes, and the other paraphernalia which are held essential to the poet now. He had but one desire, to tell what he felt; he was in earnest, and fitting words are never wanting to an earnest man who forgets himself in his work. He had too high a conception of his work, too much distrust of himself, to add one word when his song was over. For the true poet is an earnest, working man. The mere contemplative man is but half a poet. He has the poet's insight, sees the poet's visions, wears his singing robes about him, but he is isolated, without the poet's sway; he can build up fair domes of verse, yet they are like yesterday's rainbow: the children ran to the door and gazed at it with bright wondering eyes, the merchant cast up his ledger, the artisan whistled on his bench, unheeding. Let him lay his singing robes aside, and

"carry on a stage
The work o' the world, not merely make report,
The work existed ere his time;"

let him write for the crowd of living men, and not for the withered bay of a hundred years off; let him sweep out conceits and dreams from his brain, and look clearly on those issues of life and death that are fulfilled and fulfilling around him; and if God has any message to send by him, surely that is the seemly preparation. Luther's forty-second Psalm is worth a century of "Soliloquies," and "Easter Wings," and "Soul Dissections." Meanwhile let us note three true hymns of God's true poets; the idle poets, with their reveries, and analysis, and self-conceit, come too soon. Decius, Speratus, and Schneising, were contemporaries of Luther. The first was a monk, who, coming out of his cloister, and grappling with the sore evils that met him at the very door, wrote a *Gloria in excelsis*,* that spread with incredible swiftness from north to south. There needed no friendly helps to circulation, no ingenious puffery. More than a hundred years after, the people of New Brandenburg heard a baker's boy sing a new hymn, and they listened while he sang, and learned it from him, and other towns caught it up from them, till in every household was known that beautiful and most comforting song of Neumarck, "Leave God to order all thy ways."† And this *Gloria* was the truth which was wanted, and that spread it; it was what every bursting heart in the land yearned for; it was the utterance of that unspeakable, exulting joy, which seized men who had seen the darkness rolled away, and felt their souls rising up free from under the weight of centuries.

In the other two there is the same tone. Schneising's "On Thee alone, Lord Jesus Christ,

* *Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr.* To Decius also belongs the authorship of the venerable hymn, *O Lamm Gottes unschuldig.*

† *Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten*, p. 154.

* *Wir glauben all an einem Gott.*

† *Nun freut euch lieben Christen gemein.*

my earthly hopes are set,"* the cry of a trusting soul to the Saviour for deliverance from sin, ends likewise with a *Gloria*. Speratus wrote his hymn† on grace and good works, the very turning point of the conflict between Luther with his Bible, and the Pope with his council. But it took its place with the others, and holds it to this day; for with him it was no outward conflict of ecclesiastics, but a battle fought in the soul. Mighty changes, revolutions, storm and calm, have swept over Germany since then; dark days have shadowed the Church; the sleep of death has stilled the living faith that beat in it; faithless teachers have thrown ridicule on the old simple rule;—yet through all, these hymns, and others of that age, have held the hearts of the people, maintained the sacred fire, been rallying points for the wavering and despairing, and now, when the Spirit of God has again quickened the Church, it is to these hymns she turns, in these she finds a needful watchword, singing these that the people fill once more the deserted churches. For they are true, the poetry of that inner life which is still the same, neither dogmatic nor reflective, but the real thoughts that are in any Christian man; and when schools of poetry—romantic, classical, spasmodic—shall have been forgotten, they shall remain fresh and beautiful, as when Luther gave out his own chorales from his own pulpit in Wittenberg, and Eber read over to Melancthon the verses he had written for his children.

Eber, like his contemporary hymn-writers, wrote little, but that little he left as a perpetual legacy to the Church. The hymn on death which he wrote for his children, has been translated by Miss Winkworth,‡ and may compose and strengthen the sick and dying in this country, as it has long done in its own. It is simple, and full of pathos as a child's prayer, while there is an awe in the thoughts, and a hushed, subdued tone in the words and measure, befitting the chamber and hour of death. He was a famous teacher of philosophy in his day, much absorbed in Church controversies, and a redoubtable polemic; a wasted, shrunken, dry-looking little man, familiar to all frequenters of Wittenberg University; but his heart kept fresh and warm. And it is touching to read that New Year's hymn he wrote for his children when his wife and two more had died quickly at home, and to spell out the *Helena*, by which in his learned way he commences the six stanzas, and then dies himself.

It was about the same time that, in quiet Joachimsthal, Nicholas Hermann, the good old preceptor, wrote sweet music to his own sweet hymns. Pleasant it would have been to see him, of an Easter, with his scholars clinging round him, while they learn the "spiritual song" he has just written

"for the maidens in the girls' school, concerning the joyful resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ;"** or, in the early Christmas morning, while the sun shines ruddily through the frosted panes, to hear him give forth his joyful carol, "Praise God, ye Christians, with one voice;"† or when the miners come to church on the Sunday morning, singing down the mountain paths as he had taught them; or when, in the summer evening, sitting at his door, his own chant is borne to him through the still balmy air, from the graveyard close by, "Now weep not, mourn not, o'er this bier."‡ Mathesius preached, and Hermann listened and wrote out the sermon in hymns—"when it was good,"—which may account for the hymns being few.

Passing with difficulty by Hans Sachs—for who does not love to loiter with that most poetical of cobblers, and kind-hearted of men, and who that has ever been in Nuremberg, lounged in the market-place, paced with slow reverend step the aisles of St. Sebald's, and lingered in the sunny old graveyard till the evening chime floated in lazy harmony over the town below, does not remember to have sought him, and, not finding him, to have turned away from the quaint city sorrowful? Passing by, and only noting the satisfaction it must give him, that if his seventeen hundred and odd dramas, and few thousand minor poems, in five folio volumes,§ have been forgotten, there is one *meister-geaung* of his, immortal,|| we come to a less known, but even more honoured name, Philip Nicolai. Nicolai was born a few years before the maidens of Joachimsthal had lost their kind old teacher, and sang his own requiem over his grave. He became pastor at Hamburg, saw heavenly visions, and died while yet in his prime. He left behind meditations on the life eternal (which few knew so well), and two hymns. Those who have heard Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, will remember the magnificent chorale (for no lesser word will express the mighty fullness of the melody), beginning "Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling." The words are intended to represent Nicolai's.¶ But both his hymns defy translation. The metre in both is long and intricate, running through stanzas of twelve lines, and the poetry is linked inseparably with these peculiarities. Rich and marvellous poetry it is, the outpouring of a joyous heavenly spirit, that has already shaken the burden and clay of earth off its wings, and waits but till God shall set it free to soar into its true sphere.

Nicolai died at the commencement of the seventeenth century. The Church poetry was already

* *Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag.*

† *Lobt Gott, ihr Christen alle gleich.*

‡ Page 254. *Hort auf mit Trauern und mit Klage*, translated from the *Jam moesta quiesce querela* of Prudentius.

§ Lope de Vega however left 21,300,000 verses.

|| *Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz.*

¶ *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*. His other hymn is the beautiful *Wie schön leuchtet uns der Morgenstern*.

* *Allein zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ.*

† *Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.*

‡ *Lyra Germanica*, p. 244. Another well-known hymn of Eber's is, *Wenn wir in höchsten Nothen sein*.

losing much of the character it bore at the Reformation. There was no longer the universal thrill of a new life. The Church was settling into parties and controversy; as it spread and formed subordinate centres of activity over the land, the feeling of a common centre receded, the feeling of separation crept in. Men lost the common fellowship that made them one in time of revolution; they dwelt more on personal feelings, looked more to the fellowship between each soul and God. And as the Bible came to be more and more a hand-book, and the free exercise of judgment was brought to bear on it, abundant diversities of Christian character were developed, and, as the course of nature is, worked themselves out in abundantly diverse ways, and, when they sought expression in the Church hymns, found only what was peculiar to each. The change was now silently progressing, and before the first half of the next century was completed, the hymn had sunk down to be a mere utterance of private devotion and meditation, a point above which the English hymn has seldom risen, below which the German continued steadily to sink through sentimental rhapsodies and infidel fooleries, till, with a few feeble struggles, it almost died out. But to the early part of the sixteenth century a few hymns belong, which must rank in their character and influence with those of the preceding age. Such, for instance, as Rinkart's "Now let us all thank God with heart, and hand, and tongue,"* a hymn which is solemnly sung in every orthodox German household as the clock strikes twelve on New Year's Eve, and blown by unearthly horns from the towers of village churches. Nay, even in the height of the gay dance, when that knell for the past is tolled, the voice and the music are hushed, and an awe rests on every face, as if the spirit of the old year were passing through the room, and when the clock has finished, old and young join in the ancient chorale—with which preface the dance recommences.

With the seventeenth century the fatal storm of the Thirty Years' War swept over Germany. Everywhere there was sorrow, confusion, despair. A gloom rested on every household. Men fled from the pillage of the city to hide themselves in the quiet country, and the fiery storm bursting upon them there, drove them back to the city. Rough soldiers broke into the remotest villages, and chased the peasant from his lonely hut among the hills. No man knew where he was safe. He was fortunate if he escaped with life. The pastor saw his flock scattered, his church a barrack. He who had lived in peace, and looked for it, saw his sons brought in dead from the battle, had himself perhaps to seek a lurking-place in the woods. The quietest citizen might be forced to pass his life in perilous adventures. Suffering and danger were the common lot, and none dared to claim exemption. Yet, through all the darkness and trouble, the Christian psalmist

sang hymns to God, and there is no period so rich in Christian poetry. The very existence of the Protestant Church was in danger; the Christian organisation which had sprung up and rapidly extended since the Reformation, was suddenly overturned; the churches were desolated; the schoolhouses in ruins. But the homeless, solitary wanderer who found uneasy refuge in the camp, raised his voice confident and brave, feeling that his cause was the Lord's, and that no might could finally prevail against it.

"As true as God's own Word is true,
Not earth nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail."*

Numerous, however, as are the hymns of these years, there are few that rose above the sorrows of the time, and, as from a calm and skyey height, sung only of the everlasting might and triumph of Jehovah. The most were written by men bowed down and weary with calamities, distracted with the tumult that raged around them, longing for escape from it, crying to God for help and quiet, for the old ways to be brought back, or, if nothing else, for release from a world where they were driven restlessly to and fro, like foam-flakes over an angry sea. The ties that bound them to the earth were rudely snapped. There were some who had neither home, nor wife, nor child. Their country was each year sinking deeper in ruin; the very promise of peace seemed to have fled from it. What better could they desire than to be delivered from the final woe, to be taken from the miseries which met them in fresh forms with every day, and which they were helpless to relieve? Their one thought was of the evil days on which they had fallen; their one aspiration for the rest that remaineth to the people of God. Instinctively they turned to the sufferings of the Lord, and, by dwelling upon His, found relief from the pressure of their own; while, in sympathy of suffering, they were drawn to Him the closer, and poured out their sorrows in His ear unchecked. It is a period which abounds in hymns on the passion and death of Christ; but there seems to have been scarce strength and buoyancy enough to pass on to the resurrection. There is a sighing for deliverance, but not a singing of it. For there are seasons in the Christian life when, all hope and joy being wellnigh crushed out of the soul, it is only the wail over sin and the bitter cry of pain that find expression—when, though there is felt to be a morning of joy lying in the future, it lies in the shadow of a night of weeping—when there is the timid, faintly-whispered wish for better, but not the firm, unshaken certainty of it—and without any actual doubting of God's future, it seems too bright and glorious to be dwelt on. And this was the spirit of the time. There were some

* *Nun danket alle Gott.*

* Altenburg. *Lyra Germanica*, p. 17.

indeed who found in the trouble of the world without them a reflection of the world within. In the ravages of man they saw the ravages of sin; in the fierce struggle of armies, the struggle fought daily in their own hearts. There were pangs of conscience, the anguish of the penitent sinner, still more acute than any caused by the trials of their outward lot. They could even speak of many a fair spiritual edifice of their soul laid in ruins by their besetting sins. But there is one prevalent tone—there is everywhere pervading a sense of misery and dreary emptiness, of strife and innumerable ills, that made it more desirable to die than to live. There is everywhere the longing—deep, and earnest, and ineradicable, yet rather pensive than vehement—that the Lord would take them to Himself.

The best-known hymn-writers of this period were Rist, Heermann, and Dach.

The personal individual element comes out with much greater distinctness in these hymns than in those that preceded them. The judgments of God were upon the land, but Heermann saw in them only a call to individual repentance. An elder Church poet would have recognised in them their broad national significance, and all the more naturally as a national cause, a national faith, were at stake, and the Church suffered like any of her members. The war itself, by isolating men from each other, and even from the Church, doubtless contributed to this. But there were other and more important agencies at work to produce the same result. The Reformation introduced everywhere the personal element of faith, or rather restored it to that place from which, during the corruptions of the preceding centuries, it had gradually receded, to be forgotten in the dim background of the Christian life; and the more the Reformation spread, the firmer the hold it took on men's minds, the more personal their faith became. The sense of personal sin suggested the need of personal forgiveness, of a Saviour—of men, it is true—but, above all, of the individual man. The communion, and grace, and blessings of God are common to all believers, but as each found them for himself, they were invested with an individual distinctness—associated with a mental struggle, with a personal history—and, no longer common, became peculiar. The way being alike open to God for every man, each dwelt upon his own apprehension of God in Christ, his own doubts and certainties, his own joy and sorrow, his own fight of faith, his own fall and victory, until the personal element came to overshadow every other, and, though not yet, to be as extravagant in the one direction, as the ecclesiasticism of the Middle Ages in another. On the other hand, while the individual consciousness rose into prominence, the early freshness and vivid realisation of Gospel truth which characterised the Reformation period, had by long habit worn away. What had started men like a new discovery, and kindled in them a fervour

never in any age surpassed, soon grew familiar as the knowledge of it extended, and became every man's property. When the first great shout of welcome which greeted Luther had passed, and the seed scattered far and wide by his hand had taken deep root all over Germany, when every hamlet had its Reformed church, when the children learned the Bible at their mother's knee, and the truth had been developed by its teachers, there was not only an absence of enthusiasm about it, but, as each was attracted by some phase of the truth, he dwelt upon that, singling out his particular feelings and experiences, regarding the truth in its connection with him, and losing his grasp of the whole. It was not the truth which seized upon him, and filled his soul with a thrilling joy, and forced him to utter it in its simple full entirety, just as it was revealed to him; it may be that such clear wide vision belongs only to periods of unusual excitement, of inspiration; but he seized on so much of the truth as he could make completely his own, and if he was impelled to speak, declared only the special needs it satisfied, the special desires it quickened. It was thus, in tracing the progress and influence of the truth in himself, its adaptation to his varying moods, to the habit of his mind, to the shifting circumstances of his life, that he found compensation for the absence of that novelty and grandeur which it wore when, in its majesty, it first dawned upon the nation. The earlier poets looked from the mountain over the goodly land that stretched in glorious promise away to the dim horizon; the later poet wandered in the valleys, through the level pasture lands, by the winding of the rivers, looked perhaps no farther than the circling trees about his sheltered nook, and wrote of his quiet joys, of the new and often profound experiences made by him even within his narrow range, the goodness that followed him in his daily life, the trials that befell him, the pleasures he already tasted, but which, in infinite fullness, are at God's right hand for evermore. And each thus filled up, with patient loving minuteness, some outline of the great picture.

There was danger that this minuteness would run into such detail and exclusively personal experience, as to lose its power and meaning for others. The companionship of the Lord Jesus, the fellowship of His sufferings, that union with Him by which even our lesser thoughts and actions are glorified, being touched with the divine brightness of His—these, though most blessed truths, may be altogether degraded by a too minute and daring portraiture. The habit of tracing out the truth in the sentiment it produces, degenerates into sentimentalism; the habit of judging it by one's own feelings and experiences breeds an inevitable egotism. In the intensity of personal feeling, shades of passion that chase each other over the soul may be mistaken for the enduring form of spiritual truth, while there is apt to be an exuberance of thought—thoughts that come tumbling out unconnectedly like the feathers and tea-

trays from a conjuror's bag. There are traces of all these faults from the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it was not till after the pressure of war and plague was removed, that they boldly lifted up their heads and maintained, through successive generations of hymn-writers, that, far from blemishes, they were perfections. They are just those faults which characterise a period of repose, when, in the quiet orderliness of everyday life, men have leisure patiently to sift each truth, and reflect upon the workings of it in their own minds. And from the middle of this century, the predominance of this subjective element steadily increased, and has weakened, if not altogether marred, some of the best of later hymns.

Gerhardt—the central figure of the second century of Hymn writers, as Luther is of the first—is remarkably free from error on this side; nor does he ever, like his successors, write down the parentheses of thought. There are few nobler stanzas than this:—

“Give strong and cheerful hearts, to stand
Undaunted in the wars,
That Satan's fierce and mighty band
Is waging with Thy cause.
Help us to fight as warriors brave,
That we may conquer in the field;
And not one Christian man may yield
His soul to sin a slave.”

Or this other, which Luther himself might have written:—

“The world may fail and flee,
Thou standest fast for ever;
Not fire, or sword, or plague, from Thee,
My trusting soul shall sever.

“No hunger, and no thirst—
No poverty or pain,
Let mighty princes do their worst,
Shall fright me back again.”

Gerhardt was a quiet pastor, gentle, thoughtful—zealous, indeed, and firm and daring when roused in defence of the truth he loved, but naturally modest and shrinking—of a fine poetic temperament, a deep calm piety, a scholarly man, with leisure for books, and skill to use them. There was nothing either in his inner or outer life to call forth the abrupt energy of Luther. It is true he lived during part of the Thirty Year's War, and witnessed the confusion and sorrow it brought on his country, and shared, too, some of the suffering. One of the most perfect of his hymns was composed after a night of weary anguish on the altar steps of the Church at Lübben. Trials taught him endurance, not struggle; it brought out the strength of his faith, developed in him many Christian graces, gave birth to many of his best hymns, helped very much the earnestness, and purity, and heavenliness of his poetry, gave it the value of a rich Christian experience, produced all that refining effect which trial works in a quiet nature. But there was not in him the fire and intense concentration, the gathering up of the feelings of the time in a brief rapid song, which characterises the hymns of the Reformation,

and which has made them the Christian watchword of the country.

The number of his hymns is not great—one hundred and twenty in all. They are all worthy, however, of being sung; the proportion of inferior hymns is trifling, and many of them are written with letters of gold in the spiritual life of Germany. A hymn of Gerhardt's has often been the channel by which light flowed in on a dark sinful heart; innumerable souls have found in one the turning-point in their history, and, long after, the hymn thus blessed has been cherished as the central point of their dearest memories. Stories of their influence are everywhere common. They have penetrated to every station, enchaining old and young alike. Some have died repeating them; some have been supported by them in great danger; numbers have been preserved through them from carelessness and unbelief, raised by their holy thoughts above strong temptations. Falk relates that a beggar child was kept from many sins by praying this verse from the evening hymn, “Now rest the woods again.”

“Jesus, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe sheltered by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
Oh, let him never harm me,
But still Thine angels round me sing!”

Schiller learned Gerhardt's hymns from his mother, and that now quoted was his especial favourite in later years. Winckelman delighted in one beginning, “I sing Thy praise with heart and tongue;”^{*} and even after he had joined the Roman Catholic Church, when he sent from Italy for a hymn-book, it vexed him grievously to find this omitted.† The hold this sacred poetry had and retains on the great thinkers and great men of Germany is remarkable. Wülffer's “Eternity, Eternity,” was a favourite of Niebuhr; Arnold's “How blest to all thy followers, Lord, the road,” was the favourite of Schelling; when Grotius lay dying he asked that Eber's “Lord Jesus Christ, true man and God,” might be repeated to him; Altenburg's “Fear not, O little flock, the foe,” was called Gustavus Adolphus's battle song. Some of Gerhardt's hymns have already taken their place among our own. “Commit thou all thy ways,” was introduced by Wesley; “See, world, upon the shameful tree,” and “How shall I meet my Saviour,” are mutilations of two beautiful originals; while of another, the most profoundly touching of Passion hymns, and which none who have heard it in Bach's noble *Passionsmusik*, can read without “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,” more than one translation has appeared, the best known, perhaps, that commencing, “O head so full of bruises.”

The German hymn culminates in Gerhardt, and from him falls gently away through a brilliant group of sacred poets. The sad and weary key-note

* *Ich singe Dir mit Herz und Mund.*

† See Wackernagel's Preface to Gerhardt's Hymns.

which was struck during the war is prolonged and played on, with great skill as well as tenderness.

"Let who will in thee rejoice,
O thou fair and wond'rous earth!
Ever anguish'd sorrow's voice
Pierces through thy seeming mirth."*

These words of Franck's express very fairly his view of the world—the impression the miserable disorders he witnessed had left upon a gentle spirit. Picturing every variety of earthly disquiet, he loves to set against it the perfect rest there is in Christ. But it is not so much rest from himself he seeks, as from the sin that hems him round; and, hopeless that the world's sore turmoil will ever cease, he looks forward to the future, when his union with the Saviour will be complete, longing that the angel of death might come to set him free:—

"But not yet the gates of gold
I may see nor enter in,
Nor the heavenly fields behold,
But must sit and mourning spin
Life's dark thread on earth below;
Let my thoughts then hourly go
Whither I myself would be,
Jesus, dearest Lord, with thee!"*

Scheffler, again, desires rather to be freed from sin within, from the body of this death. Looking upon himself, seeing how defaced Christ's image is in his heart, his desire is that that image may be perfected, that the love of Christ may consume his self-love. In all he wrote there is the yearning to lose himself so that again in Christ he may find himself.

"I will love Thee,—all my Treasure!
I will love Thee,—all my Strength!
I will love thee,—without measure,
And will love thee right at length

Oh, I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die and find Thee mine!"†

Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick, one of those profound Christian princes of whom Germany may well be proud, found his cross rather in his rank, and the duties of his office, and the cares inseparable from his position, than in the world, either within or without. But he, too, thirsted only for the communion of God, feeling that in that lay his highest good, and turning eagerly away from the attractions and pleasures of state to enjoy quiet thoughts of God's love. Personal trials, as well as a constant struggle against the tyranny of the world, chastened and nerved his spirit, while in free sympathy he poured out to others the consolations which had been effectual to him.

And so the hymn sunk softly down, losing its higher and clearer tones, but rich and mystical, and pensive as if it were sung under night and the stars, till in Tersteegen and Zinzendorf it touched the Wesleys, finding an enthusiastic translator in John, and a congenial poet in Charles. It was about the end of German hymnology: it was about the beginning of our own. Both have flashed up again in the latter half of the last half-century. Germany has its Spitta (now alas! silent); we have our Keble and Bonar. It is not the spirit of the elder verse. Tennyson is not like Milton, nor Robert Browning like Shakespeare. But at least it is not a revival, nor laborious mimicry of the antique. It is the growth of a new era of thought, as genuine and profound, perhaps as grand in its own way, as earlier eras. And if the Christian Hymn needed a splendid tribute it would be the homage of this—the most restless and ambitious century of the world.

W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

POEMS FOR CHRISTIE.

THE NARROW LOT.

A LITTLE Flower so lowly grew,
So lonely was it left,
That Heaven look'd like an eye of blue
Down in its rocky cleft.

What could the little Flower do
In such a darksome place,
But try to reach that eye of blue,
And climb to see Heaven's face

And there's no life so lone and low
But strength may still be given,
From narrowest lot on Earth to grow
The straighter up to Heaven.

THE TWO HEAVENS.

THERE are two Heavens for natures clear
And calm as thine, my gentle love!
One Heaven but reflected here;
One Heaven that waits above:

As yonder Lake, in evening's red,
Lies smiling with the smile of Rest;
One heaven glowing overhead;
One mirror'd in its breast.

SPRINGTIDE.

WHEN First Spring-buds are starring the Spring-blue,
And leaf by leaf Earth puts her glory on,
We feel a pensive longing to renew
The youthful splendour and the glory gone:
Wait but a few more years, OUR Spring shall come
With one renewal, and eternal bloom.

* *Lyra Germanica.*

† *Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

HOW IT SEEMS.

STARS in the Midnight's blue abyss
So closely smile, they seem to kiss ;
But, Christie, they are far apart,
And close not beating heart to heart :

And high in glory many a Star
Shines, lighting other worlds afar,
Whilst hiding in its breast the dearth,
The darkness of a fireless hearth.

All happy to the listener seems
The Singer, with his gracious gleams ;
His music rings, his ardours glow
Divinely ; all, we know, we know !

For all the beauty shed, we see
How bare his own poor life may be ;
He gives ambrosia, wanting bread ;
Makes balm for Hearts, with ache of head.

He finds the Laurel budding yet
From Love transfigured and tear-wet ;
They are his life-drops turned to Flowers
That make so sweet this world of ours !

IN THE NIGHT.

DARK, dark the Night, and fearfully I grope
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,
But cannot find it. Here's no help, no hope,
And God is very far off with His day !

Hush, hush, faint heart ! Why this may be thy
chance,
When things are at their worst to prove thy faith ;
Look up, and wait thy great Deliverance,
And trust Him at the darkest unto death.

What need of Faith, if all were visibly clear ?
'Tis for the trial time that this was given.
Though Clouds be thick, its sun is just as near,
And Faith will find Him in the heart of Heaven.

'Tis often on the last grim ridge of war
God takes His stand to aid us in our fight ;
He watched us while we rolled the tide afar,
And, beaten back, is near us in His might !

Under the wildest night the heaviest woe,
When Earth looks desolate—Heaven dark with
doom,
Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show
The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

A MISSIONARY CHEER.

CHRIST be near thee ! Christ up-bear thee,
Over waters wide and drear ;
Thro' all dangers, amongst strangers,
With no friend or brother near !

Then the winds and waves may wrestle,
Skies may threaten, deeps may rave ;
Safely rides the labouring vessel,
When the Saviour walks the wave.

Tho' thine earnest need be sternest,
And in darkness works the storm—
Drifting lonely, where One only
Can outstretch the saving arm ;

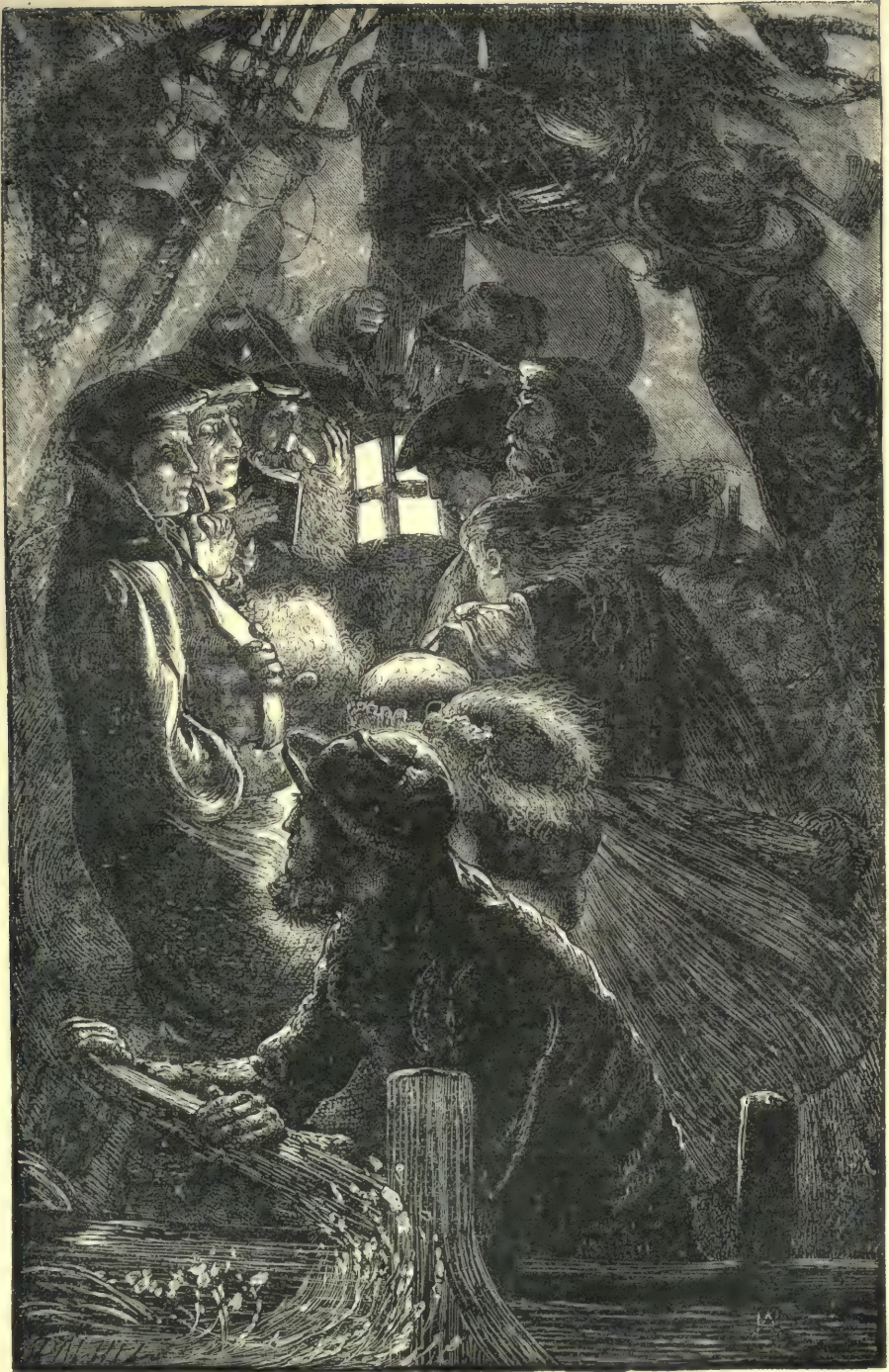
On His breast serenely nestle ;
Winds nor waves can overwhelm ;
Straight for haven goes the vessel,
When the Saviour 's at the helm.

Clouds may lighten ! lips may whiten ;
Praying looks be dark with dread ;
Sails may shiver ! true hearts quiver
At Death going overhead !

Yet tho' winds and waters wrestle,
Masts may spring and bulwarks dip,
Safely rides the labouring vessel,
When the Saviour 's in the Ship.

GERALD MASSEY.





A MISSIONARY CHEER.

ON COMETS.

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, BART.

[THE SECOND OF TWO PAPERS.]

ANOTHER brilliant comet appeared in 1682, and our countryman, Edmund Halley, following Newton's example, and employing his system of calculation, computed its orbit, assuming (which simplifies the calculation very much) that orbit to be a true parabola. He found its path to be very different from that of Newton's comet. Instead of nearly grazing the surface of the sun, its nearest approach to it was about 55 millions of miles, or about half way between the orbits of Mercury and Venus. The plane of its motion, too, was much less inclined to that of the planets' orbits or the ecliptic, viz., about $17\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$; and its motion was not direct, as Newton's was, but retrograde.

Halley was encouraged by the good agreement of his calculations with the observed places of this comet to collect observations of former comets, and endeavour to make out their paths, or, as we now express it, to determine the elements of their orbits. With incredible labour he calculated the orbits of 24 remarkable comets, and among them he found two whose "elements" agreed in a remarkable manner with those of his first comet—both great comets—viz., one observed by Appian in 1531, and one by Kepler in 1607. And he noticed also this remarkable approximate coincidence—from 1531 to 1607 is 76 years, and from 1607 to 1682 75 years. This led him to suspect that all three were one and the same comet, returning periodically. And, guided by this idea, he was led to examine the records of history for comets of earlier date. Among them, three turned up—in the years 1305, 1380, 1456; and when all these years are arranged in a series, you see that the intervals are alternately 75 and 76 years. This confirmed him in his impression of its periodical return, and emboldened him to predict its return about the end of 1758, or beginning of 1759.

You will observe that he allowed *more* than an average length of the period (77 years) for the fulfilment of his prediction. He had a reason for this. He ascertained that in coming back it would pass near the planet Jupiter, which is a large and massive planet; and Newton's discoveries had already taught him to contemplate the possibility of some disturbance of its motion from the attraction of such a body, and even enabled him to perceive that it would act to *retard* the return or prolong the period. Such disturbances do really exist, and have often very considerable effects on the return of comets.

This very comet, in the table of its returns I have here set down,* offers some striking examples.

There occurs, for instance, 1378, A.D., and not 1380, set down for one of the epochs of its appearance, with seventy-eight years interval between that and 1456. The fact is, that Halley was mistaken in supposing the comet of 1380 to be the same with that in question. That comet really appeared in 1378; but *that fact Halley had no means of knowing*. It has very lately come to light, on searching the Chinese annals—and the same annals have informed us of no less than six other very ancient appearances of this self-same comet, the earliest in the eleventh year before our Saviour. And this, it must be allowed, greatly tends to increase our confidence in these venerable records of Chinese history. All this apparent irregularity is owing to the action mainly of Jupiter, which is a general disturber of comets, and gives a vast deal of trouble to calculators, as I shall soon explain; and Saturn is not without a finger in the pie.

This prediction of Halley's, as the time for its accomplishment drew near, created a great sensation. All the astronomers furnished up their telescopes, and all the mathematicians set to work to calculate. The mutual actions of the planets in that long interval had been well studied, and it was clearly ascertained that Halley was right in his conjecture about Jupiter, and that in fact, the return of the comet would be delayed by the attraction of that planet 518 days, and by that of Saturn 100 more, and that it would make its next closest approach to the sun within a month, one way or another, of the 13th of April, 1759.

All the astronomers of Europe were looking out for it, eager to seize it on its first coming within the range of human vision. They were all disappointed of their prize. It was carried off by a Saxon farmer, of the name of Palitzch, an astronomer of Nature's own creating, who was always watching the heavens—without telescopes—without knowledge—simply from the profound interest their aspect inspired him with. He it was who first caught sight of it on the 13th December, 1758. It was taken up by others, and regularly observed. It passed its perihelion on the 13th of March, 1759, *just within* the limit of possible uncertainty the mathematicians had allowed for their calculations.

This was certainly a very great and signal

1835. Those marked with † are the ancient Chinese dates alluded to in the text. From B.C. 11 to A.D. 451, then, we have an interval of six periods, averaging 76 years 10 months each; from A.D. 451 to 760, four periods elapsed, averaging $77\frac{1}{2}$ years; from 760 to 1378, eight periods, averaging also $77\frac{1}{2}$ years; and from 1378 to 1835, six periods, averaging 76 years 2 months. Altogether, twenty-four periods, averaging 76 years and 10 months. The next return will be in or about the year A.D. 1912.

* B.C. 11†; A.D. 65 or 66†, 141†, 218†, 295†, 373†, 451, 760, 837, 1066, 1378, 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759,

triumph. It was repeated, with every circumstance that could make it decisive or give it notoriety in the year 1835, the epoch of the next appearance of "Halley's Comet." The calculations of the planetary perturbations (as the disturbances they cause in each other's motions are called) had then been brought to great perfection. The passage through the perihelion was predicted by M. Pontecoulant to take place on the 12th of November, and by Rosenberger between the 11th and 16th. In point of fact, it happened on the 15th. And this time, too, the astronomers were not beaten by the farmers. Their telescopes were from day to day pointed right on the spot where it would be sure to appear, which was advertised all over the world in the almanacs, and it was caught at the earliest possible moment, and pursued till it faded away into a dim mist.

When lost to European astronomers (for, like that of 1858 and 1861, it ran southwards), Mr. Maclear and myself received it in the southern hemisphere; and it was fortunate we did so, for extraordinary as were the appearances it presented on its approach to the sun, they were, if possible, surpassed by those it exhibited afterwards. And the whole series of its phenomena has given us more insight into the *interior economy of a comet*, and the forces developed in it by the sun's action, than anything before or since.

When first it was seen it presented the usual aspect of a round misty spot, and by degrees threw out a tail, which was never very long or brilliant, and which, to the naked eye, or in a low-magnifying telescope, appeared like a narrow straight streak of light, terminating in a bright head, which, in a telescope of small power, appeared capped with a kind of crescent, but, in one of great power, exhibited the appearance of jets, as it were, of flame, or rather of luminous smoke, like a gas fan-light. These varied from day to day, as if wavering backwards and forwards, but always on the side towards the sun, and as if they were thrown out of particular parts of the internal nucleus or kernel, which shifted round to and fro by their recoil, *like a squib not held fast*. The bright smoke of these jets, however, never seemed to be able to get far out towards the sun, but always to be driven back and forced into the tail as if by the action of a violent wind setting against them—*always from the sun*—so as to make it clear that the tail is neither more nor less than the accumulation of this sort of luminous vapour darted off, *in the first instance*, TOWARDS the sun, as if it were something raised up, and as it were, exploded by the sun's heat out of the kernel, and then immediately and forcibly turned back and repelled from the sun.

As this comet approached the sun, its tail far from increasing, diminished, and between the middle of November and the 21st of January, strange to say, both head (that is *Coma*) and tail were altogether destroyed, or at least rendered invisible. On the 21st of January the comet was actually seen like a

small star, without any tail or any hairiness, and was only known *not* to be a star by being exactly in its calculated place, and by its not being there next night. After that its head seemed to form again round this star, and grew rapidly and visibly from night to night, putting on appearances which could not be clearly apprehended without elaborate figures. This growth of the comet was so very rapid that, in the interval of seventeen days from the time I first saw it as a round body, its real bulk had increased to seventy-four times the size it then had, and at the same rate it continued to swell out, not, however, preserving a round form, but growing longer in proportion to its breadth, as if it intended to develop a new tail. But this it never did; the dilatation or swelling out continued, and, at one time, it had exactly the appearance of a ground-glass lamp-shade; the light always becoming fainter and fainter till it at last seemed to pass away from view from mere faintness. All this while, however, there was a sort of small and much brighter *interior Comet*, visible with a tail-like appendage, which seemed to be, as it were a conducting channel by which the matter of the newly-forming head was gradually retreating back into the centre.

The discovery of the periodical return of Halley's comet forms an epoch in the history of these bodies. Since that time a great many more have been ascertained to return at regular intervals. I will mention some of the most remarkable cases of this kind.

In 1770 a comet appeared which proved rebellious to the then adopted system of calculation, which set out with assuming the orbit to be a parabola. It very soon appeared by the calculations of M. Lexell, that the real orbit was an ellipse, and that not a very eccentric one. In fact, all the observations were perfectly consistent with an ellipse, nearly coincident with the plane of the earth's orbit, of such dimensions as that the extreme excursion from the sun would carry it out a little beyond the orbit of Jupiter, and its nearest approach would bring it within that of Venus—the time of its revolution being five and a half years. Here was quite a new fact; all other comets then known had run out to limits far beyond our system; since even Halley's, with its period of seventy-six years, at its greatest distance from the sun, passed very far beyond the orbit of Saturn, the most distant planet then known, and in fact, beyond the two since discovered, Uranus and Neptune. But here we seemed to have quite a sort of tame comet, keeping within bounds, and within call. Of course its return was watched for with eagerness, but alas! it never made its appearance again. At its next return in 1776 this was well accounted for, as owing to the relative situations of the earth, sun, and comet, it could not have been visible; but at the next, in 1781, the earth was favourably situated, since five and a half years would place the earth in the *opposite* part of its orbit, but eleven years in the *same*; and the calculators for a time were puzzled. The solution of the enigma

was a very odd one. The poor comet had got bewildered. It had plunged headlong into the immediate sphere of Jupiter's attraction, — had intruded, an uninvited guest, into his family circle, actually nearer to him than his fourth satellite, and into a situation where Jupiter's attraction for it was two hundred times that of the sun. Its course was therefore for a time commanded entirely by this new centre of motion, and the comet was completely diverted from its former orbit.

So far all was clear enough. But people began to ask how within so short a period, and being a tolerably large comet, it had never been seen before? Here again Lexell called Jupiter to the rescue. As he had taken away, so it turned out he had given. Jupiter, it will be borne in mind, comes round to the same point of his orbit in eleven years and ten months; two of the comet's revolutions would occupy eleven years and three months, so thus tracing back the comet two revolutions in its ellipse, and Jupiter rather less than one in his circle from the place of their final rencontre, which took place in 1779, it is clear they could not have been far asunder in 1767, three years before it became visible; and in fact, on executing the calculations necessary, it was clearly proved that before 1767 this unhappy comet had been revolving in a totally different orbit of much greater dimensions, and had been actually seized upon then and there by Jupiter—flung as it were inwards—and then, after making two visits to the sun, again seized on and thrown off into space, into an orbit of twenty years' period, where perhaps it may be quietly circulating to this day. Jupiter, in fact, is a regular stumbling block in the way of comets.

This is a strange history, but it proved a very instructive one. The comet passed, as I have said, through the system of Jupiter's satellites. Now the motions of these bodies have been studied with a degree of care and precision quite remarkable, by reason of their furnishing one of the means for ascertaining the longitudes of places. And if the comet had been a heavy massive body, its attraction must have produced some sensible disturbance in their motions. But no, not a trace of anything of the kind was detected. One and all of them pursued their courses with the very same precision and regularity as if nothing had happened. The conclusion is irresistible. *That* comet, at least, had no sensible weight or mass; it was a mere bunch of vapours.

Another very remarkable periodical comet is that of Encke, which makes its circuit about the sun in 1200 days, or about three years and four months, in the same direction as the planets. It is but a small one, being seldom visible without a telescope. Its orbit was first computed, on its appearance in 1795 (when it was discovered by Miss C. Herschel), and again in 1805 and 1819. Upon this last occasion, M. Encke, an eminent German computist, found that its motion could not be explained without supposing it to move in an ellipse of the short period

I have mentioned; and on searching back into the records of comets, he found those two I have just named, which agreed perfectly, and proved to have been really the same.

Since that time it has been re-observed in every subsequent revolution, in 1822, 1825, 1829, 1832, 1835, 1838, 1842, 1845, 1848, 1851, 1855, and is always announced in the almanacs as a regular member of our system. Its nearest approach to the sun brings it just within the orbit of Mercury, and on one occasion that planet happened to be so very near it on its arrival, that it produced a pretty considerable disturbance of the comet. But here too, as in the case of Lexell's comet, not the smallest perceptible effect was produced *by* the comet *on* the planet; and thus two valuable pieces of information were gained: 1st, astronomers were enabled to estimate the mass or weight of that small planet, better than by any other means; and 2nd, it was proved that *this* comet also has no perceptible weight, and is also a mere puff of vapour or something as unsubstantial.

There is another remarkable fact which this comet has revealed. Its successive revolutions are each a little shorter than the last—a small fraction of a day, it is true, but still unquestionably made out. This has been held to prove that the comet is by very slow degrees approaching the sun, and will at last fall into it—as if it moved in a space not quite empty, and were, in some very slight degree, resisted in its motion. I cannot quite reconcile myself to this opinion, and I think I have perceived another explanation of the fact, which I have given elsewhere, but to state this would lead me too far, and I must now go on to relate one of the strangest and most uncouth facts of this wondrous cometic history.

On the 27th February, 1826, Professor Biela, an Austrian astronomer of Josephstadt, discovered a small comet. When its motions were carefully studied, it was found by M. Clausen, another of those indefatigable German computists, that it revolved in an elliptic orbit in a period of six years and eight months. On looking back into the lists of comets it proved to be identical with comets that had been observed in 1772, 1805, and perhaps in 1818. Its return was accordingly predicted, and the prediction verified with the most striking exactness. And this went on regularly till its appearance (also predicted) in 1846. In that year it was observed as usual, and all seemed to be going on quietly and comfortably, when behold! suddenly, on the 13th of January, it split into two distinct comets!—each with a head and coma, and a small nucleus of its own. There is some little contradiction about the exact date. Lieut. Maury, of the United States observatory of Washington, reported officially on the 15th *having* seen it double on the 13th, but Professor Wichmann, who *saw it double on the 15th*, avers that he had a good view of it on the 14th, and remarked nothing particular in its appearance. Be that as it may, the comet, from a single became

a double one. What domestic troubles caused the secession it is impossible to conjecture, but the two receded farther and farther from each other up to a certain moderate distance, with some degree of mutual communication, and a very odd interchange of light—one day one head being brighter, and another the other,—till they seem to have agreed finally to part company. The oddest part of the story, however, is yet to come. The year 1852 brought round the time for their reappearance—and behold! there they both were, at about the same distance from each other, and both visible in one telescope.

The orbit of this comet very nearly indeed intersects that of the earth, in the place which the earth occupies on the 30th of November. If ever the earth is to be swallowed up by a comet, or to swallow up one, it will be on or about that day of the year. In the year 1832 we missed it by a month. The head of the comet enveloped that point of our orbit, but this happened on the 29th of October, so that we escaped that time. Had a meeting taken place, from what we know of comets, it is most probable that no harm would have happened, and that nobody would have known anything about it.

The number of comets whose periodical return has been calculated, is pretty considerable, altogether about thirty-six, and of these there are five which revolve in periods of from seventy to eighty years, and several of the rest in short periods from three to seven years. And it is a very remarkable feature in their history that *all* the comets of short periods, and three out of the five of those of the longer ones specified, revolve in the *same* direction round the sun as the planets, and have their orbits inclined at no very large angles to the ecliptic.

Of comets not periodical, I have already mentioned that most remarkable one of 1680, but several others deserve special notice. That of 1744 was a truly wonderful object. It is described and has been depicted with six tails, spread out like an immense fan, extending 30° from the head, which is fully the extent of the tail of the comet of 1858. And the appearance of its head when viewed through a telescope exhibited the same sort of jets of luminous smoke; the same curved envelopes and arches as I have already described; showing the same kind of excitement by the sun's heat, and the same powerful action driving the vapour back into the tail and hurrying it away.

The comet of 1843 was still more remarkable. Many of my readers, I dare say, remember its immense tail, which stretched half way across the sky after sunset in March of that year. But its head as we here saw it was not worthy such a tail. Further south, however, it was seen in great splendour. I possess a picture by Mr. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-Royal of Edinburgh, of its appearance at the Cape of Good Hope, which represents it with an immensely long, brilliant, but very slender and *forked* tail. Of all the comets on record, this ap-

proached nearest the sun; indeed it was at first supposed that it had actually grazed the sun's surface; but it proved to have just missed doing so by an interval of not more than 80,000 miles, about a third of the distance of the moon from the earth; which, in such a matter, is a very close shave indeed to get clear off. There seems considerable reason to believe that this comet has figured as a great comet on many occasions in history, and especially in the year 1668, when just such a comet with the same remarkable peculiarity of a comparatively feeble head and an immense train was seen at the same season of the year, and in the very same situation among the stars. Thirty-five years have been assigned with considerable probability as its period of return, but it cannot be regarded as quite certain. (It will of course be understood that the return of a great comet to the neighbourhood of the sun by no means implies that it should be a conspicuous one as seen from the earth. The place of its greater development may be, and is indeed, more likely than not to be ill timed, as regards the relative situations of the earth and sun, for its exhibition as a great celestial phenomenon.)

Another great comet, which has assumed a sort of historical and political importance, is that which appeared in A.D. 1556. According to the account of Gemma it would not seem to have been a very large one, as he assigns to it a tail of only four degrees long. Its head however equalled Jupiter in brightness, and in size was estimated as about one-third or one-half of the diameter of the moon. It appeared about the end of February, and on the 16th of March is described by Ripamonte as a really terrific object. Terrific indeed it might well have been, to the mind of a Prince prepared by the most abject superstition to receive its appearance as a warning of approaching death, and as specially sent, whether in anger or in mercy, to detach his thoughts from earthly things, and fix them on his eternal interests. Such was its effect on the Emperor Charles the Fifth whose abdication of the Imperial throne is distinctly ascribed by many historians to this cause, and whose words on the occasion of his first beholding it have even been recorded:

"His ergo indicis me mea fata vocant!"

the language and the metrical form of which exclamation afford no ground for disputing its authenticity, when the habits and education of those times are fairly considered. This comet has been supposed to be periodical and to return in 291 years on the ground of the prior appearance of great comets in the years 975 and 1264 (at intervals, that is, of 289 and 292 years respectively) and the general agreement of their orbits, so far as could be made out from the imperfect records we possess of their courses, with that of the comet in question. The next return, on this supposition, would have fallen about the year 1846 or 1847. It did not however appear at that epoch, nor in any subsequent

year up to the present time, although, from some very elaborate calculations by Mr. Hind and Professor Bomme (too elaborate, it would appear, to have been bestowed on the very imperfect records we possess of its previous history), it should have been delayed by planetary perturbation for several years beyond that date, and even so late as to the year 1858 or 1860.

Accordingly, when the three great comets, whose arrival in and since the year 1858 has so surprised and delighted the astronomical world, made their successive appearance, there were few persons at all acquainted with cometary history whose first impression was not that of the return of "Hind's comet," as it had grown to be called, from the eminent calculator and mathematician who had bestowed so much pains on it. This, however, it is needless to observe, was not the case; neither of them had ever been seen before, nor can either of them ever be expected to appear again, unless to a posterity which may look back on our record of them as we do on those ancient Chinese annals already spoken of. Of these by far the most magnificent in point of mere display, as well as the most interesting, when contemplated in a physical point of view, was that of 1858 (the fifth of that year), or Donati's comet, as it is now called, from the astronomer of that name, who first observed it at Florence on the second of June, at which time it appeared only as a round misty patch or "nebula:" this was about a month after it had passed from the southern to the northern side of the plane of the earth's orbit. That of the comet being very highly inclined (63°) to the ecliptic; its perihelion lying also on the north side of that plane; its motion being retrograde, and the earth accordingly advancing to meet it; all these favourable circumstances concurring, it so happened that the nearest proximity to it occurred only six days after its "perihelion passage," or time of nearest approach to the sun, which took place on the twenty-ninth of September, and in a situation with respect to the sun every way advantageous to obtaining a good view of it. Accordingly, with the exception of the comet of Halley in 1835 no comet on record has been watched with such assiduity or been more thoroughly scrutinized. A resumé of all the observations of it has been recently published by Professor Bond, forming the third volume of the annals of the observatory of Harvard College in the United States, in which its appearance in every stage of its progress is represented in a series of engravings, which, in point of exquisite finish and beauty of delineation, leave far behind everything hitherto done in that department of astronomy.

It was not till the 14th of August, or seventy-three days after its first discovery, that it began to throw out a tail and to become a conspicuous object. Very soon after this, its first appearance, a slight but perceptible curvature was perceived in the tail, which on the 16th of September had become unmistakable, and continued to increase in amount as the latter extended in apparent

dimension, till it assumed at length that superb aigrette-like form, like a tall plume wafted by the breeze, which has never probably formed so conspicuous a feature in any previous comet. To a certain extent, it is a common enough feature in the tails of comets, and is usually regarded as conveying the idea of their moving in a resisting medium, in a space, that is to say, not quite empty, as smoke is left behind a moving torch. But this is a very gross and inadequate conception of the peculiarity in question. The resistance of the "ether," such as the phenomena of Encke's comet, already noticed, may be supposed to indicate, is far too infinitesimally small to be competent to produce any perceptible deviation from straightness. Nor is it at all necessary to resort to any such explanation of the fact. Such an appearance would naturally arise from a combination of the motion the matter of the tail had (in participation with that of the nucleus) with the impulse given it by the sun: each particle of it describing, from the moment of quitting the head, an orbit quite different from that of the latter, being under the influence of a *repulsive* force directed from the sun, a curve of the form, called by geometers an hyperbola, nearly approaching to a straight line, and having its *convexity* turned towards the sun. The visible form of the tail (be it observed) would be, not the perspective view of such an orbit, but that of the *portion of space* containing, for the time being, all those particles, each describing its own independent orbit, and each reflecting to the eye its quota of the solar light.*

A very striking feature in Professor Bond's engravings, which he describes as frequently and certainly observed in America, and which did not pass wholly unnoticed in Europe, consists in the appearance of one, and on some nights two, excessively faint, narrow, and perfectly straight rays of light or "secondary tails" starting off from the main tail on its preceding or anterior side (that towards which the comet was advancing, and which side was always the brightest, sharpest, and best defined) in the direction of tangents to its curvature at points very near the head, and extending on some nights (on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of October) to a much greater length than the primary or more luminous tail. These appearances were presented from the 28th of September to the 11th of October with more or less distinctness. They are peculiarly instructive, as they clearly indicate an *analysis of the cometic matter by the sun's repulsive action*—the matter of the secondary tails being evidently darted off with incomparably greater velocity (indicating an incomparably greater intensity of repulsive

* Some anomalous appearances in the early development of the tail in this comet, which was slightly curved even when the earth was in the plane of the orbit, can by no means be regarded as fatal to this explanation of the general phenomenon, as they might have originated in a lateral direction of projection of the caudal matter from the nucleus *in ipso motu initio*.

energy) than that which went to form the primary one. The primary tail also presented another feature, frequently, indeed almost always, observed in comets, viz., its separation, behind the head, into two main streams with comparative darkness between them. This would be a natural and necessary optical consequence of the tail consisting of a hollow, conical envelope, streaming off on all sides around from the head, and presenting to the eye, therefore, a much greater thickness of luminous matter at its edges than at its middle. But in this comet the separation, when viewed through powerful telescopes, was singularly sharp, and appeared as a clear, narrow, straight cut or dark chink, originating close to the nucleus (as, indeed, on that explanation of the fact it ought). And this brings me to treat of the appearances presented by the head and nucleus under the inspection of powerful telescopes.

All considerable comets which have been examined with anything like what would in these days be regarded as a *powerful* telescope have presented the appearance of a nucleus of more or less definable and condensed light, sometimes having a much brighter and almost stellar point in or near its centre, and at some distance, *in the direction of the sun*, a capping of light sometimes quite separated, as if some transparent atmosphere sustained it,—more frequently connected by those fan-like jets of “flame,” such as we have mentioned in the case of Halley’s comet, and putting on the aspect of a “sector” or fan, opening out into a widening arc, and bounded internally by two crescents springing from the nucleus. Donati’s comet exhibited this feature in perfection, not, however, without striking variations and individual peculiarities. There was the same appearance with *low magnifying powers* of an envelope surrounding a nucleus in the general way above described, but the connection was singularly varied, as if several jets of luminous (or illuminated) matter had been issuing from various parts of the nucleus, giving rise, by their more or less oblique presentation to the eye, to exceedingly varied appearances,—sometimes like the spokes of a wheel or the radial sticks of a fan, sometimes blotted by patches of irregular light, and sometimes interrupted by equally irregular blots of darkness. From the 24th of September to the 10th of October, however, there were seen to form no less than *three distinct* caps or envelopes in front of the nucleus, each separated from that below it by a more or less distinct comparatively dark interval. These Professor Bond appears to consider as having been thrown off in intermittent succession, as if the forces of ejection had been temporarily exhausted and again and again resumed a phase of activity, the peculiar action by which the matter of the envelopes was ultimately driven into the tail (or as we conceive it, an analysis of that matter performed by solar action, the *levitating* portion of it being hurried off, the *gravitating* remaining behind in the form of a transparent, gaseous, non-reflective medium) taking

place, not on the surface of the nucleus, but at successively higher levels. Meanwhile, and especially from the 7th to the 10th of October, that is to say, when the full effect of the perihelion action had been endured, the nucleus and its adjacent sector offered every appearance of most violent and, so to speak, angry excitement, evidenced by the complicated structure and convolutions of the jets issuing from it. From this time to its final disappearance the violence of action gradually calmed down, while the comet itself went southwards, and at length vanished from our horizon.

An idea of the actual dimensions of this comet may be formed from the measurement taken by Professor Bond on the 2nd October, which, combined with the distance of the comet from the earth at that date, affords the following results, viz. :—

Diameter of the bright internal pellet or nucleus	Miles. 1,600
Distance from its centre to the summit of the first envelope	7,500
Distance to that of the second envelope	13,200
Breadth of the brightest part of the tail where it seemed (to the naked eye) to issue from the comet	90,000

To which it may be added that the actual length of the tail when at its greatest development, would not have been less than thirty millions of miles, and those of the faint streaks or secondary tails, thirty-four or thirty-five millions.

The comet of 1861, which burst suddenly on us in its full splendour on the 30th of June in that year, (though it had been seen for several weeks before in the southern hemisphere), was considered by those who saw it at its first appearance to surpass in brightness even that of 1858, and was remarkable for the extreme breadth and diffusion of its tail when first seen, arising from the circumstance of the earth having been then situated nearly in its prolongation. Indeed it is not impossible that on that day we actually traversed some portion of it, our distance from the head being then only about 13,000,000 miles, and more than one observer having noticed and been much struck with an unusual and general brightness, like an auroral light, not confined to the neighbourhood of the comet, but spreading over the whole sky. The most remarkable peculiarity of this comet, however, consisted in the enormous length which one side of its tail attained between the 2nd and 4th of July, extending in a *perfectly straight* but feeble ray from near the star Alpha in the Great Bear to and beyond that designated by the same letter in Ophiuchus, or over 75° in angular measure, contrasting strikingly with the stunted development and *bushy* aspect of the opposite branch. Its head when viewed with good telescopes exhibited the same general phenomena of luminous jets and crescent-like emanations as its predecessor; but much less complex and varied. Owing to the great inclination of its orbit, this comet, coming to us from the southern side of the ecliptic, soared high above it on the northern side,

and remained long and conspicuously visible as a *circumpolar* object, the whole of its diurnal course being above our horizon. Not so its successor of 1862, whose orbit being but slightly inclined to our own, its motion retrograde (or meeting the earth), its perihelion distance almost exactly equal to our distance from the sun, and its passage through the perihelion occurring at a time when the earth was not very remote from that point, it passed us closely and swiftly, swelling into importance and dying away with unusual rapidity. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus and head were on this account peculiarly interesting and instructive, it being only on very rare occasions that a comet can be closely inspected at the very crisis of its fate, so as to witness the actual effect of the sun's rays on it. In this instance the pouring forth of the cometic matter from the singularly bright and highly condensed, almost planetary nucleus took place in a single compact stream, which after attaining a short distance equal to rather less than a diameter of the nucleus itself, was so suddenly broken up and dispersed as to give, on the first inspection, the impression of a double nucleus. The direction of this jet varied considerably from day to day, but always declined more or less in one direction from the exact direction of the sun. So far as I am aware, the formation of an envelope disjoined from the head was not witnessed in this comet.

And now, I dare say, all my readers are ready to ask—After all what is the tail of a comet? Is it material substance in the first place? To this I answer unhesitatingly, Yes! Donati's comet has given a decisive proof on that point. There is a criterion by which *when it is observed* it can be positively asserted that the light by which anything is seen has been reflected from a material substance. The light reflected, when it exhibits that peculiar property in which this criterion consists is said to be *polarized*. The direct light of the sun or that of a candle is not polarized, but when reflected at a particular angle on any surface but a metallic one it is, and *if* it be polarized we may be sure that it is not direct light thrown out by the object seen, but borrowed or indirect light. No matter at present what this polarization is; all I wish to convey is, that there is a simple enough experiment which everybody who understands optics knows how to make, which, *if the result be of a certain kind*, the reflection of the light is demonstrated (the converse, be it observed, does not hold good) in an instant, by merely looking through a small instrument contrived on purpose. Now, Mr. Airy, the present Astronomer Royal, a person who is not only an excellent astronomer, but who stands very high as an authority on this especial branch of optics, applied this test to the light of the comet's tail on the 27th September and found it partially polarized. The tail then shone by reflected light; and there was also another particular indication or character of the polarization impressed, which the same trial afforded, and which enabled him to say positively that the

light had been reflected from some source of light agreeing in situation with the sun.

The tail of the comet then was material substance.* But now only conceive what must be the thinness, the almost ethereal lightness of a vapour or fog, which, occupying such an enormous space, would not extinguish the stars shining through it. Arcturus was no way dimmed when it shone through the very middle of the brightest part of the tail of that comet. But I have already stated that that part measured 90,000 miles. As this part of the tail was no doubt *round*, as thick as broad, the star's light must have shone through 90,000 miles of this mist. Now, every one must have noticed that the steam puff of a railway carriage completely obscures the sun, much more a star. You cannot see the sun through it. Well, then, there must have been less substance in the line of 90,000 miles of tail between the eye and star than in the line of a few yards of steam smoke penetrated by the eye in the other case.

If you look at a filmy cloud at sunset, though not thick enough to hide a star, you see it bright with vivid golden light by reflection from the sun. How much more then if it were much nearer to the sun, and much more strongly illuminated. The sun's rays pierce such a cloud through and through, and are reflected equally from its interior and exterior. Just so in the almost infinitely more thin texture of a comet—even in the densest part of the head it cannot be compared to the lightest cloud so far as substance goes. In Biela's comet very minute stars have been seen by myself through a part of the head at least 50,000 miles in thickness, which a fog a few yards thick would have extinguished. A solid body of a round shape would exhibit phases like the moon, and would appear sometimes as a half moon, sometimes as a crescent, and sometimes as a full moon—but the heads of comets show no such appearances. Of course I do not mean to deny that that very minute brilliant point, which some are said to have exhibited, may be a solid body; but it must be a very small one, perhaps not a tenth or a hundredth part the size of the moon; and, indeed, if there be *not* some little solid mass, it seems impossible to conceive how the observations of a loose bundle of smoke rolling and careering about could ever be represented by any calculation. Certain it is, that what appears to be the central point of a comet, is that point

* I applied the same test to the comet of 1862. There are various modes of making the trial. Mine was by looking at the comet through an achromatized doubly refracting prism, and turning the prism round in its own plane. I could perceive *no* alternate maxima and minima of brightness in the images. But in this case it is the positive result which is conclusive. Everything depends in the first instance on the relative situations of the sun, the object, and the eye. And, moreover, the light of the comet of 1862 was far inferior to that of Donati's, rendering the experiment *pro tanto* more delicate. And it is very possible that, to septuagenarian eyes, indications of *partial polarization* might escape observation.

(and no other is) which conforms rigorously to the laws of solar gravitation, and moves strictly in a parabolic or elliptic orbit.

There is a very curious feature common to all the comets which have little or no tail and which circulate about the sun in short periods, such as that of Encke, in which it has been especially observed. As they approach the sun, so far from dilating in size they contract,—I mean in their real bulk, or at least their visible bulk,—and on receding from the sun they grow again to their former size. The only possible explanation of this is, that a portion of their substance is evaporated by the heat—that is to say, converted from the state of fog or cloud into that of invisible transparent vapour. Perhaps I ought to explain what is the difference. Take the case of a light cloud in a clear sky when the sun shines on it. If you watch it attentively you will very often see it grow thinner and thinner and at last disappear altogether. It has been converted from *mist* to invisible *vapour*. The material substance, the watery particles are *there*, but they have passed into another form of existence, in which, like the air itself, they are invisible. As the comet then gets heated a portion is actually vaporized—and the vapour condenses as it cools again. The whole substance of the comet of Halley, as we have seen, was so evaporated in 1835-6, all but what I suppose must have been really its solid body: that *star* which I have already mentioned which was seen on the 22nd January, 1836, and all that curious process that went on afterwards, no doubt was that of the re-condensation of the evaporated matter and its gradual re-absorption into and close around the body.

There is still one point in the history of comets which I have not touched upon, or but slightly. Comparatively only a few of the great number of comets which have been observed, and of which the orbits have been calculated, have been seen more than once. The great majority once seen, seem lost for ever. What becomes of them, is a very natural question. The answer to this is, that the time of the periodical return of a comet depends entirely on the distance to which it may run out from the sun. Now we know of nothing to interfere with or disturb the motion of a comet, once clear of the planetary system, between the farthest planet and the nearest fixed star, and that interval is so immense, that the imagination is lost in attempting to conceive it. The farthest planet we know of is only 30 times the distance of the earth from the sun. Halley's comet in its elliptic orbit of 75 years goes only a little beyond that, or to about 36 times the earth's distance. Donati's comet, if the computists are right, will return in 2100 years, and will have gone out to a distance 238 times the earth's distance from the sun, or nearly 80 times the distance of the planet Neptune. But this is still hardly the thousandth part of the distance to the very nearest fixed star—and supposing the elliptical orbit of a comet should be so long as to carry it out only half so far to the

sphere of the fixed stars—its return to the sun would require upwards of 1,000,000 of years from its last appearance. Few of those who saw the last-mentioned comet pass over Arcturus, had any idea of the enormous distance at which the star really was behind the comet, and Arcturus is by no means the nearest star.

I think, from what I have said, you will perceive that there is in the history of comets, matter enough both to encourage inquiry and to check presumption. Looking to the amount of our positive knowledge of them—knowledge acquired by centuries of observation and by the conspiring efforts within the last two centuries of the profoundest thought and the most persevering labour of which man is capable, we may reasonably enough congratulate ourselves on what has been done, and while we can afford to look back with an indulgent smile on the unfledged and somewhat puerile attempts of the ancient mind to penetrate their secret, we may as reasonably look forward to the revelations they will afford, as time rolls on, of facts and laws of which at present we have no idea. This may and ought to inspire confidence of the powers of man to penetrate always deeper and deeper into the secrets of nature. But on the other hand, here, as on every other occasion, we find that the last and greatest discoveries only land us on the confines of a wider and more wonderfully diversified view of the universe, and have now, as we always shall have, to acknowledge ourselves baffled and bowed down by the infinite which surrounds us on every side.

Beyond all doubt, the wider and most interesting prospect of future discovery, which their study holds out to us, is that distinction between *gravitating* and *levitating* matter, that positive and unrefutable demonstration of the existence in nature of a repulsive force co-extensive with but enormously more powerful than the attractive force we call gravity, which the phenomena of their tails afford. This force cannot possibly be of the nature of magnetic force. That force is specially polar in its action between particle and particle—a magnet of indefinitely minute dimensions, so minute as the individual molecules which go to form a comet's tail, could by no possibility be either attracted or repelled, *as such*, by a body, however powerfully magnetized placed at the distance of the sun. It might have a *direction* given to its magnetic *axis*, but its centre of gravity would not be affected one way or the other. The attraction on one of its sides would precisely equal the repulsion on the other. The separation of one portion of the matter of a comet from the other by the action of the sun, which we see unmistakably operated at and near the perihelion passage (a separation which the late Sir William Herschel certainly *had* in mind, though perhaps somewhat indistinctly, when he spoke of a comet visiting our system for the first time as consisting of “unperihelioned” matter in contradistinction to those which he

considered to have lost their tails by the effort of repeated appulses, and to consist mainly of *perihelioned* matter), this separation I can only conceive, as I have ventured to express it, as an *analysis* of the materials—analogue to that analysis or rather disunion by the action of heat which St. Clair Deville has lately shown to take place between the constituents of water at high temperatures. In this case the chemical affinity is so weakened that the mere difference of difficulty in traversing an earthenware tube suffices to set them

free of one another. How much more so, then, were the one constituent of a chemical compound subject to a powerful repulsion from a centre which should attract the other, and with it by far the larger mass of the total comet? Might not, under such circumstances, the mere ordinary action of the sun's heat sufficiently weaken their bond of union, and might not the residual mass, losing at every return to the perihelion more and more of its levitating constituents, at length settle down into a quiet, sober, unexcitable denizen of our system?*

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS.

FROM A WANDERER.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL—BAALBEC—THE CRIMEA.

Do you ever amuse yourself, my reader, by looking over old letters? I take it for granted you are not such a Goth as to destroy these precious repositories of old friendships and old associations. How the slumbering memory is stirred by these old dusty relics! Friends come to us again with their old familiar faces. We hear their well known accents and again enjoy their happy presence. Scenes and events pass before us as in the Prophet's dream,—here a moment, and again gone into that abyss of forgetfulness from which these half-effaced words fitfully summoned them. A mere line, a word, a name may lead the memory along a path which may end in laughter, or in silent tears.

The letters of travellers, too, have often a freshness and "verve" we miss in their more stilted "Journals," as it is especially in their communications with friends of different mental complexions that they present the many sides of the pictures daily brought before them in their wanderings, and especially the first impressions these pictures produce.

Such very natural reflections occurred to me the other evening, when, in arranging my private repositories, I came on a bundle of old letters. They were written to the members of one family circle from many distant lands, and mingled as they were together in a very incongruous association, I thought some extracts might amuse, if they did not edify,

some of the readers of *Good Words*. Passages are here given from the various letters just as they came to hand.

Crossing the Channel.

Rouen, 185—.

I have frequently crossed that vile British Channel, and it was always in a rage, as if it had no patience for that hollow "entente" which it has become so fashionable to refer to on all occasions. I consider myself a good sailor, and yet alas! I was mortal. The terrible example of some half dozen Frenchmen, and the savage custom of distributing a basin to each passenger, as you would distribute a pack of cards, at once utterly destroyed my peace. We had the usual assemblage of passengers such as one has seen a score of times, but rather above the average number of those unwashed nondescripts whose stale tobacco smoke, and aroma of old cheese, so powerfully aid in bringing about the final catastrophe. As we went on board, a sailor was pointing out to a Frenchwoman the way to the cabin, and to our great amusement we heard him say, in reply to her inquiries as to the hour of sailing, "Parlez vous français down-stairs, if you please, Madam"—with an air so complacent and self-satisfied as to lead you to the belief he thought himself quite a proficient in foreign languages.

Of all living creatures to be at-sea with, a French-

* According to the electric hypothesis advanced in my "Results of Astronomical Observations, &c., at the Cape of Good Hope," p. 409, and note thereon, it would be—not the matter, but the electricity of the comet that would undergo "analysis" by the solar action: the positive action of the sun (supposed in excess) repelling the positively excited matter emitted from the head, and driving it fairly off into space beyond recall, as we see light bodies repelled, when positively charged, by a positively electrified conductor. This would save indeed the verbal solecism (as some may think it) of a levitating form of matter. But the existence of a repulsive force, somehow exerted, would still remain uncontroverted. And a portion of the positive electricity of the comet

being once got rid of, its complementary negative portion would remain in excess, and being attracted by the positive charge of the sun would operate, through its adhesion to the nucleus, to increase, thenceforward, the total attraction of the comet to the sun, which would be, dynamically, equivalent to an increase in the intensity of gravity *pro quantitate materie*. But all this supposes a real existence of "electricity" as a thing, an *entity having force, but devoid of inertia*: which ideas if we once consent to detach from each other, we are landed in a new region of metaphysical as well as dynamical speculation, and may be led to conceive the possible existence of a *transferable cause of force* distinct alike from force and from matter.

man is, I think, the worst. The sea is to him perfect purgatory:—the postures of misery,—the utter prostration,—the noise and agony and contortions of the inevitable process. Some, with bloodless faces and dishevelled beards, clasped their basins convulsively to their bosoms as if they were their only friends,—some, with hoods drawn over their heads, and great mufflers round their hairy necks, groaned terribly as they held their splitting heads between their knees. Some lay like variegated pieces of old carpet beneath the seats, and others hung themselves over the piles of rope like wet clothes to dry. The sea spray went over them, the rain and wind beat on them, but all in vain. Mind and body were prostrate. I was once before in a gale in the Mediterranean with a regiment of French soldiers, and on another occasion I was at sea with a host of Arab pilgrims, and after mature consideration I cannot conscientiously say which scene was the more heart-rending. As to the soldiers, they came on board at Malta, gay, bright; “Sabreurs,”

“Love in their eye, war in their tread;”—

they sang operatic airs and war songs majestically—they stormed cities, and subdued states in strong choruses, till the sea rose, and then!—Here and there, along the deck they lay, heads and tails, as if forked on board. No fear of insulting them or their flag now! The pomp and circumstance had been wiped out by the first toss of old Neptune’s wet tail, and so over the prostrate forms the sailors stepped, not very daintily, and evolved their tobacco regardless of where it fell. The Mahometans were little better. They frequented the bilge-ways, lying flat on their stomachs—they were plastered on spare spars, and on the thwarts of spare boats,—sat on by the fowls, contemptuously stared at by the pig, they remained surrounded by their wet and soiled goods, hopeless, abject, miserable. The barest rock would with these men at such a moment outweigh all the Eden of Mahomet.

But after all how intensely wretched is a state of continual sea-sickness! Why has no poet figured it among the torments of Purgatory? What is the cause of this malady? Is it the brain, or the stomach, or both, which is at fault? How difficult to decide, when head, back, and limbs all take part in the horrid agony. That the brain has often much to do with it, there can be little doubt, and one story I heard from an officer’s wife during this same voyage, goes far to prove it, especially as it quite agrees with what I have heard from others. Her husband’s duty led him frequently to Paris, and she had abandoned all idea of accompanying him, in consequence of what she suffered from sea-sickness. A friend advised her to bandage her eyes before going on board, and at last she tried it. She did not suffer one moment’s uneasiness. Next time, when she had almost reached Boulogne with the same comfort, she removed the handkerchief just before reaching the port, thinking she was all safe,

and she was instantly sick. This “*experimentum crucis*” she has frequently repeated.

Binding the stomach firmly, and lying flat on the back with the eyes closed, are also efficacious; and if I were the administrator of the Transit steam-boats, I would catch every Frenchman on the pier before embarking, blindfold him, lead him cautiously on board, tie a turnip into his girdle, and lay him flat on a shelf with his pug-nose to the sky, so as to spare the crockery of the ship, and husband the energy of the creature.

But I dare say you are tired of this long yarn. I must, however, tell you of one stout red-faced and snuff-loving gentleman who was on board, and whom we christened (when we had recovered our composure) “*Theo-Sauffulus*,” from his great powers of imbibing the Irish blackguard. He had a young son with him, who got sick in the funniest way I ever saw. He ran about having nothing apparently wrong with him, till suddenly, as if he had forgotten something, he solemnly approached the taffrail with an air of care. His father, with paternal eye, surmised the wants of *Sauffculus*, and seizing him by the collar and unmentionables, fairly decanted him over the quarter. In a moment the debt was paid, and relieved from the mental load the obligation had evidently occasioned, the boy resumed his play with a brow now serene and unclouded. This ludicrous process was frequently repeated. The father never lost his gravity nor the son the exact moment to deliver.

Rouen is a most agreeable quaint old place, full of gables and queer chimney cans. The groupings of old houses are frequently very picturesque. They are often patched up in such an odd way, as if additions were made whenever a new infant made its appearance, and such addition (the room, not the infant) was just stuck on wherever it could get a place on the old house to hold on by. The church of St. Ouen, all the world knows, is the gem of the town, but I never could describe architecture, so I won’t try so tough a work as this old bit of stone-lace.

Baalbec (or Heliopolis, *i. e.*, the City of the Sun).

I sit with my pen to *try* and write you amidst the silent ruins of this mighty temple. Our tent is pitched within the circuit of its walls, and the full moon of an Eastern sky bathes the landscape in a flood of light. I require no other lamp. The huge walls and pillars of the temple of “the great God Baal” stand around and above me, their tracery marked clearly against the star-laden sky. That soft gentle “sheen” which the robust sunlight so soon dispels wraps the landscape as in a bridal garment, and that peculiar mysterious, almost oppressive silence fills the air, which brings rest to the weary eyelids of man and beast. The low whisperings of some of our attendants close by, and the fitful bark of a dog far away among the hills, only make the universal

stillness the more marked. Sometimes, too, the silver tinkle of the tiny stream beyond the ruined wall falls like music on the ear. It was a weary ride we had yesterday across the great plain of Cælo-Syria which divides the range of Lebanon, whence we came, from Anti-Lebanon, where we now are. As I look into the clear moonlight, I can discern the black masses of Lebanon far away in the distance, and the long flat plain between, melts into a silvery obscurity. Every object near at hand is sharply defined on the side next me, and sends a long dark shadow into the plain beyond.

In crossing from Lebanon yesterday, I saw the most beautiful and perfect mirage which could cheat and yet delight the eye of man. I confess that I could not persuade myself it was an unreality till I tested it. When my shoulders were baked by the fiery heat of the declining sun, and my eyes felt as if distended with liquid fire,—when the ground beneath was iron, and the sky overhead brass,—the fair vision rose before me. A great glassy lake filled the plain, a gentle ripple pulsed against the distant shore, where groves of trees and palatial buildings threw their images far over the tide. Mountains stood in the cool waters as I have seen them round a highland loch in old Scotland, little islands lay clasped in the embrace of the swelling flood, and over all the trembling air quivered and throbbled as it rose and fell with the waters. That a figment of the imagination! That a delusion of the senses! Impossible! I almost thought I could hear the ripple, and feel the fanning breeze chasing the feverish heat from my skin. With straining eyes, and mind roused from that apathy which long exposure to great heat so surely occasions, I rode towards the fair vision, intent on laying my aching brows in the refreshing water, when lo! like a scroll, it vanished; and in place of dashing, as I fondly hoped, into the splashing sea, my horse's hoofs echoed on the same hard thirsty earth which had for hours cast up upon us its torturing flames, and heat and thirst redoubled their tyranny.

As we came near the great temple, it appeared as if it were still instinct with its ancient service, and that the sun, so long worshipped there, had again descended in bodily presence and filled it with his glory. Every shaft and cornice blazed in the golden radiance. Along the sculptured capitals, and deep in the recesses of the ancient walls, the evening sun held its burning torch, till the magnificent temple stood forth overlooking the valley, and high against the green hills beyond, like a fretted casket of burnished gold. It was thus, when it was filled, as it were, with the majesty of the evening sacrifice, that we rode within the sacred precincts of its crumbling walls.

What an awe-inspiring mass this is, truly! How gigantic the scale; how delicate each detail! How curious it is to think that we know almost nothing of those who designed or executed a building which has been so long one of the wonders of the world.

Half-effaced inscriptions, and a few old coins, have done little more than hint at the solution of the problem. There stand these ruins! silent, solemn, looking out with the same grey front for long centuries in sunshine and storm across that glittering plain.

There are three temples at Baalbec—that dedicated to the sun being probably the largest in the world. Now the greater portion of the buildings is in ruins. Heaped and crushed in one great mass, the columns and friezes lie prostrate. It must have taken long years of vast labour to form such renowned monuments of the sculptor's art. The great platform on which the chief temples stand is undoubtedly Phœnician, while the temples themselves have been worshipped in, in turn, by Greek, Roman, and Christian. The whirlwind of battle has swept by and over them,—they have served the Turk as a fortress, and the artists of the West as a studio. These modern Vandals—the Turks—not being content to allow earthquake and storm to level such glorious monuments, have not scrupled to undermine some of the finest columns in order to possess themselves of the paltry piece of lead by which they were bound. I am sure you have often heard of the great stones—from which at one time the temple was named—which form part of the platform. They are over 63 feet long and 13 feet high and broad, and yet they lie in courses 20 feet from the ground. To explain how they were raised has puzzled the learned.

There is an eagle sculptured on the key-stone of the chief temple, which you may have seen in photographs. I confess I have seldom, if ever, seen a figure which surpasses this in effectiveness. In the beak it holds a garland, the ends of which are held up by two winged figures on either side. It got so rough a shake from an earthquake that it fell downwards, and has just been saved from complete destruction by being caught between the two side stones; but the grasp is so slender that you hesitate to pass beneath it. The sculptured fruit and foliage of this temple are perfectly exquisite. How annoying it is to see these almost sacred walls scribbled over by those same vulgar Smiths, Jones, and Robinsons of all nations, whose autographs you meet with on the top of Cheops, on the cedars of Lebanon, and deep in the salt mines of Bavaria. I have often wondered where the animals get the black paint they use. Perhaps the dirty creatures have only to wet their fingers—

At no great distance from us there is an encampment of Turkish troops sent up to quell some local disturbance, or, as I suppose it should be put, to see that the native tribes, who are busy cutting one another's throats, do it effectually. The commanding officer of the squad invited us "to coffee" with him, and so, seated on pillows in a great marquee, we went through the ceremony with many bows and grimaces, and fine speeches, not one word of which was understood by either party. However it did just as well, for while I asked

kindly for his mother, I really had as little interest in her welfare as he had in mine. This officer was the usual short stout oily specimen of humanity, dressed in baggy breeches and tight-fitting surtout, you see in scores in Stamboul. I am at a loss to know how a man of this cut could lead a body of such weird-like ruffians as sat bandit-fashion on the ground around the tent; but whatever might be said of the chief, I must admit that the troopers formed perfect "figurants" in a landscape. The mode in which the attendant hands your cup—and such tiny silver-cased things they are, too—is very graceful. With his left hand spread out on his breast, he presents your cup with a low obeisance. When you are done he retakes it with his left hand, and immediately covers it with the palm of his right hand, again bending to the ground.

Serpents are very numerous in this country, and very large. I always take a sly squint between the sheets before turning in, in case of going up to the knees into the cold folds of one of these slimy beasts. Last evening we saw a young boy of about fifteen do a most plucky thing. A serpent wriggled itself across the road and into a wild garden. The boy plunged into the thicket after it, and with a short supple stick killed it, and lugged it out by the neck in great triumph, its long scaly folds being, when measured, nearly five feet long. Of course we backshished and bono-johnied the boy handsomely.

I must now seek my pillow; however difficult it is to tear one's self from the contemplation of these great shadows, and that resplendent sky, yet we have a long ride over Anti-Lebanon at daylight, and already our attendants are snoring on every side. By the way, this reminds me to tell you of one of our men, "Hamed" by name, who is a perfect prince of snorers, and whose talents in that line I cannot consent to put under a bushel. He almost plays tunes on his nasal point. He never condescends to any of those low, vulgar, bass notes of your common pot-house drone, not he, but he revels in clear tenor notes,—fine-drawn quavers like the wailings of an Æolian harp. On retiring to rest (behind a convenient stone, and on an old bag) his first quarter of an hour is spent in cautious but diligent preparation. You hear at intervals indications that the proboscis is being screwed up like a fiddle, and then! what words shall describe the flood of melody! At one moment he emits slow, solemn variations on native airs, at the next, rapid, fiery, and impetuous sonatas, as some clumsy enemy tramples on his dreaming fancy. He used to sleep by the side of the tent, but I had to dislodge him, as I was in momentary dread that he and his nose were coming through the canvas. By degrees I have got him lined back to a reasonable distance, from whence the sounds come (as they do at this moment) gently floating on the night air like the tones of an accordion, and at that distance they are (as I experience momentarily) very provocative of slumber. He has an entirely original plan of arranging some passages.

After a peculiarly brilliant fugue, he suddenly ceases, as if astonished at his own performance, and then trying in vain to hit the same key, he gradually falls into the regular burden of his serenade, and goes swinging on in a mighty chorus. However, adieu. Hamed is in admirable tune to night, and I must go and take advantage of his first sleep, which is always his easiest.

Crimea, June, 1855.

This is the first moment, amidst the whirl of recent events, that I could snatch to write you. I hardly know where to begin, there is so much to tell, and yet it is so difficult to tell it well and clearly. What scenes of fearful fury and bodily and mental agony have I not witnessed since I last wrote! Yet such is glorious war! How different truly is the reality from all that mere imagination can conjecture, or pen describe! With such pictures of agony and death so vividly impressed on the brain and heart, and the groans of the wounded still in the ear, what an estimate is formed of glory! What a vain, empty word is it when weighed by the bedside of the mangled soldier!—verily it is "the shadow of a dream." I cannot but recall the well-known words of Coleridge, when he says, in speaking of the careless way we allude to such scenes,

"Terms which we trundle smoothly on our tongues,
Like mere abstractions, empty words to which
We join no feeling, and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this God-like frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven translated, and not killed;
As if he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him!"

But I must try to give you an outline (for more it cannot be) of that terrible night of the 17th, and even more terrible morning of the 18th.

For some time before the attack there was a strange uneasiness in camp. We all knew something was going to be done, but no one, except the chiefs (and they kept it to themselves for once), were in the secret. We had observed that immense quantities of shot and shell were being collected in the trenches, and that day after day relays of cannon were being brought to the front; while the movement of French troops from the left to the right attack went on nightly. Still there is always so much stir in a great camp like this, that all these things attracted little attention. We heard all day the same ceaseless dropping cannonade, and at night suffered the usual disturbance from sorties and sudden alarms. However, we all noticed the very unusual quietness of the night of the 16th. A solitary gun on the Inkermann side appeared to be alone awake, yet all night long the hurried gallop of orderlies through the camp kept us on the "qui-vive," and gave us that most disagreeable eerie feeling which such disturbance at night in a

camp is sure to occasion. Late at night orders came to the surgeons to clear the hospitals, and prepare for a large number of wounded, and this did not tend to allay the feeling that a great crisis was at hand.

Early on the morning of the 17th, the game at long bowls began by a signal gun on the right attack, and then for miles the great cannon poured incessantly a perfect storm of shot and shell on the enemy's works, and this continued without intermission till darkness enforced some abatement. The very ground shook beneath our feet. The accuracy of the fire was very remarkable, and was loudly applauded by a large concourse of spectators who thronged the heights like the audience in the boxes of a theatre. The 17th was the Sabbath (the day of rest truly!). The sun shone out bright and clear. The distant landscape and the calm sea were gay in the happy radiance. The church parade at noon was well attended by all those who were not on duty, and as the earth and air trembled with the quick report of cannon, "the words of peace and joy and gladness" were addressed to men who were already girded for the fight.

In the evening we went to the brow of the hill overlooking the city and the advanced works. The air was heavy with a sulphurous smell. A thick dark canopy hung like a pall high in the air over the city. A strip of sea beyond was curiously lit up by a lurid light, and was seen beneath the smoke, with the combined fleet dimly shadowed on it. The air was perfectly still, as if nature held her breath in expectation. The night was momentarily lit up by the cannon as they belched out their fierce flames into the darkness, and the under surface of the dark clouds overhead was seamed in every direction by tremulously moving shells, or vividly illuminated as if by some pyrotechnic display, when "a bouquet" was exploded. The air seemed absolutely filled with the missiles of death. The heavy "thud" of the great guns, the loud sharp report of the shells, the perfect shriek of the congrève rockets which at intervals from either flank rushed out into the night with a noise like the thundering roar of a locomotive tearing the upper air on rails of iron. These rockets, followed by long beams of light, darted across the harbour, and plunged with a savage scream headlong into the enemy's works beyond. Beneath this "grand diapason," the shrill whistle of some of the projectiles, and the sing-sawing note of others filled the brief intervals.

The fierce excitement, the undefined dread of an impending catastrophe, the awe, the catch in the breath, the silent preparations, the letters to friends, the setting in order "in case anything should happen," took sleep from all, and threw a gravity and solemnity over every action, however trivial. We all knew now that a general assault was to be made, and though no one for an instant doubted its success, yet a terrible cost was universally expected. There was no bragging or hesitation, but resolution and confidence everywhere.

Would that the result had been in keeping with our hopes!

Half an hour after midnight, in silence, without sound of bugle or drum, the ranks formed, and each corps moved off to its respective station. As the party I was attached to was going to the front of the Picket house, we met one of the columns of attack. Not a word was spoken, but a silent salute was exchanged between the officers who were acquainted. The heavy tramp echoing down the hollow road firm, steady, and resolute, and the dimly, defined but stalwart forms disappearing beneath the dark cloud of night and battle, affected me as few things ever have in this world.

From where we stood the whole scene which followed unfolded itself like a game on a chess-board below the eye of a player. It was still dark when we got into position; the blaze of the cannon continually rent the darkness which shrouded the town. Column after column moved down the valleys and went silently into the trenches committed to them. At last, just before dawn, Lord Raglan came. His name went from mouth to mouth as, surrounded by his staff, he rode in deep silence to the front. As the sun rose we saw every hillock behind us covered with anxious spectators, who gazed towards the devoted city. Slowly the day dawned. Behind us in the East the grey light darted up the sky. The morning breeze carried the smoke and darkness seaward, and, as the curtain rose, the town was revealed to us lying below, white and brilliant in the morning light. The harbour appeared like a lake of quicksilver, reflecting the rays of the joyous sun, and beyond it we could make out the dark masses of the enemy standing in battle array. Rapidly the whole terrible tragedy proceeded.

"That high festival,
Where valour with his armed hand administers
The cup of death."

Soon the fire redoubled, and for hours no pen could portray the scene on which, with riveted eyes and intense excitement, we continued to gaze. War, war, what a fearful reality art thou!

Thick as hail the round shot tore the ramparts. The whole air was alive with deadly shells whose explosion was marked by little white knots of smoke. At half-past three, the assault began. The French were advancing close in front of us against the Malakoff. The Redan was soon enveloped in smoke. Rifles rattled along the line in continuous "skreeds." The brown hill of the Malakoff seemed a perfect volcano. Ere long the fleet joined the m \acute{e} l \acute{e} , and though we could only at times catch a glimpse of the ships, yet we heard their guns like the continuous roll of a great drum. The town was soon on fire in many places, and the flames and thick smoke went up to heaven as if from a great funeral pile. But it was on the deadly fight close before us that our eyes were soon fixed. Dense columns moved up the slope of the works, and were scattered as chaff, or torn in long lanes by

grape and round shot. What superhuman valour, yet how vain! Like the glittering surge of the ocean beating against a dark and rocky shore, the flashing ranks dashed on, and fell back in broken fragments. Sometimes the heaving columns would overtop the rampart, and success was for a moment promised, but a poor remnant would, alone, after a time, escape, defeated and bleeding. A perfect whirlwind of grape swept the slope, and soon darkened it with confused masses of slain. Here truly was "the confused noise of the warrior and the garment rolled in blood."

A Russian flag had been hoisted early on a staff within the work, and as it was looked on as being a sort of barometer of the fight, we watched it intently. Sometimes it was concealed by the smoke, and the word passed along, "It is down, it is down;" but no, there it was again heavily floating on the sulphurous air above the swaying battle. The excitement became perfectly sickening. With mouth parched and dusty, covered with mud and smoke, and hardly breathing, we stood and watched the horrid spectacle. Soon the wounded—the prosaic but eloquent elements of the scene—began to pass. Some on foot, smeared with blood and dust and powder, sore and exhausted, wearily crawled to the rear. Stretchers, with pale forms imperfectly covered with a blanket, came by, and too often a well-known name was whispered by one to the other. The ambulance waggons were speedily filled, and not a few, on very trivial pretexts, accompanied them to the rear. As I passed to the left attack well on in the morning, the ravines and trenches presented an appalling scene of wreck and death. The roar of the heady fight close in front filled the ear. Masses of shell fell everywhere, and the "ping" of the conical ball frequently sounded at your very ear. Crowds of dusty and fatigued men lay beneath the rocks. Dead men, ghastly and gory, disfigured and torn, lay as they fell, in every sort of attitude: some with skulls cleft, some with limbs gone or bodies cut in twain; mere "kneaded clods," their spirits gone where "beyond these voices there is peace."

The heat was most oppressive, and as the fact of a general repulse became known, what sullen despondency settled on every brow! The reaction

and collapse were, as usual, proportioned to the previous high excitement. No one knew what was to happen. It seemed as if we were given over to destruction. No one had ever contemplated such a result, and the misery of it could not be well borne. Many of the wounded could not be got at for two days, and during this interval they lay exposed to scorching sun and drenching dew. I shall not attempt to describe the hospitals! Officers and men seeking friends, and anxiously inquiring whether they were "badly hit." Many men well known in the fashionable world, and still more, the proud centres of home circles, with, alas! how many bound up with them in the bundle of life, lay on beds of anguish, to very many of whom death would have been a blessing. What a terrible wail will follow this battle! In our army there are so many men of mark in social life, that a list of casualties such as we have now had will spread sorrow far over the land. A few hours of that diabolical work have undone the labour of years. How much ardent enthusiasm, high courage, physical beauty, and mental culture has been destroyed for ever! The solicitude of years, the object of prayers, and tears, and bright hopes, swept away in an instant by a cannon ball, fired probably by an ignorant savage! The officer, however, has the reward—such as it is—of renown and honourable memorial; but few think of the common herd:—yet they too have fond friends. They for the most part die

"Unmenton'd, as the wave which forms and breaks
On undiscover'd shore."

It is a most extraordinary feature in this life we lead, how soon the most vivid impressions are effaced from the memory. Already, though only a few days have passed since such scenes as I have tried to describe have been enacted, they appear to be in a great measure forgotten, and already the old thoughtless spirit prevails, and the same careless speculations are rife, as to "when we are to go at it again." Alas! that noble heart which led is now cold. That failure killed him.

"He crown'd
A happy life with a fair death,"

amidst his men and close by the field of battle.

G. H. B.

ON THANKFULNESS AND THANKSGIVING.

BY J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

IN these modern times we do not sufficiently prize the duty and privilege of *Thankfulness* and *Thanksgiving*. Praise is often feeble and faltering in our churches,—we do not sing heartily with the voice, just because we do not sing heartily with the life. Sermons preached and heard by us are lacking in *Thankfulness*. Doctrines are faithfully proclaimed and illustrated; the riches of the Divine

promises, or the consolations abounding to those in sorrow, are tenderly unfolded. But God's Ministers—the Heralds of "the Glad Tidings"—do not tell their people so frequently as they might, to go forth harp in hand, with joy in their hearts and melody in their lips, recounting His mercies; taking up the refrain of the old Hebrew minstrel—"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy

endureth for ever." Religion is draped not in a garb of thankfulness and joy, but of gloom. Many seem to have a chronic pleasure in seating themselves by the rivers of Babylon, with their harps on the willows, and girded with sackcloth.

Does the material world give countenance to this gloomy theology? I trow not. Day by day it is uttering the speech of joy and thankfulness. Every sunbeam writes it: every grove warbles it: the lark carols it in mid heaven: old ocean chimes it on every shore: the forests clap their hands, and the little hills rejoice! Some have ventured to aver that every sound in Nature is set on the minor key, and that every hue in Nature corresponds with it. I cannot think what eyes and ears such have. God has not made His sky of black ink, or pencilled and painted His flowers of wan and ashen colours. He has hung His heavens with curtains of blue; and when night deepens the azure, He besprinkles them with silvery stars. He has adorned with beauty and loveliness every sequestered nook and dell. He has set Æolian harps in every forest to discourse sweet music. He makes the mountain stream to sing its joyous way through copse and heather to its ocean home. He makes the fireside familiar with ringing laugh and joyous prattle.

If these be the utterances of external Nature, what are those of the inspired Volume? We have only to open our Bibles to see how the lips of God's saints overflowed with Thankfulness. Read David's Psalms—the Jubilant hymn-book of the Universal Church: they are from first to last a grand *Te Deum*:—Thankfulness is their key-note—the chord most frequently swept is that of *thankfulness*. In his preparation for the choral services of God's house, we read that "he appointed certain of the Levites to record and to *thank*, and praise the Lord God of Israel." "And on *that day*" (the day of the bringing up of the ark to Mount Zion) "David delivered first this Psalm to *thank* the Lord, into the hands of Asaph and his brethren." One of the last acts of his old age was to "appoint Levites to stand every morning to *thank and praise the Lord*, and likewise at even" (1 Chron. xxiii. 30). In his own personal history he was often a tried man;—he had his own peculiar sorrows. But even when he sings of "judgment," he must put "mercy" before it;—"I will sing of *mercy* and judgment, to Thee O Lord will I sing" (Ps. ci. 1). In his most saddened and desponding moods, he will not lay down his Psaltery till its wailing notes give place to gladdening ones:—"Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing, Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness, to the end that my glory may sing praise to Thee and not be silent, O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever" (Ps. xxx. 11, 12). Read St. Paul's Epistles, and see how joy and gratitude and thanksgiving come ever welling up from the depths of his *thankful* spirit. He knew little about the world's pleasures or joys; or rather, he had, in a higher consecration,

denuded himself of most of them. Stripes, imprisonment, hunger, thirst, weariness, watchings, fastings;—and what was more than all to him, cold looks and faithless friendships, these were the things with which this self-sacrificing man was familiar. And yet how buoyant! what a salient energy about his soul! his motto seems ever to be, "Sorrowful, yet *always* REJOICING." "Giving thanks *always*, for *all things*, unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus" (Eph. v. 20).

It is my desire, in these few pages, to prolong the key-note struck on this His own two-stringed instrument by God Himself. When Nature and Revelation are thus blending their Eucharistic strains, let us not be silent. Give us, O God, "the garment of praise for a spirit of heaviness!"

Where shall we begin? Let us re-traverse in thought the past. Thankfulness commences its survey from those years which memory almost fails to recall. Even Infancy and Childhood have their parts for this life-hymn; while the morning of existence is just dawning, ere yet the busy work-day world of the future, with its wheels of labour and clank of hammers, "its loud, stunning tide of human care and crime," has awoke into life—God's mercies are strewn thick like the pearly dew-drops glistening at daybreak on blade and grass. Addison sings in his well-known, simple lines,

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

"Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived,
From whom those comforts flow'd."

Think of the momentous period of youth;—the never-to-be-forgotten years, before commencing life's steep mountain-climb;—youth, like the stream in the valley, with its tortuous and wayward windings, its sunny pools and whirling eddies; its rainbow-crowned cascades and impetuous cataracts: or, stripping it of figure, youth, with its strange blendings of headstrong passion, glowing hopes, keen sensibilities, capricious will, high resolves, ardent aspirations. As it was the *green ears of corn*, in the olden Sanctuary, which were presented to the Lord,—may not memory, even yet, bring her "sacrifice of thanksgiving" from these first "gatherings" of life; as she calls to mind dangers escaped, trials mitigated; blessings innumerable bestowed; watchful and loving eyes spared to tend; or watchful and loving prayers to follow, when, perchance, the music of home voices was far away. Think of the present with its privileges and mercies, contrasted with the lot and experience of many. Some galled with poverty,—beggared by the loss of worldly substance: others, toiling in fetters—grinding in bondage: others, devoid of intellect,—reason dethroned, and memory a blank: others,

the prey of loathsome disease—pining on couches of sickness, for long weary months and years, saying, in the morning, "Would God it were evening," and in the evening, "Would God it were morning:" others, maimed and mutilated, overtaken by sudden and appalling accident, every nerve a chord of anguish; others, not long ago strong and vigorous, laid low in the grave:—"The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence." And here are we at this hour, many of us, most of us, in circumstances of peace and comfort;—with eyes undimmed by tears, and households unshaded and unsaddened by sorrow; "the living, the living, even we shall praise thee, as we do this day!"

What shall we say of our motives and material for *spiritual* Thankfulness—thankfulness for *spiritual* mercies? Let memory again take the retrospect. How many can call to vivid recollection their rescue from early sin and ruin. Others, your companions—who sat on the same form at school, or sported in the same playground; or who at a later period shared with you the same desk in the counting-room, or matriculated at the same college, or mingled in the same friendly circle,—they are *lost*. They have been swept down by the hurricane of temptation. In the mad fever of their passions, they burst the swaddling bands of a mother's affection, trampled a father's counsels in the dust, and mocked his tears and prayers: now they are either scattered like weeds on the stormy ocean, or slumbering in the early graves to which improvidence and vice hurried them. And think what God has done for *you*,—for you, perhaps once trembling too on the edge of the precipice; your lips learning to blaspheme; your steps ready at the beck of the tempter to wander from the paths of virtue and peace. Yes! and if left to yourself, you *would* at this moment, like them, have made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience, and with tattered sail and leaking hulk and splintered masts, have been drifting, drifting onwards, amid howling winds and wintry sea, to a dark and cheerless eternity. Oh, thanks be to God for that Word, that Sermon, that Providence which arrested you when stumbling on the very verge of destruction, "Verily but a step between you and death"—and brought you where you now are, to the feet of Christ, sitting clothed and in your right mind. Like the Cripple of old at the Beautiful Gate, you have, indeed, cause to enter day by day the Temple of *Thankfulness*, "walking, and leaping, and praising God." When, like Israel in their memorable morning of deliverance, you see all your sins like Pharaoh's hosts sunk into the depths of the sea, you may well take Miriam's harp of joy and exultation, and "Sing to the Lord." Call upon every slumbering melody of your heart to awake in thankfulness. Let your life-song be, "Lord! what shall I render unto Thee for all Thy benefits!" Restorer of this lost and ruined soul, let me never be guilty of the foul ingratitude of forgetting Thee! Great (oh, how great) is Thy

mercy towards me, Thou hast delivered my soul out of the lowest hell!

And now, as "the redeemed of the Lord, whom He hath redeemed out of the hand of the enemy," all that concerns you may be turned into matter and theme for praise. All things are working together for your good. If providential dealings be dark; if disappointments cross your wishes, or damp your hopes;—still, "Be ye thankful." It is a Father's doing, a Father's ordination. You have that peace within you which will enable you to rise above mere outward accidents: He knows you too well, and *loves* you too well, to allow anything to blight your true happiness and joy. *Thankfulness* is ever accompanied,—it goes hand in hand—with two sister-spirits—*Contentment* with the present, and *Trust* for the future. Trust God implicitly for all coming vicissitudes and exigencies. We ourselves cannot calculate on that Future, we cannot predict one turn in the highway of existence. The morrow is a blank and an enigma. We cannot point our finger to one of its hours, and say, "so and so it shall be with us." We know in our libraries where to find a book; we know in our gardens where to find a flower; we know in the mountain we have oft ascended, where to pause for the view, and to look in the distance for the blue smoke of some loved hamlet:—we know where to look in the heavens for a favourite star,—where to direct the telescope to get sight of a brilliant planet; we can with confidence predict the march of the seasons—when spring will tread on the heels of winter, and flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds will come;—but we cannot predict or foresee the manifold changes of this manifold existence: ours is at best an April day—showers and sunshine: we never can tell when the shadows may sweep across the landscape, and the clouds gather, and the bird cease to sing, and the sun of happiness be swept from the firmament. But it is our comfort to know that He who feeds his flock like a shepherd, who marshals the sun and planets in their spheres,—*He* knows every flower of life's garden; He counts every tree of its forest, and every leaf of every tree. All that concerns us and ours is in His hands. In the peerless blessings of Redemption, He has given us the mightiest pledge which even Omnipotence could give, for the bestowment of all minor and subordinate good. "We joy in God through the Lord Jesus Christ." He is the true Marah-tree, which, cast into life's bitterest waters, makes them sweet. Yes; let our songs of thankfulness culminate in *Him*; let our themes of thankfulness revolve and constellate around *Him* as their luminous centre. "By *Him*, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise continually" (Heb. xiii. 15). So wrote the great apostle, and so too did he *act*. His grateful heart seems ever lovingly to turn to Jesus, as the sunflower to the sun. He lets no opportunity slip, even when other themes are directly engaging his thoughts, to record his Thankfulness for this Gift of gifts, without which there

could not have been one unmingled note of thankfulness or joy in this sin-stricken world! Take one out of many remarkable examples. It is in his second epistle to the Corinthians, where he is speaking of a very different subject; when he is giving sundry specific directions about a secular matter,—the arrangements as to a collection for the poor Saints at Jerusalem.—The name of *Jesus* is incidentally mentioned. The sensitive chord of his soul has been touched; and he breathes the parenthetical prayer—(he cannot resist the utterance and ascription): “*Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.*” Verily, we may be content to dispense with other themes of thankfulness, if we have *Him* as our “exceeding joy.” Luther used to say, “I would rather fall with Christ, than stand with Caesar;” i.e., I would rather have the poorest and meanest earthly portion *with* Christ,—buffeting, trials, humiliations,—with the assurance of His favour and love—than have the smiles of prosperity,—the riches, and honours, and ambitions of earth without Him. “Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?” (Judges viii. 2). If you have God for your portion, you *may* have worldly cares, vexations, anxieties, but you can rise above all these in the conscious possession of this noblest of heritages! David had the “but,” in his earthly condition—the crook in his lot; to the very last. It shaded mournfully his latter days: it put a tear in his eye when he sang his death song.—But dashing the tear away, his dying words were thankful ones: and thus he weaved his closing hymn of *thankfulness*;—“Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, this is all my salvation and all my desire!”

Is it not too evident, however, that where there should be this full-voiced hymn of thankfulness for mercies, there is often nothing but the reverse? In the case of temporal blessings; even when our cup is overflowing with good, something has crossed us—something has smitten our gourd—and, like Jonah, we wrap ourselves up in our selfish and unreasonable grief, uttering the querulous plaint, “I do well to be angry.” How many a life becomes thus self-embittered and ruined;—no energy—no zest for work;—plodding on sick at heart—wearing out thought and brain with vain regrets. And when God’s mercies come, like birds, to the windows of our souls;—sit on the sills, singing their joyous notes, and trying to awake a responsive melody in us;—we put shutters on the windows; we draw down the blinds of unthankfulness, and the birds flee away;—we lose their sweet warbling through our own perverse ingratitude!

There are two feelings, two great hostile principles, at the bottom of this unthankfulness and peevish discontent.

There is *Pride*. Humility of mind is the parent of a thankful spirit. You never saw a proud man thankful; you always see a *humble* man so. You

would perhaps at first think that the man into whose cup and coffers God was pouring most largely, would be the man with the heart brimful of gratitude; but it is the reverse. If he be devoid of the Christian grace of humility, the chances are he will be the most unthankful of any. He will clutch all he has, and take to himself the glory of getting it; and he will fret and murmur when any portion of it is taken away! Go to many a man of wealth; one who has risen from penury; but who has had the horn of plenty poured into his lap; ask that man, “Are you thankful for all this splendid prosperity?” “No,” he will say (looking to his last speculation,—his last investment)—“No; I expected to have made a better thing of it than this. I have had a poor return: I expected thousands, I have only made hundreds; I expected talents, I have only made pounds.”

And then along with pride there is *Selfishness*—deep selfishness in the unthankful spirit. The man is absorbed in his own petty interests, plans, ambitions, gains, money-making. If he be right himself, he cares not how others fare. Now look at a truly unselfish character such as Paul. One of the main elements in his thankful spirit was this, that he made the joys of others and the happiness of others a part of his own. “Ye are partakers of my joy.” “I joy and rejoice with you all.” “I thank my God always on your behalf.” “What is our hope or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming, for ye are our glory and our joy?” (1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.) It was with him as in the case of every truly noble Christian spirit. Even in the apparent absence of anything to be thankful for, the thankful, grateful heart was still there. A soul such as his is like the alabaster box of ointment; it gives forth most of its odour of thankfulness when it is broken and crushed. See, even when, with heavy sorrows impending, the weary prisoner found the Roman brethren meeting him at Appii Forum—see how he took this unexpected token of God’s goodness. “He thanked God, and took courage.” Thankfulness has been spoken of as the lovely shadow cast by our sorrows. And it is an undoubted truth that it is found most frequently side by side with sorrow. Sorrow is the best builder of these shrines and Ebenezers of thankfulness which crowd the believer’s pilgrim way. Were I asked to go in search of thankful hearts, I would go, not to circles of unbroken prosperity—not to those dandled on the lap of luxury—not to the man of style and equipage, of state and fashion and fame;—but I would go to some child of sickness, for years chained down to a couch of distress, shut out from the light and sunshine of a busy world, the dim midnight lamp burning in the silent chamber:—a solitary bird with broken wing, from whom, as we see it pining in its lonely cage, we might expect nothing but the wailing note of sadness. There is everything, one would suppose, to lead to repining. Yet there is oftentimes nothing but

sweet resignation—nothing but recounted mercies: the bright spots are alone seen, and the dreary are forgotten. Look at that strange Bible scene, where the same apostle, whose example we have already cited, is imprisoned with Silas at Philippi. Listen to their voices in that gloomy gaol, when their feet are fastened in the stocks, and their backs lacerated by recent scourging. Are they mourning?—complaining of their hard lot and cruel destiny? No. Songs of thankfulness and joy are on their lips; they are rejoicing at being counted worthy to suffer shame for His name!

Endeavour to have and to cultivate thankfulness as a *disposition*:—not as a thing of mere fits and starts—elicited and evoked by some large and extraordinary proofs of God's bounty. Paul would have the Christian to be on the outlook, even in *small* things for occasions of thankfulness—He does not say "Giving thanks *sometimes* for some things"—but "*always* for all things." He would have thankfulness as a continual guest, a continual feast;—a halo and sunshine emitting perpetual brightness, morning, noon, and night; like the Alpine mountain tops, the first to catch and the last to lose the sunbeams. You remember that chapter in which he crowds as many messages as he can into the close of one of his letters. He has room to say only a few brief words:—But there is one message so important, that, even though it causes him to omit others, he must say it over twice—He writes it, and then re-writes it. What is it? "*Rejoice* in the Lord always, and again I say *rejoice*." Let this oil of joy rub off the rust of unthankfulness. This rejoicing spirit is a magnet which draws all other blessings to it. It leaves no room for peevish, unavailing regrets. Its language and motto is, "I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth." Unutterably sad is the reverse of all this, that moping discontent which refuses to see sunshine in anything. Always looking at God's landscape, whether in the natural or moral world—not through the pure translucent glass—but through the smoke-blackened pane—colouring everything with its own sadness. Such a spirit will grow upon you! The foul fiend should without delay be driven out, or he will take up his abode and establish himself in the chambers of your hearts. Such an unthankful life will end in that saddest of all consummations, —a peevish old age. From nothing seek to be more delivered than from that:—the calm mellowed evening light which many enjoy, fretted with drizzling rain and blustering storm. The discontent and sickly melancholy of the present, growing with advancing years;—real or fancied ills magnified into undue proportions; all ending in crossness, irritability, moroseness, soured temper. "The end of these things is death!"

We must close our imperfect survey of the Temple of Thankfulness. But before doing so—before closing its golden gates—let us for a moment revisit and inspect the foundations. I have sought

to do something better than plead for the duty and delight of a mere natural emotion. And once more would I repeat, it is Religion—in other words, the heaven-implanted, joy-imparting graces of the new regenerated nature, which alone can make a man truly thankful. What is the preamble to one of the manifold injunctions of the Great Apostle regarding Thankfulness? "Let the peace of God" (that peace which alone is to be found in the cross of Christ) "rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body, and be ye thankful." Immediately after he adds, "and whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all *in the name of the Lord Jesus*, giving thanks to God and the Father by HIM" (Col. iii. 15-17). On the other hand, it is said of those who are without God, strangers to the transforming power of the Gospel, "They glorified Him not as God, *neither were thankful*." (Rom. i. 21). It is the Christian to whom "God our Maker giveth songs in the night." Like the nightingale, He can warble His descendant of thankfulness in the darkest night of sorrow. Amid pining herds and famished flocks, and fields blackened with death and pestilence, he can, with the prophet, rejoice in the Lord, and glory in the God of his salvation.

Let the world see how the Gospel of Christ can make you rise superior to all outward adversity. How, despite of losses in your business, breaches in your household, sickness, bereavement, death,—it can enable you to say on the retrospect with the Psalmist, "They went through the flood on foot, *there* did we rejoice in Him" (Ps. lxvi. 6). "There"—where? In the very *flood*—when the billows were highest,—"*there*," did we utter songs of gratitude and joy! If God give you prosperity, be thankful, and glorify Him in it. Take every blessing as the gift and keepsake of a Father's love. And if in this strange chequered world He send you reverses; cross your schemes, and blast your gourds;—empty the chairs in your households and fill your eyes with tears;—oh, as the thunderbolt descends, and others hold their breath while the King of Terrors is passing by, be it yours to ejaculate, in faith and trust and lowly resignation, the words once breathed by the most *Sorrowing*, yet the most *Thankful* ONE, "I thank Thee, O Father! Lord of Heaven and Earth. . . . Even so, Father! for so it seemed good in thy sight!"

One of the most beautiful specimens of true thankfulness the writer ever knew, was a lonely widow, stricken with pain, bereavement, poverty, deafness, age; but whose first quaint description of her condition embodied alike the tale of her earthly helplessness, and the secret of her heavenly peace. In answer to the query, "If she had any friends?" "None," was the reply, "*but God Almighty*." That Friend, however, put gladness into her heart more than in the time that the corn and wine of others increased. A still more striking recent instance suggests itself. It is the case of a Christian friend in a different rank of life—whose

cheeks were ploughed and furrowed with pain and long wasting disease. Tears were often found standing in these furrows. But they were not tears evoked by the intensity of bodily suffering;—they came from the opened sluices of a grateful, overflowing heart—literally, tears of *thankfulness* for all God's abounding mercies!

"These are tears of joy," were his own words when fearing lest those watching by his couch would think he was sad because he was weeping. One day, after lying for a long time in a state of stupor, he burst out, "O death, where is thy sting—O grave, where is thy victory?—but thanks—*Yes, thanks* be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" On New Year's morning, weeping with gratitude, he bestowed a welcome on each of his household, exclaiming as he did so, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." He might be said to enter the gates of light, "singing and making melody in his heart unto the Lord." If the favourite song of *thankfulness* were for a moment intermitted, it was only to be resumed in brighter worlds,—the eternal sabbath of Thanksgiving—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

Those of our readers interested in the remarkable work of the Bible women in London, will recall the most picturesque and touching, perhaps, of the many cases brought to light in these strangest annals of the poor, "The Cripple of London Wall." It is so admirably photographed by her benefactress and "the succourer of many," that we cannot spoil the brief narration by attempting to alter it. We shall conclude, therefore, with the following account of a living homily on Christian Thankfulness; a striking verification, surely, of the words, that

"A lonely heart that leans on God,
Is happy anywhere!"

"Will you accompany us, reader, to learn a lesson of *thankfulness* for God's mercies? Turn under this low archway, climb these narrow winding stairs, two pair, knock at that door, and a pleasant, cheerful voice will bid you enter. The room is clean, even airy; a bright little fire burns in the grate, and in a four-post bed you will see sitting up, a woman of sixty-four years of age, with her hands folded and contracted, and her whole body crippled

and curled together, as the cholera cramped it, and rheumatism has fixed it, for eight-and-twenty years. For sixteen of these years she has not moved from her bed, or looked out of the window, or even lifted her hand to her own face, and she is in constant pain, while she cannot move a limb. But listen! 'She is so thankful that God has left her that great blessing, the use of one thumb.' Her left hand is clenched and stiff, and utterly useless; but she has a two-pronged fork fastened to a stick, with which she can take off her great old-fashioned spectacles, and put them on again with amazing effort. By the same means she can feed herself, and she can sip her tea through a tube, helping herself with this one thumb. And there is another thing she can accomplish with her fork, she can turn over the leaves of a large quarto Bible, when placed within her reach. She has never in her life seen a hayrick, a wood, or a cornfield. Two years ago, however, one friend brought her a few ears of corn, and another some acorns. The longest journey she has undertaken in one direction had been to Islington Church, and the other to St. George's in the Borough, when the sight of the water in crossing the bridge made her feel giddy. To a frame thus nurtured in the city's heart, came cholera in its primary visit to our metropolis. This victim did not die of it, but she never recovered from its collapse, and, as we have said, by pains and poor living was gradually reduced to her present condition. A recent visitor addressed her with the remark that she was 'all alone.' 'Yes,' she replied, in a peculiarly sweet and cheerful voice, 'I am alone, and yet not alone!' 'How is that?' 'I feel that the Lord is constantly with me.' 'How long have you lain there?' 'For sixteen years and four months, and for two years and four months I have not been lifted out of my bed to have it made, yet I have much to praise and bless the Lord for.' 'What is the source of your happiness?' 'The thought that my sins are forgiven, and dwelling on the great love of Jesus my Saviour. I am content to lie here as long as it shall please Him that I should stay, and to go whenever He may call me.' . . . *The string of the loving-kindness of the Lord once touched, note after note prolonged the song of praise.*"*

* "The Book and its Missions, 1860."



MARTYN WARE'S TEMPTATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.—THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

THE somewhat cold and yet wintry sun threw its rays on one of earth's fair and busy scenes in the spring afternoon of a year gone by. By the side of, but not close to, a factory, which was giving forth its tokens of life and work, was a white house, built in the villa style, large enough for a gentleman's residence, pretty enough, with its artistically laid-out grounds and gardens in the midst of which it stood, to attract the attention of travellers on the proximate high road. Other factories might be seen, near and distant, most of them considerably larger than this one, and other houses, surrounded by their grounds, as well as poorer dwellings, cottages, and huts. This place, situated in the heart of England, was called Wexmoor, and the factory first mentioned was known as Wexmoor Factory. Not many years before, this was the only factory in the district, and those larger and better ones had sprung up since. Its owner was a gentleman of the name of Martyn, and the white villa, built by himself some thirty years previously, was the residence of himself and his family.

Those cold thin rays are falling on it, and especially on a young lady who is standing at its entrance-door, between the two pillars, drawing on her gloves. A charming looking girl of twenty-two, with a thoughtful face,—very thoughtful for one so young; and steady, somewhat deeply-set eyes of dark blue. She is attired quite plainly, you see: a violet-coloured merino dress, a warm, grey shawl, and a cottage straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbons to match, straw-coloured. It was long ago, I have told you, before the disfiguring fashions of these later years were invented—the bonnets perched on the back of the head, or surmounting the forehead as a crocodile's mouth; those cottage bonnets of twenty years back made a pretty face look all the prettier.

This was Miss Helen Martyn, the second daughter of the manufacturer. He had four: Elizabeth, Helen, Sophia, and a little one of fourteen, much afflicted, named Amy. He had never had a son, and his wife had died when Amy was born. Elizabeth, the eldest, acted as mistress of the house, and as a sort of mother to the rest, though she was but two years older than Helen.

Helen Martyn drew on her gloves slowly, and then paused and looked thoughtfully out before her, far into the distance. It almost seemed as if she were hesitating whether to go on, or not. At last she descended the white steps, wound round the broad gravel drive which surrounded the lawn before the house, and passed out at the front gate. In turning to the right she nearly ran against a

gentleman, who was about to enter it with a hasty step, on his way from the factory. It was Mr. Martyn; a wiry-built man, with a pale, hard face, and cold grey eyes, bearing not the least resemblance to his daughter.

"Where are you going, Helen?"

"For a walk, papa."

He went on, saying no more. But ere he had well got through the gate, Helen, in her perfect truthfulness, her natural antagonism to anything like deceit, turned and spoke—she was conscious that to take a walk was not the sole object of her leaving home this afternoon. In point of fact, it may almost be said that she was going out in disobedience, for the place she thought to visit, if not positively forbidden in words, had been tacitly interdicted to Mr. Martyn's daughters.

"Papa, I should like to see Mrs. Rutt once more before she leaves on that long voyage. I thought of calling to say good-bye to her."

"You can do as you choose," replied Mr. Martyn.

He did not speak in displeasure, but carelessly, as if the point were not worth consideration, and he hastened on towards the house as he spoke. Helen, feeling quite a weight removed from her heart, went away with a light step.

Continuing her road past the factory, she soon came to a shady green lane. Nearly half-a-mile down this lane was a low-built cottage, very pretty in summer, with its clematis-covered walls, and its rippling brook purling through its homely garden.

Ah, it was a sad tale, and Helen Martyn's heart sank as she approached the cottage with that feeling the "not liking" to enter it. Robert Rutt had been employed by Mr. Martyn for the past six or eight years. He was one of his first men—a sort of over-looker of the rest—and earned three pounds per week. About four years back he had married a widow lady from a distance. The word "lady" is really not misapplied. It was said she was a lady by birth and education, but had fallen into very poor circumstances. It was said also that she had believed Rutt, who was a well-looking and superior-mannered man, occupied a higher position in Mr. Martyn's works, to what she found he did occupy. Be this as it might, she had shown no disappointment, but had accommodated herself to her position, as the wife of a working-man, from the first hour Rutt brought her to this cottage at Wexmoor. Mr. Martyn's daughters soon made acquaintance with her, and Helen at least grew to like and respect her—to like very much her young son, then a boy of about eleven years.

Things had gone on smoothly until now; or, to speak with strict correctness, until a few months ago. Late in the month of October, the previous

autumn, a circumstance had occurred, unpleasant in itself, and grievously disastrous in the results it was to bring forth. Robert Rutt, thoroughly well-conducted in general—otherwise he would never have been retained in his post by Mr. Martyn—was betrayed one day into drinking, and went into the factory in a half mad state. The man was too well aware of the effect drink had upon him, even worse than it has upon some men, and it was so rare he transgressed that his sobriety had grown into a proverb. Still, he had been in this state before—had gone into the factory so—and his master, vexed and angry, had threatened him with dismissal did he ever so forget himself again.

As ill-luck would have it, Mr. Martyn met him on this day as he was rolling in, shouting and singing. Some sharp words ensued. The master ordered him off the premises: Rutt, with some dim idea of proving that he was not incapable, waited his opportunity and stole in afterwards, when Mr. Martyn's back was turned. He attempted to work; he meddled with the machinery, and the result was that a large quantity of work was spoilt and the machinery almost fatally injured. It was a loss that Mr. Martyn could not well bear; his business had decreased of late years, and something like embarrassed circumstances were beginning to show themselves; hence, perhaps, his anger was more implacable than it might otherwise have been. In vain Rutt, when he came to his senses, humbly expressed his contrition, begged to be taken on again, promised that he never would again so forget himself as long as his life should last. Mr. Martyn would not listen. With stinging reproaches, with scornful words, he drove the man from him, declaring that, so far from forgiving him, it was his intention to refuse him a character, and to bring him to public punishment for the damage he had done. Before the moon, then at the full, had quite completed her monthly course, Rutt was dead. In going in search of work to a neighbouring town, it was supposed he came in contact with an infectious disorder: at any rate, he was seized with it, and died in delirium.

His death did not soften the feeling of Mr. Martyn. That gentleman felt the past grievance of his loss as keenly as before, and in this his daughters shared. They sent no sympathising enquiry to the poor wife; they did not vouchsafe her a kind word. It was not perhaps that they did not feel for *her*, but the loss of their father left its bitter sting in their hearts. What with the spoilt machinery, the destroyed goods, the loss of time and incapability to fulfil orders which it entailed, Mr. Martyn's loss could not be estimated at less than a thousand pounds. A formidable sum to the imagination of these young girls, and all the more formidable because of a dim fear, which had been for some time forcing itself upon their suspicions, that their father could not afford it. Helen alone felt deeply for her. In Helen Martyn's strict sense of justice, she asked her sisters how blame could

possibly be reflected upon the wife: she pointed out that the poor wife was even more deeply injured than they were. But she did not dare to call and express this: it would have seemed like flying in the face of her father's sense of injury.

Yes, in one sense, the disastrous results fell worst on Mrs. Rutt, for she was left without a living or the means of gaining one. Rutt was a man who had lived up to every shilling of his wages. He liked to see his wife comfortable, to maintain a plentiful home; he was attached to her boy, now a fine lad of fifteen, and had yielded to her wish of keeping him at school, a good day grammar school in the neighbourhood, not yet putting him out to earn anything. It is a fact scarcely to be believed, only that there are unhappily too many such facts in the world, that when Rutt died there was not one penny of ready money in the house. Except the furniture, Mrs. Rutt was left entirely destitute: and the furniture of that small house was not of great value.

Many and many a time did Helen Martyn wonder what that poor woman would do, and how she was getting on, or would get on. Gossip spreads in a small locality, and the young ladies heard news from time to time of Mrs. Rutt. First, it was said she was living by disposing of the lighter trifles of her household; next, that her son, who had left the school at Christmas, had found a temporary place at the doctor's, to carry out the physic bottles; by which he earned his food and a shilling or two a week. And last, they heard that Mrs. Rutt and her boy were going to America.

This last news, much as it surprised Mr. Martyn's daughters, proved to be correct. Mrs. Rutt had a brother settled near Washington, a farmer; she had written to him on the occurrence of her great misfortune, and after the passing backwards and forwards of two or three letters, he had offered her an asylum with him, and to find some employment for her son in the capital. What was perhaps more to the purpose in her temporary strait, he had offered to send the passage money for one of them, hoping she would be able to find the other herself.

And this, Mrs. Rutt, as it was known, had contrived to do. The very man who had succeeded to her husband's post at the works, made arrangements with her for taking the house off her hands, and as much of the furniture as she could leave in it. That was not much. Her husband had died the first week in November, it was now the end of March, and she had had only that furniture to live upon, parting with it piecemeal. Little wonder, then, that it was with difficulty she could save sufficient money for only her own passage, let alone her boy's. She had no friends in the neighbourhood, no advisers: she had never made a friend or sought an acquaintance since she came into it; and the cause is easily explainable. Her position as Rutt's wife debarred her from associating with the superior inhabitants, and her own previous habits of gentility forbade her placing herself on a

level with the wives of such men as her husband. It is true the Miss Martyns had often gone to see her, but only as the wife of one of their father's men, in whom they took an especial interest.

All preliminaries were arranged, and she was to sail from Liverpool at the week's end; was to quit Wexmoor on the morrow. The Miss Martyns heard this; heard that the promised letter from her brother, which was to contain the remittance, had come that very morning; and Helen had determined to run down to bid her good-bye.

To let her go away for ever without a God speed, without a word of kindness to blot out the remembrance of the calamity caused by her husband, and for which *she* was in no way to blame, struck cruelly on the girl's heart. So Helen told her sisters what she should do, and put her things on; and when you saw her hesitating on the steps, she was deliberating whether to go into the factory in passing, and ask her father's consent, or whether she should go first, and confess afterwards that she had been. The meeting him decided it.

Mrs. Rutt in her widow's cap was seated in the parlour when she entered; a pretty room once, but nearly bare now; and Helen started when she saw her. Helen Martyn had seen grief in her lifetime, but scarcely such grief as this. She sat on a low seat, and was swaying herself to and fro in what looked like the extreme of human sorrow, her head bent forward, the tears slowly coursing down her colourless cheeks. It must be confessed that Helen somewhat wondered: Mrs. Rutt was leaving no ties in the place that she should grieve after them, and she had never pretended to be attached to it. She rose from her low seat at sight of Helen, and dried her eyes as well as she could; but the look of anguish remained.

"Oh, Miss Helen! Have you indeed come once again?"

"I could not let you go without saying farewell, and giving you our good wishes," was Helen's gentle answer. "My sisters have not come, but they charged me to say everything that was kind for them. I hope you and Bob will get safely to your journey's end, and find a happy home there."

The words seemed to tell upon her terribly. She burst into a renewed fit of grief, so violent that Helen was alarmed. In vain she essayed to speak; nothing came forth but sobs. Helen, feeling shy and uncomfortable, knew not what to say: she came to the conclusion that all this must be for the loss of her husband. At length the sobs grew lighter.

"Miss Helen, pray pardon me! You don't know what it is to part with your only child, to leave him alone to the mercy of the world without guide or protector, to go away from him with scarcely a prospect of ever seeing him again on earth. It is like the parting of death; it has seemed nothing less to me."

Helen could not understand. Amidst blinding tears, amidst struggles to suppress the emotion that went well-nigh to choke her, the explanation was given by Mrs. Rutt. The letter had indeed been delivered to her that morning from America, but the promised remittance was not in it. Her brother had expressed his sorrow at being unable to send it; he had a sufficiently abundant home, but ready money was scarce with him; and he hoped she would manage to find it herself.

"It is an impossibility," she gasped. "I have no means of finding it, I have no friend in the world to help me. There will be expenses, too, I hear, in embarking that I had not bargained for, and I shall have to sell some of my clothes to get away myself."

Helen felt shocked and grieved. "What will be done?" she asked.

"All that can be done is, that I must abandon my boy—it seems to me like abandoning him," was the sobbing answer. "I *must* go myself: I ought to have been out of this house on Lady-day, Miss Helen, and now it's the twenty-ninth. I must go; I have not a place to put my head in in the old country, not a bit or sup to support me: and my boy, he must stop behind and get a living as he best can. I'd sacrifice myself for my boy if I knew how to sacrifice myself; I'd almost rather part with life than part with him."

"And how much would it cost to take him?" Helen breathlessly asked.

"I had expected ten pounds," she answered: "it was what my brother said he'd send. We could have made it do, Miss Helen. Of course we go in the cheapest way: it is some years since I could afford to be fastidious. Once on the other side, I should not mind if we had nothing left. We'd find our way on foot to Washington."

It was very natural that Helen Martyn's first impulse was to wish she had the money to give: but in the next moment she remembered how entirely futile was the wish. Ready money had not been very plentiful in their home of late; and what she and her sister Sophia had been able to get from their father, or Elizabeth supply from her housekeeping necessities, had been expended for a specified purpose, of which you will soon hear further. All that she could do was to express her heartfelt sympathy, her regret that she had not the money to give; and she did it with a sincere, low voice, and the tears standing in her eyes.

Mrs. Rutt saw how genuine was the sorrow of that fair young face, how great the pain at heart, and she strove to suppress further signs of her own. But when Helen was taking leave, the sobs burst forth again uncontrolled.

"You'll say a kind word to him now and then, Miss Helen, when you get the opportunity. He'll want it, poor lad, for he'll soon be motherless. I shan't live long, parted from him."

"Does he stop in Wexmoor?" asked Helen.

"Just at present. I went to the doctor this

morning, and he'll keep him on for a bit, until something turns up for him."

"What can turn up for him?" wondered Helen.

"Nothing—unless God sends it. And where he'll get a place to sleep, or who'll give him shelter, I don't know. Miss Helen," she continued, in an altered tone, "I'd ask you, if I may dare, when the weddings are to be?"

A soft blush rose to Helen Martyn's cheek.

"In about a month," she answered. "Towards the end of April."

"May Heaven bless you both, and the gentlemen you have chosen!" aspirated Mrs. Rutt, in a low tone.

Helen was walking slowly towards home, thinking upon the poor widow's grief, upon the many sources of sorrow there seemed to be in the world, when a slim, active boy, with a pleasing face and large intelligent dark eyes, came running round the corner of the lane. It was Bob Rutt—as the boy was universally called. He had, of course, no right to the name of Rutt, but he had never been called anything else since he came into the neighbourhood: his Christian name happening to be the same as that of his step-father, Robert, had no doubt contributed to the habit. He raised his cap as he came up to Helen, far more as a gentleman would raise it than a working boy.

"I have been to see your mother, Bob," she said.

"This is sad news."

"Was she grieving much, Miss Helen?" he eagerly asked. "I could bear it for myself; but I can't bear it for her."

"But you will be sorry to be separated from her, Bob?"

"Sorry!" he echoed, swallowing down a lump in his throat, and turning his face out of sight of Helen's. "When the letter came this morning, it seemed that I could have moved heaven and earth to go with her, and—and—. But it's of no use talking of it," he added, after a broken pause. "Thank you for your sympathy, Miss Helen."

"Oh, Bob, I am sorry! Perhaps you'll get out to her sometime."

"Yes, Miss Helen, perhaps so, if she lives. But she's one to take things dreadfully to heart."

He raised his cap again and went away. And Helen Martyn looked after him with misty eyes through the fading light of the evening sky.

CHAPTER II.—HELEN'S KNIGHT-ERRANDRY.

WHAT we should all do without money it is quite impossible to conceive; but one thing appears indisputable, that, if the world could go on without it, a great many of the crosses and heartburnings we are pleased to make our own, and hug to us as if we liked them, would never occur.

When Helen Martyn entered her home, the drawing-room was lighted and the tea waited on the table. They generally dined in the middle of the day: it suited Mr. Martyn's business habits, and it suited Amy's health. Elizabeth sat before

the tea-tray, ready to make it as soon as her father came in. He often kept it waiting, and she generally provided herself with some little trifle of work, not to waste the time, as she had now. She was sewing some lace edging to a strip of thin muslin: it was for a nightcap border for one of her sisters. She looked older than her age considerably: any one might have taken her to be seven or eight and twenty, with her grave manners and her somewhat old-fashioned style of dress. The young girl, Amy, stood by her side, holding her chair: a stranger might have observed with wonder a certain peculiar twitching in this child—in her face, her arms, her whole body. She had had in her life, at long extended periods, three attacks of paralysis, the first having occurred when she was little more than an infant, and its signs never left her—as you may see by these never-ceasing twitches. A great deal of money had been spent upon her: fresh doctors, seaside visits; everything possible to be thought of was tried. She did not get much better; but the medical men thought if she could go over the next two or three years without another attack, she might probably recover.

Seated opposite Elizabeth, her elbow on the table, and her face wearing a discontented look, was Sophia. She resembled Helen much in features, but her eyes had the hard look of her father. Poor Sophia was apt to make a grievance of trifles, and she thought she had a very great grievance to be miserable over just now. Helen also shared in it, and deemed herself as hardly used as Sophy.

To explain this, it must be stated that Helen and Sophia were both engaged to be married. Helen to a gentleman in London, of the name of Ware; Sophia to the Rev. Mr. Gazebrook. You heard Helen tell Mrs. Rutt that the weddings were to be in about a month. All being well, the two sisters would be married on the same day. Neither match was particularly eligible in a pecuniary point of view. Mr. Ware was the secretary to a public company; his salary three hundred a year; and the clergyman was incumbent of a small living in Wales, worth not much more than half that sum. But Mr. Martyn had not deemed it well to refuse his consent. He believed both the gentlemen when they represented that their circumstances would be sure to grow better in time; and he told his daughters that if they chose to risk it, to live quietly until these better circumstances came, they might. Hope is strong in the human heart—very strong in those beginning life. Mr. Gazebrook looked forward to a good fat living; and Edward Ware to at least a doubled salary.

But the weddings, or rather the preparations for them, had brought forth some vexations, and Sophia was dilating upon these as she sat there with her elbow on the tea-table and her chin leaning on her hand. The sum which Mr. Martyn had allowed his two daughters for purchasing what fine people call the *trousseau*, but which I would a great deal rather call the wedding clothes, was miserably small; at

least it had proved so in the laying out. When given forth to them—and, not to make a mystery, its amount may as well be stated: thirty pounds each—Elizabeth, somewhat close in her views, pronounced it sufficient; in fact, it was Elizabeth who had suggested its amount to her father, though she did not choose to confess it: sixty pounds for the two would be ample, she said to him. But whether the young ladies had gone randomly to work, and bought too expensive things at the onset, or whether it was really inadequate to their wants, certain it was that the money was gone, and while necessaries had been laid in, most of the finery remained to be bought. Even Elizabeth had come to the conclusion that more money must be had; she helped them a little from her housekeeping allowance, but that did not do much good. They had been permitted to make their own purchases, upon the express condition that every article should be paid for when it was bought.

“We had better not have been married at all, if this is to be it,” grumbled Sophia. “I have not got a single new silk dress yet, except the wedding one; neither has Helen.”

“You have plenty of old ones,” said Elizabeth, who deemed it policy to make the best of affairs to her sisters. “One or two of them have scarcely been worn at all; they are equal to new.”

“Old ones! what are old ones?” retorted Sophia, getting crosser and more cross. “Never was such a thing heard of, as going to your new home with a heap of old things, and no new ones. Besides, I must have a lace mantle! How am I to get through the summer without a lace mantle?”

Elizabeth went on with her nightcap border, saying nothing. She had a habit of being silent when found fault with by her sisters. Sophia resumed:

“It’s a perfect disgrace! Thirty pounds for girls in our station of life. If mamma had been alive she would represent things fitly to papa, I am sure of it: You ought to, Elizabeth. I can’t make it out; papa’s not a stingy man.”

“Look at papa’s losses of late, Sophy; at the one caused by Rutt: and his business has been dwindling down and down through want of capital,” urged Elizabeth, in a low tone.

“What are we to do for gloves?” was Sophy’s answer. “We can’t have less than a dozen altogether, dark and light and white; and we have not got the money for a single pair! I wish you were going to be married yourself, Elizabeth; you’d know what it is.”

“You *may* manage with what things you have,” was Elizabeth’s answer. “I will do what I can in the matter; but if the worst comes to the worst you must—”

“Be quiet, Elizabeth! the worst can’t come to the worst. Can we be married, Helen, with what we have?”

Helen, who had sat quietly near the fire after taking off her things, looked up with the air of one

preoccupied. In comparison with the *real* need of money brought to her notice that afternoon, the present discussion jarred upon the heart as savouring of folly. “What did you say, Sophy?—Have more things? Yes, I suppose we must have them.”

“Suppose we must have them! why you know we must,” cried Sophy, angrily. “You were nearly crying over it this morning, you know you were.”

Quite true. Helen Martyn had nearly cried over her wardrobe in the morning, wondering what her husband and his friends would think of it, upon her going amongst them with so scanty a one. Scanty in comparison with the young lady’s ideas, you understand.

“Thirty pounds for the wedding outfit of Mr. Martyn’s daughters!” repeated Sophy, working herself into a fume. “We ought to have had a hundred at the very least. When Adelaide Gibson was married, her things cost two hundred pounds. Helen, we shan’t be able to afford a single evening dress.”

“And you don’t want them,” said Elizabeth to this. “Evening dresses you *do not* want: you have enough.”

“They have been worn I don’t know how many times,” shrieked Sophy.

“They *look* good, and they will be new where you are going. For the matter of that, Sophy, it is not to be expected that you will have much evening visiting in that remote and quiet place. Helen may have more in London. Amy, dear, you are shaking my chair.”

“And I shall want dresses for it,” said Helen, rousing herself from her recollections. “Oh dear! I wish I was rich!”

“I wish we could have tea!” interposed Sophy, going to another temporary trouble. “I have fifty things to do afterwards, and a long letter to write.”

“Talking of letters, did you know that papa heard from Mr. Ware to-day, Helen?” asked Elizabeth.

“No; did he?” cried Helen, eagerly.

“Papa came in for some books he wanted this afternoon, and told me then; he forgot to mention it before. Mr. Ware is coming to-morrow for a day or two.”

The pleasure which the information brought to Helen’s face soon changed to pain. This embarrassment about the wardrobe seemed all the worse from the near prospect of the presence of Mr. Ware. Elizabeth suddenly inquired whether she had seen Mrs. Rutt.

“Yes,” replied Helen. “She was in the greatest trouble; I never saw distress like it before. She has to leave Bob behind her.”

“Why?”

Helen explained. Miss Martyn did not seem to think much of it, and Sophy was too entirely absorbed in her own ill-humour to listen. They did not witness her distress, thought Helen. Just then, Mr. Martyn came in, and tea began. Sophia would touch nothing, and upon her father asking

the cause she burst into tears. "Hey-day!" cried he.

"If you would but allow us a little more for our things, papa," she sobbed. "We went over the list to-day, what we have and what we want. We have got nothing, hardly."

"I expect that you have been spending the money foolishly," said Mr. Martyn.

"No, papa. All the things that you would call foolish remain to buy yet. Papa, we ought to leave home a little decent."

He made no reply then, but when he had finished his tea, drew out his pocket-book, took from it two bank-notes, and gave one to Helen and one to Sophy.

"Now, understand me, this is all you will have. Had circumstances been with me as they have been, a score of pounds more or less would be of no moment, but that is not the case now. I am doing all I can to retrieve my position, and I believe I should have gone far to retrieve it by this time, but for the conduct of Rutt. That, with what you have had, will make forty pounds each, and if you can't buy enough finery for a wedding with forty pounds, all I can say is, that you must keep single."

He quitted the room as he spoke, and returned to the factory. Elizabeth took the note out of Helen's hand, and looked at its amount,—10*l.* "I am glad he listened to me," she observed.

"Listened to *you!*" cried Sophy.

"Yes. When papa came for those books this afternoon, I spoke to him: asking him to let you have a little more if he could, as it was difficult to spin out the thirty pounds. You may buy the gloves now, Sophy."

Sophy's eyes were sparkling. Ten pounds certainly would not purchase silk gowns, and evening gowns, and gloves, and lace mantles, and a hundred other things; but it had come unexpectedly, and she was not in the mood just then to make calculations.

And Helen? Helen took a piece of paper and a pencil, and dotted down the things she would like, and their probable cost. Upon adding up the sum total, she found it came to just nine-and-twenty pounds. So she turned the paper to the other side, and put down what she most wanted,—what she thought she could not do without,—and added up that. Fifteen pounds five shillings, this time: and there was nothing for it but to go over it again with fresh subtraction.

While doing this, one sole thought kept presenting itself to her; it worried her brain, it thumped against her conscience. To do without these things would not be a matter of life and death—and that other matter, to which she *might* apply the money, almost was such.

Presently she put the paper and pencil in her pocket, and went up-stairs to her room, and there she sat down seriously to think. Helen Martyn had strong innate conscientiousness, a powerful sense of the just and the unjust, a keen perception

of the precept: Do as you would be done by. Her conscience was aroused, and she could not lull it to rest.

Should she use this money upon herself, or should she divert it from its purpose and give it to Mrs. Rutt? For one thing, she scarcely saw how she was to do without the additional clothes, and it would certainly be a very great smart to her to do without them; for another, she scarcely knew whether it was so entirely her own property that she might give it, or be justified in giving it. On the other hand, there was the performing a good action, the helping that poor woman in her strait of need, there might be the changing of the whole current of the boy's future life. If Bob remained here, unguided, unprotected, who was to foresee what mischief he might fall into? This poor ten pounds might save him from it.

Sorely perplexed—and yet the innate conviction was upon her that she must and should give the money—Helen Martyn bowed her head upon the bed and breathed a word for guidance: she had been taught that wonderful truth, that those who consult God need no other guide. A very few minutes, and she went down-stairs again. Sophy was talking her tongue out about the fresh purchases to be made on the morrow: in that moment all was *couleur de rose* to Sophy Martyn.

"Helen, we must go out the instant breakfast's over, or we shall not be home before Mr. Ware arrives. We may leave the house at nine if we try."

"Yes," replied Helen, but her tone was a somewhat hesitating one.

"Elizabeth, I hope you'll go with us. Your judgment is so good, you know. And without you," added Sophy, ingenuously, "I may be spending nearly all my money in waste."

"I will go if I can," said Elizabeth. "But you had better make a list to night of the things you require, put down the sum you can afford for each, and not be tempted when in the shop to go beyond it."

"I'll do it now," said Sophy.

Helen meanwhile waited until her father came in. As was nearly sure to be the case (don't we all find it so?), because she wanted him to come in earlier than usual, he was considerably later. The clock had struck nine when she heard him enter, and go into a room that was chiefly used by himself. She ran down to it.

Mr. Martyn was standing with his back to the door, searching apparently for something in his bureau, the lid of which he held open. Helen advanced and stood near until he had leisure to attend to her. In a minute he turned to her with a questioning glance.

"That ten-pound note that you have given me, papa, may I spend it in any way that I please?"

"To be sure you may," replied Mr. Martyn, with a slight look of surprise.

"I mean, papa, may I lay it out in *any* way?"

she repeated. "Suppose I wished to appropriate it to something quite different from clothes—may I consider it entirely mine to do so?"

"You can do what you like with it," he said. "My private opinion is, that the money I previously gave you was sufficient without this. However, you have got it."

Helen went up-stairs, put on her bonnet and shawl, and stole quietly from the house. It was a fine moonlight night, and she had no fear of going alone. She knew that the money, to be of use, must be given that night: Mrs. Rutt had told her that she should be away on her road to Liverpool with morning light. As she was turning into the lane, she met the boy, Bob. He deemed himself perfectly alone, and he was giving vent to his emotion in loud sobs as he walked: loud and distressing they sounded in the still night.

"Bob, is it you?"

Ashamed at being caught so, Bob turned his face away, and pretended to whistle a song. Helen would not appear to have noticed it. "I want to say a few words to your mother, Bob. Is she alone?"

"Yes, she's quite alone. I'll walk with you, Miss Helen."

They went along side by side; Helen steadily, Bob rather noisily. The boy was exercising his legs and his tongue, trying to make appear that such a thing as weeping, for a bold young man like himself, was amongst the physical impossibilities.

Mrs. Rutt was up-stairs, but came down when she heard them. She was not crying, but the settled look of despair upon her face would have wrung Helen Martyn's heart, but for the secret she held within her. She was a shy, timid hand at giving, feeling quite as uncomfortable in it as Bob had felt at being caught weeping, and the explanation was given, and the ten-pound note laid down, more awkwardly than graciously.

But to see Mrs. Rutt's joy!—to see the changed countenance of poor Bob as he stood in a corner, his lips apart, his bright colour fading from his cheeks with emotion! Helen's eyes were wet, as the blessing she had given came home to her heart, and I fear Bob in that moment looked upon her as the most real angel he had ever had conception of.

But Mrs. Rutt had scruples in taking it. She feared Miss Helen Martyn had procured it at some great sacrifice or inconvenience.

"No, I will tell you the truth about it," said Helen, candidly. "It has been no inconvenience to get it, for papa gave it me unexpectedly this evening; and the parting with it will not entail much sacrifice," she added in a cheerful tone. "It was given me to buy additional things for my marriage, Mrs. Rutt, but I can do without them. It is better that I should be married with a less extensive wardrobe than I had deemed necessary, than that Bob should be left behind you."

She had no time to listen to the heartfelt thanks, to the prayers for her own welfare; she must hasten home again, lest her absence should be discovered,

and cause a commotion. Bob Rutt followed her out in silence to see her home.

And in silence they proceeded along the lane. Bob did not speak, his heart was full: and Helen was feeling, as she had never yet felt it in her life, the truth of that golden precept—It is more blessed to give than to receive. She was asking herself in wonder how she could have put, even for a moment, the question of her own finery against this good work. At the end of the lane they were in the bustle and lights of Wexmoor, and Helen stopped.

"You need not come any farther, Bob. I can run on by myself now."

"I'll go with you to your door, Miss Helen."

"No, I would rather go alone. I am all but there. Good by, Bob, I wish you all good wishes."

"Miss Helen," he said, clasping the hand that was offered him between both of his, and struggling hard to subdue all outward emotion, "I shall never forget what you have done this night. I am sure that my mother will repay you as soon—"

"No, no, Bob, I don't want to be repaid," she interrupted; "I shall be going from here almost directly, you know. I hope you will get on in the land you are going to, and that will be my repayment. Fare you well."

She hastened on, leaving the boy looking after her, his heart full, his gratitude shining through his face. Bob's first thought was to wish he was a grown-up man and a gentleman, that he might marry Miss Helen Martyn, instead of Mr. Ware. He deemed it impossible there could be two Helen Martyns in the world.

With the morning, Helen had to tell what she had done. It was quite impossible that she could suddenly decline to make any more purchases, without confessing the cause—that her money was gone; and equally impossible not to be obliged to disclose what had become of it. Elizabeth called her foolish; Sophy opened her cold grey eyes, and wondered whether Helen was mad. "The *whole* of it given!" she reiterated, "why, you can't buy one single thing more! What *will* you do?"

"I shall manage very well with what I have," was Helen's answer. "We had a very good stock of things, you know, Sophy; and I shall contrive sundry changes in my old dresses to make them look like new. I lay awake last night thinking how it could be done."

Yes, it is wonderful how different things look in contrasted aspects of mind. When Helen, like Sophy, had felt angry and mortified over the small sum allowed them, she regarded her stock of clothes with the utmost disparagement; but now that she *wished* to make them do, that she put cheerfully the best face upon the matter, they seemed really good enough and extensive enough for anything she could wish. Ah, my friends, half the worry of life would be soothed, if we could but bring our own rebellious minds into a more accommodating frame.

But Helen had to encounter worse than the re-



"The explanation was given, and the ten-pound note laid down more awkwardly than graciously."

flections of her sisters—the astonished anger of her father. Mr. Martyn was really displeased: perhaps all the more so because *the Rutts* had been the objects of Helen's bounty. But in any case he would have looked upon it in an absurdly ridiculous light: as we look upon some of the feats of chivalry of the old days of romance, and deem them unsuitable to these. He reproached Helen, telling her that money was not so plentiful with him, and that if she had no need of it she should have given it back to him.

"You told me I might use it as I pleased, papa," was Helen's deprecating answer. "I asked you if I might."

But the reminder only made Mr. Martyn more angry. In point of fact, he had not given much thought to the matter when Helen applied to him, carelessly supposing that if she did not wish to spend it upon clothes, it was only because she had set her heart upon some other sort of superfluity. Helen felt thankful that the Rutts were really gone, lest in his displeasure he might be for ordering her to reclaim the money from them.

Mr. Ware arrived in the course of the day, and the story was told to him. Without openly casting blame to her, Helen could see that he condemned her at heart, looking upon it in the same light as her father; and there was a tone of ridicule in his voice when he spoke of her "knight-errantry," which made her cheeks burn. Poor Helen shut herself in her chamber, and sobbed aloud. In that bitter moment she felt tempted to wish she had not given away the money.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—MR. VAVASOUR'S PROMISE.

THE sultry summer's day was drawing to its close, and the cooler air and slight breeze which came up with twilight was inexpressibly refreshing. On some of these London suburbs the heat of the crowded and close metropolis seems to reflect its rays, rendering them hotter than country places.

In a small but very pretty drawing-room, whose windows looked over the lawn to the high road, sat two ladies on this sultry evening. One of them was not doing anything; unless, anxiously watching every omnibus which came past laden with its freight of gentlemen returning home from their labours in the city, could be called anything. She is a very pleasing looking woman, graceful and ladylike; and her countenance would be even more pleasing but for the almost painfully anxious look which it wears just now. You would guess her to be perhaps eight-and-thirty: in reality she is several years more, but Time has passed lightly over her. On these fair, calm, serene countenances he does not leave his mark as he does on more stormy ones. Do you recognise her? Her eyes are dark blue, and her silky brown hair is abundant yet. She wears a pretty muslin dress, with a white collar of lace, matching the hanging lace to her

open sleeves. It is Helen Martyn: or rather Helen Ware; for she has been Mr. Ware's wife ever since you saw her last in those old days.

The lady opposite to her is little and thin, with quite a grey complexion, and a cap shading her remnant of scanty hair. She looks as much older than her age as Helen looks younger; in fact, any one would take her to be the older of the two. Only note the contrast in their hands! Helen's are small, young, delicate hands yet; those others are prematurely old and wrinkled. It is Amy Martyn. She has partially recovered the affliction of her childhood, but it has aged her before her time.

Time had wrought its changes. When Mr. Martyn died, and died an impoverished man, leaving nothing behind him, a grave question arose of what was to become of Amy. Elizabeth had died long before, and there was only Amy left. "She must come to us," Helen had said to her husband. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose she must: poor Sophy, with her cares and her children, cannot be burdened with her."

Poor Sophy, indeed! Those fond hopes of future greatness, cherished, as you may remember, by the two bridegrooms elect, had turned out but delusive ones. They often do so turn out in common life. The Reverend Mr. Gazebrook had never been remembered in his remote Welsh living, but lived there still; and poor Sophy, in her small parsonage home, with her nine children, had had her temper irretrievably soured in the struggle to bring them up, and to make both ends meet as she did it. It was clear that she could not give a refuge to Amy. Mr. Ware had not risen, either: he held the same situation at the same salary; the board would have been glad to raise it, as they told him every Christmas when they made him a present, but they could not afford it, for the company was not a rich one, and though it did not retrograde, it did not advance. Still, with Helen's good management they were tolerably at ease; in luxury, as compared to Sophy; and Amy was welcomed by them. Amy made herself as useful as she could; her hands were pretty steady, and she could manage plain sewing: she is at present, you see, hemming one of a dozen white handkerchiefs which lie neatly folded before her, and which are already marked with ink in full—"Martyn Ware."

The orange tinge of the sun in the western sky fell on Helen's features, on the smile of hope which hovered on her parted lips, parted just then with the eagerness of expectation. A city omnibus had drawn up close to the gate, and a gentleman, whom she could not yet see, was getting down from the other side of the roof.

"Here he is, Amy."

Amy Martyn glanced up by way of answer, in time to catch the bitterness of disappointment which fell like a dark cloud on her sister's face. The gentleman had come in view, and proved to be not him for whom she was looking.

"Is it not Martyn?" asked Amy.

"No. It is Mr. Ware."

But do not mistake her. Not because it was her husband who had alighted did her voice fall to faintness, her heart turn to sickness, but because she had expected some one else: some one whom she feared she *could not trust* to remain late in town as she could her husband.

A great fear had recently fallen upon Helen Ware. They had never had but one child, a son, named Martyn after his grandfather; and how she loved him no tongue could tell. It is not well; it is not well for a woman to have one only son, for he is all too apt to become her idol. I am not saying this with special reference to Mrs. Ware. She did love her boy, none save God knew how much; but she had never spoiled him, and she was more anxious for his eternal than for his temporal welfare. Only of late had the fear fallen upon her that he was in some way going wrong.

A fear that had taken hold of her very being. She dared not breathe it to others, to her husband, to Amy; she scarcely dared breathe it to her own heart. *How* Martyn was going wrong, or in what particular manner he was transgressing, she could not think, did not know; but the living fear was there.

Mr. Ware came in: a tall man, with grey hair and quiet manners. Helen rose. "I thought you expected to be very late to-night, Edward?"

"Yes; but the meeting was put off to another day. Is Martyn home?"

Helen answered quite carelessly, as she turned to ring the bell, "Not yet; I dare say he won't be long."

"It will be a difference, then, from what it has been lately," was the remark of Mr. Ware as he turned to leave the room.

Tea came in, and they sat down to it, Helen making it as usual. It had grown dusk then, and the lamp was lighted. Afterwards Mr. Ware paid a visit to a friend who lived close by, a gentleman addicted to scientific pursuits, to experiments, and Mr. Ware was fond of joining in them. But for these frequent evening absences, he might have known more of the general irregularity of Martyn's return.

Helen threw a shawl upon her shoulders, and went out to the lawn. Hot as the day had been, a damp had arisen now. Nobody saw her in the dark night, and she laid her head gently upon the iron spikes of the low gate, her breath hushed to listen for the omnibuses in the distance. With the appearance of each one her heart beat with renewed hope. All in vain. They passed; they passed in succession, one after the other. Weary and sick, she turned in as the clock struck eleven.

Amy had gone to bed; she scarcely ever sat up later than ten; her husband, she knew, would not be long, for eleven was the signal for his quitting his friend. But not of her husband, not of Amy, did Helen think; they were in safety. She threw herself into a chair with a sobbing sigh.

Just then the roll of another omnibus was heard, and she started up. "No," she said, heart-sick with the past hour and what it brought, "I will not go, it will only be another disappointment;" and she sank down again.

But it came on slowly and more slowly, and at length stopped. Mrs. Ware went to the door then, and looked from it. Yes! it was her son at last.

He came in at the gate, a gentlemanly young man of twenty-one, with a pale and somewhat gentle face, very much like what hers had used to be. Helen waited. "Martyn," she whispered, "you are late again."

"Not very late, mother. It is only eleven."

"Where did you stay?"

"I went home with Vavasour, and somehow the time slipped on."

"Martyn! you always say that!"

Martyn laughed. "Yes, I think I do very often go home with him."

Ready as the replies had been, there was a nameless something in the tone which grated on Helen's ear; a sort of evasion—as if he were not telling the whole truth. The miserable conviction was upon her—had been upon her for some time now—that he did not tell her the whole truth; that there was something to be concealed. In vain she strove to draw more from him, she never succeeded, she could come at nothing certain, but she did fear Martyn was going wrong. She might never have suspected it at all, but for the picking up of a bit of paper, a torn note in Martyn's handwriting: it appeared to be an urgent appeal to somebody about money, some money which somebody ought to have furnished, and it stated there was nothing before him but ruin, unless the somebody "came down" with it. So much she managed to make out of the torn writing. She showed it to Martyn; but he laughed it off, and said it only concerned some fellows in their house. Mrs. Ware was tolerably satisfied at the time: but the fear and the suspicion had grown upon her ever since.

"Will you take anything?" she asked him to-night.

"No, thank you. I suppose everybody's in bed."

He sat down at the table as he spoke, carelessly opening a book that was on it: and at that moment Mr. Ware's step was heard outside.

Seeing his son seated there, a book before him, it is probable Mr. Ware supposed he had been home some time. He began describing the fine experiments at which he had been assisting; he was always full of them after these evening visits. Helen listened mechanically: she heard the words, "condensed air," "syphon," "electric phenomena," and many others, without the least power of connecting them. Her attention was fixed on Martyn. At first he had responded to his father, made every show of listening eagerly, of being powerfully interested: but now a vacant look had fallen on his face, a dim scale seemed to rest on his

eyes ; his thoughts were lost in themselves, and it looked very much as if those thoughts were troublesome ones.

A very desirable situation, as was supposed, had been found for Martyn Ware in the house of Hill and Aukland, West India merchants ; and he had now been there four years. The first two years he earned nothing, the third year they had given him thirty pounds ; this year he was to have sixty ; the next year one hundred. In short, his prospects were sufficiently good, and there seemed no reason why he should not in a few years be gaining his five hundred a-year salary : other clerks were doing it. The firm lived in Mincing Lane—that is, their house of business was there. Mr. Hill was the partner in England ; Mr. Aukland resided in Jamaica, where they had a corresponding house. A great portion of Martyn's particular duties lay at the custom-house, passing entries for goods, and such like—but this won't interest the reader.

After breakfast on the following morning, Martyn and his father went to town together, as was their general custom : they had to be at business at the same hour, ten o'clock. It was striking as Martyn entered the house in Mincing Lane ; he was always punctual, always attentive to his duties. The head clerk of the room in which Martyn sat was already at his desk, and he looked over his spectacles to see which of the three under him, attached to that room, was coming in.

"I thought it was you, Mr. Ware. Don't take your hat off. This entry must be passed the first thing."

"Very well," replied Martyn. And it may as well be remarked that his civility, gentlemanly manners, and punctuality, had rendered him of good report in the house.

He stood for a moment, looking at the paper the head clerk handed him, and some one else came in. Quite a notable person this last, resplendently grand. He stood six feet high, was of very dark complexion, and might have been pronounced remarkably well dressed, but that his ornaments were profuse and shone too much. His clothes were of the best and newest, well made, entirely such as a gentleman might wear. A light kid glove was on one hand, and two rings were on the other ; his cable chain crossing his waistcoat was a double one, several trinkets dangled from it, and a great diamond pin glittered in his blue stock.

"Good morning, Mr. Mann," said he, raising his hat in a somewhat affected manner.

"Good morning," replied the clerk. "Be so good as to step round to the post office, Mr. Vavasour, and see if the letters are ready. The mail is in."

Mr. Vavasour looked thunderstruck at the order ; a little supercilious.

"I step to the post office ?" he repeated.

"If you please," said the clerk, with quiet authority. "Young Jones is not here yet this morning ; he is ill : and Mr. Ware must go at once to the custom house."

Mr. Vavasour put on his hat and went out. Martyn, who had preceded him, was waiting at the entrance-door, looking round with an eager, questioning glance.

"The West India Mail's in, Vavasour," he whispered.

"So Mann says," was the reply ; and the careless, drawling, indifferent tone with which Vavasour spoke bore a marked contrast to the anxiety of Martyn's—an anxiety that amounted to pain.

"You have not your letters yet ?"

"Is it likely ? I shall get them, I suppose, in the course of the day."

"Vavasour, I am quite sick with the suspense," was the impassioned rejoinder of Martyn Ware. "I am not fit to go about my business."

Mr. Vavasour laughed heartily.

"I can't help it, Ware," he said, in a tone of half apology. "You are such a fidget ! Never was your equal, I should think, under the sun."

"Think of the stake," said Martyn.

"Stake be ignored !" cried Mr. Vavasour, pleasantly. "My good fellow, it will be all right. Such 'stakes' are risked and got over every day."

They had been walking on together ; but now their roads lay in different directions. Martyn stayed to say another word.

"Will your letters be directed to Mincing Lane this time, or to your rooms ?"

"As if I could tell ! To Mincing Lane, most probably."

"Well, put me out of suspense, Vavasour, as soon as you can."

Vavasour nodded : and the two clerks parted.

But it is very probable that Mr. Vavasour would fire with indignation did he hear himself called a clerk. The son of a wealthy West India planter, he had been sent to Europe for his education, and had received a comprehensive one, though it may be questioned if he profited by it as greatly as he might have done. A private clergyman's first, King's College next, Germany afterwards. Then he was placed in the house of Hill and Aukland, by the desire of his father ; not with any view of his continuing in it, but simply because Mr. Vavasour the elder deemed it expedient that he should acquire some notion of business before his return to Jamaica. No salary was paid to him, and he was not looked upon in the light of a common clerk, but he had to do what was required of him.

He had entered the house the previous summer, rather more now than twelve months ago. His fame had preceded him. A rich young West Indian, coming into the house as a gentleman, not as a clerk ! No wonder a commotion of expectation was excited among the regular employés ; and the commotion was not lessened when he arrived. His tall and really fine person, his very dark skin, his purple-black hair and whiskers, shining with Rowland's oil, his expensive style of dress, his ever-perpetual new gloves of the lightest tints, and his glittering ornaments ! Of the clerks, some

laughed at him, and called him a fop; some envied him; all stared at him. There are young men in this London world who believe that a ring displayed on their own finger is the grandest sight in life: when Mr. Vavasour appeared amongst them with *two* their admiration knew no bounds. They envied him for something else—his apparently unlimited command of money. That he was supplied with money in a reprehensible degree—reprehensible considering that he was thrown on the world without control—was undoubted.

Take him for all-in-all, he was an affable, pleasant sort of man. He made himself agreeable enough to the clerks of the house, assuming no airs over them; but the only one with whom he formed an intimacy was Martyn Ware. Martyn was essentially a gentleman, and it was in Martyn's room that a place was assigned to Mr. Vavasour: hence, perhaps, the inducing causes to the close friendship that sprung up between them.

Is the word "friendship" a fit one in such a case? Scarcely: as it seems to me. That word ought to imply an intercourse, good, thoughtful, almost holy: but the intercourse of Mr. Vavasour and Martyn Ware was rather evil than good. Until Martyn met with him, he had been of unquestionably steady conduct: one of those sons for whom a mother's heart will glow in thankfulness to God, who has kept them from the temptations of the world. Not so after the intimacy was formed. The word fast—so disagreeable a word to my ears, that I can't bear to write it—might be applied in its worst signification to the manner in which Mr. Vavasour spent his evenings, sometimes his nights; and that terrible contagious thing, example, drew Martyn into the vortex.

How he hated himself! Gambling, and money spending, and singing rooms, and supper eating, may be very delightful recreations at the moment, but they *do* leave their sting upon the conscience to those who have been trained as was Martyn Ware. They leave something else generally—debt. Debt; embarrassment; despair: and they had left all these on Martyn. If Mr. Vavasour with his large allowance could not keep out of debt—and he did not—how was it possible for Martyn Ware to do so, sharing in the same amusements?

Mrs. Ware suspected, as you have seen, that all was not as it should be; she feared that Martyn was spending more than was justifiable; more, in fact, than he had to spend. She feared the habits he might be falling into; she feared the debt. Trifling debt, it may be, that her thoughts strayed to, but yet too great for Martyn and his limited means: what would she have done had she known the reality? A hundred pounds—no, nor a good deal added to it—would not clear Martyn.

Nothing weighs down a sensitive mind like debt; and when the hourly dread of exposure is added to it, the incubus is almost greater than can be borne. With parched lips and fevered brain, Martyn Ware proceeded to the custom house; scarcely capable,

as he had confessed to Vavasour, of transacting his work. Vavasour, who was good-natured in the main, had promised to help him out of his difficulties. He wrote home to his father to advance him money in excess of his allowance, and for the last three mails had been expecting the order for it. Some of it was for his own debts, but he intended honourably to keep his promise and help Martyn. Another mail was now in, and Martyn, with a sick longing, anticipated the news it had brought.

When he returned to the office, which was not until past mid-day, for he had to go to the docks, he threw his fevered eyes around the room, but Vavasour was not in it. Mr. Mann had gone to his dinner, and the junior clerk, Jones, who had now come, but looked pale and ill, was alone. "Is Vavasour out?" asked Martyn.

"He is gone," replied Jones.

"Gone!" repeated Martyn, not understanding. "Gone already?"

"Gone for good, I mean," said the junior clerk. "He has left: but I suppose he'll come to see us again before sailing. A letter came in for him by the mail, and another to the governor. I don't quite know about it, but Preston thinks Vavasour has been dipping in deep, and his father has stopped the supplies. The upshot is, that Vavasour has peremptory orders to go home by the first packet, and the governor had him up in his room, and gave him a precious good talking to, and then told him he might be off and see to his preparations.

Martyn wondered whether he was in a dream. The words "his father has stopped the supplies," fell upon him with a cruel shock, causing his brain to reel. His heart pulses stopped, only to bound on with a rush; his sight partially left him. Young Jones held out a paper.

"Mr. Mann told me to give you this if you came in before he did. You'll see what it is. He said you had better go at once to your dinner, and then come back and go over the accounts it refers to. They must be sent off by the evening's post."

What Martyn answered he never knew; something to the effect that he did not want dinner. He took the paper, and sat down in his place and put it before him on the desk, and cast his eyes upon it. All mechanically; mechanically as a machine works: utterly incapable was he just then of seeing or hearing anything. Young Jones was scratching away busily with a pen and did not observe him.

"When does Vavasour sail?" asked Martyn, when the silence had lasted some five minutes.

"Well, the mail's in before its time, and the other does not go out for three days. The governor told him if he chose he might get away by that one. Oh, Ware—I forgot to tell you! Mr. Aukland's come."

"Ah," said Martyn, with indifference. "He was expected last time, somebody said."

"He is up-stairs now with the governor. I have not seen him. Preston says he——"

The clerk dropped his words. Coming down

the stairs then, nay at the very door of their room through which they must pass for egress, were Mr. Aukland and Mr. Hill, who in the house was irreverently styled "the governor." The junior partner had arrived in town that morning from Southampton, having travelled from Jamaica by the packet which had brought the mails. It was the first visit he had made to it since his connection with the house: a report was afloat in it that he would remain for good, partially superseding Mr. Hill, who was growing old and rich, and that another partner would be taken in to reside in Jamaica.

Young Jones lifted his eyes with some curiosity. Martyn would have done the same but for the awful news just told to him, touching Vavasour. Mr. Hill came in first, a bald-headed man, very fat. Mr. Aukland next; a tall, thin, gentlemanly man of seven or eight and thirty, with dark eyes and a pleasant look. Mr. Hill halted when he reached the room, and began explaining to his partner the peculiar duties connected with it.

"Where's Mr. Mann?" he asked.

"Gone to dinner, sir," said young Jones.

"Oh—ay. What accounts are those, Mr. Ware?"

As Mr. Hill put the question he approached Martyn. The stranger followed him, and they stood close to the desk. "They are Mauresby's, sir," was Martyn's answer—and he thought himself lucky to be collected enough to answer it.

"Mauresby's? They ought to have been sent off yesterday. How was it they were not?"

Had it been to save Martyn's life, he could not have told why. A dim recollection arose to him that some particular cause hindered it, but memory seemed to fail him. The swinging open of the door saved him an answer. It was the postman who entered. He walked straight up to Martyn's desk and laid down a letter. Mr. Hill had stretched out his hand for it, but the man spoke out its address aloud:

"Mr. Martyn Ware."

More reeling of the brain for Martyn; more heart-sickness. He thrust it into his pocket, trying to conceal his whitened countenance from the notice of his master. Too well he guessed what were the contents—a peremptory demand for money, which he had not to give.

Mr. Hill suspected nothing—saw nothing: he went out with his partner, and Martyn contrived to drag through the day and its duties. The moment he was released he tore up to Westminster in a hansom cab to Vavasour's lodgings.

It was all too true. Vavasour, in his good-nature, had waited in for Martyn, who he knew would be sure to come. But he could not disguise the facts, however he might wish to soften them. No money had come for him. Mr. Aukland, a friend of his father's, had arrived armed with credentials to see Vavasour off without delay, to see his debts paid: but not a penny-piece, save for unavoidable personal expenses, was he to give Vavasour. Old Mr. Vavasour had grown frightened and cautious.

"If some one has not been writing a confounded long yarn to him about me, I'm not here!" exclaimed young Vavasour. "My asking him for a paltry three hundred extra, never could have brought forth this row. Besides, I put it upon back German expenses."

"What am I to do?" gasped Martyn, sinking in a chair.

"Do? Well, the first thing is to come along with me and have a rattling good dinner. I have had nothing all day. I shan't dislike the change for home, Ware. I have been getting tired lately of this fast London."

How sick, how tired of it Martyn had long been, he alone could tell.

"Oh, if I were but clear of it—if I were but emancipated from this horror!" had been his inward cry, day and night. Once released, not even Vavasour could have dragged him into the vortex again. But release, it seemed, was not to come, and Vavasour's light tone drove him nearly mad.

"Don't, Vavasour, for Heaven's sake! Have you no pity for me? The ruin is at hand, and I can't escape. I'd rather throw myself into the nearest pond than live to face it."

"Ware, look here!" answered Vavasour, with more impulsive feeling than he had been ever known to speak. "We are both in the same hole, and perhaps you'd never have got into it but for me. I am being helped out of it, and I swear that you shall be. The return mail that goes out of Jamaica first, after my landing in it, shall bring you the money. You may trust me, old fellow, for I swear it."

And Martyn, believing in the good faith of Vavasour, did trust him.

CHAPTER II.—THE FALL.

It was a fiery temptation. It was a temptation that I trust you, my readers, will never be exposed to, in conjunction with its exciting cause, the grievous need of yielding; and Martyn Ware, honourable though he was by nature, honestly as he had been reared, succumbed to it.

The fraud seemed so easy, and the difficulty he was in so great! Nearly a month after Vavasour sailed, that difficulty reached its climax, and the unhappy young man knew that, ere the morrow's sun should have run its course, all would be known. To be arrested for the debt was inevitable; he could not *hide* himself as some can; he must be at his post whether or no, and the sheriff's officer could choose his own hour for taking him, all leisurely and comfortably. To fall into this disgrace; to forfeit his place in the house of Hill and Aukland—for that would be the inevitable result; to prove to his good and dearly-loved mother what a worthless, deceitful scoundrel he had been—the thought of all this nearly turned the brain of Martyn Ware.

Oh, if the good ship, then bearing the help to him which Vavasour had promised, could but skim,

swift as a bird, over the waters! He reposed the blindest trust in the promised help of Vavasour; he never for a moment would allow himself to think that it could fail him; or, if the thought did dart across him, he sprang up from it and plunged into some vortex of daily business, escaping as it were from himself, for it was a contingency too frightful to think of.

Oh, if the fair ship could but make an impossible voyage and come in before her time! A week yet; two weeks yet—how did he know?—ere she could be in and bring to him salvation. In vain he tossed on his uneasy bed at night; in vain he flung himself from it, praying that some miracle might save him. The ship *could* not come in before she was due, and those relentless creditors were merciless. Only a week—two weeks it might be—to wait, and all would be smooth, and he not sacrificed! If he could but run away and hide himself in some cavern for the intervening time; if he could but drop into a prolonged sleep, as the people do in the magic tales, and wake up at the moment that the sure ship was touching land, he need not be sacrificed! But he could not; he could not! He had to deal with the hard realities of every-day life, not with imaginative fiction.

Let us give Martyn Ware his due! He dreaded the shock to his mother far more than the consequences to himself. He loved and revered his mother as I believe only those children *can* love and reverence her who have been brought up aright. From his earliest years she had striven to lead him to his duty; earnestly, gently, untringly, had she shown how God loved him, and how he might live so as to deserve this love; she had made the good path to him a pleasant path. My friends, rely upon it, it is only such mothers as these, who are loved by their children with a fond love: who are revered by them more than anything else on earth ever can be revered.

Yes, it was the thought of his mother that made the worst trouble to Martyn Ware. If he could but keep the knowledge from her! if he could but stave over this short week or two, and get the money, and relieve himself from his embarrassments, she would never know what a vile, ungrateful cast-away he had been. From henceforth he should return to good ways, to sober evenings, to rational pleasures; and it was no shallow or transient resolve, this, but the firm, fixed purpose of Martyn's mind. He had had enough of folly and sin; he had had enough of deceit; but to leap over the intervening weeks, or to soften the hearts of those who had his fate in their hands, was alike impossible.

It was at this critical juncture that the temptation came. Its precise details I would rather not relate, and you will probably deem the reserve an expedient one; it is sufficient to say that a large sum of money, 92*l.*, belonging to the firm, fell into Martyn Ware's hands. It was encompassed about with all the apparent immunity from danger that

these temptations often are encompassed with. The circumstances under which it was paid in were peculiar; the circumstances altogether attending it were unusual; and it seemed all but an impossibility that discovery could supervene before Martyn had the opportunity of replacing it by the arrival of the mail. For one thing, Mr. Hill was absent. He was taking a holiday; and until his return, which would not be until after the coming in of the mail,—unless the mail foundered at sea,—there would be really little chance of discovery. Any one else would have said so as well as Martyn.

And so—and so—Martyn Ware yielded to the temptation.

But do you think it brought him the relief he sought? Do you think such yielded-to temptations *ever* bring relief? Ah, no. From the very hour of his taking the money, a horrible fear, like unto nothing he had in his life experienced, seized hold of him. By night and by day a yawning gulf seemed before him, he on its very brink; ready to fall into it; to be annihilated for ever. He almost wished he *could* be annihilated for ever, as a less terrible fate than this living agony.

What had been the pains and perils he had escaped from, compared to those that he had invoked now? The very worst position that *debt* could have placed him in, was as nothing, as *nothing*, by the side of the consequences that might be drawn on his head by *crime*. With the proceeds of the order (for in point of fact it was not actual money he took, but an order for it: the same thing when cashed) he set himself free from debt; at least, from pressing debt; but he had increased his peril, his perplexity, his remorse, a thousand-fold. Martyn Ware had not been constituted by nature for the commission of crime: he was endowed with a strict love of justice, with lively conscientiousness; and such, should they unhappily succumb, cannot *live* under the burden it entails upon them. How willingly, oh how willingly would he have undone his work, and gone back to the lighter embarrassment from which he had been so eager to escape! To be taken by a sheriff's officer, and civilly marshalled to one of the debtors' houses, would have been enough for his mother to bear; but to be taken by a different sort of official and confined without hope or sympathy within the strong walls of a criminal prison —!

A groan escaped him as the vision rose before his mind; rose, as it seemed, with the prevision of fatality. He could not undo his work; the money was spent, and there were no possible means of recalling it. The wonder to him now was, *how* he ever could have been so mad and wicked as to have used it. Wicked he knew he had been, but he did believe that he must have been mad, or he never would have done it. Worse than all, with the taking of the money his confident hope changed, and he began to doubt the faith of Vavasour as surely as he had believed in it. He tried to hope still; he tried to do battle with his poor sinking

heart; and thus he lived on as he best could until the West Indian mail came in.

It came in, that packet; and you scarcely need to be told, I should think, that it did *not* bring the relief expected; for this kind of dependence, of expectation, proves so almost invariably a failure, that it seems superfluous to record it in this additional instance. The mail brought a letter from Vavasour, but it brought no money. He had found it difficult to appease his father, he wrote, who accused him of having been doing what he could to "go to the bad," and he found it impossible to draw money from him yet. He would try hard to get it by the departure of the next packet, and he hoped Ware would continue to "rub on" until then. Of one thing he might rest assured: that the money *should* come to him earlier or later, for he would be faithful to his promise.

Martyn Ware sat at his desk, staring at the letter. He tried to read it again deliberately, after his first rapid glance at it, but he could not; the characters were dancing before his eyes, sparkling and gleaming as if they were living fire. Discovery was inevitable: long before the next mail was in (but he had no hope now in *that*), Mr. Hill would be home, and he would find it out the first day. As he sat thus, his brain throbbing, his pulses beating, his spirit ebbing with a sick faintness, Mr. Aukland passed through the room on his way up stairs, and turned his head to Martyn.

"I want you, Mr. Ware."

He crushed the letter in his hand, and followed that gentleman to his room. Mr. Aukland, his hat off, was already seated at his desk. The clerks scarcely knew whether they liked Mr. Aukland or not. He was kindly and genial in his manner to them, but so imperative in matters of business, so entirely a man of business himself, and so uncompromising in exacting that their duties should be performed to the letter, that quite a revolution had taken place in the house. Mr. Hill, easy and lenient, rather addicted to dropping asleep at his desk after his early city dinner, had allowed things to go very much as they pleased, and the clerks to have an easy life of it; but all that was changed, now that Mr. Aukland reigned.

Mr. Aukland bent his dark eyes on Martyn. "I hear that Lovibond's account has been received and cashed, Mr. Ware. It was paid, I find, to you, but I don't see it entered."

Every drop of blood forsook Martyn's face. His heart stopped still, and then leaped onwards with a bound of agony. This was the money he had received and kept. He strove to answer, any excuse that came uppermost, something to the effect that he "would look," "would see about it;" but the words came forth in gasps from his trembling and ashy lips. It was utterly impossible but that Mr. Aukland should detect that something was wrong.

What questions he would have asked, it was impossible to say, but Martyn was spared for the moment. One of the clerks came up showing in a

stranger, and Mr. Aukland nodded to Martyn to go down.

He did not know how he got down. He did not know whether his head was on his shoulders or whether it was off; it seemed not to be himself, but somebody else—as we may have experienced ourselves in illness, in the attack of a fever-dream. He heard Mr. Mann address him as he was about to sit down to his desk, telling him there were those samples of sugar to be got from the docks, and just time enough left to do it before the gates closed, if he made haste. And Martyn put on his hat and went out.

As he walked along amidst London's bustle, steering his course mechanically, he put his hand into his pocket for the letter: he had but superficially read it before; had mastered only its broad facts, not its details. But the letter was not there.

He wondered where he had dropped it. He looked back along the narrow and crowded pavement, but could see no sign of it, and a dread came over him that he had dropped it in the office. Dread? Why, if he had; if the letter had been read by Mr. Aukland and every clerk in the place, it could not tell them half as much as must be known in a few hours' time from one end of it to the other.

He got home from the docks just before the office closed. The resident porter stood at the door, and Martyn asked him if he had seen or picked up a West Indian letter; he had lost one: but the man said he had not seen any.

"Is Mr. Aukland gone yet?" asked Martyn, as he walked in, putting the question as indifferently as he could.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Mann was yet at his desk, and he spoke for some little time with Martyn about business matters, quite in his usual tone. It was evident that he had not seen the letter. Martyn looked about for it, but could find no trace of it, and he came to the conclusion that it had been lost in the street. What mattered it where? Ere the setting of to-morrow's sun, the whole world would know the guilty fool he had been.

He went home, and that night all was told to Helen. Believing himself alone, heavy groans had burst from him, which his mother happened to overhear. She stole to him; she sat down by him; she confessed what grievous fears had long been upon her; she prayed him to have love and confidence in her, his mother: and with her arms entwined about his neck, and his cheek drawn against hers, Martyn told her all.

What a night it was for her! She retired to rest as usual, not to excite observation; but how she lay through it, how she *bore* to lie through it, her unconscious husband sleeping by her side, none can tell. Her son, whom she had been striving to train for heaven; her darling son, of fair report in the sight of the world, to have ended thus! How fully she trusted him, how truly she knew that she

might trust him, when he said that, could this pitfall have been escaped from, he would, with God's help, never fall into another!

There appeared to be one little loophole of a chance—that Mr. Aukland would listen to her prayer for mercy, and forgive him. *Her* prayer; Helen's: who else was there to offer one up? Much as she should dislike the office, sensitively as she should shrink from it, she must, nevertheless, go through it. She must present herself before that great and dreaded man (great as her son's master, dreaded as his injured accuser), and beseech him to spare that erring son—to conceal his offence in consideration of his strong temptation, his bitter repentance, his inexperienced youth—not to blight his prospects at the very threshold of life. She would beseech it in mercy to herself; she would pray to be allowed to repay the money: and though she had it not, she would find it, even if she had to sell her clothes.

With this fixed resolution in her mind, Helen rose. She went to Martyn's room and told him. It would be productive of no good, he despairingly said; but she persisted in trying. It was necessary that she should be at the office in time to catch Mr. Aukland on his arrival, and she had to invent some plausible excuse of shopping, of wishing to get the shopping over before the heat of the day came on, for going up to town in the omnibus at the same time as her husband. Mr. Ware talked half the way up to town about Martyn's unusual dilatoriness that morning in not being ready for the omnibus. If he had but known that the dilatoriness was but assumed; that he dared not go!

Mr. Aukland was already there. With the West India mail in the previous day, and its load of business for them, he was not a man to be tardy at his post. A whole heap of papers, of letters, were before him on his desk, when a card and a message—that the lady asked to see him upon urgent business—were carried to him. He glanced at the former: "Mrs. Edward Ware."

"Desire the lady to walk up," he said in answer.

She came up the stairs. She closed the door, and threw back her veil, and disclosed a face white with an agitation it was utterly beyond her to suppress. Mr. Aukland had risen to receive her, and he courteously, with every manifestation of respect, handed her a chair.

But she was too agitated to avail herself of it. In fact it may be questioned if she so much as saw the movement in her agony of emotion, in the sick feeling of suspense that threatened to overwhelm her. She stood up and grasped the railings of the desk with one hand, and entered upon her prayer.

With a rapidity of emotion that gave him no chance of interrupting, with a wailing tone that betrayed too well the pent-up anguish, she told her tale. She told what she had come for—to beseech pardon for one who was a guilty sinner, but dear to her.

"It is the turning point in his life, sir; the crisis

of the years that have passed, of those that are to come," she breathed, hardly conscious in her trembling vehemence what she did say. "Upon your mercy depends his well-being here; perhaps that hereafter. I *know* that he will never transgress again, and if you will but allow me to refund the money privately to you, it—it—"

She could not go on: she broke down with a sound between a sob and a shriek. Mr. Aukland, still with every token of respect, took her hands in his; he smiled at her with his pleasant lips, with his friendly eyes.

"Do let me speak, Mrs. Ware. Can you suppose that I should betray *your* son? Don't you know me?"

Know him? She looked up at him in surprise. She knew him by hearsay; she had never seen him. What did he mean? Her silence spoke her bewilderment, and Mr. Aukland smiled.

"Have you forgotten Bob Rutt? I am he. Look at me, and see if you do not trace my old features. *Yours* have not altered."

Bob Rutt! Robert Aukland, that influential West India merchant, the poor Bob Rutt of the days gone by? It was even so: and she knew, she felt, that Martyn's peril was over. In her revulsion of feeling she sank down on the chair and burst into loud sobbing tears.

At that moment there came a knock at the room door. Mr. Aukland drew it open about an inch. Some one wanted him on business, and young Jones had come up to say so.

"I am engaged," was Mr. Aukland's short answer, delivered in so sharp, so imperative a tone, that Mr. Jones shot down the stairs again in consternation. But the interruption did more towards recalling Mrs. Ware to herself than anything else could have done.

"I did not even know that your name was Aukland," she said, wiping her pale face. "Or—yes, I suppose I did know it in the old days, but I had completely forgotten it: you were so universally called Rutt. Certainly I never once thought to connect you with Mr. Aukland of this house. I can hardly believe it now. I see the likeness, I recognise your face, and yet—it appears incredible."

"I did not stay long in Washington," he observed. "About a year and a half, I think; and then an opening was found for me in Jamaica, in this firm, which at that time—as perhaps you may know—was Sewell and Hill. I had been in it fifteen years, when Mr. Sewell died, and I then succeeded to a share in it. On the whole I have been very prosperous, Mrs. Ware."

"Oh yes," sobbed Helen. "And Mrs. Rutt? Is she alive?"

"She died six months ago," he answered, glancing involuntarily at the crane on his hat. "I was able to make her a good home in Jamaica: happier, I believe, than she had ever enjoyed before. I wrote once to Wexmoor for news of you: but did not obtain it. The answer received was, that Mr.

Martyn was dead, and his family had dispersed. The very first day of my arrival here I recognised your son; the name 'Martyn Ware' attracted my attention to him, and I traced in his features the strongest possible resemblance to yours. Yours," he significantly added, "had not faded from my recollection."

"And—you—will not refuse to save him?" she said, in a timid whisper.

"Refuse to whisperm! Him! Mrs. Ware, do you forget all I owe to you?" he rejoined, his own tones trembling with the earnestness of their emotion. "But for the sacrifice you made for me, I might be a poor working man now, instead of what I am: and my dear mother, wanting a home, might have sunk into the grave before her time. Were the whole of my savings—and I have saved something—necessary to extricate Martyn Ware, he should have them."

He spoke with quiet deliberation. Helen, wondering whether mercy so great had ever been shown to anybody before, asked a few questions.

"I can understand how it was," he said, "that he was seduced into the trouble and extravagance by young Vavasour. It came to my knowledge yesterday that Martyn had received this order for money and obtained the cash upon it—not obtained the cash in the regular dealings of the house, but in an irregular way. It awoke my suspicion instantly. I called him into this room, intending to get the truth from him, but before I had barely put a question we were interrupted, and he went down. In going out of the room he dropped a crumpled piece of paper, which I found to be a letter just received from Vavasour. It told me all. That with the remittances this letter was to have brought—and did not—he meant to replace the ninety-two pounds taken. Mrs. Ware," he continued, smiling at her, "I made it all right myself yesterday afternoon—at the bankers' and in the books here. It would not have been expedient for Mr. Hill to come home and find it out—and he is coming back to-day."

"How shall I ever thank you!" she murmured. "How can I ever repay you?"

"Nay—I have been saying that to myself this many a year—'How can I ever repay Miss Helen Martyn?' My mother has echoed it in my hearing many a time."

"You will—do you intend to allow him to come back here?" she questioned with great hesitation through her tears.

"Indeed yes. Send him up as soon as you get back. I have no fear of such a thing as this being repeated: it will serve as a lesson to him for life. And I will try and push Martyn on in the world, as your benevolence, my dear lady, was the means of pushing me. I should have come down to your house to see you ere this, but since my landing I have had so much to do, Mr. Hill being away. You will allow me to do so?"

Allow him to come to see her! Helen's tears fell

faster, and she held his hands in her grateful clasp. The great Robert Aukland, poor Bob Rutt of the former days, who had only presumed to address her as "Miss" Helen.

"I shall tell my husband now, and he will welcome and thank you, Mr. Aukland. I had not dared to tell him before; he would have been so implacable with Martyn. He has a perfect abhorrence of anything that savours of dishonesty: and if he had known—that Martyn—May Heaven bless you, Mr. Aukland, always and always!"

Mrs. Ware returned home. It happened that she took the same omnibus which had brought her. The same conductor stood on the foot-board; the self-same advertisements, pasted up inside, stared her in the face. With what a sick sensation of despair had her eyes rested on those advertisements in going! But now, in her changed feeling, it almost seemed as though she had been suddenly lifted into Paradise.

Martyn was not to be found when she got home. Nobody knew where he was. Amy had a faint recollection of having heard the front door slam about an hour before, and she supposed he must have gone out. Helen waited: waited with restless, joyous impatience for his return.

But he did not come in. Hour after hour passed away, afternoon after morning. Helen grew sick and uneasy with an undefined dread. Still he did not come in, and the day drew to its close. She stood at the window, stealthily watching, and could have counted the beating of her own heart. Suppose—in his despair—he—

A wild rush of terror overpowered her and drove away all consecutive thought. The inert suspense grew unbearable, and she threw on a bonnet and shawl and went out in the dusky night, some faint idea upon her of looking for Martyn, however hopeless the search appeared to be.

But it did not prove hopeless. She had bent her steps instinctively to the most lonely walk near their residence, one running alongside the canal: and there, as she came in sight of it, she saw Martyn looking down at the water. His shoes were dusty, as if he had spent the day in walking.

Was he about to do an ill deed?—one that could never be redeemed? Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. Did his mother fear it? Who can say? She gave a great cry as she sprang to him, and, clasping her arms about his neck, sobbed aloud.

"Don't, mother; don't! Your trouble is the worst of all. I can bear anything better than that."

"Martyn! Martyn! They are tears of joy, not of grief. I—I—was fearing I should never find you," she sobbed. "Martyn, I have seen Mr. Aukland. He is the Bob Rutt of my girlhood's days, a dear friend from henceforth. He will be your friend through life and will push you on. He paid the money into the bank yesterday and made it all right in the office. He knew you, and never meant to let it fall upon you. Oh Martyn, my darling, it is true! it is true!"

Martyn grasped hold of a post near him, as if for support : he felt sick with suspense lest it should *not* be true. But not long could he doubt the joy that shone in the wet eyes of his mother : and a yearning cry went up to heaven : to that heaven which had surely intervened to save him. "Lord, be with me from henceforth ! keep me, keep me from temptation !"

And Helen knew that her boy was her own once more. She linked her arm within his and they walked on in silence towards home, the home that would be again a happy one, as it had been before the ill-omened shadow of Vavasour fell on Martyn's path. Not a word was spoken. Helen's thoughts were buried in the past, and her face was turned upwards to the faint crimson light which yet

lingered in the western sky. Very, very present to her in that moment were the ways of God and His wonderful dealings. That little sacrifice which she had made so many, many years ago ; the poor ten-pound note she had given away from her necessities, her superfluities if you will, had brought forth *this*. Long and long had the recompense been smouldering—a recompense for which she had never looked or thought of looking—and now it had come, and come a thousand-fold.

Never had that beautiful promise, which you have all read as often perhaps as Helen Ware, been more directly exemplified : never had it come home with such force to her heart : "Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days."

GOOD WORDS FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."—1 Cor. xiii. 11.

No. VI.—SOME EXAMPLES OF FAITH FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have already explained to you what is meant by trusting God ; and tried to make you feel how right and how blessed it is thus to place your confidence in the truth, the wisdom, the power, the grace and love of the glorious God who made us, who preserves us, who gives us every good thing, who so loves us that He gave his Son to die for us, and who, in one word, is Our Father in heaven, to whom we belong, and with whom we hope to live for ever and ever.

All who know God trust Him ; but those who do not know God trust in themselves, in their own evil wills and their own evil ways, and try to be happy without God.

We read in the Bible of men who in every difficulty and trial trusted God ; and we see how strong, and peaceful, and safe they were when they did so, but how everything went wrong with them, how they got into confusion and misery, when they did not trust Him.

Let me give you a few examples of this faith in God.

Noah trusted God when he was warned by Him of coming danger, and was commanded to prepare the means for his own safety. The coming danger was the Flood, which was to destroy the wicked world, and the only means of escape was the Ark. Now such a thing as a flood had never occurred ; but Noah believed God, and therefore built the large ark year after year upon the dry land, and so he was saved, while those who did not believe God's word were lost. "By faith," says the apostle, "Noah being warned of God of things *not seen as yet*, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house."

Thus let us be assured that God will save all who trust and obey Him. Let us *now* fly for refuge to Jesus Christ, the only ark of safety, as destruction may come in a moment to those who are so wicked as to disbelieve God, as if He was not in earnest and did not mean to do what He threatens.

Abraham trusted God, who promised to give the land of Canaan to his descendants, through one of whom (Jesus Christ) all the families of the earth would be blest. When God told this to Abraham he was wandering about as a stranger in that very land, yet he never doubted God's promise. He had no son at the time, yet he believed God's promise to give him one. Then came a great trial of his faith when God commanded him to offer up his dear son—his only son—as a sacrifice ! But Abraham never murmured—never objected—nor delayed a single day to obey God. And why ? because he loved and trusted God, and was glad to yield up everything to Him who was his Maker, his Preserver, his Father. He did not know *how* God would deliver him or his boy, or *how* He could keep his promise. He knew only God himself and his will, and so, like a little child, he obeyed his Heavenly Father. Isaac, too, obeyed in the same spirit of trust his earthly father when he was bound by him to the altar. Their faith was not put to shame ! You have read the beautiful history in the twenty-second chapter of Genesis : read it again. "By faith," says the apostle, "Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac : and he that had received the promises offered up his only begotten son, Of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called : Accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead ; from whence also he received him in a figure."

Now, dear children, always trust God that He will keep every promise made to those who believe and do His will. When you know what *is right*, that is, what is God's will, do it. You may *think* it at the time very hard, very difficult, and that it would be far better and happier to be selfish and disobedient. But *trust God*, and be sure that in the end you will see His way to be the happy way, because the right way. He will give you strength to do your duty, great peace in doing it, and greater peace when it is done. Make no excuses for disobedience, for there never can, by any possibility, be a good excuse for sinning.

Moses trusted God's power, and wisdom, and goodness, in circumstances which severely tested his faith. For he gave up all the riches and splendour of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. And "seeing Him who is invisible," he braved all the wrath of Pharaoh, and marched to the Red Sea, not seeing how God could deliver him and the thousands of Israel; but God made a path through the waters. And Moses for forty years trusted God in the howling wilderness, when the people themselves so lost their faith that they "could not enter" into the Promised Land "because of unbelief." It was this Moses who centuries afterwards appeared with Christ in glory on the Mount of Transfiguration.

The God who guided and delivered Moses out of all his troubles will guide and deliver every boy and girl who will not be turned away from duty by *fear* of what other people may say or do, nor of difficulties which come before them; but will "go forward" in the right path, trusting in the Lord their God for help in their time of need. They who thus live now, will in the end be glorified with Christ and His faithful servants.

Job trusted God in the midst of the sorest afflictions ever endured by man. When he was in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing, possessed of immense wealth, and surrounded by a large and happy family of sons and daughters, he did not depend on these for his true happiness, but on his God. Satan, the wicked one, alleged that Job did not care for God himself, but only for the good things which God bestowed. So the Lord was pleased to take from him his earthly riches and his dear family, and to visit him with a loathsome disease; so that all was lost to him except God. And did Job then lose his trust in God, and think that God was no longer his father and friend? No! The old saint held fast his confidence in the darkness as well as in the light, in adversity as well as in prosperity, and said, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Though he slay me, yet will I put my trust in him!"

And thus, dear children, it may be the will of your Father to send you sickness and poverty, to deprive you of those you love most on earth, and leave

you very lonely in the world; but the God whom Job trusted is still your God, and you must trust Him as Job did, and believe that He loves you and can never forget you, but will in his own way and in his own time provide for you and comfort you. "You have heard of the patience of Job and have seen the *end* of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."

David trusted God when, a young lad, he went to fight the giant Goliath. It was not from any trust in his own courage or skill that he did this, but from simple faith in the help of God. Hear his noble words: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give thee the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

When you feel, dear children, that you *ought* to do something which is difficult, perhaps to resist temptation, or to overcome a bad habit, never be cast down by the thought of your own weakness and the strength of sin. "If God is for you,"—and He *is* for you when you are for what is right,—it is enough! "Greater is he who is for you than all who are against you." "He will perfect his strength in your weakness." "My grace," he says, "is sufficient for you!"

Once more. Daniel trusted God when he was threatened with death if he prayed to God. Daniel had been carried captive to Babylon, and when young and in a strange land he had showed even then in many ways his love and obedience to the God of his fathers. But when he became the greatest man next to the king, and when upwards of eighty years of age, some envious and wicked people deceived the king and got a law passed by which Daniel should be cast into the den of lions if he prayed to his God. Yet Daniel prayed as he used to do. There was no one to stand by and defend him but his God. He had no church to go to in that idolatrous land; and few, if any, good people to pray with him. If he did what was right, there was no friend or companion to cheer him, while enemies watched him, and resolved to take away his life in a cruel way, unless he became a base idolater like themselves. Now Daniel did not say, "I will not be singular, but do as other people do;" or "I will worship God in secret, but not confess him before the world;" or "I will pretend to be an idolater, as the custom of the country is, but in my heart I will believe in God;" or "since they will put me to death, it is a good excuse for my not praying." No! He, the old man, the prime minister of the country, was no mean coward or hypocrite. He

trusted God and did what was right, though it should cost him his life to do this! And so he was cast into the den of hungry lions.

The foolish king was grieved indeed, but even he could not save him out of the hands of his lords and princes. "Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him; and he laboured till the going down of the sun to deliver him." And when Daniel was cast into the den, "Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of music brought before him: and his sleep went from him." But the king somehow believed that God would save his servant, and so we read that he "rose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions? Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceedingly glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

What a sin and shame it would be if you, my dear children, were afraid or ashamed to do what is right; to pray to God, for example, because none of your companions do this, or because they may ridicule you, or annoy you! Learn to trust the God whom Daniel trusted, alike in his youth and old age, and He will bless you and make you a blessing. Have a holy loving fear for God, and you will never have a cowardly fear for man. It is the good man alone who can have peace amidst lions. I think it very likely that you know all those true stories I have told you, as well as many others, in the Old Testament, of good men who trusted God. You will read them again for yourselves in the Bible, and I hope they will strengthen you to be "followers of God as dear children." But I will tell you another which, perhaps, may have escaped your notice.

NO. VII.—THE NEGRO SERVANT WHO TRUSTED GOD.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Once on a time a great army of the powerful and warlike Chaldeans invaded Judea and besieged Jerusalem. God let them do this, for all classes in the country had become very wicked. There were no people in the world who had received so many blessings as the Jews, and the greatest blessing of all was, that they had been long instructed in the knowledge of

the only living and true God. They ought, therefore, to have been better than all the nations of the earth—to have been an example to them in their conduct—thus making all countries see how truly prosperous, united, and happy a nation is which serves God, and in which justice, truth, mercy and love reign. But, instead of this, the nation became worse than other nations. The kings, princes, and rich men became oppressors of the poor. They made slaves of their brethren, and indulged in every passion, as if there was no God to see and judge them, and no difference between right and wrong. The poor also were as wicked in their own way. The very priests were as bad as the rest. God was forgotten, and his laws despised by all; while selfishness, cruelty, injustice, and sin of every kind filled the land. Still God was not willing that they should perish, but rather that they should turn from their wickedness and live. So He raised up holy men, Prophets, to rebuke, warn, and beseech them. Among these Prophets was Jeremiah. He possessed neither riches nor power from man; he had few or no friends on earth, but was all alone, his heart breaking on account of the sins of his country and the terrible punishments which he saw gathering like a storm in a dark thunder-cloud, ready to burst over the land and, as with a flood, to sweep the people away. He preached in vain. They did not believe what he told them in the name of the Lord, but hated and rejected him and his message of truth and peace, and were determined to have their own way, and care neither for God nor man, but for themselves only.

And so they at length put their only *true* friend, this one God-fearing man, Jeremiah, in prison, until year after year he suffered so much in body and soul, that the wonder is he did not die. But he was willing to suffer for the good of his sinful countrymen, because he loved them and loved his God, with whom he was a fellow-worker in seeking to save sinners. There were false prophets, too, who contradicted Jeremiah, and said that he lied when he prophesied to the king and the princes that God would send an army to destroy the city and take all the people as captives to a foreign land. Those who loved wickedness liked the false prophets, who flattered them and assured them that there was nothing to fear because of their sins; and, of course, they treated Jeremiah as an enemy, because he told them the truth, in order to save them from evil and its certain punishment. At last the great army of the Chaldeans entered the country like a swarm of locusts, spreading over every hill, and filling the valleys with horse and foot, war-chariots, archers and lancers without number, led by the king himself and all his famous generals. Town after town was taken, until they gathered round Jerusalem, and the watchmen on the walls could see nothing else than soldiers everywhere, round about the city and far away, as if every blade of grass had grown up into an enemy. Then, when Jeremiah the prophet, in the name of the Lord, told the men in power what

to do, and showed how alone they could escape with their lives, they hated him the more, and at last put him into the worst prison in the city. It was a sort of deep pit, like a well or a coal pit, with wet mud at the bottom, without light and hardly any air in that sultry climate. They gave him little food, as the city itself was almost famished, and they would not have cared had the prophet died of starvation. There he was, the noblest, truest, and most affectionate man in Israel, down at the bottom of that horrible pit!

What can he do now? He can pray, he can pour out his heart before Him who is everywhere present, and from whom nothing in the universe can separate a loving child. And so like a greater sufferer still, "being in agony he prayed the more earnestly." "I called upon thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon. Thou hast heard my voice: hide not thy ear at my breathing, at my cry. Thou drest near in the day that I called upon thee: thou saidst, fear not."

But is there no one in that city who thinks of the prophet? No one who will try to help him? No one who sees and feels the grievous wrong done to a man so unselfish and holy? Yes! there is one, and one only. Who is he? Is it the king, who should have done justice? or one of the princes, who should have been truly noble? or one of the priests, who should have been a lover of truth and a lover of God? or one of the people who has from infancy been instructed in the ways of righteousness? Shame upon the country! It is none of these. The only man who has the principle, the courage, the love, to trust God and do the right, is a stranger, an alien, a negro servant, *Ebed-melech, the Ethiopian*. So we read that "when Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, one of the eunuchs which was in the king's house, heard that they had put Jeremiah in the dungeon; the king then sitting in the gate of Benjamin; Ebed-melech went forth out of the king's house, and spake to the king, saying, My lord the king, these men have done evil in all that they have done to Jeremiah the prophet, whom they have cast into the dungeon; and he is like to die for hunger in the place where he is: for there is no more bread in the city." That negro servant was more royal than the king, more noble than the princes, more holy than the priests! The Lord, who had said to the prophet "fear not," blessed the petition of the negro. And so the king commanded Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, saying, "Take from hence thirty men with thee, and take up Jeremiah the prophet out of the dungeon, before he die. So Ebed-melech took the men with him, and went into the house of the king under the treasury, and took thence old cast clouts and old rotten rags, and let them down by cords into the dungeon to Jeremiah. And Ebed-melech the Ethiopian said unto Jeremiah, Put now these old cast clouts and rotten rags under thine armholes under the cords. And Jeremiah did so. So they drew up Jeremiah with cords, and took

him up out of the dungeon: and Jeremiah remained in the court of the prison."

I must bring my story to a close. God sends one last message to the rebellious city. He tells them all the desolation and destruction that are impending over it. There is not one word more of hope or of mercy, nor one message of peace. Yes, there is one! God in heaven, who sees and knows every man, and is acquainted with all our ways—to whom no one, however weak and despised, is lost in the crowd—sees one person in Jerusalem whom he singles out, and to whom he sends a special message of peace and protection. But that man was not the king, nor any of the princes, nor any of the priests: for them there is no favour, but misery, desolation and woe. The man He loves is the good and brave negro! And so God, through Jeremiah, sent to him, and to him only, this gracious message from his throne of justice and mercy in heaven:—"Go and speak to Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, saying, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will bring my words upon this city for evil, and not for good; and they shall be accomplished in that day before thee. But I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord; and thou shalt not be given into the hand of the men of whom thou art afraid. For I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be for a prey unto thee: *because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord.*" And now, my dear children, pray to God, saying thus:—O God, our Father! help us by Thy grace to choose Thy ways and not our own; to believe Thy threats against evil doers, and to trust Thy guidance and protection when we seek to do well. Help us to trust Thee in the midst of sorrows, and to do our duty amidst temptations and difficulties, and rather die than forsake Thee, or follow the devices and desires of our own evil hearts. Help us by Thy Holy Spirit for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who always trusted Thee, and died for our sins, to save our souls, and make us Thy children. Amen.

NO. VIII.—HOW JESUS CHRIST WAS TRUSTED.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—To trust Jesus Christ is the same thing as to trust God, for He and the Father are one.

There was nothing which Jesus wished more, nothing which pleased Him more, than the trust or confidence of every one in Himself, for every good and every blessing.

It was unbelief, or want of trust, which made Him wonder, made Him angry, made Him weep! How often did He rebuke his disciples for want of faith? and express His delight when any one had such confidence in His good will and power as to cast themselves with every burthen upon Him, and

ask from Him whatever they needed, and whatever He could give.

Without this trust in Him they could not possibly receive any good from Him. Trust was like opening a door to receive Him as a friend into the heart, or opening the eye to receive Him as light into the soul. But unbelief was like shutting the door and the eye, and keeping out the friend and the light. Let me remind you, then, dear children, of one or two examples, out of many recorded in the Gospels, of trust in Jesus.

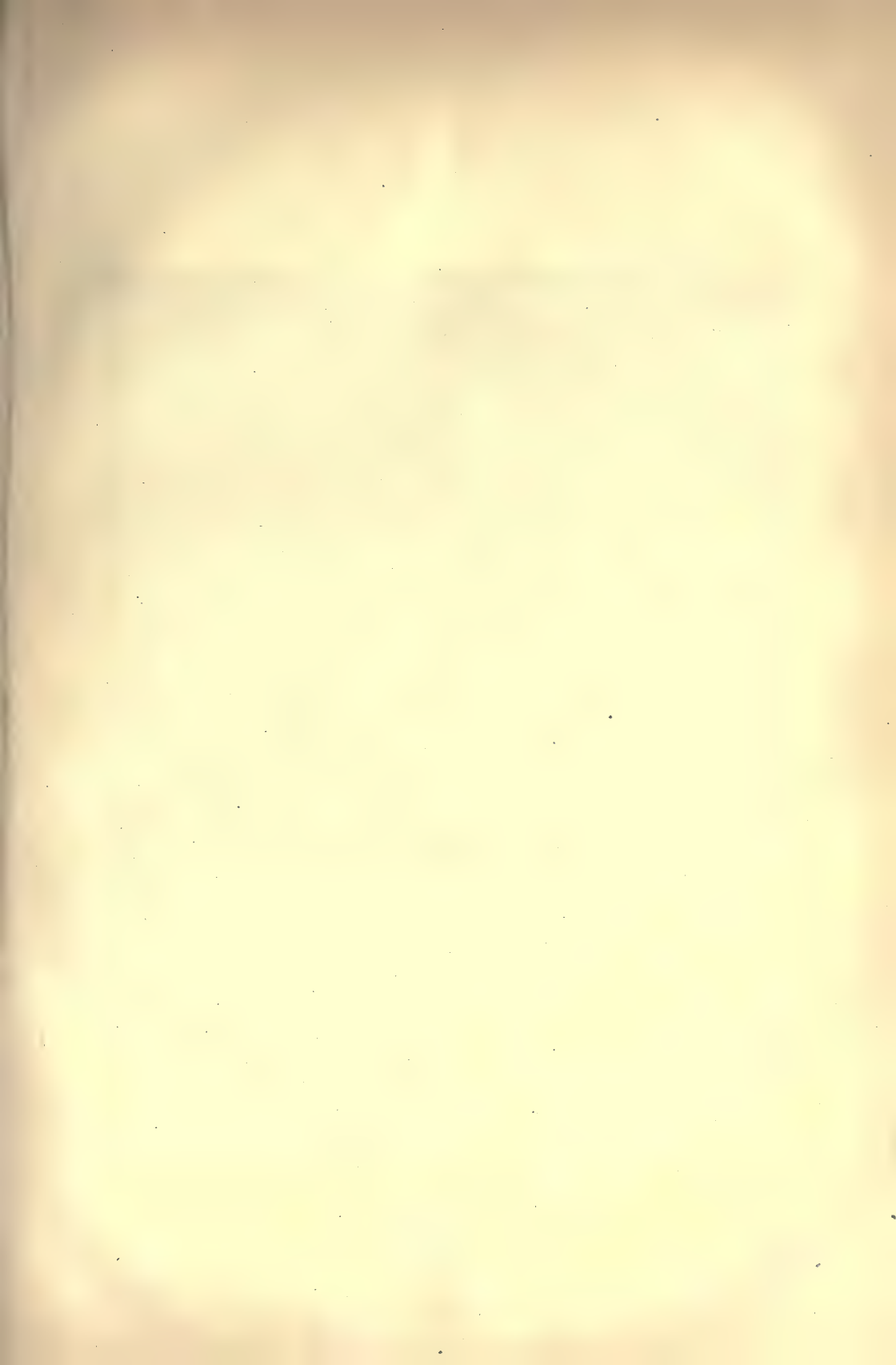
You recollect, I dare say, how mothers once brought their children to Jesus Christ that He might bless them. Well, some of the people about Him, who did not know or understand how good He was, thought that He was either too great a person, or had too much to do in preaching to men and women, and in working miracles, to care about children, and so they told those mothers not to trouble Him. But when He heard them speaking in this way, He was "sore displeased," and commanded the children to be brought to Him, and He took them into His arms, and blessed them! Thus you see how those mothers trusted their children into the hands of Christ, and trusted His love to bless them. And you see, too, how the children themselves were not afraid of Jesus, but went to Him, and looked up to His face, and felt His arms about them, and heard Him speak, and were as safe and peaceful as when in their mother's bosom! And had you been among those children, surely you would not have run away from the Saviour? or have refused to go to Him and receive His blessing? And I am sure you understand how you could have spoken to Him if you were alone with Him, and told Him all your little griefs and cares, and asked Him to bless not only yourselves but your parents, your brothers, sisters, and companions; and asked Him, too, to pardon your sins, and give you a new heart to love and serve Him. Now this, if you did it, would be trusting Christ, and He would listen to all you had to say, and the more you trusted Him, and loved Him, the more pleased He would be, and the more He would love you. But I am sure also that you would not dare to have asked Jesus to allow you to lie, or to be greedy, selfish, idle, or unkind! You could never have looked in His face without feeling that he never would be your friend if you wished to be bad, but only if you wished to be good. Now "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He commands the young to come to Him now as well as then, and to trust Him *now* for all good. Dear children, go to Him, and speak to Him! He, who was himself a child, will hear you.

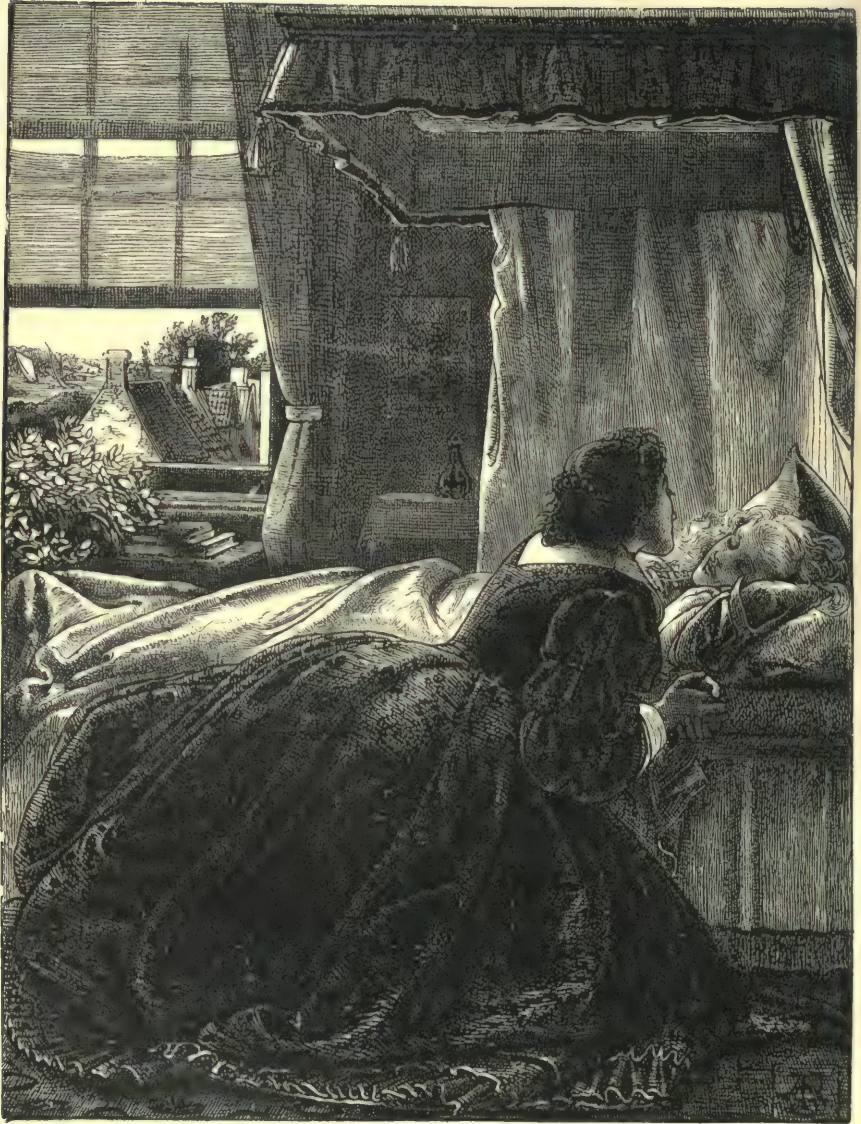
I will tell you another story of faith. When Jesus came down from the Mount on which He was transfigured, and where Moses and Elijah appeared with Him in glory, a crowd of people met Him. There was evidently something or other about which they were arguing and disputing; and when Jesus inquired what it was, He was told that a man had brought there a boy of his, who was very ill, in

order to be healed; that he had asked the disciples of Christ to heal him, but they could not; and that this had given rise to a dispute with the Pharisees. Jesus told them to bring the boy to Him. They did so; and He asked the father how long he had been unwell? The father said, since he was a child; and then he gave a very sad account of the mysterious disease which had seized the boy, at one time casting him into the fire and at another into the water; so that now his strength was quite worn out, and he was pining away. And then the poor father said to Jesus, "If Thou canst do anything for us, help us!" Don't you think you see the man's anxious looks as he pleads for the poor pale-faced, weak, suffering boy beside him! If that boy was your own brother, and that man your own father, would you not feel for them both as you heard the prayer to Jesus, "If Thou canst do anything for us, help us?"

But why did the father say to Jesus "*if* thou canst?" Was it not certain that He could? Yes; but that was just what the man did not believe. In other words, he had not full trust or confidence in Christ. His thoughts were, "*maybe* He can help us, but *maybe* not. If, therefore, my boy is not healed, it is because Jesus cannot or will not heal him!" Ah! you are quite wrong, poor man! You don't know Jesus, or you never would think so. Depend upon it, if He does not help you it must be your own fault, and not his. It cannot be because He is unable or unwilling to give, but because you have no faith in Him, and will not trust Him and receive the blessing. In your own heart of unbelief, not in Christ's heart of love, is your difficulty and hindrance! And this is the lesson which Jesus taught the man; for he said to him, "If thou canst believe! all things are possible to him who believeth!" "*If thou canst believe!*" The afflicted but doubting father had said to Jesus, "*If thou canst help!*" But Jesus said to him, "*If thou canst believe!*" That was a very different thing. And so, my dear children, remember that what separates us from good is not in Jesus but in ourselves. When we are tempted to say, "If thou canst help," let us hear Him saying, "I can help thee, but canst thou trust me?"

And now came a great struggle in the father's breast. He could not bring himself quite to trust Jesus to heal his boy; far less could he refuse all trust and go back with the sufferer to his home. And thus trust was drawing him to Jesus, while distrust was drawing him away. At last he burst into tears, and said, "Lord, I believe!"—but no sooner did he utter the words than he prayed, "help my unbelief!"—It was enough. Jesus heard his prayer, and healed his boy; and as they both went home that night together, where perhaps mother and sisters and brothers were anxiously waiting for them, oh! how happy was the journey and how happy the meeting! But what would you think of them, if they forgot Jesus, and if they did not love Him, or trust Him any more, not even for





SLEEP.

the eternal life of their souls which He had come into the world to obtain for them as sinners by His death, and which he would give more willingly than bodily health, because it was infinitely better!

Let this story, my dear children, strengthen your faith in Jesus, as able and willing to save *you* from

all evil, and say to Him, "Lord Jesus, I trust Thee as my only Saviour! Forgive me all my trespasses, and enable me to do Thy will. I know Thou canst do all things for me. I believe—but help my unbelief, and daily strengthen my faith in Thee, my love to Thee, and my will to serve Thee! Amen."

SLEEP.

I CAME to waken thee, but Sleep
Hath breathed about thee such a calm,—
Hath wrapt thee up in spells so deep
And soft,—I dare not break the charm;

Thy breathings do not stir the folds
That lie unmoved around thee; Rest
Hath rocked thee gently—now she holds
Thy spirit lulled upon her breast;

An imaged Stillness, by Repose
Fast locked in an enduring clasp:
A marble Silence, with the rose
Just dropping from her languid grasp:

Yet never o'er the sculptured lid
Did such a blissful slumber creep;
Its shade hath ne'er such sweetness hid—
The statue smiles not in its sleep!

And dost *Thou* smile? I know not! Night
To one serene abiding grace,
Hath wrought the quick and changeful light
That flitted o'er thy waking face:

It is not smiling, it is Peace—
All lovely things are thine at will;
Thy soul hath won a sweet release
From Earth, yet kept its gladness still!

For Sleep, a partial nurse, though kind
To all her children, yet hath prest
Some to her heart more close—we find
She ever loves the youngest best;

Because they vex her not with aches
And fever pangs to hush to rest;
They need no soothing! She but takes
Them in her arms, and they are blest!

The double portion there is given;
She binds two worlds within her chain;
And now by golden light of Heaven
Thou livest o'er the day again:

My touch must bid those bright links start
And fly asunder; yet for thee
I may not mourn—not far apart
Thy Dream and thy Reality!

Soon shall I watch within thine Eyes
The sweet light startle into morn,
And see upon thy cheek arise
The flushing of a rosy dawn:

The sunshine vainly round thee streams,
And I must rouse thee with a kiss:—
Oh! may Life never break thy dreams
With harsher summoning than this!

BITS OF GARDEN.

BY MISS MALING, Author of "Indoor Plants," &c.

EVERY ONE who wishes it can always grow some flowers. And how many thousand people would gladly prove this true! I have seen in a little garden with just a few knots of crocuses, how men and women and children have watched the outspringing flowers. It was hardly for their own beauty. It was for the things they talked of, for the fond old times they brought back, because they were dear home flowers. How many a room would grow bright with but a pot of crocuses! Indeed I am not joking, for one bright thing to look at cheers one so.

What pleasure such things have been to me, how many dull hours they have brightened, how many other people have caught the infection from me, and

with how much wonder do they find out the ease of gardening!

Now let me first speak of three of my easiest practices—a box of window plants, a hanging basket of flowers, and one of the little rustic and charming flower balconies.

For the box of window plants: a great thing is to have a box. It keeps the plants in a group, and enables their pots to be sheltered. This adds very much to the health of the plants, which in such cases grow more as if sunk in beds.

You can thus, too, use smaller flower pots; and the smaller the pot is, generally the better the flowers will be.

The spaces between the pots should be filled up

with moss or sand, and five or seven plants will mostly fill a window. Two heliotropes, two ivy geraniums, and perhaps three dwarf scarlet geraniums, are as popular as most things for growing outside a window. Stocks and mignonette also go on for half the summer.

Blue lobelias and red China roses are perfectly charming, too, and so are the pretty quick-growing fuchsias. The Duchess of Lancaster and the Princess of Prussia, for instance, are really beautiful with their white and rosy blossoms.

The Maiden's Blush rose, too, does very well, and so do the gay geraniums. These latter must be much in the open air, and in keeping through the winter must be guarded from darkness or damp as well as from frost.

The plants that I have here mentioned can be bought for a few pence each. Or, if *seeds* are bought, far cheaper supplies can be had. Candy-tufts, for instance, are very gay and pretty; mignonette is deliciously sweet, and pots of sweet peas are most popular. Musk plants and creeping jennies are really amazing favourites, and—shall I tell a secret?—there is a wonderful flower, convolvulus cantabricus stellatus rubra, or some such marvellous Latin, the seeds of which cost a shilling, but is the little hedge bindweed, the pink little starry flower that laughs up from sandy field paths.

Wild harebells, grown carefully in scraps of their own native peat, mixed largely with sand of course; little heath plants, wild geraniums, wood sorrel; these flowers are exquisite when they are grown indoors.

The many campanulas, too, are beautiful for such purposes; the bright blue garganica, and the gay carpatica, always. The little ivy snapdragon that hangs on old walls is precious; and where shall we find anything to match our wild ferns for baskets?

Begonias are not half known. They are the most easily grown of all plants, requiring merely striking from a stalk or a *leaf* placed in sand (the edge of the leaf itself very often growing), or being grown from tubers, which perhaps is the readiest method. These plants require much water, and as long as they have this, they bear a great deal of dryness, more than most plants can stand, in the air, the roots supplying quickly the leaves' evaporation.—Rex is a great favourite, Leopoldi is another.

It should be a rule in watering to give the water lukewarm; and if leaves of plants are washed often, it will improve their health amazingly.

The soil may be frequently a little worked up in the pot, keeping the surface fresh-looking, and every now and then shaking off the old and replacing it with new soil.

For baskets: they may be made of everything. Shallow wicker things have often a good effect, wirework also does well, and there are very pretty ones of imitation pinewood made in the Staffordshire ware. Anything brown does, but of a shape

small pots can fit into. I have had little ferns growing in a mere wire sieve lined with moss, upon the top of which rested a handful of "cocoa refuse," and in which a Maiden Hair grew. The little sieve was simply soaked in water every day or two.

Ferns, lobelias, the little pink wild bindweed, the wild red geraniums, heather, and harebells, answer most charmingly in these baskets, and a great many people doubtless will find room for a musk pot, keeping it well watered, and very near the light always.

For the little balcony: a mere rough deep box, if one likes, lined deeply with charcoal and moss, fitted up with such plants as may make a bed of green—a box four feet by two, looks like a handsome garden! The effect of the spreading leaves and creepers is beautiful. Clematis, sweet peas, roses and mignonette, stocks and geraniums, an arum and a fuchsia do grow fresh and lovely, and, though one or two no doubt may go out of blossom, what does that matter to us while the others gem green with flowers?

The *sole* thing here is the watering—a fair deluging night and morning—a fresh summer shower falling and leaving the plants all glittering.

This is indeed *par excellence* the plan for all town dwellers. I had it once myself when no other garden was possible—just strong wooden supports driven in, and a rough deal box nailed upon them. My box was about a foot deep, and about eighteen inches wide, and the whole affair was set off and filled one morning easily.

Of late years it has seemed as if the love of green things to tend was growing. Few are the town streets now that do not display some flowers. Few are the bits of garden in which they do not smile. But there are still, we fancy, of the "things that more might be made," the lovely and bright little patches that even those windows might look on.

There is not much to be said about it—but still a few useful hints there are. Let us take the most prominent—those that are most essential.

Perhaps the great rule of all should be to know, at first starting, what it is that you wish to do.

One learns by sad experience the *mess* and the waste of changing plans.

Now let us know, from the outset, whether we want to have flowery walls and borders with flowers round them; whether grass or gravel is to be our groundwork; what style of *show* too we aim at, for some would have gardens always full, and others are well contented if now and then they are brilliant. We will suppose that you have a small scrap of ground, perhaps fronting a house in a town. It is extremely probable that it contains *no soil*, only a heap of rubbish rammed down into a hard crust. Otherwise you find greasy soil, oozy, and black, and sticky, utterly unwholesome, full of decay, and sodden.

A thorough airing—burning if that be practicable—and a liberal dressing with lime, would be the

most likely means of making this black soil fertile. It does not want manure—much more, it requires sand.

But I am not myself a great friend to attacking the soil of a garden. If you have the place paved or gravelled, of course it does not matter; and if you have it turfed, a little sand worked in for the upper surface will most likely lighten the mass sufficiently to enable grass seeds to grow well.

My work is now with the flower-beds. Most people who have gardens know the nuisance of changing the soil. This has to be done pretty often; and in towns, the exhausting influences make it more than ever necessary.

And so what puzzles me is, why people don't make *distinct* beds—beds that they can fill and empty just like so many boxes. I know that, in what I have seen of gardening on a small scale, there is quite a wonderful difference made by this simple system. People forget too much, that on a very porous subsoil, water drains away with very great rapidity, and often carries with it the particles of soil which ought to have fed our plants. Besides this, the moisture is most often deep *below* the plant. This attracts long roots down; whereas the delicate surface roots are what mostly supply the flowers, and low and wide-mouthed flower-pots are thus of all shapes the healthiest. When our flower beds are like boxes, we can give more or less water at will—having a plug for drainage—and in this way we encourage surface roots and obtain a great show of flowers. Thus it is that hollow trees, rustic stands lined with turf or moss, common rough wooden boxes adorned with gnarled wood nailed on, pretty baskets made of pine cones, heaps too of stone and rock-work,—it is thus that plants in these thrive so.

I have mentioned the pretty plan by which a large wide box *makes* a garden. Under another plan a mere paved bed is formed, of the size and shape we require, and in the tiniest garden, a mere strip of a few feet wide, this really looks pretty. Here the bed is dug out just as a trench would be; the bottom should be rammed hardish if you do not want the water to drain off quickly, which would not be at all desirable in many dry localities. A layer of bricks and clinkers is put in, however, for drainage; and then a thick layer of *moss*, or of the cocoa refuse, appears to me invaluable for supplying the roots with moisture, which it retains in some degree.

Over this comes the soil—no matter if in a mere garden bed, or in a wooden box, or in a bricked or tiled shape, or in a rustic basket. The principle is the same—draining underneath, and then a thick store of moisture. The soil may be from a common, or from a meadow broken up, or it may be made most easily of cocoa fibre refuse, mixed with sharp silver-sand from the bed of some stream or river. It can be renewed now and then without much trouble.

Some people are fond of banks of turf or rock-

work: and these do look pretty when filled with glowing flowers. I have seen a *lovely* garden surrounded with a low bank of turf, perhaps two feet high. At the top of this bank was a wide mass of flowers backed by a rosy wall. In the centre another bed was banked with turf in the same way. And the flowers were scarlet geraniums, blue heliotropes, and petunias. I think a more bright little garden than that I have seldom seen.

But we must have flowers at all seasons. In these little gardens we must always have something going on. Even in the winter we must have our tiny evergreens, whose gay bright glossy leaves will look as cheerful then as flowers, and amidst which too some few hardy flowers will often brave the frosts and the cold of Christmas, especially if we shelter them from sharp frost and heavy rain.

Little aucubas, tiny firs, hardy rhododendrons, berberis, and many other greens, will be found to grow well in towns even.

Besides, it is not so very hard to grow plants in towns. Witness the lovely flowers seen in Spitalfields weavers' rooms; and again in Glasgow, amidst the busy looms. Where some flowers thrive so well, surely many more would grow too. The auricula, which is frequent there, is indeed no *unparticular* flower. What the plants really want is to have fresh soil often enough—at least once a year: to have as much light as possible: and to have air *by night*, when it is clearer by far than by day. Then, with good frequent washings of the soot-soiled foliage, no one need be afraid but that these town plants will grow brightly. If we leave them to grow of themselves, as they might do in the country, they may not indeed do much good, but surely for "bits of gardens" the delight of delights is tending them.

Perhaps in these sort of gardens to have mixed flowers is most pleasant, except about twice or thrice a year, when crocuses and spring bulbs, or heliotropes and geraniums, or even gay chrysanthemums, make by themselves a nosegay.

The mixed beds take in everything. The red stocks and the mignonette—the carnations and Indian pinks, which thrive so well in towns—the roses, more hard to grow—the snapdragon and the Iris; and then the bright-blue larkspur, and the old-fashioned daisies, with the scented pansies, and the many primroses and heaths and old common flowers.

On the walls we have ivy, amidst which the red Pyrus may glow—Pyracantha berries—Jasmin nudiflorum, with its winter-borne primrose flowers, that brave the frost and cold, and make our bare walls gay. In summer, white jasmine flowers and Ayrshire roses grow wildly; also the honeysuckle and the clematis, and passion flowers and vines, grow charmingly with Westarias. Syringing their foliage, and watering well with soapsuds, are the two best recipes I know of for making these climbers grow fast.

But the border, when we have one, may be enriched by all spare flowers, when once or twice a year we make our beds all one thing. In spring, however, the evergreens may well share the place of the flowers—gathered into the centre, while the spring flowers cluster round them. How lovely it is, indeed, in early spring to see the little sunny garden where masses of flowers are gleaming! The purple crocus amethysts are set in the soft green turf, golden rims run round the beds, and dazzling white flowers sparkle, where snowdrops bend low

their heads and transparent pearl cups open. Indeed, there is nothing like crocuses for making up a spring set of jewels: the squares of white and amethyst that are set in the golden bands—the ruby gleams of tulips—the turquoise blue of scillas—the bright sunshiny flowers that open each fair day anew—the hardy merry flowers that wrap themselves up so warmly, and then open out so widely, laughing out gaily to us and throwing their brightness round them—till one by one all the garden answers their early call.

CONCERNING THE RIGHT TACK;

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON THE WRONG TACK.

NOR many days since, I was walking along a certain street, in a certain city: and there I beheld two little boys of the better sort fighting furiously. There are people, claiming to be what is vulgarly called Muscular Christians, who think that a certain amount of fighting among boys is to be very much encouraged, as a thing tending to make the little fellows manly and courageous. For myself, I believe that God's law is wise as well as right: and I do not believe that angry passion (which God's law condemns), or that vindictive efforts to do mischief to a fellow-creature (which God's law also condemns), are things which deserve to be in any way encouraged; or are things likely to develop in either man or boy the kind of character which wise and good people would wish to see. Accordingly I interposed in the fight, and sought to make peace between the little men: supporting my endeavours by some general statement to the effect that good boys ought not to be fighting in that way. They stopped at once: no doubt both had had enough of that kind of thing. For one had a bloody nose; and the other had a rudimentary black eye, which next morning would be manifest. But one of them defended himself against the charge of having done anything wrong, by saying, with the energy of one who was quite assured that he had the principles of eternal justice on his side, "I have a right to hit him, because he hit me first!"

Of course, these were suggestive words. And I could not but think to myself, walking away from the little fellows after having composed their strife, Now *there* is the principle upon which this world goes on. There is not a deeper-rooted tendency in human nature, than that which is exhibited in that saying of that fine little boy. For he *was* a fine little boy; and so was the other. The great principle on which most human beings go, in all the relations and all the doings of life, is just that which is compendiously expressed in the words, "I have the right to hit you, if you hit me first." You may trace the manifestations of that great principle in all possible walks of life, and among all sorts and conditions of men. One man or woman

says something unkind of another: the other feels quite entitled to retaliate by saying something unkind of the first. And this tendency appears early. I once heard a little boy of four years old say, with some indignation of manner: "Miss Smith said I was a troublesome monkey: if she ever says *that* again, I'll say that she is an ugly old maid!" One man says, in print, something depreciatory of another; finds fault with something the other man has said, or written, or done. Then the other man retorts in kind: pays off the first man by publishing something depreciatory of *him*. A great many of the political essays which we read in the newspapers; and a great many of the reviews of books we meet; are manifestly dictated and inspired by the purpose to revenge some personal offence; to clear off scores by hitting the man who has hit you. A sharp, clever person reads the book written by an enemy, with the determination to pick holes in it: not that the book is bad, or that he thinks it bad: but its author has given him some offence, and *that* is to be retaliated. You remember, of course, that very clever and very bitter review of Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which is contained in Lord Macaulay's selection of essays from the *Edinburgh Review*. Was there any mortal who supposed that when Macaulay's own *History of England* appeared, Mr. Croker would review it otherwise than with a determination to find faults in it? Was there any mortal surprised to find that Mr. Croker, having been hit by Macaulay, endeavoured to hit Macaulay again? And if Macaulay's *History* had been absolutely immaculate, had been a thousand times better than it is, do you suppose *that* would appreciably have affected the tone of Mr. Croker's review of it? I am far from saying that Mr. Croker deliberately made up his mind to do injustice to Lord Macaulay. It is likely enough he thought Macaulay richly deserved all the ill he said of him. A great law of mind governs even human beings who never came to a formal resolution of obeying it: as a stream never pauses to consider whether, at a certain point, it shall run downhill or up. When Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his poem of *The New Timon*,

alluded to Mr. Tennyson in disparaging terms as *Miss Alfred*, no one was surprised to read, in a few days, that terribly trenchant copy of verses in which Mr. Tennyson called Sir Bulwer a Bandbox, and showed that the true Timon was quite a different man from the Bandbox with his mane in curl-papers. And if you happen, my reader, to be acquainted with three or four men who have opportunity to carry on their quarrels in print, or by speeches in deliberative assemblies; and if you refuse to take part in the quarrels which divide them, and keep resolutely on friendly terms with all: you will be struck by the fact that the system of mutual hitting and retaliation, carried on for a while, quite incapacitates these men for doing each other anything like justice: each will occasionally caution you against his adversary as a very wicked and horrible person: while you, knowing both, are well aware that each is in the main an able and good-hearted human being, not without some salient faults, of course: and that the image of each which is present to the mind of the other is a frightful caricature: is about as like the being represented as the most awful photograph ever taken by an ingenious youthful amateur is like you, my good-looking friend. I have named deliberative assemblies. Everybody knows in how striking a fashion you will find the great principle of retaliation exhibited in such: and nowhere, I lament to say, more decidedly than in presbyteries, synods, and general assemblies, where you might naturally expect better things. I have heard a revered friend say, that only the imperative sense of duty would ever lead him to such places: and that the effect of their entire tone upon his moral and spiritual nature was the very reverse of healthful. One man, in a speech, says something sharp of another: of course, when the first man sits down, the second gets up, and says something unkind of his brother. And you will sometimes find men, with a calculating rancour; and with what Mr. Croker, speaking of Earl Russell, called "a spiteful slyness;" wait their opportunity, that they may deal the return blow at the time and place where it will be most keenly felt. Now all this, which is bad in anybody, is more evidently bad in men who on the previous Sunday were, not improbably, preaching on the duty of forgiving injuries. All clergymen have frequent occasion to repeat certain words which run to the effect, "And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Yet you may find a clergyman, here and there, whose reputation is high as a very hard hitter; and as one who never suffers any breath of assault to pass without keenly retaliating. If you touch such a man, however distantly: if, in the midst of a general panegyric, you venture to hint that anything he has done is wrong: he will flare up, and you will have a savage reply. You know the consequence of touching *him*, just as you know the consequence of giving a kick to a ferocious bull-dog. Now, is that a fine thing? Is it anything to boast of? I have heard a middle-aged man (not

a clergyman) state in an ostentatious manner, that he never forgot an offence: that whoever touched him would some day (as schoolboys say) *catch it*. All this struck me as tremendously small. In the case of most people who talk in that way, it is not true. They are not nearly so bad as they would like you to think them. They don't cherish resentments in that vindictive way. But if it were true, it would be nothing to be proud of. I have heard a man boast that he had never thanked anybody for anything all his life. I thought him very silly. He expected me to think him very great. I well remember how, in a certain senate, after two older members, each a wise and good man when you got him in his right mind, had spent some time in mutual recrimination, a younger member took occasion to point out that all this was very far from being right or pleasing. To which one of the good men replied, in a ferocious voice, and with a very red face, as if *that* answer settled the matter, "*But who began it?*" No doubt, the other *had* begun it: and that good man took refuge in the angry school-boy's principle, "I have a right to hit him, because he hit me!"

I have been speaking, you see, of those little offences, and those little retaliations, which we have occasion to observe daily, in the comparative trimness and restraint of modern life: and in a state of society where a certain Christian tone of feeling, and the strong hand of the law, limit the offences which can be commonly given, and the vengeance which can be commonly taken. My good friend A, who has been several times attacked in print by B, would probably kick B, if various social restraints did not prevent him. But, however open the way might be, I really don't believe that A would cut B's throat, or burn his house and children and other possessions. No: I don't think he would. Still, there is nothing I less like to do, than to talk in a dogmatic and confident fashion. If Mr. C applies to the university of D for the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, and is refused that distinction, mainly (as C believes) through the opposition of Professor E; although C may retort upon E by a malicious article in a newspaper, containing several gross falsehoods, I really believe, and I may say I hope, and even surmise, that C, even if he had the chance, would not exactly poison E with strychnine. And I may say that I firmly believe, from the little I have seen of C's writings (by which alone I know him), that nothing would induce C to poison E, if C were entirely assured that if he poisoned E, he (C) would infallibly be detected and hanged. But we are cautious now: and, through various circumstances, our claws have been cut short. It was different long ago. Of course we all know how, in the old days, insult or injury was often wiped out in blood: how it was a step in advance, even to establish the stern principle of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." For *that* principle made sure that the

retaliation should, at least, not exceed the first offence: while formerly, and even afterwards where that principle was not recognised, very fanciful offences, and very small injuries, sometimes resulted in the quenching of many lives: in the carrying fire and sword over great tracts of country: and in the perpetuating of bloody feuds between whole tribes for age after age. You know that there have been countries and times in which Revenge was organised into a scientific art; in which the terrible *vendetta*, proclaimed between families, was maintained through successive centuries till one or the other was utterly extinguished: and a regularly kept record preserved the story how this and the other member of the proscribed race had been ruined, or imprisoned in a hopeless dungeon, or by false testimony brought within the grasp of cruel laws, or directly murdered outright, by some one of the race to which was committed the task of vengeance. You know how the dying father has, with his latest breath, charged his son to devote himself to the destruction of the clan that lived beyond the hill or across the river, because of some old offence whose history was almost forgot: you know how the Campbell and the Macgregor, the Maxwell and the Johnstone, the Chattan and the Quhele—in Scotland—were hereditary foes; and how, in many other instances, the very infant was born into his ancestors' quarrel. You have heard how a dying man, told by the minister of religion that now he must forgive every enemy as he himself hoped to be forgiven, has said to his surviving child, "Well, I must forgive such a one; but my curse be upon you if *you* do!" I am not going to give you a historical view, or anything like a historical view, of a miserable subject: but every reader knows well that there is not a blacker nor more deplorable page in the history of human-kind, than that which tells us how faithfully, how unsparingly, how bloodily, the great principle of returning evil for evil has been carried out by human beings: the great rule, not of doing to others as you would that they should do to you, but of doing to others as they have done to you, or perhaps as you think they would do to you if they had the chance: in short, the great fundamental principle, of universal application, set out in the words of my little friend with the inchoate black eye, "I have a right to hit him, because he hit me first!"

Now, all this kind of thing is what I mean by THE WRONG TACK.

My friendly reader, there is another way of meeting injury and unkindness: and a better way. The natural thing, unquestionably, is, to return evil for evil. The Christian thing, and the better way, is to "overcome evil with good." There was a certain Great Teacher, who was infinitely more than a Great Teacher, who taught all who should be His followers till the end of time, that the right thing would always be to meet unkindness with kindness: to forgive men their trespasses, as we hope our Heavenly Father will forgive ours: to love

our enemies, bless them that curse us, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them which despitefully use us and persecute us,—if such people be. And an eminent Philosopher, whom some people would probably appreciate more highly if he had not been also an inspired Apostle, spoke not unworthily of his Divine Master when he said, "Recompense to no man evil for evil: dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves: If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Now, all this kind of thing is what I mean by THE RIGHT TACK.

There is no need at all to try formally to define what is intended by the Right Tack. Every one knows all about it: and its meaning will become plainer as we go on. Of course, the general idea is, that we should try to meet unkindness with kindness: unfairness with fairness: a bad word with a good one. The general idea is this: Such a neighbour or acquaintance has spoken of you unhand-somely: has treated you unjustly. Well, you determine that *you* will not go and make yourself as bad as he is; and carry on the quarrel, and increase the bad feeling that already exists; by trying to retort in kind: by saying a bad word about *him*, or by doing *him* an unfriendly turn. No: you resolve to go upon another tack entirely. You will treat the person with scrupulous fairness. You try to think kindly of him, and to discover some excuse for his conduct towards you: and if an opportunity occurs of doing him a kind turn, you do it, frankly and heartily. Let me say, that if you try, in a fair spirit, and in a kind spirit, to discover some excuse for the bad way in which that person has treated you, or spoken of you, you will seldom have much difficulty in doing so. You will easily think of some little provocation you gave him, very likely without in the least intending it; you will easily see that your neighbour was speaking or acting under some misconception or mistake: you will easily enough think of many little things in his condition,—painful, mortifying, anxious things,—which may well be taken as some excuse for worse words and doings than ever proceeded from him concerning you. Ah, my brother, most people in these days, if you did but know all their condition, all about their families and their circumstances, have so many causes of disquiet, and anxiety and irritation, to fever the weary heart, and to shake the shaken nerves, that a wise and good man will never make them offenders for a hasty word; or even for an uncharitable suspicion or an unkind deed, very likely hardly said or done till it was bitterly repented. My friend Smith, who is one of the best of men, was one day startled, attending a meeting of a certain senatorial body, to hear Mr. Jones get up and make a speech in the nature of a most vicious attack upon Smith. Smith listened attentively to a few paragraphs: and then, turning to the man next to him, put the following question: "I say, Brown, is not that poor fellow's stomach often very much out

of order?" "He suffers from it horribly," was the true reply. "Ah that's it, poor fellow," said Smith: "I see what it is that is exacerbating his temper, and making him talk in that way." And when Jones sat down, Smith got up, with a kindly face: I don't mean with a provokingly benevolent and forgiving look: and in a simple, earnest way, justified the conduct which had been attacked, in a manner which conveyed that he was really anxious that Jones should think well of him: all this without the slightest complaint of Jones's bitterness, or the least reference to it. Smith had only done Jones justice in all this. He had done no more than allow for something which ought to be allowed for. And Jones was fairly beaten. After the meeting, he went to Smith and asked his pardon: saying that he really had been feeling so ill that he did not know very well what he was saying. Smith shook hands with poor Jones in a way that warmed Jones's heart: and they were better friends than ever from that day forward. But in the lot of many a man, there are worse things than little physical uneasinesses, for which a wise man will always allow in estimating an offence given. Yes: there are people with so much to embitter them: poor fellows so sadly disappointed: clever, sensitive men so terribly misplaced, so grievously tried: with their keenly-sensitive nature so daily rasped, so horribly blistered, by coarse, uncongenial natures and by unhappy circumstances: that I am not afraid to say that a truly good man, if such a poor fellow pitched into him ever so bitterly, or did anything short of hitting him over the head with a more than commonly thick stick, would do no more than beg the poor fellow's pardon.

But mind, too, my friend, that all this kindly way of judging your fellow-sinners and fellow-sufferers,—all this returning of good for evil,—must be a real thing, and not a pretence. It must not be a hypocritical varnishing over of a deep, angry, and bitter feeling within us. It must not be something done with the purpose of putting our neighbour still further and still more conspicuously in the wrong. And far less must it consist in mere words with no real meaning. Neither must it consist, as it sometimes in fact does, in saying of an offending neighbour, "I bear him no malice: I forgive him heartily: I make no evil return for his infamous conduct towards me:" when in truth, in the very words of forgiveness, you have said of your offending neighbour just the very worst you could say. You may remember certain lines which appeared in a London newspaper several years since, which purported to be a free translation into rhyme of a speech made in the House of Peers by an eminent bishop. In that speech the blameless prelate spoke of a certain order of men whose tastes were very offensive to him. He said they

"Were the vilest race
That ever in earth or hell had place:
He would not prejudice them—no, not he,
For his soul o'erflowed with charity.

Incarcate fiends, he would not condemn;
No, God forbid he should slander them:
Foul swine, their lordships must confess
He used them with Christian gentleness.
He hated all show of persecution,—
But why weren't they sent to execution?"

I have no doubt whatever that these lines (which form part of a considerable poem) are an extreme exaggeration of what the bishop did actually say: yet I have just as little doubt that in his speech the bishop did exhibit something of that tone. For I have known human beings not a few, who diligently endeavoured to combine the forgiving of a man with the pitching into him just as hard as they conveniently could. Now, that will not do. You must make your choice. You cannot at the same time have the satisfaction of wreaking your vengeance upon one who has injured you, and likewise the magnanimous pleasure of thinking that you have christianly forgiven him. Your returning of good for evil must be a real thing. It must be done heartily, and without reservation in your own mind: or it is nothing at all. Uriah Heep, in Mr. Dickens's beautiful story, forgave David Copperfield for striking him a blow. But Uriah Heep never did anything more vicious, more thoroughly malignant, than that hypocritical act. But it was vicious and malignant, just because it was hypocritical. In matters like this, sincerity is the touchstone.

I suppose most readers will agree with me when I say, that I know no Christian duty which is so grievously neglected by people professing to be Christians. There is no mistake whatever as to what is the gospel way of meeting an unkindness, or an unfriendly act: would to God that professing Christians had more faith in its efficiency! Would to God that we could all heartily believe, and act upon the belief, that our blessed Saviour knew which is the right and happy way of meeting a bad turn when it may be done to us, however naturally our own bad hearts may suggest a very different way! But I fear that our experience of life has convinced most of us, that this duty of returning good for evil is one that is very commonly and very thoroughly shelved. A great many people set it aside, as something all very good and proper: very fit for the Bible to recommend, setting up (as the Bible of course ought to do) a perfect ideal: but as something that *will not work*. We have all a little of that feeling latent in us. And here and there you may find a human being, perhaps a person of an exceedingly loud and ostentatious religious profession, who is so touchy, so ready to take offence, and then so vindictive and unsparing in following up the man that gave it, and in retaliating by word and deed,—by abusive speeches, and malicious writings, and ill-set demeanour generally,—that it is extremely plain, that though that man might sympathetically shake his head if he were told to "overcome evil with good," and accept that as a noble precept, still his real motto

ought rather to be that simple and compendious rule of life, "I will hit you, if you hit me!"

I am going to point out certain reasons which make me call the rule of meeting evil with good *the Right Tack*; and the rule of meeting evil with evil *the Wrong Tack*. For one thing, the Right Tack is the effectual way. What the second thing is, I don't choose to tell you till you arrive at it in the regular course of diligently reading these pages. Let there be no skipping. So, for one thing at a time, the Right Tack is the effectual thing.

Of course, the natural impulse is, to return a blow, and to resent an injury or insult. That is the first thing that we are ready to do. We do that almost instinctively: certainly with little previous reflection. And a brute does *that*, just as naturally as a man. It is nothing to boast of, that you stand on the same level as a vicious horse, or a savage bull-dog, or an angry hornet. But, then, *that* does not overcome the evil. No: it perpetuates and increases it. It provokes a rejoinder in kind; *that* provokes another: and thus the mischief grows, till from a small offence at the beginning, vast and comprehensive sin and misery have arisen. But go on the other tack: and you will soon see, from the little child at play, up to the worn man by his long experience of this world, how the soft answer turns away wrath, and the kind and good deed beats the evil! There is a beautiful little tract, called *The Man that killed his Neighbours*: which sets forth how a good man, coming to a cantankerous district, by pure force of persevering and hearty kindness, fairly killed various unfriendly neighbours, who met him with many unfriendly acts. He killed the enemy, that is: he did not kill the individual man: but the enemy was altogether annihilated: and the individual man continued to exist as a fast friend. There is something left in average human nature even yet, which makes it very hard indeed to go on doing ill to a man who goes on showing kindness to you. You may get that tract for twopence: go and pay your twopence, and (after finishing this essay) read that tract. No doubt, there is so much that is mean and unworthy in some hearts, and people so naturally judge others by themselves, that there may be found those who cannot understand this returning of good for evil: who will suspect there is something wrong lurking under it: and who will not believe that it is all sincere and hearty. And many an honest and forgiving heart has felt it as a trial to have its good intentions so misconceived. My friend Green once wrote an article in a magazine. In a certain brilliant weekly periodical there appeared a notice of that article, finding fault with it. And a week or two after, in another article in the magazine, Green, in a good-natured way, replied to the notice in the weekly periodical; and while defending himself in so far, admitted candidly that there was a good deal of truth in the strictures of the weekly periodical. Green did all that, just as bears and lions growl and fight, because it was "his nature

to:" it cost him no effort; and assuredly there was no hypocritical affectation in what he did: he felt no bitterness, and so he showed none: he was amused by the clever attack upon him, and showed that he was amused. Some time after this, I read an ill-natured notice of Green in a newspaper, in which, among his other misdoings, there was reckoned up this rejoinder to the brilliant weekly periodical. He was likened to Uriah Heep, already mentioned: he was accused of hypocrisy, of arrogant humility, and the like. Of course, it was manifest to all who knew Green, that his assailant knew as much about Green's character, as he does about the unexplored tracts of Central Africa. But a mean-spirited man cannot even understand a generous one: and the assailant could not find it in himself to believe that Green was a frank, honest man, writing out of the frankness of an unsuspecting heart. So, X and Y were once attacked in print by Z: X thereafter cut Z. Y remained on friendly terms with Z, as previously. Y pointed out to X that it is foolish to quarrel with a man for attacking you, even severely, upon properly critical grounds. Y further said, that he would never quarrel with a man who attacked him even in the most unfair way: that he would treat the attacking party with kindness, and try to show him that his unfavourable estimate was a mistaken one. "Ah," replied X, "you are scheming to get Z to puff you!" To meet evil with good, X plainly thought, is a thing that could not be done in good faith, and just because it is the right thing to do. There must be some underhand, unworthy motive. And the greatest obstacle that you are likely to find, in habitually meeting evil with good, will be the misconception of your conduct by some of the people that know you. No doubt, Uriah Heep himself, and all his relatives, will be ready to represent that you are a humbug and a sneak. Well, it is a great pity. But you cannot help *that*. Go on still on *the Right Tack*: and by-and-by it will come to be understood that you go upon it in all honesty and truth, and with no sinister nor underhand purpose. And when this comes to be understood, then the evil in almost every case will be overcome, and that effectually. No human being, unless some quite exceptionally hardened reprobate, will long go on doing ill to another who only and habitually returns good for it.

This is not an essay for Sunday reading: it is meant to be quietly read over upon the evening of any day from Monday till Saturday inclusive. But that is no reason why I should not say to you, my friend, that you and I ought to bring the whole force of our Christian life and principle to bear upon this point. Let us determine that, by the help of God's Holy Spirit, without whom we can do nothing as we ought, we shall faithfully go upon the right tack through all the little ruffles and offences of daily life. If the sharp retort comes to your lips, remember that it touches the momentous question whether you are a Christian at all, or not, that you

hold that sharp word back, and say a kind one. If Mr. A., or Miss B. (a poor old maid, soured a good deal by a tolerably bitter life), speak unkindly of you, or do you some little injustice, say a good word or do a good deed to either of them in return. Pray for God's grace to help you habitually to do all *that*. It will not be easy to do all *that* at the first; but it will always grow easier the longer you try it. It will grow easier, because the resolution to go on the right tack will gain strength by habit. And it will grow easier too, because when those around you know that you honestly take Christ's own way of returning an injury, not many will have the heart to injure you: very few will injure you twice. I have the firmest belief, that the true system of Mental Philosophy is that which is implied in the New Testament: and that there never was any one who knew so well the kind of thing that would suit the whole constitution of man, and the whole system of this universe, as He who made them both.

One case is worth many reasonings. Let me relate a true story. Not many years since there was in Mesopotamia a Christian merchant; of great wealth, and with the Right Spirit in him. A neighbouring trader, who did not know much about the Christian merchant, published a calumnious pamphlet about him. The Christian merchant read it: it was very abusive and wicked and malicious. In point of style it was something like the little document which contains the articles about *Good Words* which appeared in a newspaper called *Christian Charity*. The Christian merchant, I repeat, read the pamphlet: all he said was, that the man who wrote it would be sorry for it some day. This was told the libellous trader: who replied that he would take care that the Christian merchant should never have the chance of hurting him. But men in trade cannot always decide who their creditors shall be: and in a few months the trader became a bankrupt, and the Christian merchant was his chief creditor. The poor man sought to make some arrangement that would let him work for his children again. But every one told him that this was impossible without the consent of Mr. Grant. *That* was the Christian merchant's honoured name. "I need not go to *him*," the poor bankrupt said: "I can expect no favour from *him*." "Try him," said somebody who knew the good man better. So the bankrupt went to Mr. Grant; and told his sad story, of heavy losses, and of heartless work and sore anxiety and privation: and asked Mr. Grant's signature to a paper already signed by the others to whom he was indebted. "Give me the paper," said Mr. Grant, sitting down at his desk. It was given: and the good man, as he glanced over it, said, "You wrote a pamphlet about me once:" and without waiting a reply, handed back the paper, having written something upon it. The poor bankrupt expected to find *libeller*, or *slanderer*, or something like that written. But no: there it was, fair and plain, the signature that was needed to give him another chance in life. "I said, you would be sorry for

writing that pamphlet," the good man went on. "I did not mean it as a threat. I meant that some day you would know me better, and see that I did not deserve to be attacked in that way. And now," said the good man, "tell me all about your prospects: and especially tell me how your wife and children are faring." The poor trader told him, that to partly meet his debts he had given up everything he had in the world; and that for many days they had hardly had bread to eat. "That will never do," said the Christian merchant, putting in the poor man's hand money enough to support the pinched wife and children for many weeks. "This will do for a little, and you shall have more when it is gone: and I shall find some way to help you, and by God's blessing you will do beautifully yet. Don't lose heart: I'll stand by you!" I suppose I need not tell you that the poor man's full heart fairly overflowed, and he went away crying like a child. Yes, the Right Tack is the effectual thing! To meet evil with good, fairly beats the evil, and puts it down. The poor debtor was set on his feet again: the hungry little children were fed. And the trader never published an attack upon that good man again as long as he lived. And among the good man's multitude of friends, as he grew old among all the things that should accompany old age, there was not a truer or heartier one than the old enemy thus fairly beaten! Yes, my reader: let us go upon the Right Tack!

And now for the other reason I promised to give you why I call all this the Right Tack. It is not merely the most effectual thing: it is the happiest thing. You will feel jolly (to use a powerful and classical expression) when, in spite of strong temptation to take the other way, you resolutely go on the right tack. I suppose that when the poor trader, already named, went away with his full heart, feeling himself a different man from what he had been when he entered the merchant's room, and hastening away home to tell his wife and children that he had found God's kind angel in the shape of a white-haired old gentleman in a snuff-coloured suit, and wearing gaiters,—I suppose there would not be many happier men in this world than that truly Christian merchant prince. He was very much accustomed, indeed, to the peculiar feeling of a man who has returned good for evil: but this feeling is one which no familiarity can bring into contempt. But suppose Mr. Grant had gone on the other tack: said, "You libelled me once: it is my turn now: you shall smart for it;" I don't think any of us would envy him his malignant satisfaction. And when he went home that night to his grand house, and enjoyed all the advantages which came of his great wealth, I don't think he would relish them more for thinking of the bare home where the poor debtor had gone, with his last hopes crushed, and for thinking of the little hungry children;—of little Tom sobbing himself to sleep without any supper,—of little Mary, somewhat older, saying, with her

thin white face, that she did not want any. At least, if he *had* found happiness in all this, most human beings, with human hearts, would class him with devils, rather than with men. Give me Lucifer at once, with horns and hoofs, rather than the rancorous old villain in the snuff-coloured suit!

It causes suffering to ordinary human beings, to be involved in strife. It is a dull, rankling pain. It has a cross-influence on all you do. And reading your Bible, and praying to God, it will often come across you with a sad sense of self-accusing. You will not be able to entirely acquit yourself of blame. You will feel that all this is not very consistent with your Christian profession: with your seasons at the communion-table: with your prayers for forgiveness as you hope to be forgiven: with the remembrance that in a little while you must lay down your weary head, and die. The man who has dealt another stinging blow, in return for some injury: the man who has made an exceedingly clever and bitter retort, in speech or in writing: may feel a certain complacency, thinking how well he has done it, and what vexation he has probably caused to a fellow sinner and fellow sufferer. But he cannot be happy. He *cannot!* He cannot know the real glow of heart that you will feel, my reader, when God's blessed Spirit has helped you, with all your heart, to do something kind and good to an offending brother. Yes, it is the greatest luxury in which a human being can indulge himself, the luxury of going upon the Right Tack when you are strongly tempted to go upon the Wrong!

I must speak seriously. I cannot help it. All this is unutterably important: and I cannot leave you, my friend, with any show of lightness in speaking about it. All this is of the very essence of our religion: it goes to the great question, whether or not we have truly believed in Christ at all: it touches the very ground of our acceptance with God, and the pardon of our manifold sins. There are certain words never to be forgotten: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Yes: the taint of rankling malice in our hearts, when we go to God and ask for pardoning mercy, will turn our prayers into an imprecation for wrath. "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Forgive us our sins against Thee, just as much as we forgive other men their offences against us: that is, not at all! Think of the unforgiving man or woman who returns evil for evil, going to God with *that* prayer! I cannot say how glad and thankful I should be, if I thought that all this I have been writing would really influence some of those who may read this page, to resolve, by God's grace, that when they are daily tempted to little resentments by little offences,—and it is only by these that most Christians in actual life are tried,—they will habitually go on

the Right Tack! But remember, my friend, that nothing you have read is more real and practical,—nothing bears more directly upon the interests of the life we are daily leading, with all its little worries, trials, and cares,—than what I say now: that it is only by the help and grace of the Holy Spirit of God that you can ever thoroughly and effectually do what I mean by going upon the Right Tack. A calm and kindly temperament is good: a disposition to see what may be said in defence of such as offend you, is good: and doubtless these are helps: but something far more and higher is needed. There must be a loftier and more excellent inspiration than that of the calm head and the kind heart. You will never do anything rightly, never anything steadfastly, that goes against the grain of human nature, except by the grace of that Blessed One who makes us new creatures in Christ. There will be something that will not *ring sound* about all that meeting evil with good, which does not proceed from the new heart, and the right spirit sanctified of God.

Now, let there be no misunderstanding of all this: and no pushing it into an extreme opposed to common sense. All this that has been said, has been said concerning the little offences of daily life. As regards these, I believe that what I have called the Right Tack is the effectual thing and the happy thing. But I am no advocate of the principle of non-resistance. I am no member of the Peace Society. I have no wish to see Britain disband her armies and dismantle her navy, and lie as a helpless prey at the mercy of any tyrant or invader. No: I should wish our country's claws to be sharp and strong: *that* is the way to prevent the need for their use from arising. I should, with regret, but without conscientious scruple, shoot a burglar who intended to murder me. I heartily approve the blowing of a rebel sepoy away from a cannon. And though the punishment of death, as inflicted in this country, is a miserable necessity, still I believe it is a necessity, and a thing morally right, in almost every case in which it is inflicted. All that has been said about the returning of good for evil is to be read in the light of common sense. There are bad people whom you cannot tame or put down, except by the severe hand of Justice. And in taming them in the only possible way, you are doing nothing inconsistent with the views set forth in these pages. It would take too much time to argue the matter fully out: and it is really needless. A wrong-headed man, a member of the Peace Society, has published a pamphlet in which he frankly tells us that if he, and his wife and children, were about to be murdered by a burglar; and if there was no possibility of preventing this murdering except by killing the burglar; then it would be the duty of a Christian to die as a martyr to his principles, and peaceably allow the burglar to murder him and his family. Really there is nothing to be said in reply to such a puzzle-head, except that I would just as soon believe that black is white, as that *that* is a

Christian duty. There are exceptional human beings who are really wild beasts: and who must be treated precisely as a savage wild beast should be treated. And even in the matter of injuries of a less decided character than the murdering of yourself, your wife and children, it is as plain as need be that a wise and good man may very fitly defend himself against the aggression of a ruffian. When Mr. Macpherson threatened to thrash Dr. Johnson for expressing doubts as to the genuineness of Ossian, Dr. Johnson was quite right to provide a stick of great size and weight, and to carry it about with him for the purpose of self-defence. And

while desirous to obey the spirit of the Saviour's command, there are few things of which I feel more certain, than that if a blackguard struck my good friend Dr. A. on the right cheek, the blameless divine would not turn the other also. Nor need we make the least objection to the motto of a certain Northern country, which conveys that people had better be careful how they do that country any wrong, inasmuch as that country won't stand it. There is nothing amiss in the *Nemo me impune lacesset*. Don't meddle with us: we have not the least wish to meddle with you.

A. E. H. B.

IN THE JUNE TWILIGHT.

SUGGESTED BY NOEL PATON'S PICTURE OF "THE SILVER CORD LOOSED."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

In the June twilight, in the soft grey twilight,
The yellow sun-glow trembling through the rainy eve,
As my love lay quiet, came the solemn fiat,
"All these things for ever—for ever—thou must leave."

My love she sank down quivering, like a pine in tempest shivering—

"I have had so little happiness as yet beneath the sun:

I have called the shadow sunshine, and the merest frosty moonshine
I have, weeping, bless'd the Lord for, as if daylight had begun;

"Till He sent a sudden angel, with a glorious sweet evangel,
Who turned all my tears to pearl-gems, and crowned me—so little worth;
Me!—and through the rainy even changed this poor earth into heaven,
Or, by wondrous revelation, brought the heavens down to earth.

"O the strangeness of the feeling!—O the infinite revealing—
To think how God must love me to have made me so content!
Though I would have served Him humbly, and patiently, and dumbly,
Without any angel standing in the pathway that I went."

In the June twilight—in the lessening twilight—
My love cried from my bosom an exceeding bitter cry:
"Lord, wait a little longer, until my soul is stronger,—
Wait till Thou hast taught me to be content to die."

Then the tender face, all woman, took a glory super-human,
And she seemed to watch for something, or see some I could not see:
From my arms she rose full statured, all transfigured, queenly featured—
"As Thy will is done in heaven, so on earth still let it be."

* * * * *

I go lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that earth is only
The vestibule of palaces whose courts we never win:
Yet I see my palace shining, where my love sits amaranths twining,
And I know the gates stand open, and I shall enter in.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

VIII.—THE HARVEST JOY.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

"THEY joy before Thee," writes the prophet Isaiah when depicting the happiness of the Church at the advent of its great deliverer,—“They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.” And the image here employed is one which we must all recognise as a most graphic one. There are probably few who would not sympathise with the cheerful emotions congenial to such a season as the present, when Nature, arrayed in all her loveliness, has again begun to pour the rich tribute of her bounty into the lap of man. As you pass through some fair and fertile district of our land, where every breeze is laden with fragrance, every field teems with fertility, every tree is covered with foliage or hangs heavy with fruit; or as you climb the hill that skirts some noble landscape where for miles on miles the broad acres are waving, a mimic sea of gold, beneath you, and survey the busy toils of the reapers and listen to the merry shouts that rise, blended with the voices of birds and streams, now faintly echoing from the far hamlet, now more distinctly heard from the nearer homestead, and as, moreover, the happy associations connected with such a scene as this come before your mind—visions of plenty and peace and comfort, of garners overflowing with goodly store, of homes and hearts made glad by nature's bounty—you cannot resist the universal sentiment of cheerfulness and gratitude, and as it steals over your mind, you feel yourself, before the great bestower of all blessings, “rejoicing with the joy in harvest.”

Let me endeavour, in further illustration of the analogy which these words suggest, to point out in what respect the joy or happiness of the individual believer as well as of the Church at large may be conceived to resemble the harvest-joy.

I. One aspect of the harvest-joy which suggests a corresponding emotion in the spiritual experience of the believer is that of a *joy which succeeds to a period of suspense and uncertainty.*

It is very obvious that the pleasure experienced from any happy or auspicious event will be more or less vivid in proportion to the degree of doubt and anxiety that preceded it. Regularity and certainty in our enjoyments in some measure diminish their intensity; rarity and suspense greatly heighten them. The longer you labour for any good thing, and the more numerous the conditions which render the result a dubious one, the greater will be your delight when all goes right at last, and the matter is brought to a successful issue.

Of this simple principle the passage to which I have referred affords us two examples: “They joy,” says the prophet, “before Thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the

spoil.” In the latter of these we are led to contemplate the consummation of some warlike enterprise, the close of the brilliant campaign, the victorious warriors in the first flush of success, when after all the excitement, anxiety, and hazard of some mighty conflict on which vast consequences were staked, the thrilling shout of victory has been heard, and the victors are just beginning to repose amid the glory and the rapture and the rich rewards of conquest. The other example is one with which we are more immediately concerned. It is that of the husbandman, who, in the language of St. James, has “had long patience, waiting for the precious fruit of the earth until he might receive the early and latter rain.” Exercising all his skill and experience in the selection of the crop and the preparation of the soil, he has ploughed and sown and gone through all the processes of his husbandry, and then with anxious eye he has watched the course of the seasons and the progress of his work. Through the slowly rolling months, the fluctuations and uncertainties of weather and the remembrance of many past disappointments have kept him in much doubt and uncertainty as to the result. But as the season crept on, the genial influences of Nature have come forth in un-wanted benignity over the ripening fields; and at length, as he watches the busy reapers engaged in their rapid and peaceful conquests, his heart gladdens with the satisfaction of successful industry, and he “rejoices with the joy of harvest.”

Now to this sort of joy—joy after long labour and suspense—many parallels may be found in spiritual things. The successful termination of any inquiry or enterprise for our own good, or for the moral and spiritual welfare of others, would give rise to it. For instance, is it not emphatically realised in the feelings of the Christian parent when he contemplates the happy results of his watchful care over the early years of his children. No province of labour upon earth can call forth more anxious and incessant care, more thoughtful wisdom and sagacity, more forbearance, prudence, patience, than that of parental discipline and instruction. In none, I believe, will carelessness or neglect be more frequently avenged, even in this life, on those who are unfaithful to their trust, and in none on the other hand is the reward of fidelity more precious, or, in general, more sure. What soil can be compared with the soil of mind in fertility, in richness, in tractability, in the scope it presents for the most varied and skillful cultivation? Neglect it, and its very richness will be manifested in the rank vigour and abundance of the crop of weeds that will speedily overspread its surface. Tend it, study its

capacities, give yourself in good earnest to the sowing of the seed of knowledge, truth, piety, to the fostering and tending of their growth, to the eradication of the weeds of sloth and ignorance and selfishness; and, though it may cost you many a weary hour, many a day and year of untold anxieties, yet a thousand instances prove how sweet, how unspeakably precious may be your reward even in this world. One can imagine—would that it were oftener something more than imagination and theory!—the case of a wise, tender, watchful Christian parent, as he prosecutes this high and laborious work of education. Dedicating his little ones in holy baptism to the Saviour, one can conceive him seizing the earliest moments of opening consciousness to sow the first seeds of Christian knowledge and holy thought and principle,—eagerly watching the first indications of character, the first up-growth of disposition, and temper, and talent, above the yet virgin soil of mind,—cheered, it may be, by the hopeful signs of gentleness, goodness, native vigour, or pained, humiliated, and discouraged by the already too obvious germs of a stubborn, or selfish, or dull and intractable character. As years roll on, we can well suppose, even in the most fair and hopeful cases,—nay, in these more than others,—how much trembling hope and anxiety, and alternate elation and sinking of spirit, a pious and thoughtful parent must experience. When sickness visits the home, for instance, and the prattle of childhood is hushed, and the bright eye grows heavy and dull, and the fair young plant, bright with opening promise, droops and seems ready to wither away, the very beauty, and delicacy, and rare attractiveness of its unformed being will make the thought of losing it more sad, and call forth a more thrilling suspense and anxiety in the parent's mind. Or when temptations beset its path, and the auspicious progress of character threatens to be arrested, or the fond hopes and flattering promises of past years are rudely checked and disappointed by some grievous fault or failure, who can tell what poignant grief, what inexpressible heartfelt bitterness, such lapses in his child's history occasion in a good man's mind? But let us suppose, on the other hand, amidst all such occasional misgivings and anxieties, that as time slips on and the characters of their offspring become developed, the father or mother can perceive the more and more manifest proofs that their long labours have not been lost;—let us conceive them, as they look round on one and another and another member of that family circle, discerning in the innocent gentleness that beams in the countenance of one, and the manly integrity and truthfulness of another, and the gravity, and thoughtfulness, and intelligence of a third, and in the mutual love and amiableness and Christian sincerity of all, the fruit of many prayers and efforts in years bygone; or yet again, as the little group becomes thinned of its numbers and one and another goes forth to the struggle of life, let us realise the fond delight of the

parent in hearing of their advancement and honour; or, what is better still, in watching their holy and Christian lives, and finally, as the evening of life gathers on, let us imagine them cheered amid the infirmities of age by the reverence, the fond regard, the tender love and care of those over whose infant years they had watched, and looking forward to a blessed re-union with them in the loftier and purer intimacies of heaven,—oh, who can doubt that such parents would feel in all this a rich recompense for their former toils and fears, that in the fulness of their present satisfaction all their bygone anxieties would be forgotten, or remembered only to render that satisfaction the sweeter, and that in the fulfilment of their hopes and the frustration of their fears, there would be indeed to them a realisation of that text:—"They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest."

II. The joy of harvest may be regarded as typical of the Christian's joy in this respect, that it is *a joy that is connected with active exertion.*

The mirth of the harvest-field is not a mere listless amusement. The shout that rings, or the song that rises cheerily from the reaper's lips, is the shout that inspires to effort, and the song that beguiles toil of its weariness and fatigue. When it catches your ear as you pass by the wayside, or is borne along and re-echoed from distant plain and valley and upland, it does not pain you like the vacant laugh of indolence, or the wild ribaldry that breaks forth from the tavern. It tells not of folly and reckless enjoyment, of wasted hours and wanton carousing, but of busy and strenuous toil, of profitable industry, and manly and honest exertion. It speaks not, like the sluggard's or the drunkard's merriment, of squandered substance, and squalid homes, and beggared broken-hearted families; it is the symbol rather of plenty, and peace, and comfort, of smiling faces and well-clad forms, of garners overflowing with corn, and homes where the sunshine of prosperity smiles. It conveys to us besides, the tidings not merely of labour that is profitable, but of labour that is pleasant, of toil that is pursued neither in grim silence like the work of the over-taxed mechanic, nor amid groans and curses, like the work of the slave or the felon, but with the merry and light-hearted song and jest that tell how the labourer *likes* his work.

And when it is averred that the joy of a Christian resembles the harvest-joy, may not the comparison remind us of that great law of man's nature which connects his true happiness and dignity with work? Man was not made for idleness. The world is but a great harvest-field, in which, each in his own place, we are called forth to take our part, and do our share of labour. Neither by the structure of our nature, nor by the constitution of society, is there any room for the idler, or any possibility of true enjoyment and happiness without work. If you want to be truly happy, to attain in any measure to the real use and enjoyment of life, work of some kind you must have.

There ought to be no play without work. No man is entitled to enjoyment who does not purchase it by labour. The sweetest holiday is that which we have earned by strenuous application. God has so made us that we must find our pleasure either *in working*, or as the *reward of working*. It is quite true that we may set a man to work for which he is not adapted, and which, therefore, will not be pleasant, but irksome and disagreeable; or we may so overburden him, even with work of the right kind, as to exhaust and break down his strength of body and vigour of mind. If God has endowed a man with high mental gifts, and you set him—weak, it may be, in physical strength, and utterly deficient in manual dexterity—to a trade or handicraft, where little or nothing of his intellectual power is called forth; or if, on the other hand, God has bestowed upon a man a sturdy frame and strong hand, and instead of setting him to the plough, or the saw, or the trowel, you must needs make a student and scholar of him,—no wonder such men are unhappy, no wonder they drag on, ill at ease, out of place and proportion, as would be a cart-horse on the race-course, or a high-mettled steed harnessed to the hay-waggon. But in no such case is the unhappiness any disproof of the law in question, that man's true joy is in labour. The only conclusion to be drawn from it is that every man must be put into his own peculiar sphere of labour,—set to do his own work. Or again, if you put a man even into the sort of place for which his talents are adapted, and yet goad and drive him on to incessant application, make his life all work and no play, till the jaded faculties, whether of mind or body, lose their elasticity, till the wheels of energy and buoyancy roll off, and the frame-work of life, like Pharaoh's chariots, drives heavily, no wonder such a man feels work to be no pleasure, and sighs for emancipation from its bondage and misery. Overwork we admit is bad, but that does not prove that no work is good. In this, as in many other cases, happiness is to be found in the medium between extremes. God has created you with a nature made for work, and whatever be your peculiar sphere of duty, your own happiness and that of society at large will be found in doing your work to the best of your ability. Do not say that this is not a topic for the Christian teacher, that religion has nothing to do with this. Religion, I assert, has to do with everything that affects man's duty and happiness. It goes with you, or should go, to the shop, the plough, the anvil, and takes cognisance of what passes there; and the idle servant, the dawning, trifling workman, the man who wastes his time and hangs listlessly over his work, sins against religion just as certainly as the man who neglects prayer or seldom opens his Bible. Constituted as human nature and human society are, there is something holy, something divine in work. "My Father worketh hitherto," said Jesus, "and I work." Angels are happy beings, for they are working beings. They continually "do God's command-

ments, hearkening to the voice of His word." Civilization, progress, goodness, have sprung from work. The world has reached its present height of intellectual and social greatness because it is a busy and working world. And as with society at large, so with individuals. Nobody in the world is so contemptible, next to the profligate man, as the mere idler; and between profligacy and idleness there is a close connection. A man who has nothing to do but enjoy himself, will never know what real enjoyment is. The hardest of all work is doing nothing. The mere man of pleasure, the hanger-on upon life who sets before him no duty, no distinct object and aim, no definite work in short, is of all others the man who is least likely to extract true enjoyment out of life. If men are born without the necessity of toil, exempted from labour for daily bread, the true course for them,—that which wisdom, prudence, even selfishness, as well as Christian principle points out,—is to devise some path of active duty, to consider what work they can do in God's world, and strenuously to set themselves to do it. For not only will you look back on your working hours with greatest comfort, not only is it true that those parts of our lives which we remember with most pleasure are always the busiest parts of it, not only will relaxation and amusement be far sweeter and more intense after hard work, than if we spent our whole life in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement; but, I repeat, when the first difficulties of labour are over, and habit has smoothed away the roughness of toil, no man but will find that there is happiness in the very putting forth of his energies in some congenial sphere. Whether it be in the toil of the hand, or the trouble of the brain, the true joy of life is in working, with a sense of God and of duty upon us, as well and as hard as we can. No one who has tried it but must feel that in thorough and earnest occupation there is a buoyancy of spirit, a lightness of mind, an ease of conscience, a superiority to petty cares and troubles, an elasticity and animation diffused throughout a man's whole being, which the listless and idle can never know. The world is but a great field of duty in which they who labour the hardest may not only reap the richest results, but in their very labouring rejoice the most.

But upon this point I would remark still further, that the comparison of the Christian's to the harvest-joy may teach us that the Christian is one who does God's will because he loves it; or, in other words, that the true motive to Christian obedience is not fear of punishment, or desire of reward, but love. If I am a true Christian, the reason why I do my duty is not because I would escape hell or gain heaven, but because I love to do it. A man may begin an outwardly religious life from inferior motives, and may indeed feel for many a day that to do one's duty, to avoid sin and obey God's will is a hard and difficult task. Nor would we discourage any from attempting a life of duty because they feel no love to it. On the contrary, we would warmly

encourage those who have been roused, from whatever cause, to serious thought, instantly to renounce their sinful and selfish ways, and to begin at once, however hard and irksome it may be, to try to please Christ, in the assurance that sooner or later duty will grow, first easy, then pleasant, then delightful, and at last that the service of Christ will become perfect freedom. When a man is learning a trade or profession, or beginning a new branch of study, the first attempts are almost always hard, blundering, uneasy efforts. The endeavour to construct or utter a sentence in a new tongue is invariably sad and rugged work. You cannot catch the right accent, the grammatical rules are laboriously followed, and a thousand niceties escape you. But be not discouraged, only persevere; and the difficulties will gradually vanish, the efforts will become less and less formal and elaborate, till at last, by dint of regular and constant practice, you will learn to talk and write with fluency, elegance, and ease. Or to take another case: when an artist first takes the pencil in his hand, what sad work often does he make of it! Even in his earliest efforts, indeed, there may be detected amid all the rude scratches some signs of incipient taste or genius. But the power of expression for long will be operose and feeble. Yet on he works; and with work and perseverance, facility grows. The eye and hand become quicker, more delicate, more powerful, till by degrees the labour vanishes, the difficulties are forgotten, and at last there will come such a pleasure and fascination in the work, that it becomes the most delightful pursuit of life.

It is the same, I believe, with the grandest of all pursuits, the service of God in Christ Jesus. Hard and stern and laborious at the first, yet to him who perseveres, in the strength of grace and in the consciousness of duty, it will infallibly grow lightsome and easy in the end. Self-denial, temperance, purity, truthfulness, strict integrity in thought and word and deed, the giving up of our own ease and pleasure for the good of others and to please God; prayer, self-examination, the reading of God's word, realisation of God's presence in the active duties and intercourses of life; these duties may be difficult and severe to observe at first, may often impose on a man an almost intolerable yoke; so that in the weariness of effort and amid the heart-sickening sense of frequent failure, many a one may be, and has been, tempted at the very outset to abandon a religious life in despair. But if only, in reliance on the Holy Spirit's aid and in dependence on the Saviour's cheering promises, the attempt is persevered in, sooner or later a sweet sense of freedom and ease in duty will begin to dawn on the soul. Love to Jesus will increase, and what we do for him will lose the feeling of hardness and effort. Spiritual employments will assume an attractiveness and gather around them a pleasure we knew not before, till by degrees we shall reach that condition in which the Psalmist's language will not be strange to our minds: "Oh, how I love thy

law; it is my study all the day:" "My soul fainteth for the longing that it hath to thy judgments at all times:" "I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord, and thy law is my delight." In the daily round of duty such a man may come to feel free, happy, and rejoicing as a bird on the wing. What is hard to others will be to him "a yoke which is easy and a burden which is light." Obstacles and efforts that formerly seemed insuperable will yield before him as gently as the dungeon doors before the angel-guided apostle of old. A sweet sense of heavenly companionship and love will gather round his daily toils. He will go forth to his appointed duties with the light of holy love to cheer him, as when the reaper goes forth amid the bright beams and free air of the autumnal morn. In the fulness of his love and devotion to his Lord, he will feel that, amid all hardships and labours and even sufferings, there is for him a secret blessedness, and that beneath the eye of his heavenly Master, it is given to him ever to "joy according to the joy in harvest."

III. I name one other obvious point of analogy between the joyful labours of the harvest-field and those of the Christian, that they are in both cases the labours of those who *combine to help and cheer each other on in their work*. Work, as every one knows, is always more efficient, more hearty, more energetic, when men combine and work together, than when each man works by himself. When men labour together they can divide the work better, and each take the place and do the portion of the work for which he is best adapted. When men work together, again, they can help each other, and two can often do together four, ten, twenty times the work of men working separately and apart. When men work together they not only help, but they cheer and instigate each other; sympathy brings out a new power of exertion, emulation quickens energy, the cheering voice of a brother sends new alacrity through the frame, an electric chain of fellow-feeling binds each to all the rest; in the sense of community, toil loses its irksomeness and fatigue is forgotten; a generous rivalry stimulates the powers, and the sluggish and indolent, stirred up by the example of the energetic and ashamed to lag behind the rest, feel themselves possessed of energies and putting forth powers and performing feats that astonish themselves as much as others.

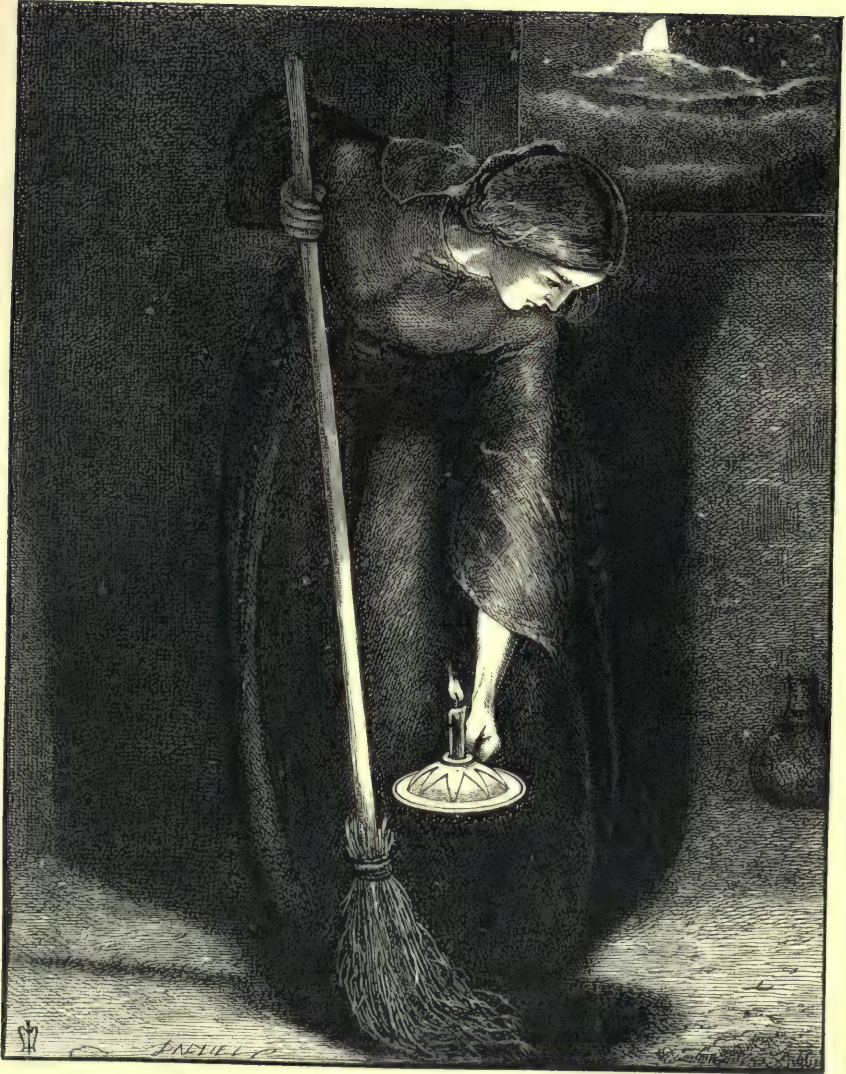
Now so it is very strikingly in the two cases already referred to—that of warfare, and that of husbandry. An army is just a little community in which each has his own place and station and work allotted to him, and in which all cheer and help each other on. It would not do for all to be generals, colonels, captains; there must be those who execute as well as those who devise and issue orders. It would not do for all to be infantry, or all to be cavalry. There is needed alike the steadiness and compactness of the one, and the more active and impetuous movements of the other. And so, when the hour of battle comes, all in their place,

and all under strict command and discipline, they move rank and file, shoulder to shoulder, a vast assemblage, yet with the concentration and quickness of an individual will. The command is issued from the central authority, it flies from rank to rank, and from company to company; a common sympathy binds heart to heart and hand to hand, so that every heart beats high and every hand grasps the weapon with a firmer and steadier hold; in the sight of his fellows and with the memory of home and country rising in his soul, each feels the common impulse to brave all perils and do valiant deeds; and when the shout of battle rises, there is a tremendous power called forth by common action with which the mightiest individual and separate achievements could never cope.

Now turn for a moment to the more peaceful illustration, to that quieter scene which is not less graphically illustrative of the principle in question: for where more vividly than on the harvest-field are you taught of the power of sympathy, combination, common action, and mutual helpfulness? Here is a little company each at his own work and all cheering, encouraging, urging each other on. There is perhaps the farmer who superintends and watches the progress of the work; there are those who cut, and those who bind, and those who glean, and those who load the cart or lumbering wain and bear away the result of the common toil. And as the reapers nimbly ply the sickle, and each band or individual strains every nerve and pushes on that he may not be surpassed by others, and as the cheering word, or shout, or merry song rises up in the clear bright air over the scene of blithe and busy toil, one perceives again a most striking proof of the increased power of common work and mutual helpfulness. Now so it is, or should be, in that noblest of all communities, bound together for the grandest of all works—the Church of Christ, the company of Christ's true soldiers and faithful workmen on earth. Religion is not a solitary thing, a thing with which each man has to do exclusively in the hidden solitude of his own heart. It must begin there, and in many of its deepest exercises it must be carried on there; and without the private intercourse of the soul with God, the private discipline and governance of a man's own secret heart, all other religion would be vain. But, on the other hand, as little will it do to make religion altogether an individual and secret thing. In many of its highest privileges, exercises, and engagements it is social; and one of its most momentous duties is that of mutual sympathy, encouragement, and helpfulness. If you are a sincere Christian, you

ought to feel that all you have and all you are, your wealth, time, talents, power, influence, your penitence, faith, virtue, Christian experience and wisdom, all your blessings and privileges temporal and spiritual, have been bestowed upon you, not for your own use alone, but for the common benefit of that holy family, that household and brotherhood of God's redeemed to which you profess to belong. Your portion of meat God has given you not to hasten away to devour it like a greedy child in secret, but to share it with all your brethren in Christ. Your light was not kindled that it might be hidden for ever underground, illuminating only the walls of your own tomb-like solitude. You are to "let your light shine before men," and not only by your example, but by your active exertions and sympathies, you are bound to help on the work and the workmen in Christ's Church. No member of Christ's Church but can do something to promote the cause of religion, and by his kindly aid, his visits of sympathy, his soothing charities, his cheering encouragements, his recountal of his own experience, be of some use to his fellow Christians. What a happy state of things would it be if each parish in our land were as the dwelling-place of a band of brothers enlisted in some noble and heaven-blessed enterprise, fighting for home and country, in the cause of freedom, truth, and justice! What a happy scene would that be in which the wise and experienced were ever ready with their advice and aid to help the untried and ignorant, in which the powerful aided the weak, and the weak in turn were ready to bless, honour, and stand true to the strong; in which by the head or by the hand, by endurance, forbearance, courage, zeal, self-devotion, all were ready to act together in the work of putting down sin and winning the world to Christ! What a parish that in which the scene that is now enacted on many a bright summer field were but a symbol and representation of our work in the nobler field of Christ's Church; where from year to year all of us together, and each in his own place, were straining every nerve to be and to do good, to help and encourage each other in the work of the Lord, to prepare for the great harvest-home of eternity! Then, indeed, might our Sabbath song of praise be a prelude of that glorious song in which we all hope to join, in which the thousand times ten thousand voices, but one mighty heart of the redeemed in glory, shall celebrate the praises of the great Husbandman, affording the noblest, most glorious fulfilment of that text, "They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest."





THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

IX.—THE PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY.

LUKE xv. 8—10.

It is a grand sight, lion-hunters tell us, to see the forest-king at bay. Driven from his bloody lair, and pursued by men and dogs till further flight is useless, he turns round to face his foes; and when he confronts them,—lashing his sides with his tail, his shaggy mane bristling all erect, fire flashing from his terrible eyes, and thunder roaring from his throat,—the coward crowd fall back; there is death in the spring for which he is bending, and only the bravest stand. Here the Lion of the tribe of Judah is brought to bay. Jesus stands face to face with his enemies; but how different the spectacle, and the passions which it expresses! For the purpose of blackening his reputation, the Scribes and Pharisees, his malignant and implacable foes, resort to the basest insinuations; and the Son of God has to stand on his defence. He might have said, and with more reason than Jonah, "I do well to be angry," and, turning with indignation on His accusers, covered these whited sepulchres with confusion and with shame. But how meek and gentle his bearing, and how triumphant his defence! When one reads it in these beautiful stories of the poor wandering sheep, of the lost money, and of the erring but repentant and forgiven prodigal, how does this apology, this justification of himself for associating with sinners, recall to our recollection the words,—

"Not to condemn the sons of men,
The Son of God appeared;
No weapons in His hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard!"

When suffering from calumny, it is usually the wisest plan to follow John Wesley's practice, and, without reply from either tongue or pen, to let our life refute it, as he said, "to live it down." The lie, the foul and false insinuation, which bad men use to destroy the reputation of the good, is like mud. While it is wet, it sticks; but, since to attempt to wash it out often only spreads the stain, it is best to leave it alone; and drying, in a short while it falls off of itself. It is not uncommon for those who cannot refute, to revile; but a man who has confidence in the goodness of his cause, and walking in his integrity, is conscious of the purity of his motives, is a polished mirror, from whose face, though awhile obscured, the breath of scandal shall vanish, nor leave a stain behind.

When the interests of a great cause however are at stake, and attempts are made to stab it through

the sides of its advocate, to destroy it by destroying his reputation, he may find it necessary, much as he might prefer quietly to bear wrong, to act in self-defence. Such, in his judgment, appear to have been the circumstances in which our Lord was placed. His enemies, for the purpose of bringing discredit on his cause, had attempted to injure his character; and that by the most insidious of all ways; by insinuation, more than by a bold and open attack. "This man," said they, "receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Looking at that remark in the light of the adage, "Tell me your company, and I will tell you your character," it is easy to see what they meant. It was saying, in other words, He keeps low company; if like draws to like, and birds of a feather flock together, this Jesus is no better than he should be; if he were a man of pure mind and virtuous life, would he accept invitations to the tables of people of infamous character?—would he outrage public decency and obliterate the difference between good and bad men, virtue and vice, by eating and drinking with publicans and sinners? I can fancy them using even Scripture to feather the poisoned arrow; and, as they pointed to Jesus breathing words of hope into the ear of some poor fallen woman, or kindly trying to raise a publican from his degradation, I can imagine them asking, with the sneer of a fiend and the tongue of a serpent, Can that be David's son?—the son of him who said, Blessed is the man that standeth not in the way of sinners! I am a companion of all them that fear Thee. I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers; I have hated the congregation of evil-doers, and will not sit with the wicked?

It was the purest love which drew our Lord to sinners. He was among them, but holy, harmless, and undefiled—separate, as oil among the water it swims in, or as the sunbeam which, lighting up the dun and dusty air, passes through it without contracting the slightest stain. Yet with such vile aspersions was Jesus rewarded for leaving the bosom of his Father, and the society of angels, to save the lost! A physician, suddenly summoned to the bed of poverty and disease, leaves his home to face the pelting, midnight storm, and spend the hours others give to rest endeavouring, with all tenderness and highest skill, to alleviate the agony and save the life of some miserable wretch who, as she quaffed

the cup of vice, has reached its lowest, bitterest dregs; and foul-tongued slanderers take occasion, from this act of pure, self-denying, and unrewarded benevolence, to cast reflections on his habits or his heart. Though nothing is more painful than to have kind and good and noble and generous actions imputed to the basest motives, yet the followers of Christ need not wonder, or be deterred from doing good by having that wrong to suffer. As this case shows, their Lord himself was not exempt from it. He was tried in all points like as we are; and when his people find, by a similar experience, that the servant is no better off than his Master, nor the disciple than his Lord, would God they were able to copy his pattern—to copy it as faithfully as a warrior did on a late battle-field! Riding over the ground when the fight was done, he came, as he picked his steps among the dead, to a body which, stirring, showed some signs of life. The bleeding form wore the dress of a foe. Regardless of that, he said to his attendant, "Give him a draught of wine;" and, as the officer stooped down to do so, the wounded soldier, discovering, through the mists that were gathering on his dying eye, in this good Samaritan the general of the troops against which he had been fighting, raised himself on his elbow, drew a pistol, and with deadly hate, fired it at his benefactor's head. Happily, the bullet missed its mark; and the general, so soon as he recovered from his surprise, with a forgiveness truly magnanimous said, "Give it him all the same!" But the attack made on our Lord's character under cover of the remark, This man receiveth sinners, did more than present Him with an opportunity of patiently bearing wrong, and generously forgiving the wrong-doer. Though we have not to thank his enemies for the vile aspersion, we have to thank God that he permitted it. In the words of Joseph, God meant it unto good. To this attack we owe our Lord's noble and unanswerable defence,—those three beautiful and blessed parables which, explaining why he did not shun but rather sought the company of sinners, have kindled hope in the bosom of despair, and encouraged thousands, like the poor prodigal, to return to their Father's house and cast themselves on his boundless mercy. To crush some plants, is to bring out their poisonous juices and their offensive odours; but Jesus—and, to some extent, all true Christians resemble him—resembled the sweetbriar and rosemary, the lowly thyme and the ever-green myrtle, which smell the sweetest when they are hardest crushed,—bathing with fragrance the hands that bruise them.

Before directing our attention specially to the parable before us, and the woman who, with lighted candle and broom in hand, is sweeping her dusty floor, I may remark—

First, that all these three parables are told for the same purpose; and that, though to cursory readers they may appear the same in their matter as in their object, they are not so. They are not, like the reverberations of thunder, mere echoes of one peal;

nor, in following up the first parable with the second and the second with the third, is our Lord, to borrow a figure from his old trade, like a carpenter who seeks by repeated blows of the same hammer to drive a nail in to the head. These parables were all told to show why Christ sought sinners, and to encourage sinners to seek Him. But there are sinners of different shades of character; and these, that none might despair, are described under three different figures:—that stupid, senseless wanderer, the lost sheep; that piece of money which, devoid of sensibility and unconscious of its fall, lies in the dust, and feels no desire whatever to be otherwise; and that wretched prodigal—born in happy circumstances, well and kindly and piously reared—who acts from his own bad will, with wicked determination resists a father's authority, and, sinning against light and conscience, leaves home to plunge overhead into the foulest depths of vice.

Secondly, I remark, in regard to these parables, that by itself none of the three gives a complete picture of the method of Salvation. To see God aright as saving man, and man as saved by God, we must, if I may say so, dovetail them into each other, and make one picture of the three. For example, beautiful, touching, and instructive as is the story of the prodigal, still it gives no adequate idea of the part which God acts in our salvation. No doubt the father, so soon as he catches sight of the penitent yet a great way off, runs to meet him, and, ere the words of confession have left his lips, folds him to his bosom in the embraces of a free, full, flowing, overflowing forgiveness. But he does not send for him. No kind letters full of tender entreaties, no servant from the father's house, ever reaches the miserable swineherd; far less are the household amazed to see the father himself, or by his other and elder son, go forth, leaving home and its pleasures all behind, to seek the poor prodigal in the far country to which his steps have carried him, and amid the misery in which his sins have plunged him. There is an elder brother here; but how unlike ours! Careless of a brother's fate, he stays at home at ease; nor thinks of seeking him whose infant steps he had guided, and with whom, when the day's play was over, he had slept on one couch, the arms of the two boys entwined around each other's necks. He neither regrets his absence, nor rejoices at his return. Selfish and sulky, angry and jealous, that elder brother is a foil to ours. Instructive picture as this is of a sinner's misery and a penitent's heart, and of the joyous welcome given to the worst who repent and return, it is the other parables more than this that present a picture of God,—how he feels toward sinners, and what he does to save them. In these we see God seeking our salvation; not waiting till we go to him, but coming to us—to seek and to save the lost. The heart of man beats in the story of the prodigal; but in this the heart of God. There we see man saved; here we see God saving. Such is the meaning of the parable, where a woman, having ten pieces of silver and losing one of them, lights a

candle, sweeps the house, and seeks diligently till she find it.

WHAT BEFELL THIS WOMAN ?

She had ten pieces of silver, and of these she lost one. But one out of the ten coins was lost ; but one out of the hundred sheep went astray ; but one member of the "certain man's" family became a prodigal ; although the numbers of those not lost in these parables differ, only *one* in each case was lost. Are we to infer from that circumstance, that ours is the only world which has been cursed by sin ? We are certain that there are many worlds besides our own ; and that—with all the twinkling stars we see, and millions we do not see, suns around which there probably roll worlds corresponding to the planets of our solar system—this earth bears no more proportion to creation than one quivering leaf to the foliage of a giant tree, it may be to all the leaves of a boundless forest ; than a single grain of sand to all the sands that form the shores or strew the bed of ocean. Why should not we hope that Satan has never winged his way to those bright realms, nor set foot on them ; and that, like the one lost sheep of the flock, the one lost piece of money, the one prodigal of the family, ours is the only world that, leaving its orbit, has wandered into darkness and away from God ? It adds much to the glory of the starry firmament, to look up and believe that those spheres are the abodes of innocence ;—not prisons of suffering, but palaces of pure delights, with virtues brilliant as their light, and inhabitants, whatever be their form, as loyal to their God as are the worlds they inhabit to the suns round which they roll ; and that, had we ears as we have eyes to reach them, from those beautiful stars we should hear as they rolled nightly over us, when the lark has dropped into her dewy nest and the busy city has sunk to slumber, and the din of the world is hushed, voices in the sky, such as John heard like the sound of many waters, or the shepherds when they listened to the angels singing.

But, whoever may be meant by the nine pieces of silver which were not lost, it is man's soul which is certainly meant by the one which was ; nor, in some respects, could any figure so well express our naturally depraved, degraded, and undone condition. We were not always, not once, not at first, what we are now. On its issue from the mint, this foul, defaced, dusty, and dishonoured coin was bright ; stamped with the image and superscription of a king. Even so man was originally made in the likeness of God : on the pure, untarnished metal of his soul God impressed his own holy image. And still in reason, in conscience, in a sense of right and wrong, in noble aspirations after immortality and in many things else which distinguish him from the brutes that perish, there remain such traces of his original state as we see of its ancient glory in the hoary battlements of an old ruin ; or, according to the figure of this parable, as we see in a foul, worn, rusted coin, with here a letter, and there a muti-

lated feature of its original image and superscription. But sin, deforming man's soul more than death his body, has defaced this likeness, and, till God seeks and his Spirit renews us, has left us buried amid the foulness and dust of corruption ; so that one might fancy that it was over not Abraham's, but all Adam's race, the bearded prophet stood, and raised, as he contemplated their miserable ruin, this lamentable cry, "How is the gold become dim ! how is the most fine gold changed ! the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street. The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter !"

Not only this parable but all Scripture represents us as lost. Yet there is hope in the very circumstances in which we are lost. The case is bad, but not so bad as we can imagine it to have been. It is unfortunate to lose a piece of money in the house, but much more so in a field, or on a moor. Lost in the mountain fills a mother with alarm for her child ; but lost at sea strikes her down with despair. Be it money or a living man, whatever, falling overboard and disappearing beneath the wave, is borne by its weight down and down to the bottom of the deep, is certainly, for ever, lost ; and therefore God employs this figure to set forth his full and everlasting forgiveness of his people's sins. Enraptured with the thought, "Who," exclaims Micah, "is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage ? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again ; he will have compassion upon us ; he will subdue our iniquities : and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Sins forgiven are lost in the sea ; but souls under condemnation of the law and in danger of hell, are lost in the house. Though deformed by sin and defiled by corruption, yet, being within the house, thank God, they are within the region of hope and the reach of mercy. And with infinite love in Jesus Christ, and infinite mercy in the bosom of God, and infinite grace in the Holy Spirit, I despair of none being redeemed, any more than of the coin being recovered, though it had rolled into the darkest nook of the house, now that the woman has lighted her candle and swept the floor and cleared out every corner with her broom, and, stooping down, is turning the dust-heap over and over—seeking till the lost be found. So Jesus came, and so he comes, to seek and to save the lost.

WHAT THIS WOMAN DID TO FIND THE MONEY.

She did everything proper in the circumstances. Indeed she could not do more than she did,—image, though faint, of that work, the wonder of astonished heavens and the highest subject of angels' praise, of which, pointing to his Son, the bleeding victim of the accursed tree, God asks, "What could have been done more for my vineyard, that I have not done in it ?" In regard to the steps which she took, we are, in judging of their propriety and necessity, to

remember that Eastern houses are not constructed on the style of ours—pierced as they are with many windows to admit the welcome sunlight. In climates where comfort lies rather in excluding than admitting the rays of a burning sun, the houses are built of dead walls; and the rooms in consequence are dark even in the daytime. Therefore this woman lights a candle to see with, and search the house. In point of condition as well as construction, houses in the East differ from ours. The habits of the people are not cleanly; and the floors, being formed of dried mud, are dusty as well as the rooms dark; the fitter emblem such houses' of our natural state—a darkened head and a polluted heart. Besides lighting a candle, therefore, the woman seizes a broom, and bending eager to her task, with candle lowered to the ground, she sweeps it; nor, breathing the choking air and moving in a cloud of dust, ceases till the coin, swept up, rings on the floor, or the light flashes on its silver edges; and, gladly seizing it, she holds it aloft, and rushing out in the fulness of her joy, calls her neighbours to rejoice in her success.

We might like to know with certainty what character the woman here represents on the stage. But, though that point were as obscure as was her person amid the cloud of dust her broom had raised in the dark and dirty house, the candle shining in her hand is undoubtedly the Bible, God's revealed Word. Assuming that she symbolises the Spirit of God, it is when He takes that heavenly light, and, carrying it into the recesses of a man's soul, reveals its foulness and danger and misery, that the sinner discovers his loss; and, feeling his need of a Saviour, cries, What shall I do to be saved?—Create in me a clean heart, O God! As to the sweeping, which disturbs the house and reveals a foulness that so long as it lay unstirred was perhaps never suspected, that may indicate the convictions, the alarms, the dread discoveries, the searchings and agitations of heart, which not unfrequently accompany conversion. It is not till the glassy pool is stirred that the mud at the bottom rises to light; it is when storms sweep the sea that what it hides in its depths is thrown up on the shore; it is when brooms sweep walls and floor that the sunbeams, struggling through a cloud of dust, reveal the foulness of the house; and it is agitations and perturbations of the heart which reveal its corruption, and are preludes to the purity and peace that sooner or later follow on conversion. That money was not recovered without a great disturbance within the house; nor are souls, especially such as have been long and deeply sunk in sin, commonly converted without great trials, agitations, and searchings of heart. But, be their seat a diseased body or a troubled mind, how welcome should we make the sufferings which bring us to Christ, and end in our salvation—humbling us in the dust—weaning our affections from earth and wedding them to heaven!

This scene, though expressing the general truth that God has done everything to save lost souls

which even He could do, conveys no idea whatever of the price of our salvation—at what an incalculable ransom we were redeemed. The curtain rises, and the stage shows us the interior of a house, and a woman, dimly seen through a cloud of dust, who is quietly, though carefully, sweeping the floor. There is no dying, no dreadful deed of violence, no mortal struggle, here; no blood bespatters the walls, or creeps in red stream over the floor; no passer-by starts and listens, and thinks he hears blows and groans issuing from within. There is nothing indicative of Christ having sacrificed his life for ours. The nature of the parable does not admit of it; yet we are never to forget that it was through suffering as well as seeking that we were saved; and that, to redeem us, God spared not even his own Son—commending his love to us in that, while we were sinners, Christ died for us.

THE WOMAN'S JOY AT FINDING THE PIECE OF SILVER.

There is a peculiar pleasure felt in recovering what we have lost; or in having anything placed beyond the reach of danger which we were afraid of losing. A group of children with health blooming on their rosy cheeks, joy ringing in their merry laughter, vigour bounding in their frames as they chase the butterfly or each other over the flowery lawn, is a sight to gladden any, but especially a parent's eye; yet it is a deeper joy to look on the pallid face and languid form of the child who, propped up on pillows and an object still of care and trouble never grudged, has been plucked from the jaws of death—brought back from the very gates of the grave. No boat making the harbour over a glassy sea, its snowy canvas filled by the gentle breeze and shining on the blue waters like a sea-bird's wing, is watched with such interest, or, as with sail flapping on the mast it grates on the shingle, is welcomed with such joy, as one which, leaving the wreck on the thundering reef, comes through the roaring tempest, boldly breasts the billows, and bringing off the half-drowned, half-dead survivors, shoots within the harbour amid flowing tears and cheers that, bursting from the happy crowd, rise above the rage and din of elements. No gathering of an unbroken, happy, prosperous family in their old home on the return of a birthday, or at Christmas time, ever filled a father's heart with such gratitude and gladness, as was felt in the house where, while the prodigal sat encircled by his father's arm, each happier than the other, the music that filled the air, the wine that flowed in bowls, the floor that shook to the dancers' feet, but feebly expressed the deep though silent joy which welled up in the old man's heart. By such scenes a gracious God, accommodating his language to our ideas, expresses his joy in saving sinners, and in seeing sinners saved. To entertain any other idea of him is to do injustice to his gracious character and to endanger our own souls. "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the

death of the wicked."—"What," he asks, "could have been done more for my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" To the edge of the grave, to the brink of perdition, I see him following the most obstinate and headstrong and perverse and wretched sinner, with this earnest and most affectionate entreaty, Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? Some wretched and heart-broken creature, the flower which has been trodden on the street where the villain hand that plucked had thrown it when its freshness and bloom were gone—one polluted in body and in mind—one lost to virtue and shunned by decency—one for whom none cared but a mother, who clung to hope, and with love burning in its ashes, wept and prayed in secret for her she never named, is converted; and think of God in heaven feeling more joy than the mother who on a wild winter's night has opened her door to the wanderer's moaning cry; and while she hastens to tell the glad tidings to humble and sympathising neighbours, think of Him telling them to his angels, and calling them to rejoice with him that the dead is alive again and the lost is found; and think of the joyful alacrity with which those happy, holy,

spirits haste, if so employed, to do the Saviour's bidding—prepare another mansion and weave another crown.

What value belongs to these souls of ours, when the repentance and salvation even of one sinner is thought worthy of being published in heaven and sung to the music of angels' harps? We may be assured that it is from a dreadful doom the soul is saved; and that it was over a fearful abyss it hung when Jesus plucked it from the wreck. Angels had not otherwise turned an eager gaze from heaven on earth, and looked down from their lofty realms to watch the issue with breathless interest, and feel such joy at the result; and as I have seen a man when the wave, bearing the boat on its foaming crest, brought it up to the ship's side, seize the happy moment and with one great bound leap in, so should sinners, perilously hanging on the brink of ruin, over perdition, the hell that yawns below, seize the opportunity to be saved. Willing and eager to save, Christ stretches out his arms to receive us. Let us throw ourselves on his mercy, crying, Save now, Lord—Lord save me, I perish!

RECRUITING.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

THE British army is the only one in Europe the ranks of which are replenished by voluntary enlistment. In every other country military service is to a certain extent compulsory, and the system of conscription more or less prevalent. It might be inferred from this fact that we are the most warlike of all nations, inasmuch as the military ardour of the people is sufficient to recruit the ranks of the army. This inference, however, would be somewhat premature: few enter the army in this country because they prefer the profession of arms to every other kind of employment. We have conversed with a great many recruits, and we have met with only two or three young enthusiasts who had taken the shilling from the pure love of defending their Queen and country. A variety of motives had induced the others to enlist. The British army is much the same sort of rendezvous at the present day as the cave of Adullam in the old Jewish times; it may be said of the recruiting sergeant as of David, "Every one that is in distress, and every one that is in debt, and every one that is discontented, gather themselves unto him." Distress, or, in other words, want of employment, is the most frequent cause of enlistment. There is an old and time-honoured joke, which we introduce merely from the light it reflects on this part of our subject:—"It was not for want that I took the shilling," is often repeated with a grim smile; "I had enough and to spare of that before." During a severe winter, when many are thrown out of employment, the supply of re-

ruits is greater than the demand, and none but the most promising are selected. On the other hand, when the price of labour is high both in town and country, it is difficult to find a sufficient number, and cases of desertion become much more frequent. The supply of recruits for the army is thus affected by all the fluctuations of trade and agriculture. In periods of depression the supply exceeds the demand, and the recruiting sergeant can pick and choose; on the other hand, when the price of labour is high, he must take what he can get. But poverty is not the only cause of enlistment. A drunken husband quarrels with his wife, and, by way of revenge, goes and takes the shilling (concealing, of course, the fact of his marriage); a son grows weary of the restraints of home, and foolishly imagines that he will enjoy a greater amount of liberty in the army. It was only recently that a weeping mother spoke to us about her son who had enlisted:—"You see, sir, we were a little too strict with him. He was fond of going to the theatre, and when we found that he would not give it up by gentle means, we told him the next time he went out at night he would find the door shut on his return. This soon happened; so he enlisted, and we knew nothing about it till it was too late." They paid 20*l.* to buy him off—a foolish investment, as he is almost certain to enlist again. Those who are bought off after a few weeks' service almost invariably do so; it is far better to allow the foolish youths to remain a year or two in the army. In the course of that time they will

come to know their own minds, and perhaps be more disposed to submit to the restraints of parental authority. Debt, dishonesty, drunkenness, immorality, and a desire to escape from its consequences, are also frequent causes of enlistment. There is another cause of a more substantial character which ought not to be overlooked: we mean, disappointment in love. How many a poor lad has thought that he would find a cure for an aching heart in the galvanic power of the sergeant's shilling, or sought revenge on his inconstant or obdurate sweetheart by donning the soldier's tunic! We do not believe in broken hearts in the army: the drill-sergeant's ratan and the intricacies of the goose-step are sufficient to prevent the most sentimental recruit from brooding too much over his disappointment, and after a time he learns to care for none of these things. It is among young soldiers that the tender passion is most prevalent, and sometimes it crops out very unexpectedly. The other day we were visiting the wards of one of our military hospitals, and in going our rounds we observed a young soldier whose expression of face was far more depressed than his slight illness was sufficient to account for. We entered into conversation with him, and found that he was from a part of the North which we knew. If you want to have a firm gripe over a soldier's heart, talk to him of his native village: the whole nature of the man expands, and the hidden fountains of feeling begin to well over at the thought of home. You may make almost anything of such a man, and he will cleave to you with the loving trustfulness of a child. It was so in this case; we were soon the best of friends. He was a tall, powerful young fellow, and a skilful workman; so we felt a desire to know the cause of his enlistment. We suggested several, but in vain; at last a happy idea occurred to us. "Ah! John," we said, "you have been quarrelling with your sweetheart." "Well, sir," said John, with a blush that made his face redder even than his own intensely auburn hair, "I am thinking it was something of that sort."

While the ranks of our army are filled up by voluntary enlistment, it would be a mistake to suppose that the recruits come forward of their own accord to enlist. It does, indeed, occasionally happen that a young man, incited by some of those causes to which we have alluded, will go in search of the recruiting sergeant, but, as a general rule, the recruiting sergeant has to go in search of him. Employers of labour may safely take it for granted that, without any direct effort on their part, the supply will always be equal to the demand; but it is not so in the army. It requires a certain amount of rhetoric to persuade a man that it is to his advantage to allow himself to be shot at for a shilling a day. The Government are aware of this fact, and have provided accordingly. The whole of the United Kingdom is divided into recruiting districts, each of which is under the charge of an inspecting field officer, and subdivided into smaller districts, under the superintendence of officers of inferior rank.

Each of these subalterns has parties of non-commissioned officers and men employed under him, over whom he exercises a general control. As all the real work of recruiting is done by the sergeants and the men under them, the commanding officer of a regiment is always very careful in the selection of them. It would be difficult to specify the exact qualities desiderated in such men. There are obvious reasons why they should not be married, and, so far as we know, none but single men are chosen. It is not necessary that they should be good men, and a good man will not accept such a field of labour unless it be forced upon him. It is the most demoralizing species of military duty on which any soldier can be employed. We have heard more than one declare, with bitter regret, that they would have been wiser and better men if they had not been corrupted by being employed in recruiting. We had no reason to question their sincerity: a man cannot touch pitch without being defiled; a soldier cannot beat up the haunts of vice for recruits without becoming to a certain extent vicious himself. It is not necessary that he should be a good soldier; the commanding officer is always unwilling to send such men on detached duty. The great desideratum in the case of a soldier sent to recruit is, that he should be a clever, shrewd, good-looking fellow, gifted with that rude and ready eloquence which tells at once on the masses. If practicable, he is usually sent to his native district: he left it an uncouth, unshapely lout; he returns to it a smart, active, handsome soldier, envied by all his former comrades, and admired by all their female acquaintances. He seems to have nothing to do, and an unlimited supply of money. While they are toiling hard, he seems to live only for enjoyment. His bright uniform is to be seen at every country fair and village merrymaking; his voice is law even to those who once despised him. And he, of course, will do nothing to weaken this favourable impression; on the contrary, he will do everything to strengthen it. Though a private, he has usually the stripes and the titular rank of corporal, which he has to lay aside when he rejoins his regiment. As the additional pay of fourpence a day which he receives while recruiting would be insufficient to meet his expenditure, he has an intelligible motive for exertion. He usually puts up at some public-house, and there is a perfect understanding between him and the landlord. They deal with one another on the principle of reciprocity. The soldier undertakes to bring as much custom as he can to the landlord; and if he causes a reasonable quantity of drink to be consumed on the premises (rarely at his own expense), he usually receives his board and lodging for nothing. There are always numbers of foolish lads who, without any idea of enlisting, think it manly to cultivate the society of the recruiting sergeant, and to treat him to drink. In the long run they usually find their military friend a dangerous acquaintance. He has constantly an eye to business, and has visions of the more likely

amongst them marching along with him to headquarters. He does all that in him lies to make this vision a reality. He will drink with them, sing them his best songs, and tell them his best stories. His glowing imagination paints the life of a soldier in its most seductive colours; it matters little that the groundwork of truth is altogether wanting. The man who cannot lie without a blush will never do for the recruiting service. In this case the end is held to justify the means, and the recruiting sergeant will tell the most fearful lies without a blush. It is true that he is usually warned by the adjutant or commanding officer not to give too loose reins to his imagination; but, with the prospect of 15s. for every sound recruit he can enlist, what is there he will not say? Ah! if there is an Elysium on earth, it is a barrack-room: the life the most enviable of all others is that of a soldier. There is nothing which the heart of man can desire that is not within his reach. Plenty to eat and drink, a handsome uniform, liberal pay, and the disposal of your own time, who is there that would not prefer such a life to that of the rustic clothopper?

Nor is the sergeant the only one who indulges in this peculiar style of eloquence while descanting on the pleasures of a soldier's life. There are others higher in rank, superior in education, who stoop to practise the same kind of deception. We may insert in proof of this the following unique production, the impudent humour of which might excite a smile, if it were not for the unblushing effrontery of its falsehood. It is stamped with the impress of a higher order of intellect than that of the recruiting sergeant, and is invested with an official character by being surmounted with the arms of England.

“Stop!—Take notice!

“Fine young single men have now a splendid opportunity of joining the ——. They must measure 5 feet 7 inches, and be between 17 and 25 years of age. They will all receive the same liberal

“Bounty of £5 15s. 6d.

“On their arrival at —— they will be taught the art of riding, driving, fencing, gunnery, and mechanics, whereby guns are moved with the same facility as a penny whistle; the use and manufacture of gunpowder, sky rockets, and other beautiful fireworks. They are also lodged in the finest barracks in the world, have light work and good pay! the best beef and mutton that —— can afford; and a comfortable place in the barracks, called ‘the canteen,’ set apart for them to see their friends in, and take a cheerful glass, also an excellent,

“Library and Reading Room;

“A Park and Pleasure Ground,

with a select number of horses kept for their instruction, health, and amusement.

“After their education is completed, an opportunity will be equally and without favour afforded to all to travel in foreign countries, where they

may drink their wine at two pence a bottle! by the new tariff, and return to their friends with money, manners and experience, with a

“Liberal Provision for Old Age.

“As the number of men required for this service will soon be completed, young men desirous of availing themselves of these unequalled advantages, are earnestly advised to apply without loss of time to the recruiting party at ——.

“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”

It is impossible to read this without a smile, but many a credulous youth may have believed it, and found out his mistake when too late. What a charming picture of a soldier's life. It recalls to our memory the words of the famous French song,

“Ah! quel plaisir d'être soldat!”

It may be said that this placard is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, which will deceive no one; but we doubt this; it would be difficult to set any bounds to the all but infinite vastness of human credulity.

But to return to our friend the recruiting sergeant. On leaving the regiment, he and his men are usually provided with a book of printed instructions for their guidance, and also a copy of the Mutiny Act, which contains several clauses about the mode of enlistment. As soon as he arrives at his station, he has to report himself to the commanding officer of the troops there, whom he is bound to obey in all things. If he receives any orders tending to defeat the object he has in view, he is bound to report the case to the regiment, in order that he may obtain redress. He must always appear in uniform, and move about his station in a smart and soldier-like manner. By this he understands that he must walk some ten or twenty miles every day backwards and forwards on the sunny side of the street, flourishing his cane, and critically examining every man or woman who passes. He has to pay all the men who are stationed in country districts, and to inspect their kits once a month. He receives special instructions not to enlist any recruit unless he be straight made, upright, with broad shoulders, raised chest, good legs, not inkneed, free from all appearance of sore legs, scurvy, rupture, or any other infirmity. A cast in the eye is sufficient to cast the most promising recruit. If any recruit is labouring under any of these infirmities, and wilfully conceals them at the moment of enlistment, he is liable to be tried by court-martial, but this regulation is practically set at nought, as no recruit need confess that he has been guilty of wilful deception. Certain classes, such as sailors, miners, and navigators are deemed ineligible as soldiers, and any recruiting sergeant who wilfully or carelessly enlists a married man, is liable to be recalled and severely punished. The same rule applies also to apprentices. No master, however, can reclaim an apprentice: the only redress he can obtain is the payment of such part of his apprentice's bounty money as he may not have received.

The average height is 5 feet 4 inches for regiments of the line, and 5 feet 8 or 9 inches for the foot guards. The tall gigantic life-guardsmen are all picked men: the enlistment of one of these is often a serious affair. Men are rarely to be found possessing all the physical and moral qualities requisite in this branch of the service; when one is discovered, every effort is made to induce him to enlist. We have known cases where the adjutant of one of these regiments has laid aside his dignity so far as to travel several hundred miles to try the effect of his eloquence on some young giant of whom he has heard a favourable report. As a general rule, however, all the work is done by the recruiting sergeant, who is better fitted for it than his superior officers. There is an old rule of the service, that no recruit is to be accepted unless he be provided with a certificate of moral character from the clergyman of his parish, or some local magistrate or other notable; but the recruiting sergeant, who can tell human nature at a glance, has now learned to dispense with this obsolete rule. The truth is, the test of morality must not be too strictly applied, or the ranks of our army would soon be thinned. It was otherwise in former days, when it was esteemed an honour to be admitted into the army, and officers received their commissions, not for a certain sum of money, but for the number of picked men they brought with them from their paternal estates. We have heard the son of a Highland chief, whose forefather, about a century ago, joined the Pretender with 500 men, say that, with all his influence, he could only induce one of his clansmen to enlist, and he was the greatest blackguard in the parish; so entire is the change that has been effected of late years in the relations between landlord and tenant in the north: the old feudal feeling has disappeared, and the tie that exists between them is the same as in any other commercial transaction. We question whether the beautiful Duchess of Gordon, who raised the 92nd Highlanders for her son, the Marquis of Huntly, and gained many a likely recruit by placing a sovereign between her coral lips, and inviting him to take it in the approved fashion, would be able, if she were now alive, to raise twenty men by the adoption of a recruiting trick which was then found to be irresistible. Landlords in the north have higher rent-rolls and more extensive deer-parks, but where are the men? True wealth does not always consist in the abundance of that which a man hath. Human flesh may not be such a marketable article as venison, but perhaps it is more precious in the long run. Deer will not defend our shores, or fight as the brave Highlanders fought when they followed their chiefs to the field.

As a general rule, regiments have recruiting parties in the counties where they were originally raised. In most cases, however, they are not able thus to obtain a sufficient number of men to keep up their strength, and are obliged to have recourse to the large manufacturing towns to supply the deficit. It is not unusual for the Highland regi-

ments to recruit in London, and Englishmen show no particular aversion to the kilt or trews. A fair sprinkling of Scotchmen is also to be found in the English regiments: they find more rapid promotion there than in regiments composed chiefly of their own countrymen, and, therefore, as highly educated as themselves. We have heard several assign this as the cause of their preference. Irishmen are to be found in abundance in every branch of the service except the Foot Guards, for which natives of England and Scotland only are to be enlisted, unless special permission is given to the contrary. Such permission, so far as we are aware, never has been given, and yet, notwithstanding this formal intimation that "No Irish need apply," the brogue is occasionally to be heard in the ranks of the Foot Guards as elsewhere. Some regiments have only an accidental connection with the places by which they are known. The Coldstream Guards, for example, are not and never were a Scotch regiment; their only connection with the small village of Coldstream, in Berwickshire, is that they marched from it under Monk to assist in the restoration of Charles II. It is somewhat singular, however, that they have always recruited a little there, and that there are some five or six men in the regiment to justify the name by which it is honourably known.

Agricultural labourers are always the most promising recruits, and invariably make the best soldiers. They are soon licked into shape, and have usually more strength and stamina than those who have been bred in large towns. They are also superior to the latter in every soldierly virtue, and are less saturated with vice. Most of the non-commissioned officers in the army have been selected from this class. We have under our eye at this moment a list of forty-four sergeants belonging to one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, and we find that forty of them were brought up in the country and engaged in agricultural labour before their enlistment. The reader, therefore, will be prepared to learn that the recruiting sergeant will never offer the shilling to a town-bred lad if he can find a country one. There is less chance also of the latter being rejected; but of this more anon. The popular belief is, that the acceptance of a shilling from the hand of a recruiting serjeant constitutes enlistment; but it is not so. In terms of the Mutiny Act, he is bound to obtain from the recruit satisfactory answers to the following questions:—"Are you an apprentice?" "Are you married?" "Do you belong to the Militia or to the Naval Coast Volunteers, or to any portion of her Majesty's land or sea forces?" "Did you ever serve in the army or navy before?" "Are you marked with the letter D?" "Have you ever been rejected as unfit for her Majesty's service on any previous enlistment?" While the recruit is answering all these questions in the negative, the sergeant is supposed to be holding the shilling neatly suspended between his finger and thumb, ready to drop it into his palm as soon as the last "No" has issued from

his lips, and to say, "Then I enlist you for Her Majesty's—Regiment of the Line." The sergeant, we say, is supposed to do all this, but old Macwhirter, who has enlisted more recruits than any other man in the service, tells us, with a knowing wink of his wicked old eye, that he has enlisted six or eight men in one night without asking a single question or parting with a single shilling. "But how was that?" we ask, incredulously. "Why, sir," says Mac, without even the semblance of a blush on his old wrinkled face, "I made them all dead drunk over-night, and swore next morning that they had all taken the shilling. They couldn't prove that they had not taken it, so they had no help for it but to pay the smart-money, or to be attested." Such proceedings were winked at formerly, and perhaps even secretly encouraged; but any sergeant guilty of such deception now would, if detected, be recalled, and reduced to the ranks. The period of enlistment is ten years for the Infantry and twelve for the Cavalry or Artillery or other Ordnance Corps, if the person enlisted is of the age of eighteen years or upwards; but if under that age, then the difference between his age and eighteen is to be added to such ten or twelve years, as the case may be. At the close of ten or twelve years' service, the soldier is at liberty to take his discharge, unless he should be stationed abroad, and the commanding officer require his service, in which case he is bound to serve for a further period not exceeding two years. He may take his discharge, but he is not entitled to any pension unless he serves for a period of twenty-one years. By a recent regulation, a soldier who takes his discharge after ten years' service, is allowed a breathing time of six months: if he decides to give up soldiering, he becomes an unpensioned civilian, but if he re-enlists before the six months have expired, his ten years' service count in his favour, and he may retire with a pension after eleven years. If he foolishly allows the six months to glide away before he has finally decided to re-enlist, he loses the benefit of his previous service, and enters the army on the same footing as any other recruit.

We are not to suppose that the whole ceremony of enlistment is over when the magic shilling has dropped into the extended hand of the recruit. The sergeant produces from his pocket-book the following notice, and proceeds leisurely to fill it up:—

"John Brown,

"Take notice, that you enlisted with me at 10 o'clock, P.M., on the 1st of April, 1863, for the 999th Regiment, and if you do not come to Takem Inn at the hour here fixed, for the purpose of being taken before a justice, either to be attested or to release yourself from your engagement by repaying the enlisting shilling, and any pay you may have received as a recruit, and by paying twenty shillings as smart-money, you will be liable to be punished as a rogue and vagabond. You are hereby also

warned that you will be liable to the same punishment if you make any wilfully false representation at the time of attestation.

"J. KITE, Sergt. 999th Regt."

The enlistment is not legal, unless the recruit has been served with this notice along with the shilling on some lawful day. From twelve o'clock on Saturday night to twelve o'clock on Sunday night, Sergeant Kite's occupation is gone: he must rest on his oars during that interval, however strong the temptation may be to distribute an occasional shilling. He is reduced to the same compulsory idleness on Christmas-day and Good Friday; no recruits are enlisted for the army on either of these two days. Many a rascally recruit decamps on receiving the shilling, taking what is called French leave, and nothing more is heard of him, unless he be seized as a deserter. But we shall suppose that John Brown appears at the time and place indicated by Sergeant Kite. There he has to be examined as to his physical fitness by an army medical officer, when there is one quartered at or near the place of enlistment, or failing that, by some local medical practitioner. This examination is technically known as "the Primary Inspection;" the object of it is to guard against the approval of ineligible recruits. The external characteristics of a sound constitution and efficient limbs, are summarily stated for the guidance of the examiner—viz., a due proportion between the trunk and the members of the body, a countenance expressive of health, with a lively eye, skin firm and elastic, lips red, teeth sound, voice strong, chest capacious and well formed, belly lank, limbs muscular, feet arched and of a moderate length, hands large rather than small. A Tom Thumb or a Goliath would be equally excluded from the British army: there is one towering form well known in Rotten Row, and not unknown in the literary world, the owner of which has been condemned to civil life on account of his gigantic stature. We had recently an opportunity of witnessing one of these primary inspections. We had called on the chief medical officer at a certain station, and were directed to his office, where we had to wait in a small ante-chamber where we could see all that was passing. Suddenly two young men in a state of perfect nudity, entered the room, and began walking backward and forward at a pace which Deerfoot might have envied. Our friend then made them halt and stand in the position of a soldier under arms, when he examined them thoroughly from head to foot. He then made them extend their arms at right angles with the trunks of their bodies, touch their shoulders with their fingers, and place the backs of their hands above their heads. While in this defenceless position, he suddenly struck one of them a stunning blow in the chest, which sent him reeling against the wall; then rushing up to him he applied his ear to his chest, and listened for a minute or so with rapt attention. He gave a nod of satisfaction, but the ordeal was not

yet over; he made him hop on one leg round and round the room till he could scarcely retain his gravity. He was pronounced eligible, and dismissed. The other recruit did not fare so well. Our friend looked him sternly in the face till he quailed beneath his eye. "You scoundrel," he said, "you enlisted six months ago in the — Hussars, and I rejected you as blind of the right eye." The fellow attempted at first to deny this, but soon admitted his guilt, and was given into custody. He was one of a numerous class, known in the army as "bounty lifters," who live by defrauding recruiting parties. Occasionally they deceive the doctors, and receive the bounty-money, with which they make off, and enlist somewhere else. We know of one case of a man who, by his own confession, had received forty-five bounties, and had never done a single day's duty in the army. Bounty lifting is as much a profession as pocket-picking, and there are more than a thousand men in this country who have no other means of subsistence. As the civil medical practitioner receives only a fee of 2s. 6d., his examination is seldom very strict, and thus there is an ample door for deception. But we shall suppose that John Brown is not a bounty lifter, but an honest young fellow, willing to serve his country. We shall suppose, further, that he has passed the ordeal of the primary inspection, and that it is twenty-four hours since Kite dropped the shilling into his hand. During that interval he has made no effort to raise a sovereign of smart-money, so he is brought into the presence of a magistrate (who must not be an officer in the army), before whom he swears that he will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to her Majesty, her heirs and successors; and that he will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend her Majesty, her heirs and successors, in person, crown, and dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and of the generals and officers set over him. When Brown has thus been attested, Kite begins to smile upon him and to have golden visions of 15s. dropping into his own pocket. From that day the young recruit begins to draw his pay, which is 1s. 1d. for the line, and 4d. a day for lodging money. In certain cases he receives 2s. 6d. as the earnest of his bounty money, but Kite being of a suspicious temperament, this is not always done. In former days recruits were billeted on private individuals in the town where they were enlisted. Old soldiers still speak with a sigh of regret of those days; an ingenious and unscrupulous recruit, acting in concert with Kite, could always get himself bought off for something handsome, and then report to the billet master that there was some contagious disease in the house. This he continued to do till he found a landlord who would pay nothing, in which case he took up his abode in his house, and made himself generally disagreeable. All this has been done away with now, and the recruit must rest content with his limited allowance of lodging money, or with such limited accommodation as the

recruiting sergeant can provide for him till he joins his regiment. It is not unusual for some twenty or thirty recruits to be huddled together in one room, and the man of superior education is obliged to associate with tramps, thieves, and other outcasts, who have been deemed worthy of serving her Majesty.

Here the process of corruption begins, and as a period of six weeks often elapses before the recruit joins his regiment, if untainted before, he is soon initiated into vice, and has often to suffer its consequences in hospital. In some regiments he receives the half of his bounty money after being attested; this sum is no real boon to him, as it is usually spent in debauchery. The bounty money varies in amount according to the demand for men. In former days it rarely covered the expense of the kit, and the young soldier often found himself in debt. This cannot occur now, as he is always provided with a free kit, and a certain sum which is entirely at his own disposal. During the Crimean war, it rose as high as 5l. or 6l., a larger sum than most of the recruits had ever possessed before. At Croydon, where some 500 recruits for the Foot Guards were assembled, the possession of such a large sum of money led to fearful scenes of debauchery and riot, and many deserted, again to take the shilling, and to repeat the same scenes elsewhere. At present the bounty money for the Guards is 1l. and a free kit; after joining his regiment, the recruit usually receives this sum at the rate of 6d. a-day. This is far better than paying him the whole sum at once, and it were desirable that the same arrangement were adopted in every branch of the service. The recruiting-sergeant receives 15s. for every recruit who passes the final examination; if two have taken part in his enlistment, the money is divided between them. The recruit, if he be of an enterprising character, may make a little money by inducing some comrade to enlist; he receives 7s. 6d. as the reward of his enterprise. Sometimes a whole batch of men are enlisted, though it is well known that some of them are unfit for the service; the sergeant allows the smaller fry to escape through the meshes of his net, and brings the others safely to land. He takes care never to lose sight of them till he has brought them to the head-quarters of the regiment, where, after passing a second medical examination and being approved of by the colonel, they are handed over to the pay or colour-sergeant of the company they are posted to. Every recruit must bring with him to head-quarters one shirt and one pair of socks or stockings, clean and ready to be put on when he gets into barracks. For the modest sum of 8s. he is provided with a uniform which has belonged to some other man; the tunic costs 5s., the trousers 3s. After a few days the regimental tailor hands over to him his own uniform, for which he pays nothing, and his kit is served out to him. It consists of the knapsack and straps, two straps for binding his greatcoat to the knapsack, three shirts, three pairs of socks, two towels, two pairs of boots,

one pair of leather leggings, one pair of winter trousers and one pair of summer trousers, a tunic, a shell jacket, one pair of braces, two shoe brushes, a clothes-brush, a box of blacking, a razor and case, a comb, a shaving-brush, a knife, a fork, and a spoon. This is a handsome outfit for men most of whom may be safely placed in the category of the great unwashed, and the Government takes care that if any of these articles are lost, or destroyed, or made away with, they shall be replaced at the expense of the soldier. We may now leave the recruit in the hands of the drill-sergeant, comforting him with the assurance that, if he does not carry the baton of a field-marshal in his knapsack, as every French soldier is presumed to do, he may, by good conduct and soldierly smartness, attain the rank of sergeant, and retire from the service with a pension of 2s. a-day.

There are four recruiting districts in England, the head-quarters of which are at London, Bristol, Liverpool, and York; two in Scotland, head-quarters Glasgow and Edinburgh; and three in Ireland, head-quarters Belfast, Dublin, and Cork. In 1860, there were 27,853 recruits examined at head-quarters, and more than one-fourth of these were rejected as unfit for military service. As a proof of the negligence with which recruits are passed by medical practitioners who have no connection with the service, it may be mentioned that the proportion rejected on secondary inspection of those approved by civilians, was exactly double that of those who had been examined in the first instance by army surgeons. A heavy loss was thus entailed upon the country, as these recruits were supported at the public expense during the interval between their enlistment and final rejection. It is somewhat singular that in France, where the conscription comprehends all classes and the army represents the whole community, the number of rejections in 1859 was almost exactly the same as at our primary inspections in 1860, being at the rate of 317 per 1000. The largest number of recruits were rejected at Glasgow and Belfast; London comes next, and Bristol stands highest in the list. The proportion of rejections in Scotland is greater than elsewhere; this is owing to the fact that the great majority of Scottish recruits belong to the large manufacturing towns. Of every 1000 men inspected, England and Wales contributed 566, Scotland 107, Ireland 321, the colonies and foreign countries six. One-half of the recruits are returned as being between eighteen and twenty-one years of age, but there is reason to believe that many of them antedated their births, as service under eighteen years of age is not allowed to count for pension. The proportion of men above 5 ft. 8 in. is considerably greater in the Scotch recruiting districts than in the English or Irish, while the proportion of men under 5 ft. 5 in. is nearly one-fourth higher in Ireland than in Great Britain. There is thus no foundation for the fallacious belief that Irishmen are taller than the Scots or English;

the truth lies in the opposite direction. The reader may perhaps wish to know something of the occupations of our recruits, and the amount of education they had received before entering the army. We find that 9420 were labourers, husbandmen, and servants, 2783 manufacturing artisans, 4863 mechanics, 2051 shopmen and clerks, 108 professional men or students, and 142 boys enlisted as drummers. Thus it appears that one-half of the recruits are obtained from the class of labourers, husbandmen, and servants, and one-fourth of them from the mechanical trades. Ireland furnishes much above the average proportion of labourers; Scotland, of manufacturing artisans and mechanics; and England, of shopmen and clerks. The highest proportion of rejections took place among the mechanics employed in occupations favourable to physical development, while the lowest was among students and professional men, and next to these among shopmen and clerks. As regards education, we find that of every 1000 English recruits, 247 were unable to read or write, 51 could read only, and 702 could both read and write. Of every 1000 Scotch recruits, 163 could neither read nor write, 156 could read only, and 681 could both read and write. Of every 1000 Irish recruits, 321 could neither read nor write, 145 could read only, and 534 could both read and write. The reader will thus perceive that the proportion of recruits wholly without education was highest in Ireland, and lowest in Scotland, but the proportion of those who could write was higher in England than in Scotland,—a result scarcely to be anticipated among the natives of a land where John Knox established a school in every parish.

We know that we are treading on delicate ground, but we cannot close this article without expressing our conviction that our whole system of recruiting is radically wrong. Apart from all other demoralizing influences, we may find in it alone the cause of much of the debauchery that prevails among our soldiers. It tends alike to corrupt the recruiters and the recruited, by familiarising both with vice. We know that it is far easier to point out an evil than to suggest a remedy. The continental system will never do in this country; the nation which has abolished the press-gang will not readily adopt the conscription. A higher class of men should be employed in the recruiting service; the 15s. per man, which is practically an inducement to enlist the worst men, because the worst men are always readiest to enlist, should be abolished: and the promise of a commission given to every recruiting sergeant who shall raise a certain fixed number of good men. Let their goodness be tested by their after-conduct. The sergeant would thus have no inducement to frequent the haunts of vice, or to initiate the recruit into the mysteries of low debauchery. Again, why should the recruit be six weeks before he joins his regiment? Why should he be condemned to frequent low public-houses, to associate with outcasts, to occupy the

same room, perhaps to sleep in the same bed, with filthy tramps and other unsavoury vagabonds? Why should he be subjected to this degrading ordeal, which must strip him of all self-respect, and reduce him to the same moral degradation as the outcasts around him? It is a false economy which detains him in such haunts till the sergeant has completed his batch of recruits; how false may be learned from the statistics of our military hospitals. And when he joins his regiment, why should he receive his bounty money all at once? There are old scoundrels of soldiers watching and waiting for the moment he touches it, ready to share in the foul orgies to which they lure him on: why should it not be paid to him at a small fixed daily allowance, as in the case already mentioned; or better still, why should we not adopt the French system? The French conscript is credited, on joining his regiment, with forty francs of bounty money, known as "*la masse individuelle*," but he never touches it so long as he remains in the service; it is kept as a reserve fund: if he sells or makes away with his kit, it serves to supply him with a fresh one, and his pay of two sous a-day is stopped till "*la masse*" is raised to the original amount. He receives the

whole of this sum on quitting the service, so that he is never altogether destitute; it gives the authorities a hold over him, and tends to repress two crimes, the two perhaps most prevalent in our army: desertion and selling kits. The adoption of this principle would, we are convinced, be a benefit to the soldier and the country at large: it has, in fact, been partially recognised in the following regulations, which have been made known in garrison-orders at Woolwich, and which, we hope, will soon be extended to every branch of the service,—viz.: That the practice of conferring a sum of money on enlistment by way of Royal Bounty shall be abolished: that the recruits shall be provided with thorough outfit as heretofore, and shall be entered as of the first class on joining the reserves. If at the termination of the first period of three years they are returned as "of good behaviour," they will be rewarded with a badge entitling them to an addition of 1*d.* per day above the ordinary pay; and as a further inducement, at the expiration of each succeeding three years, the same rewards will be conferred, so that during a service of twenty-one years a well-behaved man will be entitled to seven badges and a pay of 2*s.* 2½*d.* per day.

THE SOUTHERN MINISTER AND HIS SLAVE-CONVERT.

A DIALOGUE.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

"The South has done more than any people on earth for the Christianisation of the African race."—*Address to Christians throughout the World, by the Clergy of the Confederate States of America.*

Convert. Mister Shearer, I'se greatly troubled in mind.

Minister. What about, Cæsar? "Let not your heart be troubled," you know.

Convert. Jiss so, Mister Shearer, jiss so. But I'se troubled 'bout many tings. 'Mongst oders, I'se troubled by dat word you read last Sabbath, 'bout de sin of whoseber sall put 'way his wife, 'cept she go wrong, and de sin of him dat marrieth her which is put 'way.

Minister. Well, Cæsar, what is your trouble?

Convert. Yersee, Mister Shearer, I'se had tree wife, 'sides my Sally dat now is, and nebber none of dem go wrong 'gainst me; and Sally's had four husbands.

Minister. Why did you put away your former wives, Cæsar?

Convert. Fust wife,—dat was Phoebe,—she were bery good and help me much, but she hev no chil'rn. So Massa say to me, Cæsar, I'se want plenty young piccanniny, no good your keepin to dis gal, you choose 'noder wife. I'se allers good nigger, Mister Shearer, so do as Massa tell me; get Nan for wife. Nan bear Massa two, tree, four, six piccanniny. But her temper so bad, last I'se not stand it; so go to Massa and say, "Massa, can't live wid Nan." Massa he laugh, and say, "All right, Cæsar, she good strong gal, I sell her down

South. I've jiss anoder wife to gif yer." So he gif me Yeller Nell, dat were young Massa Tom's—Massa Tom he den 'way. Time he come back, he find Yeller Nell my wife. He angry like mad, and flog me wid horsewhip, and take back Nell. Den I marry Sall.

Minister. Well, Cæsar, you may set your conscience at rest on this point. The Scripture says, that he who puts away his wife and marries another commits adultery; it does not say that he whose wife is taken from him and marries another does so. Now you seem never to have put away any of your wives to marry another, since even your second wife Nan was sold off by your master, though your own conscience must tell you what your intentions were in complaining of her to him. Anyhow, it was your duty to marry again when your master bade you. "Servants," it is written, "be obedient to your masters."

Convert. Den servant may marry ten, twenty wife if him Massa bid him?

Minister. I hope such a case has never occurred; but, anyhow, it is not the servant's sin.

Convert. Massa's sin den, Mister Shearer, if him servant marry more dan one wife?

Minister. Not unless he bids it, or at least formally allows it.

Convert. Bress de Lord! if dis be so, poor Massa e'mit heap adultries for him servants! 'Pears to me, ebry man hev sin 'nuff for hisself, widout bearin' oders' sin. Tink you Massa go to heaven, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Cæsar, that is a most improper and uncharitable question. Think of your prosperous and happy condition,—of the food and drink and shelter and clothing which are provided for you, without your having the trouble to do so yourself, of the kind care you receive in sickness, of the many gifts which are bestowed upon you, of the many occasions of enjoyment allowed you. Think, above all, of the blessed Gospel which you are privileged to hear, and which would never have been preached to you if you had remained in Africa a benighted savage. The more you consider these things, the more you will learn to make allowance for the few unfortunate incidents that are attached to the peculiar but patriarchal institution under which you live, and to appreciate its benefits.

Convert. Bery true, Mister Shearer, I'se much for to tank de Lord. I know my Saviour, know He died for me. But I'se troubled in mind all same, Mister Shearer. What for Jesus say, "What God hath jined togeder, let no man put 'sunder," if Massa hev power to put wife 'sunder from husban', and husban' from wife, and parent from chil'rn, and chil'rn from parent? Dat 'cordin' to Jesus' law, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Cæsar, you are contentious. If you have such scruples, I do not know how you are to get through life. If you are ordered to do anything which you feel to be clearly wrong, you may on your own responsibility abstain from doing it, just as the Apostles did, when they were scourged like so many poor slaves for persisting to preach Christ, because they felt they "ought to obey God rather than man."

Convert. I'se known one, two, tree niggers flogged for preachin' Christ, Mister Shearer. Dey was right den, Mister Shearer, was dey, in not obeyin' dere Massas?

Minister. I cannot say. My dear Cæsar, it is not every man that wishes to preach Christ who is called to do so. The probability is, that their masters knew much better than they whether they were likely to have a call or not.

Convert. Jim Buckley, he flogged two, tree time for preachin', when Mister Buckley forbid him. Dat call 'nuff, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Cæsar, I am not here to argue, but to save souls. Always bear in mind the text, "Be obedient to your masters in fear and trembling." Remember, therefore, that in any but the plainest cases it must be safer for you before God to obey. That is your clear duty anyhow, however doubtful your course may be in other respects.

Convert. 'Pears to me de Apostles tink oder-wise.

Minister. Don't be so presumptuous as to compare inspired Apostles with ignorant African slaves.

Convert. Bery true, Mister Shearer. I'se awful ig'rant. Want learn, want learn bery much.

Minister. A very proper feeling, Cæsar. Being so ignorant, you ought therefore to listen to those who are wiser than you, and who are set over you for your pastors and teachers, and who have searched the Scriptures through and through to instruct others.

Convert. Ah, Mister Shearer, I'se much troubled 'bout 'noder ting. Text say, "Search de Srip-ters." What for I not 'lowed search? What for I not 'lowed read God's Word?

Minister. Because you are not fit to understand it by yourself. Do you remember what I read to you one day from the Acts of the Apostles, how the Ethiopian eunuch, who was a very great man under Queen Candace, asked of Philip, "How can I understand God's Word, except some man should guide me?" And can you expect to understand Scripture without a guide, even if taught to read it?

Convert. I'se like to try, Mister Shearer. I lub de word of de Lord. Ebry nigger no hev Philip de Deacon to help him. P'raps if him taught read, de blessed Spirit Hissell might teach de poor nigger some. You know John Guinea-coast, Mister Shearer? Him of de "Wanderer"?

Minister. I know the man you mean. A native African, full-blood.

Convert. He say dat on Guinea coast Mish'ry teach de African niggers read de Scriptor in dere own tongue. Dat true, Mister Shearer?

Minister. I believe it is, Cæsar.

Convert. Dat right, Mister Shearer?

Minister. I suppose it is.

Convert. What for de African nigger taught read de Scriptor, and de Amer'can nigger not taught read? Dey less ig'rant dan us, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Less ignorant! poor degraded heathen savages, full of the most barbarous superstitions and vices! Ah! Cæsar, you should indeed thank God for having in His divine Providence brought your race to this Christian country!

Convert. If dey more ig'rant and 'graded dan us, and us too 'graded and ig'rant to read Scriptors, what for Mish'rics teach dem, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Cæsar, you must overcome this disputations, almost rebellious temper of yours. It is no business of yours whether the Missionaries on the coast of Africa do right or wrong in teaching the heathen natives to read the Scriptures. If it be right, it does not follow that it would be right here; if it be wrong, it is not for you to judge them. Do your duty in the station of life wherein it has pleased God to call you; pray God to give you grace to obey your masters according to the flesh, to love your wife, and to bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Convert. Ah, Mister Shearer, dat 'noder trouble. I'se tried to bring up de chil'rn right way, Mister

* A celebrated slaver, which landed Africans on the Southern coast in defiance of the law.

Shearer. I'se had thirteen chil'rn. Six die small piccaninny, praise de Lord. One taken from me by Massa when piccaninny, for to gif young Massa Tom. Yer know Massa Tom, Mister Shearer. He teach my Joe to cuss and to swear and to drink; he flog him for noting, and make shockin' bad liar. Joe now rascal nigger, quite,—sure he go to hell. Den Susy,—she pretty, she good, like little angel. Massa Smith, de overseer dat is dead, he see her, he tak her 'way. I'se half mad dat time, Mister Shearer. I go to Massa and 'plain. He laugh; Massa Smith, he flog me. Massa Smith, he bad man; make my Susy bad woman. I'se afeerd she go to hell too, Mister Shearer. Den, to spite me, when I go 'plain to Massa 'bout cross Nan, Massa Smith he sell off to South de tree next piccaninny, wid Nan, and I'se left widout chil'rn 'cept de two rep'bates. Since den, I'se two more chil'rn, one white nigger gal, dat is Flory, by yellor Nell (she no my own chile, but I lub her all same like de fruit of my loins, and poor Nell dead now, yer know); and de oder day, I hear ole Rose—Massa's Rose,—she allers hated Nell,—I hear her say to Massa, dat Flory fetch good price in town; and de Lord help her den, Mister Shearer! And my youngest boy Bill,—what sall I do if him taken too, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Let us hope that he will not be, Cæsar.

Convert. Yer see, Mister Shearer, 'noder ting allers trouble me. De blessed Jesus he say, "Whatsoever ye would dat men do unto you, so do to dem." Now Massa, he keep Missus to hisself, he keep him buckra chil'rn till some years, den 'caus dey is ig'rant, he send dem to school. But de nigger men, de nigger women, de nigger piccaninny, he sell dem South when him want money. He no send nigger piccaninny to school, do dey be neber so ig'rant; if ole nigger try go school, he flog him. Massa no would like dat hisself, or Missus, if de young Massas was sold, or dat de young Massas was flogged 'cause dey want learn. What for he no do to niggers as him be done by? Jesus' law no hold good for Massas, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Cæsar, have you always done to others as you would be done by?

Convert. No, Mister Shearer, de Lord forgib me! But I'se tried to, many a time. I teach de young Massas all dat poor nigger know; teach dem fish, and shoot wid arrow, and make net, and find honey and 'possum. Time 'as young Massa Tom lost, I'se out tree days searchin' in swamp, and last bring him back. I bring back young Massa Tom—what for ole Massa seil my piccaninny?

Minister. Cæsar, remember the word, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Any how, surely it must be matter of thankfulness to you to have brought up your children, as you say, in the fear of God, whatever may happen to them.

Convert. Ah! Mister Shearer, I no care so much for de boys, I care for de gals. God forgif me; 'pears to me if gal forced to be bad woman in bad

house down South, she better headen altogeder. Don't de Scriptor say, "De servant dat know not Lord's will and c'mit tings wordy stripes sall be beaten wid few stripes?" Tink it right dat Massa hev power to force poor nigger gal to 'come bad woman, Mister Shearer?

Minister. Come, Cæsar, don't be always tormenting your poor brain with questions which are too deep for you.

Convert. Ah! Mister Shearer, if dat pretty Missie Ad'line of yours forced by Massa to 'come bad woman down South, you no help axing queshuns. Dere be many queshuns to ax in dis bad world, Mister Shearer.

Minister. My poor Cæsar, that is all the greater reason for fixing your heart upon a better one. "Set your affections on things that are above," you know.

Convert. Jiss so, Mister Shearer, bress de Lord. Dere be massas and slaves in heav'n, Mister Shearer?

Minister. No;—no more slavery there, Cæsar.

Convert. Dey all massas dere, Mister Shearer, or all slaves?

Minister. Neither masters nor slaves, Cæsar; all free.

Convert. Den freedom heav'nly ting, Mister Shearer?

Minister. You are getting out of your depth again, Cæsar.

Convert. P'raps de Lord may teach me swim in deep waters, bressed be His name. Don't de Lord Jesus say, "De truth sall make you free?" If de truth make free, den de lies make slave.

Minister. How now, Cæsar? Has some fanatical abolitionist been poisoning your mind?

Convert. Bress de Lord, no. I'se neber seen ab'litionist. De Lord Jehovah, He my ab'litionist. He bring Him people Israel out of de land of Egypt, out of de house of bondage. De Lord Jesus Christ my ab'litionist. He sent to preach de Gospel to de poor, to preach deliverance to de captives, to set at liberty dem dat are bound. De Holy Ghost my ab'litionist, for where de Spirit of de Lord is, dere is lib'ty. De Lord hev great black people in dis country, Mister Shearer. Dey cry to Him dis long time in bondage. Dey 'xpec' He come soon, bery soon, to break dere chains.

Minister. Cæsar, what do you mean by this revolutionary talk? What would your master say if I were to tell him of it?

Convert. Quench not de spirit, Mister Shearer. S'pose Massa flog me or kill me, I tell truth all de same.

Minister. For this once, I will not inform against you. But I warn you that you are an ungrateful, discontented fellow, who ought never to have been received to church membership, and I certainly shall not admit you to the Lord's supper till you show signs of a better mind.

Convert. Bress de Lord! P'raps He gif me better c'mmunion, Him and me togeder.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE SPIRIT OF ELD.*

In the olden time, there lived at the back of Beinn nan Sian, a goat-herd, named Gorla of the Flocks, who had three sons and one daughter. The herding of the kids was entrusted to her, the Darling of the Golden Hair. On one of the days when she was on the breast of the hill herding the kids, a fleecy wreath of mist, white as the snow one night old, twined round the shoulder of the hill, encircled the solitary darling, and she was seen no more.

At the end of a year and a day, Ardan, the eldest son of the herdsman spoke, saying :

“A year past to-day, my sister, the Darling of the Golden Hair, departed, and it is a vow and a word to me that I will not rest, or stay, by night or by day, until I trace her out, or share her lot.”

“If thou hast so vowed, my son,” says the father, “I will not hinder thee; but it would have been becoming, ere the word had gone forth from thy mouth, to have asked thy father’s consent. Arise, wife; prepare a cake for thy eldest son. He is going on a long journey.”

His mother arose, and baked two cakes, a large and a small one.

“Now, my son,” says she, “whether wilt thou have the large cake with thy mother’s displeasure for going away without leave, or the small one with her blessing?”

* Mr. Campbell, in his very able preface to his interesting collection of popular Highland Tales, says, p. 20: “Dr. M’Leod, the best of living Gaelic scholars, printed one old tale somewhat altered with a moral added in his ‘Leabhar nan Cnoc,’ in 1834; but even his efforts to preserve and use this lore were unsuccessful;” and at p. 28 the same accomplished writer says: “The old spirit of popular romance is surely not an evil spirit to be exorcised, but rather a good genius to be controlled and directed.” Surely stories in which a mother’s blessing, well earned, leads to success; in which the poor rise to be princes, and the weak and courageous overcome giants, in which wisdom excels brute force—surely even such frivolities as these are better pastime than a solitary whisky bottle, or sleep in grim silence.

The following tale is that referred to in the above words. It is not an actual transcript of any individual tale, but it embodies “the spirit of romance,” and presents an example of the general tone and teaching of the old Highland tale, most faithfully and vividly. In Gaelic it possesses all the freshness and gracefulness which the late Dr. M’Leod’s intimate knowledge of the Highland character, or rather his own thoroughly Celtic heart and imagination, along with complete mastery of the language, enabled him to give. Very much of its life-like character is necessarily lost in the translation to a foreign tongue; but imperfect as it is, it may prove interesting to the thinking English reader, as a specimen of the style of teaching which served to nourish and strengthen among the Highlanders those qualities which, even their enemies being judges, they possessed in a very eminent degree—reverence for parents, hospitality, fidelity, and fearlessness.

“Mine be the large cake,” said he, “and keep the smaller one with thy blessing for those who prefer it.”

He departed, and in the winking of an eye he was out of sight of his father’s house. He plashed through every pool, strode over every knoll. He travelled swiftly without sparing of limb, or thigh, or sinew. He would catch the swift March wind which was before; but the swift March wind which was after him could not catch him. At length hunger seized him. He sat on a gray stone to eat the large cake, and the black raven of the wilderness sat on a snout of rock above him.

“A bit, a bit for me, Son of Gorla of the Flocks,” says the raven.

“Nor bit, nor sup shalt thou have from me, thou ugly, black, grim-eyed beast. It is little enough for myself,” says the Son of Gorla.

When this was over the edge of his chest, he again stretched his limbs. The swift March wind before him he would catch, but the swift March wind after him could not catch him. The moss shook as he drew near it. The dew fell off the branchy brown heath. The moor-cock flew to his most distant retreat. The evening was beginning to darken. The black gloomy clouds of night were coming, and the soft silken clouds of day were departing. The little bright-coloured birds were seeking rest, at the foot of each bush, or in the top of each branch, amid the most sheltered nooks which they could find; but not so was the Son of Gorla.

At length he saw afar off a little house of light; but though it was a long way off, he was not long in reaching it. When he entered, he saw a powerful-looking, stout, old gray-headed man stretched on a long bench on one side of the fire, and on the other a handsome maiden combing her waving tresses of golden hair.

“Come forward, youngster,” says the old man. “Thou art welcome: often has my bright lamp attracted the traveller of the mountains. Come forward. Warmth, and shelter, and whatever comfort is in the dwelling on the hill, are thine. Sit down, and, if it be thy pleasure, let thy news be heard.”

“I am a fellow in search of employment,” says the herdsman’s eldest son. “The bright lamp of thy dwelling drew me to seek warmth and shelter for the night.”

“If thou remain with me for a twelvemonth to herd my three dun hornless cows thou’lt receive thy reward, and shalt have no reason to complain.”

“I would not so advise him,” says the maiden.

“Advice unsought was never esteemed,” says the Son of Gorla. “I accept thine offer, sir: in the dawn of the morning I am thy servant.”

Before the belling of the deer in the forest the Maiden of the Golden Hair and the silver comb milked the three dun hornless cows. "There they are to thee," says the old man; "take charge of them, follow them, do not turn or hinder them. They will seek their own pasture; allow them to travel as they choose; keep thou behind them, and whatever comes in thy way do not part with them. Let thine eye be on them, on them alone: and whatever else thou seest or hearest, give not an eye to it. This is thy duty; be faithful, be diligent, and trust my word; thy diligence shall not be without reward." He went in charge of the cattle, but he was not long away when he saw a golden cock and a silver hen running on the ground before him. He chased them: but though every now and then they were almost in his grasp, it defied him to lay hold of them. He returned from the vain pursuit, reached the place where the three dun cows were feeding, and began again to herd them; but he was not long after them when he saw a wand of gold, and a wand of silver, twisting and turning on the plain before him, and he immediately set off after them. "It cannot be but that these are easier to catch than were the birds which deceived me," he said; but though he were chasing them, still he could not catch them. He betook himself again to the herding, and saw a grove of trees on which grew every kind of fruit that he had ever seen, and twelve kinds which he had never seen. He began to fill himself with the fruits. The dun cows set their faces homewards, and he followed them.

The Maid of the Golden Hair milked them; but instead of milk there came only a thin watery ooze. The old man understood how the case stood.

"False and faithless fellow," said he, "thou hast broken thy promise." He raised his magic club, struck the young man, and made a stone pillar of him, which stood three days and three years in the dwelling of the hill as a memorial of breaking the word and covenant of engagement.

When another day and another year had passed, red *Ruais*, Gorla's second son said, "There are two days and two years since my lovely sister departed, and a day and a year since my big brother went off. 'Tis a vow and a word to me to go in search of them, and to share their lot. Like as it happened to the elder brother it happened in every respect to the second, and a stone pillar he is in the end of the dwelling on the hill, as a memorial of falsehood and failure in covenant.

A year and a day after this, the youngest son, brown-haired, pleasant Covan, spoke:

"There are now three days and three years since we lost my beautiful sister. My beloved brothers have gone in search of her. Now, father, if it please thee, permit me to go after them, and to share their lot, and let not my mother prevent me. I pray for your consent. Do not refuse me."

"My consent and my blessing thou shalt have, Covan; and thy mother will not hinder thee."

"Shall I," said the mother, "prepare the large

cake without my blessing, or the small cake, with the wish of my heart, and the yearning of my soul?"

"Thy blessing, mother, give thou unto me, and much or little as may be given along with it, I am content. The possession of the whole world would be a poor inheritance with thy curse upon it. A mother's blessing 'tis I who will not dispise."

Brown-haired Covan, the son of Gorla, departed, and as his father and mother were disappearing in the mist, his heart was full. He travelled with speed; he reached the wood of roes. He sat under a tree to eat of the cake which his gentle mother had baked for him.

"A bit, a bit for me," says the black raven of the wilderness. "Covan, give me a bit, for I am faint."

"Thou'lt get a bit, poor bird," says Covan. "It is likely thou art more needful than I. It will suffice for us both. There is a mother's blessing along with it."

He arose and went on his way. He took shelter with the old man, and went to herd the three dun cows. He saw the golden cock and the silver hen, but he turned away his eyes; he followed the cattle. He saw the wand of gold and the wand of silver; but he remembered his promise, and did not go after them. He reached the grove, and saw the fruit that was so fair to the eye; but he did not taste of it. The three dun cows passed the wood. They reached a wide moor where the heather was burning. They went towards it. The flames were spreading, threatening to consume them all; but the cows entered into the midst of them. He did not attempt to prevent them, for such was his promise. He followed them through the fire, and not one of the hairs of his head was singed. He saw after this a large river which was swollen with the flood of the mountains. Across it went the dun cows, after them fearlessly went Covan. A short while after this, on a green plain was seen a beautiful house of worship, sheltered from the wind, brightened by the sun, from which was heard the melody of sweet songs and of holy hymns. The cattle lay down on the ground, and brown-haired Covan went in to hear the tidings of good. He was not long listening to the message of gladness, when there rushed in a light youth with raised look and panting breath to tell him that the dun cows were in the corn field, and to order him to drive them out.

"Depart from me," says Covan. "It were easier for you, my good fellow, to drive them out yourself, than to run thus with panting breath to tell me. I will listen to the pleasant words."

A very short time after this the same youth came back, excitement and wildness in his eye, his chest panting.

"Out, out, Son of Gorla of the Flocks, our dogs are chasing thy cows. If thou be not out immediately thou shalt not get another sight of them."

"Away, good fellow," said brown-haired Covan.



"He followed them through the fire, and not one of the hairs of his head was singed."

"It were easier for thee to stop thy dogs than to come thus panting to tell the tale to me."

When the worship was over, brown-haired Covan went out, and found the three dun cows reposing in the very place where he had left them. They rose, went on their journey homewards, and Covan followed them. He had not gone far when he came to a plain so bare that he could see the smallest pin on the very ground, and he noticed a mare with a young frisking foal pasturing there, both as fat as the seal of the great ocean. "This is wonderful," says brown-haired Covan. Very shortly after this he saw another plain, with rich abundant grass, where were a mare and a foal so very lean that a shoemaker's awl would not stand in their backs. After this was seen a fresh-water lake, to the upper end of which was travelling a numerous band of youths, bright and buoyant, fair and happy. They were going with joyful songs to the land of the Sun, to dwell under the shade of trees whose leaves were most fragrant. He heard the murmur of the brooks that flowed in the land of the Sun—the songs of the birds—the melody of strings which he knew not, and of musical instruments of which he had never heard. He perceived other bands of miserable persons, going to the lower end of the lake—to the land of Darkness. Horrible was the scream that they raised, woful was the sad wringing of their hands. Mist and dark clouds were over the land to which they were travelling, and Covan heard the muttering of thunder. "This is truly wonderful," he said; but he followed the three dun cows.

The night now threatened to be stormy, and he knew not of house or of shelter where to pass it. But there met him the Dog of *Maol-mòr*, and no sooner met, than this liberal giver of food invited him, not churlishly or grudgingly, but hospitably and heartily, to lay aside three-thirds of his weariness, and to pass the whole night with him. He was well and carefully tended by the Dog of *Maol-mòr* in a warm cave, where no water from above or below came near them,—if this would suffice him with sweet flesh of lamb, and of kid, without stint or scant, and in the morning abundance for the day's journey.

"Now farewell to thee, Covan," says his host. "Success to thee; wherever thou goest may happiness be always thy companion. I offered hospitality, and thou didst not spurn it. Thou didst pleasantly and cheerfully accept what I offered; thou didst pass the night in my cave; thou didst trust in me; thou hast made fast my friendship, and thou shalt not be deceived. Now attend to my words: if ever difficulty or danger overtake thee, whenever speed of foot and resolute action may deliver thee, think of the Dog of *Maol-mòr*, wish for him, and I will be by thy side."

He met with the like friendship and liberality on the following night from the renowned giver of food, the active, far-travelling black raven of *Corri-nan-creag*, on whom sleep never settled, nor

sun ever rose, until he had provided what was enough for himself and for him who came and went. Short-hopping, wing-clapping, he led the way for Covan through the goats' track to a hollow under a dry snout of rock, where he asked him to lay aside three-thirds of his weariness, and to pass the whole night with him. He was well cared for that night, if mutton and venison would suffice; and on going away in the morning, he said to him, "Covan, son of Gorla of the Flocks, take with thee what thou needest. The stranger's portion I never missed, and remember my words. If ever you happen to be in peril or hardship, where a strong wing, and courage which fails not, will avail thee, remember me. Warm is thy breast, kind is thine eye. Thou didst confide in me; thou hast ere this fed the black raven of the wilderness. I am thy friend—trust in me."

On the third night he met with companionship and hospitality as good from the *Doran-donn*, the sharp-eyed, the skilful, active seeker, who would not be without food for man or boy while it was to be found either on sea or land. Though in his den were heard the mewing of wild cats and the snarling of badgers, he led Covan—without awe, or fear, or starting—firmly, steadily, straightly to the mouth of a cairn, where he asked him to lay aside three-thirds of his weariness, and to pass the whole night with him. Well was he entertained that night by *Doran-donn* of the stream—the constant traveller—if fish of every kind better than another would suffice, and a bed—dry, comfortable, and soft—of the cast-wave of the highest spring-tide, and of the *dilse* of the farthest out shore.

"Rest for the night, Covan," said he. "Thou art most heartily welcome. Sleep soundly; the *Doran-donn* is a wakeful guard."

When day came Doran escorted Covan for a part of the way.

"Farewell Covan," said he. "Thou hast made me thy friend; and if ever difficulty or danger overtake thee, in which he who can swim the stream and dive under the wave will avail thee, think of me,—I will be at thy side."

Covan went forward and found the three dun cows in the hollow where he had left them, and by the close of that same evening he and they reached the dwelling on the hill safe and sound. Welcome and kindness awaited him in the house when he entered, and he was entertained without stint or grudge. The aged man asked how it had fared with him since his departure, and he began to declare it. He praised him for not having meddled with anything which he had seen until he reached the house of the sweet hymns, because those were only a vain show to deceive him.

"I will, after this, open to thee the mystery of the matter, and explain the meaning of the sights which caused thy great wonder," says the old man. "Meantime, ask thy reward, and thou shalt have it."

"That will not be heavy on thee, I hope," says

Covan, "and it will be abundant for me. Restore to me in life and health—as they were when they left my father's house—my beloved sister and brothers, and piece of gold or coin of silver Covan wishes not."

"High is thy demand, young man," said the aged. "There are difficulties between thee and thy request above what thou canst surmount."

"Name them," says Covan, "and let me encounter them as I best may."

"Hearken, then. In that lofty mountain there is a fleet roe of slenderest limb. Her like there is not. White-footed, side-spotted she is, and her antlers like the antlers of the deer. On the beautiful lake near the land of the Sun, there is a duck surpassing every duck—the green duck of the golden neck. In the dark pook of *Corri-Buy*, there is a salmon white-bellied, red-gilled, and his side like the silver of purest hue. So, bring home hither the spotted white-footed roe of the mountain, the beautiful duck of the golden neck, and the salmon which can be distinguished from every salmon,—then will I tell thee of the sister and brothers of thy love."

Off went brown-haired Covan. The Maid of the Golden Hair and the Silver Comb followed him.

"Take courage, Covan," says she; "thou hast the blessing of thy mother and the blessing of the poor. Thou hast stood to thy promise; thou hast rendered honour to the house of sweet hymns. Go, and remember my parting words. Never despair."

He sought the mountain; the roe was seen—her like was not on the mountain; but when he was on one summit the roe was on another, and it was as well for him to try to catch the restless clouds of the sky. He was on the point of despair when he remembered the words of the Maid of the Golden Hair: "Oh, that I now had the fleet-footed Dog of *Maol-mòr*," said he. He no sooner spoke the word than the good dog was by his side, and after taking a turn or two around the hill, he laid the spotted roe of the mountain at his feet.

Covan now betook himself to the lake, and saw the green duck of the golden neck flying above him. "Oh, that now I had the black raven of the wilderness, swiftest of wing, and sharpest of eye," says he. No sooner had he spoken thus, than he saw the black raven of the wilderness approaching the lake, and quickly he left the green duck of the golden neck by his side.

Then he reached the dark deep pool, and saw the silvery, beautiful salmon, swimming from bank to bank. "Oh, that I now had the *Doran-down* that swims the streams and dives under the wave," says Covan. In the winking of an eye, who was sitting on the banks of the river, but *Doran-down*? He looked in Covan's face with kindness—he quickly went out of sight, and from the dark deep pool he took the white-bellied salmon of brightest hue and laid it at his feet. Covan now turned homewards, and left the roe, the duck, and the

salmon on the threshold of the dwelling on the hill.

"Success and gladness be with thee," said the aged man. "He never put his shoulder to it who did not throw the difficulty over. Come in, Covan; and when the Maid of the Golden Hair has milked the three dun cows, I will open the mystery of the matter to thee, and we will draw wisdom from the history, and the journey of Covan."

THE MYSTERY OF THE TALE OPENED.

"Thou didst not leave the house of thy father and of thy mother without their consent. The blessing of father and mother was with thee, Covan. Thou didst not refuse a morsel to the hungry in his need. The blessing of the poor was with thee, Covan. Thou didst make an engagement: thou didst promise, and didst fulfil, and the reward of the true is with thee. Thou didst see the golden cock and the silver hen—the *glamour* which gold and silver cast on the sight. Thou didst remember thy promise, and didst walk on the path of duty. Happiness attended thee, Covan. The tempter tried thee again with the wand of gold, and the wand of silver which appeared easier to grasp. Thou didst remember thy promise and didst follow the cattle. When he failed to lead thee astray by gold and silver, he tried to deceive thee with the fair fruit of the grove. He set before thee every fruit ever seen by thee, and twelve which had not been seen, but thou didst turn away from them. He then tried thy courage by means of the fire and the flood; but thou didst pass through them on the path of duty, and didst find that they were as nothing. Thou didst hear the voice of the holy hymns, and the sound of the sweet songs. Thou didst go in, doing well. But even thither the tempter followed thee. Good was thy answer to him. 'I will listen to thee truth.' Thou didst see the bare pasture with the high bounding steed and the frisking foal, glad in the midst of it. Thus often, Covan, is it in the world. There is scarcity in the house of hospitality; but peace, gladness, and increase are along with it. Thou didst see the abundant pasture, and every four-footed creature on it near dying from leanness. Thus, in the world, is the house of the penurious churl. There is abundance in it; but he has not the heart to use it; there is want in the midst of plenty. There is a worm gnawing every root, and every flower is withered. Thou didst see the beautiful lake, and didst hear the glad notes of the happy bands who were travelling to the land of the Sun. These are they who attended to my counsel, and were wise in their day. Thou didst hear the painful wailing of those who were going to the land of Darkness. These were the people without understanding or wisdom, without truth or faithfulness, who made light of every warning, and now they lament miserably. Thou didst not despise the kindness or hospitality of the poor. Thou receivedst frankly what was offered thee in friendship. Thou didst not shame the

needy. Thus thou didst bind their attachment to thee. Thou didst stand to thy promise. Thou didst follow the cattle. Thou hast earned thy reward. I trusted to thy courage. Difficulties did not deter thee. Putting thy shoulder to them, thou didst overcome them. Thou didst never despair. Thou didst also find that the Dog of *Maol-mòr*, the Black Raven of the Wilderness, and the Brown Doran of the Stream, were not without value.

"And now, Covan, son of Gorla of the Flocks, hearken to me: 'Restore to me,' thou sayest, 'my beautiful sister and beloved brothers, whom thou hast under the power of witchcraft!' What is witchcraft, Covan? The false contrivance of the deceiver—the vain excuse of the coward—the bugbear of fools—the terror of the faint-hearted. What never was, is, nor will be. Against the dutiful and the upright there is neither witchcraft nor wile. Thy sister, the Darling of the Golden Hair, thou shalt get home with thee; but thy brothers, though they are alive, laziness and unfaithfulness have made wanderers without home or friend. Go thou to thy father's house, Covan, and treasure in thy heart what thou hast seen and heard."

"And who art thou that addressest me?" said Covan.

"I am the Spirit of Eld—the Voice of Age," says the old man. "Fare thee well, Covan. The blessing of the aged go ever with thee."

CHAPTER XVII.—STAFFA TOURISTS FORTY YEARS AGO.

UNTIL within the last forty years the West Highlands was a land of mystery to the London summer tourist. Dr. Johnson had indeed penetrated those fastnesses, and returned in safety to London, not only without having been robbed, or obliged to wear a kilt and live on whisky and oatmeal porridge, but with a most flattering account of the people, and describing the clergy and gentry as polite, educated, and hospitable. Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Pennant had brought into notice, and admirably delineated, the marvellous Island of Staffa, not far from Inchn Kenneth and Iona, both of which islands were visited by Johnson, and excited his enthusiasm,—the one for its Laird, and the other for its memories of early piety. But when Scott adopted the Highlands as the subject of romantic story and song, investing its scenery, its feudal history, its chiefs, clans, old traditions, and wild superstitions, with all the charm of his genius, then began a new era of centered comfort in every spot which his magic wand had touched. The Lord of the Isles, and the Lady of the Lake, became the pioneers of the tourist. Good roads took the place of the old bridle-paths winding among the heather. Coaches-and-four bowled through wild passes where savage clans used to meet in deadly combat. Steamers foamed on every Loch and banished the water kelpies. Telescopes were substituted for second sight. Waiters with white neckcloths and white towels received the travellers, where red deer used to

sleep undisturbed. The eagles were banished from the mountains, and "Boots" reigned in the valleys.

Forty years ago steamers had not mingled their smoke with the mists of the hills, and the Highlands had not become common as Vauxhall to the Londoners. It was then a land of distance and darkness. No part of Europe is so unknown now to the fireside traveller as the Hebrides were then. With the "Foreign Bradshaw" and "Murray," any man now can so arrange his journey as to fix the day on which he will arrive, and the hour at which he will dine in any town from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. As he sits in his club in London, he notes the minute when his train will arrive at Moscow or Milan, and almost the day when his steamer will land him at New York, and when he can reach the Prairies of the far West, or gaze on the Falls of Niagara or St. Anthony.* The Hebrides are therefore now at his door. He dines one day in London, and sups the next beneath the shadow of Ben Lomond or Ben Cruachan. But at the time I speak of, the journey northward to Glasgow by coach or post-horses was tedious, tiresome, and expensive. When the Highlands proper were entered upon, at Dumbarton or Callander, then, between bad roads and peat-reeked pothouses, rude boats without comfort, and a crew innocent of English, with all the uncertainties of tides, squalls, heavy seas, and heavy rain, a tour among the islands of Scotland was far more hazardous than one now to India or America.

The continent of Europe was then still more difficult of access, and during the wars of Napoleon, was well nigh inaccessible. Accordingly such persons as loved adventure and had time and money at their command, and who, above all, could obtain good letters of introduction, selected a Highland journey, with Staffa as its grand termination.

Alas! for the hospitable Highland mansion which happened to be situated at a convenient resting-place for the tourist *en route* to some spot of interest! There was then prevalent among southern tourists a sort of romantic idea of the unlimited extent of Highland hospitality, and of the means at its command. It was no unusual occurrence for the traveller to land at any hour of the day or night which winds, tides, or boatmen might determine; to walk up to the house of the Highland

* Even while we write, the following paragraph appears in a London paper:—"Think of an excursion party which is to start from Plymouth on board a luxuriously appointed steamer, and which is to visit Lisbon, Gibraltar, Naples, Palermo, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Balaklava, Sidon, Alexandria, Algiers, and Tangiers, before returning to the port of departure! All this is to be accomplished in two months. The time of putting in at each new port, and the length of stay to be made there, are set out in the advertisement as specifically and formally as the arrivals and the stations on a railway time-table. Every luxury, we learn, is to be provided for the travelling company, and they are not supposed to be under any expense while on shore, as the steamer is to be their floating hotel all the time."

gentleman; to get a dinner, supper, and all, plentiful and comfortable; to retire to bed, without a thought where the family had packed themselves (so that the travelling party might have accommodation); and finally to obtain next day, or, if it rained, days after, carts, horses, boats, men with baskets of provisions, crammed with roast fowls, cold lamb (salt never forgot), cold salmon, grouse, milk, brandy, sherry, and bottles of whisky. The potato digging, the hay cutting, or the reaping of crops might be put a stop to; what of that? they are so hospitable in the Highlands! And then these summer visitants bade farewell with shaking of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, and with the usual stereotyped hope expressed that, "should they ever come to England and visit Land's End, how glad, &c."—But the reception was nevertheless all put down to a *habit* of the country, a thing called Highland hospitality, something like speaking Gaelic, smoking tobacco, or wearing the kilt.

And I am compelled to acknowledge that the families who thus received and entertained strangers never looked on their doing so in that "light of common day" in which I cannot help placing these transactions. "What *can* the travellers do?" I remember well the lady of one of those hospitable houses saying when a large party of strangers had departed after a stay of several days, "There are no inns where they can put up, but those wretched holes. And then the travellers are so nice! It is truly delightful to meet with such well-bred, intelligent ladies and gentlemen—I would put myself to much more trouble to enjoy their society." And the young ladies of the family would chime in and declare that they had "never met sweeter girls than those Smiths, especially Caroline, and that they were so vexed when they went away,—and as for the young men of the party!" Here all the ladies were unanimous. The host was equally friendly—"I don't grudge my wine a bit," he would say to Mr. Smith. "I never met a better educated, scholarly man, nor one better informed." This is really a true picture of the feelings at the time with which those English travellers were received; for very few penetrated those recesses except the higher classes, or "well to do gentry," who had time and money at their disposal, and who had sufficient culture to love scenery for its own sake, and to appreciate the manners of the country, and cheerfully to accommodate themselves to its inconveniences.

One may be surprised to know how comforts were extemporised in those out-of-the-way places. The process was a very simple one. Large stores of groceries, and all the materials required for every after-dinner luxury except the dessert, were obtained periodically from Greenock or Glasgow. Bread was the chief difficulty; as baking wheat bread, strange to say, was an art never practised by Highland families. But they had all sorts of delicious hot *scones* made of flour, or barley-meal, in addition to crisp oatmeal cakes, while a loaf was

brought from Oban by Her Majesty's Post once or twice a week. Every other kind of food was abundant. As a Highland farmer once remarked, in pointing to his plentiful board, "We grewed all that on our own selves!"

As the tourist voyages through the Sound of Mull he can hardly fail to notice Aros Castle—unless he be reading, as some do, amidst the noblest scenery, a green or yellow-backed shilling novel. Aros was the landing-place in those old days for parties going to visit Staffa. A narrow isthmus of two or three miles of road here connects the Sound with an inland arm of the sea, on the other side of Mull, which leads out past Inchkeneth and Ulva, to the islands of Staffa and Iona. When these famous localities had to be approached by boats from Oban, it was necessary to take the safe and sheltered passage of the Sound, rather than to run the risk, whether from dead calm or wild storm, of attempting to sail outside of Mull with a bare rock only as the termination of the voyage. And here I am reminded—for all gossips like Mrs. Quickly are ever tempted to digress in the telling of their story—of the "tricks upon travellers" which those Highland boatmen were sometimes tempted to perpetrate. Between Oban and Mull there are several bad "tideways" which, in certain combinations of wind and tide, are apt to produce a heavy sea of a most dangerous kind to all except very skilled boatmen; sometimes putting even their skill to the severest test. One of the pilots of those famous wherries was nicknamed "Daring Calum," on account of the almost reckless boldness with which he undertook to steer his boat on the wildest days, when others, more prudent, would not venture to cross the stormy ferry to Mull. One of the fierce tideways on this passage was called "the dirks," from the figure of the waves which rose on every side, tossing their sharp heads in the sky. On one occasion when Calum was piloting a Staffa party through this wild and foaming tide, the spray of the waves flew over the bow and wet the passengers. A rival of Calum on board remarked to a companion, loud enough to be heard by Calum, "Bad steering that!" "Bad steering!" echoed Calum, with an angry growl. "There is no man living could carry a boat so dry through that wild sea; and if you think *you* can do it, come here and take the helm and try it!" The rival pilot thus challenged took the helm, and ordering the boat to be put about—after passing all the danger!—once more crossed the roaring tideway, which had thus necessarily to be crossed a third time before the boat could resume her voyage in the right direction! The poor passengers were of course ignorant of the cause of their prolonged misery amidst the salt sea foam. Nemesis at last overtook poor Calum;—for though he proved his superiority as a steersman on the occasion referred to, and survived his triumph thirty years, he was drowned at last.

Choosing the comparative safety of the inner passage, the travellers landed at Aros, crossed to the

opposite side, and there took a boat—with four stout rowers, or a sail, in case of wind—for Staffa, which was thus reached in five or six hours.

The first time we visited the famous island was by this route; and though we have gone to it by steamer several times since then, yet the impression made by the first visit remains, and can never more be obliterated—neither, alas! can the fear be renewed. We had time and quiet to enjoy the scene, without the screaming of steam-whistles or the impatient wrath of steam-engines, threatening to burst unless passengers rush on board at the fixed hour.

It was a glorious summer morning. We started about daybreak, with four Highland boatmen, capital rowers, capital singers of boat songs, and crack men when sail had to be carried, and when

“The wind blew loud, and the lift grew dark,
And gurlly grew the sea.”

We swept along the shore, and had full time to see and enjoy all the glories of the beach, its huge boulders, its deep black water shadowed by the beetling cliffs—with all the magnificent outlines of bold rugged headlands, fantastic rocks, and ever-varying “giant snouted crags;” with echoing caves, and secluded bays—until we at last glode into the great ocean, with its skyline broken by the Treshinish isles, the Dutchman’s cap, and the more distant Tyree. A long glassy swell heaved in from the Atlantic; flocks of all kinds of birds swam and dived, and screamed around us. At length came Staffa in solemn silence, revealing its own stately grandeur of pillared cave and precipice. Alone and undisturbed we listened to the music of the ocean in that marvellous temple not built with hands. There were no human beings there but the boatmen, and they seemed as natural to the island as the limpets on its rocks, or the brown tangle which waved among the waters that laved its sides. To see Staffa thus was like visiting a great cathedral for worship;—to see it with a steamboat company is like visiting the same cathedral desecrated by a public meeting!

But to return to Staffa tourists before steamboat days. There were four “Hospitable Houses” situated in this Mull transit, where persons with letters of introduction always put up. One was Mr. Maxwell’s, “the factor” or “chamberlain” for the Duke of Argyll, his house being close to the old Castle of Aros. The other, about a mile off, was Mr. Stewart’s, the kind-hearted proprietor of Achadashenaig—a title which no Englishman ever pretended to pronounce correctly. On the other side of Mull, and beneath Benmore, was Colonel Campbell’s, of Knock—himself a brave and distinguished old officer; and then, six miles nearer Staffa, was the most frequented of all, Ulva House, the residence of Mr. M’Donald, the laird of Staffa—the very impersonation of Highland hospitality.

There was one small inn on the Sound, “the Shore House,” which received all extras, including the

servants of those who were accommodated at Aros, and the neighbouring house of Acha—&c. When the travelling season commenced, the telescopes of these houses were busy in reconnoitring the white sails of boats coming from Oban. There were three well-known “wherries,” the “Iona,” “Staffa,” and “Fingal,” whose rig was familiar from afar. “I think that is a Staffa party!” was a remark which roused the household, and caused a group to gather round the telescope, as the distant white speck was observed advancing towards the bay. By-and-by a flag was discovered fluttering from the peak. It was the sign of a party; but coming to which house? Aros, Acha &c., or the inn?—or to cross the isthmus to Knock or Ulva? It was necessary to prepare for a possible invasion! The larder of Aros was therefore examined *in case*: bedrooms were put in order; innocent chickens, geese, ducks, or turkey poults killed; and preparations for every comfort set a-going. Mutton, lamb, fish, or game, were always ready. But the destination of the party could not possibly be discovered until at the door of Aros, which was nearest the point where all landed. Suddenly a group is seen approaching the door, near the old Castle; paterfamilias and his wife leading; sons, daughters, and servants following; with the luggage borne on the shoulders of four boatmen. Then the official rap at the door. Nancy, the girl, is dressed in her best, and “looks both neat and comely.” Host and hostess, backed by the young ladies of the family, are prepared with bow and curtesy, smile and welcome, to read the letter from the Duke of Argyll recommending Sir John This, or my friend Lord That, to the kind attention of his Grace’s viceroy; and soon all are settled down in comfort to rest for a few days ere they begin the voyage to Staffa under their host’s direction.

A pleasing remembrance of many of these visitors remained for life in the memories of their hosts, and in cases not a few, the visitors retained a grateful and equally long remembrance of their Highland friends. I remember well how the “factor” at Aros, who lived opposite the old mause—and with whom, as my maternal grandfather, I spent a part of my happy holidays for many a year—used to enumerate the names of those who had impressed him by their manners, their knowledge, their scholarship, or their wit. He was himself an excellent classic (to my grief when I wished to enjoy an idle holiday), and the visit of an Oxford or Cambridge man was always a delight to him. He had stories of many then beginning their travels, whose names have since become famous in the world. But he frankly confessed that Tom Sheridan, who accompanied the Lord Lorne of the day, was out of sight the pleasantest fellow he had ever met with. The visit was memorable from the number of bottles of old port which were consumed, and the late hours which for a series of nights were spent amidst songs and shouts of laughter. The factor declared that he could not have survived another

week of Tom, whose stories and witticisms became a large literary property to him in after years, and were often told after dinner to his guests.

When Walter Scott was expected to visit Mull, an intense anxiety was felt as to which of the houses would have the privilege of entertaining him. Scott was then known as the poet, not as the novelist; and was touring it in the Highlands with his young and most engaging wife. The factor, who was an enthusiast in ballad poetry, was sorely grieved when he saw the party pass his door on their way to Ulva House. But on Scott's return the factor had the happiness of having him under his roof for an evening. "Ha!" exclaimed Scott, on their meeting, "what puts a Maxwell and a Scott in this part of the world? We should meet, lad, on the Border!" That evening was also memorable in the history of Staffa parties.

I must not omit to record in passing the lines written by Scott, in the album of Ulva, on the Laird of Staffa—or "Staffa," as he was always called:—

"Staffa! king of all good fellows,
Well betide thy hills and valleys;
Lakes and inlets, steeps and shallows;
Mountains which the grey mist covers,
Where the chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing as its pinions quiver,
Stretched to quit this land for ever!
May all kind influence rest above thee,
On all thou lov'st, and all who love thee:
For warmer heart twixt this and Jaffa,
Beats not than in the breast of Staffa!"

I quote from memory. But whoever possesses now that Ulva album must be able to select from its pages some memorial lines which would have some interest.*

Occasionally some rare specimens of the Cockney make their appearance in those parts. One instance of the credulity of the species may be mentioned, although to believe it seems to demand an almost

* The Ettrick Shepherd also left a memento in the album, but one less complimentary to the island than Scott's.

"I've roamed 'mong the peaks and the headlands of Mull,
Her fields are neglected, uncultured, and weedy,
Her bosom is dark, and her heaven is dull,—
Her sons *may* be brave, but they're horribly (?) greedy."

An indignant native thus replies—

"O Shepherd of Ettrick, why sorely complain,
Tho' the boatmen were greedy of grog?
The beauties of Staffa by this you proclaim
Were but pearls thrown away on a *Hogg*."

equal amount of credulity in the reader. A London citizen presented himself at Aros. On entering the room where the family were assembled, he paused, and looked with an expression of wonder around him; then, apologising for his intrusion, he begged permission to return with his travelling companion, just for five minutes, to see the house. The landlady of "The Shore House," the small inn where the astonished visitor "put up," heard him say to his friend as he addressed him in breathless haste, "I say, Dick, you must come with me instantly. I have got permission to bring you. We are quite mistaken about the people here, I assure you,—confoundedly mistaken! You will not believe me until you see it with your own eyes, but I was in a regular well-built gentleman's house, with carpets, furniture, a pianoforte, actually, and the girls dressed in nice white gowns!" It is a fact that these same travellers had brought red cloth, beads, and several articles of cutlery, to barter with the natives! They seemed to have consulted Cook's voyages as the only reliable book for informing them how to deal with savages.*

I have often to crave the reader's indulgence for inflicting my "auld lang syne" gossip on him. But these old travelling days belong to a past never to return; and those old kind-hearted hosts who made the tour easy and agreeable to many a happy family, and to many an invalid in search of health, have all passed away, and have left no representatives in their once hospitable homes. I like to record their names even in the most evanescent form.

* This reminiscence suggests an illustration of another kind of credulity which occurred in a Highland steamer a few years ago, and which is perhaps worth telling. A quiet man, very busy discussing a plentiful breakfast while passing Jura, was much bored by a London citizen, who asked questions without end on the most commonplace and uninteresting points connected with his journey. Just as our quiet friend was engaged upon some fresh herring, the citizen consulted him to explain the cause of the whirlpool which he was told was near Jura. "The whirlpool," replied his tormented informer, "is a great mystery. Even Sir Walter Scott was puzzled by it. Some people account for it by the arrangement of the rocks under water, some by the meeting of the tides, and others by the shoals of herrings. But I have heard scientific men affirm that it is chiefly owing to the suction of the hills called the Paps of Jura, and if you go on deck you may perhaps observe the phenomenon now; and I strongly advise you to go." "Really!" said the astonished citizen. "Ah—very odd—but—but, I don't see, at this moment, how what you say is possible. But I shall go on deck, and tell you the result of my observations." "Do, and please don't leave till I join you." "Thank you very much. I shall remain till you come."



MEDITATIONS ON PROVIDENCE.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I.

WE speak and we write evermore of God's PROVIDENCE. We regard Him as ruling over the world and shaping all things after the counsel of His own will. This is our belief. But at the same time, we speak and we write evermore also of *man* as the moving cause of events and results in this world. If we do, or abstain from doing, this or that, we regard certain consequences, as sure to follow. And in common life we ordinarily act as if there were no power superior to ourselves to interfere with the course and the products of human actions. This is our practice. Now this belief on the one hand, and this practice on the other, are common to all orders and kinds of men in our Christian land: to the most devoutly religious, as well as to those whose religion sits most loosely upon them. We ordinarily speak and write, in our more serious moods, as if God were down on earth, walking among us, arranging and ordering everything: we ordinarily speak, write, and act, in the common affairs of life, I will not say, as if there were no God, but certainly as if He were at a distance from us, and did not meddle in human affairs.

The occurrence of such a diversity between men at one time and the same men at another, a diversity so universally found prevailing, and taken so much as a matter of course, naturally sets one thinking as to whether any reasonable account can be given of it, or whether it is quite unreasonable and blameable. And it is plain that this train of thought, if followed out, will take us over some considerable space, and cost us no little trouble. We shall find ourselves compelled to trace up some of those ideas, which we usually accept without inquiry, even to their very sources: and to give an account of some ways of speech and habits of action, which seem to us almost as instincts, born with us, and always found in us.

Notwithstanding, it does appear to me important, that such an inquiry should be undertaken. We live in days when many and many a talent is folded round and round with napkins, and buried deep in the earth: when many holy words, which ought to be full of stirring significance, have been sounding so long on the air, that they have become but as tinkling noises: when, to take another figure, every portion of our spiritual armour wants separately looking up, and burnishing, and oiling afresh, if it is ever to be used to any purpose.

Let us then meditate awhile on God's providence: on our ideas of it, as connected with the actions of men, and with our own course in life. And may His Spirit guide us aright.

It seems first requisite, that we should give some

account of our idea of God Himself, with reference to our main subject. We are apt to take for granted, that all is clear about the infinite power and capacity of God, without considering what a strange and wonderful thing it is that we are believing. The common, and the true idea of God is, that He knows and orders all things. But let us follow this out in our thoughts. All that we can conceive about a mind, and its knowledge, is derived from what we observe about our own minds, and the minds of other men. Now what is your knowledge, and what is mine? The merest imperfect fragment of what is to be known about even that little which falls under our own observation. When we take into account, on the one hand, our ignorance, our forgetfulness, our misapprehensions, —and on the other the number of things which we might know, but which escape us, and the number which, to make our knowledge worth anything, we ought to know, but cannot attain to, and then reflect, that of the sons of men, he who knows most is equally liable to these imperfections with him who knows least,—truly we must see that every thing we can conceive about an all-extensive and a perfect knowledge, must be delusive indeed, and short of any even the least adequate idea. God, we believe, knows all things. Now, let us try to realise such a kind of knowledge even within small limits. Suppose, to begin with very little, that any of us could retain in his mind, perfectly, and without fail, every thing that had come under his observation for a whole month, or week, or day. What an amazing mass of knowledge it would be. All the shifting thoughts that fitted through the mind—all the insignificant objects that passed before the eye—all the looks, and words, and doings, of his fellow men. And yet this is perfection only in one department of knowledge,—only in the power of retaining in the memory: and even this would be enough to weigh down and overbear the powers of any human mind. In the presence of such a supposition, we congratulate ourselves on our power of forgetting, and look on it as one of the best safeguards of our health and peace of mind. Yet in thinking of God, we are imagining to ourselves a Being in whose knowledge are absolutely abiding all things that ever were in this world, and, for aught we can tell, in myriads of worlds besides.

But again, let us vary our supposition, and try to conceive what it would be if any one of us knew every thing present around him. What would it be, for instance, if I knew all that was passing in that limited space which is before my eyes at this moment? Only try to realise such a thought, and it utterly baffles our conception. Take even one minutest portion of that space: it is filled with

air, whose composition it surpasses human science thoroughly to describe and account for: that portion of atmosphere is peopled perhaps with life so minute as to escape the subtlest instruments by which our eyes are assisted; or it is occupied by solid material, wood or stone, whose very texture is a mystery, in the one case of the special organised vegetable growth, in the other of the deposition of strata older than the system of nature under which we live. Or, for our supposition must extend even to this in order to be complete, the portion of space on which we look may contain that greatest of all mysteries for man to behold, the countenance of man: and then we must be able to read every one of its expressions, and to declare all the thoughts of which they are the signs. It seems to me that for any one man thoroughly and entirely to know the recesses of the mind of another, would be a weight of knowledge and anxiety sufficient to drive reason from its seat, and destroy the power of knowledge altogether. And yet when we conceive of God, we imagine a Being who knows absolutely all things that are: who penetrates every mystery, and before whom no secrets are hid: who knows the thoughts of all hearts: whose field of view is not one small portion of space, but the whole universe. If it would be more than man could bear, to be admitted into the recesses of another mind besides his own, what would it be to hold at once in knowledge the hidden thoughts of a whole family—a whole city—a whole nation—all mankind—the inhabitants, it may be, of millions of worlds? Yet this, and no less than this, must be true of God. No less, but much more than this: for to all this we must add the absolute knowledge of all things to come—the entire guidance and ordering of all things, from the greatest down to the most minute, in every place, and at every time.

Now I say these things about the knowledge of God, that I may make it appear, not how vast it is, far passing in comprehension anything of which we can form an idea (for this is not my present object), but that it is something, in its very kind and nature, different from that which we call knowledge. It is absolute and all-including. Not only all existing things, but also all sources and reasons of things, and all the issues and ends of things, are taken in by it. And again, it is not knowledge, as ours is, of that which is outside and independent of Himself. Whatever God knows, He also is Himself concerned with, and has the absolute disposal of. He is the centre of life, and of power: in Him all things live, and move, and have their being.

Now it must be evident, if we give thought to the matter, that we cannot expect to comprehend the sort of interference which knowledge like this exercises in human affairs. The whole subject is too vast for our grasp. We have no faculties with which to approach its consideration. It is totally unlike any case in our own matters, which one might at first sight be disposed to compare with it. Let us take one, and we shall see this. If a man

claims what we call previous knowledge of the way in which a course of events will turn out, it can only be from long exercise of his observation on similar occurrences; and thus is but a conjecture after all, more or less to be relied on, according to the amount of his experience, and the accurate exercise of his judgment. And after all, he is obliged to allow for all sorts of unlooked-for contingencies, which may throw out his calculation. In fact, such a claim, on such grounds, does not properly belong to man at all; still less does any control over those who act in any course of events. We may be, in some sense, controlled by other men: yet it is not because we are compelled to be obedient to their will, but, however far compulsion may seem to extend, it is, really, and ultimately, because we choose to be: because we see the necessity for so being obedient. Even the man whose power of action is most completely taken from him by the will of another,—even the prisoner in the dungeon, may die, when his tyrant would have him live: even the victim on the scaffold, over whom outward circumstances seem all-powerful, so that he must die, may rise in will and in word above them. It is plain, that we cannot compare for a moment such knowledge, or such power, with that all-embracing sovereignty of God, concerning which we are now treating. And what is the inference from that which has been said? Clearly, it seems to me, this: that we have no right to think of God's foreknowledge, and control of our ways and course of life, as we would think of the same in a fellow-creature: because the two are totally different in the most essential points. God's foreknowledge and control embraces all things at once. Every law which affects His creatures, and every capacity of choice and action on the part of any of His creatures, is included in that His foreknowledge and control, just as completely as the results of those laws and capacities. Our free will is just as much His appointment, as anything else which belongs to us: as our power, for instance, of breathing or walking. He knows beforehand how we shall exert it: but that foreknowledge of His does not fetter its exertion. We know that we do exert it, hour by hour; we feel that courses of action or inaction lie open to our choice. Nothing can ever rob us of this conviction. If we are constrained to do this, or not to do that, it is not, we know it is not, a power above us which forces us, but it is the guidance of our own judgment, the verdict of our own deliberation, the sense of our own interest, the appreciation of circumstances known and taken into account by ourselves: God being the appointer of those circumstances, and the appointer also of our being set to choose among them. It has ever seemed to me one of the most astonishing things, that any thinking persons should be found who deny the free will of man. For of all facts open and undeniable, this appears to me the most conspicuous, and the least able to be controverted. And hence it is, that, as I said in the beginning,

we ever speak and act, in ordinary life, on the full assumption of the exercise of this free will. All human affairs proceed on it. Without it, there would be no moral responsibility at all. No man would be accountable in the slightest degree for acts or words which were totally independent of his own choice. Without freedom of the human will, our teaching would be vain, and our faith would be vain also. What are the words of Scripture exhortation? "Behold I set before you this day life and death: therefore choose life, that it may be well with thee." Did not the Redeemer stand and invite all weary and heavy-laden to come to Him? Did He not, on the other hand, charge the Jews, as a fault, that they were not willing to come unto Him that they might have life? And when St. Paul used the strongest term he could use, and said, "The love of Christ constraineth us," did he not make this very constraint the result of our own deliberate judgment, and say, "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then all died"? And we might go further, and say, If man were not free to be affected this or that way by considerations presented to him, why has the Spirit of God pleaded all these ages with sinful men? Why all this exhibition of God's love in order to move our love? We love Him, not because He compels us to love Him, not because we cannot help it, which would take all the reality out of love, but because He first loved us. He draws us with the cords of a man, His heart to our heart, for our good, and for His glory in our good. And the same thing which is true in our determinations about the most solemn things, is true also in all the ordinary matters of life. We act, and we are expected to act, as being free to choose our course of action. Hence comes, and hence properly and legitimately comes, that which we mentioned in the beginning, the universal habit of men, religious as well as irreligious, of going on in life and speaking and acting from day to day, as possessing this freedom, and, within certain limits, guiding themselves by it. If they did not, they would not be fit for the world's business, or the world's duties: they would in fact cease to be rational beings at all.

But we must not leave the matter here. We have, I think, to the minds of reasonable men, made clear one point; that, our own free will being a plain fact, and as matter of fact not hindered from moment to moment by special interference from above, we are meant to act as being free, and to be invested with a responsibility which depends on that freedom.

And we have further shown, I trust, that the undeniable foreknowledge and sovereignty of God, being a matter so far passing our comprehension, and so far removed from anything which we know of in practical life, cannot be, and ought not to be, brought in as a disturbing element in our ordinary reasonings and conclusions on matters presented to us in life.

I said, we must not stop here. For, if we did,

there might appear to be some danger of our being understood to mean, that we ought to go our way in life without thinking of God, or acknowledging His guiding and superintending hand. And this would be the very contrary of that which we really do intend: having undertaken the consideration of this matter, in order that, if it may be, we may show how the recognition of God should be our constant safeguard and guide in life, and our greatest comfort in all that befalls us. "Man's goings," says the scripture, "are of the Lord: how then can he understand his own way?" (Prov. xx. 24.) These words contain the whole matter. God's foreknowledge, God's superintending Providence, enwraps us all round. It is like the space through which our globe revolves: like the air which we breathe as we move about on it. It is a necessary condition of our living, and moving, and having our being. As we cannot think of material objects, without space being presupposed for them to be situated in,—as we cannot think of a succession of events, without presupposing time for them to happen in, so neither can we conceive of a world at all, or of ourselves as existing in that world, without presupposing the foreknowledge and sovereignty of God, who created and who upholds it. Man's goings are of the Lord. If this be not so, God is not the King of all: God is not God. This is a fact incontrovertible, and not to be shaken: necessary from our very idea of a God at all. And now comes the inference: "Man's goings are of the Lord: how then can he understand his own way?" How can we expect to be able to bring down the surpassing vastness of God's foreknowledge and power, and to fit it on to the petty details of our individual lives? We cannot do it: we shall err grievously if we attempt to do it. What is the lesson, then? the lesson which good sense and scripture alike teach us? why this;—not to attempt it: to recognise to the full *both* the great facts,—God's sovereignty, and man's free will,—and to go no further. We can see these two clearly. Their lines are plainly marked, running on side by side through our lives, and through the lifetime of our world. But to trace them up into one, the human eye fails. Bring them ever so near by reasoning or by illustration, yet the point where they join is lost in the light inaccessible, which no man hath seen nor can see. Many have tried to gaze on it; many are trying now:—but the result is ever the same; the presumptuous eye is dazzled, the over-bold inquirer strays into error, and the mystery remains where it was. Let us rather keep our thoughts intent on the work in life which God our Father hath given us to do; it will require all our energy to carry it on, and all our penetration to discern what His will is in it respecting us. In it, apportioned by His good providence who has created both the shoulder and the burden, will be found our most healthy and our wisest employ; there shall we meet with Him who can give us strength, and whose presence alone can cheer the journey through life. We cannot

understand our own way, it is true: but for this very reason, that our goings are of Him. He is about our path, and about our bed, and spieth out all our ways. He has taken care that our whole lives should be full of Him, and of the thought of Him. His blessed Son has lived our life, has felt our sorrow, has died our death. Wherever we are in the world, the tracks of His footsteps are visible before us. God's knowledge may be too vast for us to imagine: His power and sovereignty may be elements too weighty to enter into our daily thought of the details of our lives: but Jesus our Lord hath manifested Him to us, and in our Redeemer's presence we can look on God, and live. The evident freedom of our will, then, is no excuse for forgetting God. They who acknowledge not Him in their goings, use not that freedom aright. Rather let us adore the mystery of His loving kindness, who has so wonderfully made us, that, while we are in His hands, as clay in those of the potter, He has yet left each of us in the free use of those powers and faculties which *He* has given us, who, in the great conflict between good and evil, has overcome our evil with His good—being the Father of lights, from whom is every good and perfect gift,—ever waiting to be gracious to us—ever offering us the help of His free Spirit. Rather let us strive, each in his place, to seek after Him and feel His hand leading us; and thus, though we may not understand our own way in life, we shall be guided on by Him who doeth all things well, from faith, to the sight of Him:—from a limited and imperfect existence, to the liberty of the glory of the sons of God.

II.

In our last meditation on the Providence of God, we endeavoured to show that His foreknowledge and power were matters so infinitely surpassing our comprehension, that while we are certain that all our ways are ordered by Him, we cannot understand our own path, nor the manner in which His will foreordains it; that consequently we cannot, and in fact no man does, take into account, in the details of our daily life, that foreknowledge and power as a disturbing element. It envelops us, and is all about us; but, at the same time, our will is free to choose and to refuse courses of action proposed to us; and if it were not, we should no longer be accountable beings.

We will now look at the same great subject from another side. We will inquire respecting the tender and constant care with which God, ever present and ever watchful, upholds and provides for us. If it be true, that we have no right to regard Him, in ordinary cases, as interfering with the exercise of our own free will in choosing between courses of action, are we justified in assuming that His Providence watches over us for good, and guides our feet into the way of peace? In other words, is there, I will not say any inconsistency, but any blameable inconsistency, any inconsistency

that we can help, in refusing to think of God as an obstacle to our freedom of action, and yet claiming to think of Him as the constant witness of all that we do, and our never-wearied Benefactor and Upholder?

The answer to this question will somewhat depend on some things which were said in our last meditation. The reason why we cannot regard God as interfering with the exercise of our own free will is, that His foreknowledge and power are too vast for our comprehension, are matters which we cannot by any possibility bring down and apply to the details of our ordinary life, without the danger of continually going wrong. Man's goings are of the Lord: and therefore he cannot understand his own way. On the other hand, we know and are sure, that we have the free choice between courses of action. And it is not for us to misinterpret, and to mar the healthy conditions of, a portion of our being, whose wholesome exercise, in accordance with the divine will, is our very secret of moral happiness, by mixing it up with another high and mysterious matter which we cannot comprehend. This was our argument. How does it apply here? God is to us the author of all that is good. Whenever comfort comes, whenever preservation comes, whenever body or soul is benefited, the gift is of Him, and not of man, nor of ourselves, in the first degree. Thus much is perfectly clear. In a given case, perhaps, we chose the good and refused the evil. But it was He who put it into our hearts to choose the good; it was He who gave us strength, when we had chosen it, to follow up our inclination and resolve; it was He who moved obstacles out of our way; it was He who turned even our evil into His good, and shaped and moulded men and events so that we might attain unto that good. And all this was not by forcing us into accord with Him and His will, but by gentle persuasion, and by putting opportunities in our way, and by the pleadings of His blessed indwelling Spirit. The bad man may refuse to hear God, and go his way, and act independently; the good man may partially listen to Him, and may sometimes prefer his own inclination to the prompting of the Spirit for his good: but the great truth remains the same: that it is God who is striving for the welfare, and providing for the necessity, and upholding the life, temporal and spiritual, of us all. If there be an inconsistency here, it is at least one bound up with our very first conditions of thought and feeling. It is at least one which we, in our present imperfect state, cannot help, and are even bound to submit to. Where we cannot see God's way clear, nor understand how He shapes our course, we proceed on the known fact of our own free will, and regard ourselves as responsible, and in some measure as the pilots of our own way; but where we can see Him, and all is clear, we love to acknowledge His hand and to praise His goodness, and to trace His beneficent interference in warding off evil, and in procuring us good. There is, in fact, no more incon-

sistency here, than in the seaman, who, while the sky is clear and the sun and stars visible, takes his observations direct from them, and steers accordingly; but when they become overcast, has recourse to his books and his instruments, and shapes his course as he best may. The one guidance may be surer than the other: but both are in compliance with the laws of the same world, and both are with a view to the same end. And if it be most true, that God is about us when we do not see Him, and girds us when we know Him not, the very acknowledgment of this fact ought to show us, that it is in vain for us to attempt to recognise all the ways by which He leads us, but that we must be content to appear very often to be left to ourselves; while at the same time we must none the less for this be tracing Him where we can, and attributing to Him at least all those portions of our course which seem to bear traces of His good and merciful guidance.

Let us now strengthen this position by the direct testimony of Holy Scripture. I said before, that it is the practice of the word of God, in the case of great truths which may seem to our minds to be inconsistent with each other, not, as we do, to trim and compromise between them, but to state both sides broadly and plainly, and leave us to infer that the putting both together surpasses our powers. In no case is this more evident, than in the statements of Scripture respecting God's providence and man's free will. The statement of the latter truth engaged us in our former meditation. We quoted words which offered to man the choice of life and death, and we might have quoted questions, which imply that the death of the sinner was his own act and not that of God. But the assertions respecting God's watchful providence, and universal foreknowledge, and unresisted sovereignty,—are as plain and undoubted. Take that of our Lord, where He says that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and yet that, without the knowledge of God, and His permission, not one of these shall perish;—and He goes on to say, that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered: meaning that nothing befalls us unknown to, unwatched by, unpermitted by, our heavenly Father. Take any portion of Holy Scripture,—either history or prophecy, or the confessions of any of the servants of God with regard to their personal life and experience,—and it is ever the same. God is seen everywhere. He girds them to war. He blesses them with peace. He brought them from the womb, and cared for them when they hanged yet on their mothers' breasts. From youth up until now—even to hoar hairs and the day of death, He carries them. They are safe under the shadow of His wings, and His ministering messengers bear them up in their hands, lest at any time they should dash their foot against a stone. Such has ever been the expressed belief, such have been the motives for courage and confidence and resignation, of all the servants of God: from the first days of the dawning promise, until the full light of the Sun of Righteousness arose upon the church. Such was the feeling of Moses,

and of Joshua, and of David, and of Elijah, and of Hezekiah, and of Nehemiah, and of the prophets: such was the conviction of St. Paul, and of St. Peter, and of all the holy men who wrought and suffered for Christ. And such, above all, was ever the mind and the confession of Him, who is our pattern as well as our propitiation. The Lord Jesus, in His course on earth,—yea, more, in His course through glory to perfection in heaven,—ever regarded Himself as in the watchful care of the Father, sent upon earth to do His will, not alone even in the hour of dark desertion and bitter suffering, because the Father was with Him. There can be no doubt that the tendency of all Scripture teaching and example as well as of its direct command, is to induce us to see God in all our ways, and acknowledge Him in all our paths,—that it is to lead us to do this, infinitely more than we are disposed to do it. Our tendency is to forget God, and to look too much to ourselves and to men around us; but the man who reads his Bible will evermore find this tendency counteracted by the assertion of God's presence, and God's working, and God's crossing his path at every turn.

And let us come, as usual in these meditations, from the more general consideration of our state as believers in God, to that of our more particular condition as believers in the Son of God. If, in the former capacity, we are bound by God's word to see Him ever about us, surely in the latter we are much more bound. For consider what He has done to assert more strongly His presence with us, and His care over us. He has entered into our nature; and become, not merely what He was to the ancient Church, a covenant God, but, according to His promise, God manifest in our flesh: dwelling and abiding among us as one of ourselves. The Son of God is no God at a distance, removed from our yearnings and our sympathies. Are we tempted? He has been tempted in like manner. Are we in pain? He has suffered likewise. Are we deserted, in bereavement, and in sorrow? So was He: it was the very form which He took on Him and the very character by which He was pleased to be known. Of old, it was obvious to the mind of God's servants to see Him about them in prosperity, but difficult to trace Him in adversity. All they could attain to was a general confidence that He would provide well, and a resolve to leave all to Him. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." "I have been young and now am old, and yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." Even to us now, such pious sayings are most touching, and full of comfort: but it is mainly by the light shed on them since the Man of Sorrows has gone up into His glory. Now, it is not a vague confidence that all things will be well which upholds us: it is no mere result of a life-long experience that all will be well with the righteous. Ours is a far higher and a far more blessed faith and persuasion. Suffering and sorrow, contradiction and desertion, persecution and death,

these were the appointed and the chosen path of Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood. Through these dark and dreary valleys, sparkles the track of those footsteps which are now lost in the light unapproachable. Blessed are they who follow Him anywhere:—twice blessed they who are made partakers of His sufferings—most blessed of all, they who drink deepest of that cup, round which is inscribed in letters of light, “Not my will, but thine be done.” We suffer, we mourn, with no mere vague persuasion that all will be well: with no regard to the dealings of a God at a distance, moving and working in the history of those we have known: such thoughts may tend to uphold our weakness, may be sometimes the highest we can reach; but O they are not our birthright, they are not the extent of our high privilege. We have rights in Christ extending far beyond these. We are the sheep of Christ following their Shepherd: none can pluck us out of His hand: if we be found in the path in which He went before, not mere resignation—but triumph and holy joy, should be our mind.

Such thoughts as these lead me to conclude with one or two remarks, both respecting the blessedness of the Christian who thus sees God about his path, and respecting the wise and sober limits within which such blessedness is found.

There is no surer way to real happiness, than a constant sense of God’s upholding and providing care. For one who earnestly believes that which is said of him in Scripture and the offices of the Church, life may indeed be, as it is to other men, full of difficulty and of dark places; but there hath arisen a light in his darkness. There can be no gloom on his path, though there may be shade. There can be no distressing doubt, though there may be uncertainty. There can be no despair, though there may be necessity for entire resignation into his Father’s hand. He need not be afraid of any evil tidings, for his heart standeth fast, trusting in the Lord. He may be left alone, but his Father is with him. None may uphold him in his path of chosen duty, but the witness of the Spirit is more to him than the applause of the multitude. Listen to the language of such an one in old time, “The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will not fear; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”

Words like these bring us to our last consideration, and lead us to say, that the true enjoyment of this abiding feeling of God’s gracious and loving guidance is to be gained, not by an unbridled fancy, nor by a superstitious magnifying of ordinary circumstances into extraordinary, but by the combined

exercise of earnest piety with sound discretion. On the one hand, let us never think that we ourselves alone are the objects of God’s care; on the other hand, let us never fail to acknowledge that care keeping watch over us. The best rule for a sober judgment in this matter will be derived from the considerations which have been already before us in these meditations. No sober-minded Christian will ever see God acting as fettering or hindering his way, but will choose according to his heavenly Father’s will, in a free and loyal spirit. Again, no wise man will trouble himself with dispensations of God’s providence which we cannot possibly understand. Such thoughts frequently perplex and distress men beyond measure, but surely not those men who give sober consideration to the subject. What are called special providences may be difficult to recognise, and dangerous to press on the mind as such: but in fact they are all around us, and universal. The ship goes its way with its freight and its passengers, and is overwhelmed in the storm. He who hastened to set sail in her, and was too late, is on all hands acknowledged to have been the subject of God’s providential and special care. But are we to say that no such special providence kept watch over those who perished in her? God forbid! every one of them was just as much in the mind of our heavenly Father, as he who was saved. His course was continued, theirs was brought to an end; but the same loving-kindness was over both, and the same infinite wisdom shown in the lot apportioned to each. The man in health and vigour praises God for the lengthened time of his service, and the continued power of active good; are we to suppose on this account that the poor invalid, whose life is confined to the walls of his chamber, is forgotten by God? No indeed; he may praise Him just as much, and as heartily, for his hour of calm slumber, for his interval of rest from pain, and sweet meditation. The aged servant of God looks back on a long career, and glorifies Him for the mercies of years: but his mercies to the youth or the maiden cut down in the flower of life are just as great in their kind, just as worthy of praise. Let each trace God about his own path: there he may see in abundance the power of the Father, the love and sympathy of the Son, the inner pleading and witness of the Spirit. The course of others, and some parts of his own, may be dark and perplexing to him: concerning these let him not be troubled. Enough is revealed, enough is quite clear, for continual thanks and praise: enough, to prompt ever-growing trust and ever-increased resignation.

Let us live close and closer to Him—ever feeling for His hand to guide—ever looking for His light on our path, and then we shall be safe in life, safe in death, and blessed for ever.

III.

In the course of meditating on the providence of God, our attention is naturally drawn to the evidence furnished by the moral state of things around

us. On which side does this tell? Does it appear, when we take it into account, as if things drifted onward by blind chance? does it seem as if man unassisted shaped his own course? or does it seem as if an unseen hand were guiding? To employ our time in answering this question, may seem like taking superfluous trouble, seeing that it is abundantly answered for us in Holy Scripture, and to entertain any doubt on it would be so far to get aside the great verities of our Christian faith. Yet it is profitable sometimes (and this is especially the case in days like our own, when the foundations of the faith are assailed) to derive confirmation for our faith, by looking at matters around us just as any mere observer must look at them: and to endeavour to lift up the unbelieving or the doubting to us, by for a while seeming to come down to their level, and to speak as they do.

Well then, let us begin with a general survey of the state of things around us with regard to good and evil. It is, I suppose, pretty plain to all, that our natural tendency, if left entirely to ourselves, is to evil. One need but look at the state of the heathen nations—one need but observe the course of any person growing up without educational training, to be convinced of this. And I do not know that any reasonable person seriously questions it. We sometimes hear rash expressions of a contrary opinion thrown out, but it is generally by men of a peculiar stamp, fond of maintaining singular views: and I have generally observed, that they who thus speak, do nevertheless in their actions, and in the business of life, just as much take for granted a general tendency to evil as the rest of mankind. Well then, this being so,—man being generally prone to evil,—when we look about over the world and the face of society, one question at once meets us: How is it that the world is not worse than it is? Take the state of the very lowest and most depraved among the heathen tribes,—and why is not that the state of us all? Why has not every nation, through its successive generations, gravitated constantly downward? To this question there may be two answers. The downward tendency must have been checked either by some influence within man, arising from himself, or by some influence without him, arising from some one not himself. Let us consider each of these in turn. If the salutary influence is to be attributable to upward and nobler instincts in man, how is it that these have acted in some cases, and have been altogether dormant in others? It may be said, that this has been according as they have met with favourable or unfavourable circumstances of situation or climate. But it is easily answered, that this is remarkably otherwise. The fairest portions of the earth have sometimes witnessed the most appalling degradation of our race, as is now the case in many places under the tropical climates: while at the same time some of those fairest portions have seen the most remarkable development of the moral conscience and of the intellectual power of man; as

for instance the land of Promise of old, and the lovely shores and valleys of ancient Greece. And on the other hand, the hardest and most ungenial climates have not prevented human progress to good, as neither can they be said to have always promoted it. We have examples of some of the best of nations struggling with disadvantages of soil and sky, and of some of the worst succumbing under them. It would seem as if we were especially cautioned by facts, not to fall into the mistake of imagining that man is made, or unmade, by outward circumstances. For the very same situations and climates have been the scenes, at different times, of the most widely various phenomena in the history of mankind. The land where all Israel once dwelt peaceably under David and Solomon is now well nigh desolate, and the traveller goes in peril of the plundering Arab. This country of ours, now teeming with inhabitants peaceful and loyal, was once the war-ground of savages; and where our churches now rise, human sacrifices were offered. If we look again at mere situation, the same advantages which at one time may seem to have made a nation of busy and successful traders, have at another reared a nest of pirates and marauders.

Nor again can it be said that influences for good have been implanted in some races of men, while others have been without them. Vast as the difference really is between the races of men as we now find them, such a view seems to me wholly to misrepresent it. It is one not so much of good and evil, as of comparative power for both. The superior race is not superior in good alone, but in evil also. Its advances in true civilization and social purity, are ever counterbalanced by corresponding fearful advances in the other direction. New facilities for gaining wealth and for self-enjoyment ever stimulate not only the better, but also the worse propensities of our nature. Knowledge is power for evil, as well as for good. The leading race of men may do something towards the civilising and teaching of the inferior races: but it generally has been found in history to have done more towards demoralising and exterminating them. Its evil habits are greedily adopted, and carried on without limit or shame: its excesses become inveterate and suicidal; and its very diseases assume a more virulent and deadly type. And if it be answered that though such may be the influence of a highly advanced civilisation over one less advanced, yet in itself a leading race of men possesses power of continual advance in good,—the rejoinder to this may, I believe, be furnished by the history of such races as have from time to time taken the lead in the world. For has it not been found that, though for a time they have seemed the sources of blessing to our species, yet when tried by the only sure test, the test of time, they have themselves degenerated, and their place has been taken by others? If an example in our own time were wanted, we could not point to one more remarkable than that which we are now witnessing on the other side of the Atlantic with

regard to our own, the vaunted Anglo-Saxon race. What can be more signal than its present degradation, as we see it shown in a return to all the unreasoning ferocity of the savage tribes, in the use of names and profession of motives sacred to the Christian and the man of peace, in justification of deeds their very opposites;—in total disregard of truth, public and private? Truly the lesson is there being taught us, if ever it was taught, that it is not by the influence of mere race that evil is kept in check among men: it is not because the blood of some races is better and purer than that of others, that more good has been predominant in one place and at one time, than elsewhere and at another time.

Nay, let us look back over what we have just been saying, and, if I am not mistaken, quite a different thought rises in our minds. With the height of civilisation and of knowledge, as we have seen, evil tendencies are also developed to their height, and the dangers to social and moral well-being become greater. The better man becomes, the worse he becomes. And this is no paradox. The more light is shed abroad, the worse becomes the sin of those who prefer darkness to that increased light. The more men's hearts are penetrated and softened by good, from wheresoever arising, the more utterly lost to right feeling and humane affection must that influence be, which would supersede that softening by a new and more impenetrable hardening. And as connected with this thought, it is instructive to observe the precise way in which, though the good and the evil thus run on, so to speak, together, the whole result is for good and not for evil. The precise way, I say: for it is commonly not as we might expect, but far otherwise. The particular good which was in conflict with the evil is commonly overborne and destroyed by it. When, in a nation, good and evil influences are at issue with one another, the ordinary course is that the mischief prevails, and national ruin ensues. It has been so with all the great nations of antiquity; even with the specially favoured people of Israel. But the thing to be remarked is this: that when the good has been borne down and the evil has prevailed, then there arises to mankind out of the result a new and unlooked for good, far greater than that which has been lost. Through various great revolutions and catastrophes, all of them instances of the prevalence and victory of evil over good, our race has been brought forward in a way which no human skill could have devised; from good to good. To call this accident, would be merely to confess ourselves unable to render a reason for it: would be simply to refuse to allow the same inference in this case, which we should be compelled to allow in any similar one. And that inference, which the progress of our argument is now ripe for stating, is, and must surely be, this: that watching over the destinies of man, unseen by us, working in ways mysterious to us, checking and tempering the evil tendencies of men,

and bringing good out of them, is a superior and all-wise Being, who is an enemy to evil and a friend to good.

This is the very least, surely, that any fair and reasonable mind can gather from the phenomena which we have been considering. And it is something, that this has been ever the general feeling of mankind—of the savage, as well as the civilised, of the ignorant as well as the learned. All have concurred in feeling at the bottom of their hearts, that the influence which guides the helm of this world's affairs is not man himself, is not blind accident, but is a Power above man, and exercised continually over and in spite of man, with a wisdom and goodness which man cannot penetrate nor foresee. This I say is something. Compared with what we believe and know, it may be no very great thing: still it is enough to make the unbeliever and sceptic distrust his own view, when he finds all mankind against him.

But let us advance further. This Great Being, who does good and loves the good, and whose face is against them that do evil,—do we know any more about Him, or is His existence and working only the inference of thinking minds from what they observe around them? Because, if so, it would seem after all, as if man himself were the cause of God doing any positive conscious good to the mind of man. If God is altogether dependent for recognition among men on man's finding Him out for himself, and if He has never personally interfered in the manifestation of Himself, it leaves us, though not exactly where we were, yet hardly, for any worthy purpose, at all advanced. Our next question then is, Has this Great Being, who thus mysteriously rules the destinies of man for good, ever manifested Himself to man? Has He ever deigned to look forth from the darkness which enwraps His counsels? Obviously this is a question which must be answered with extreme caution. Men are timid—are superstitious. They may mistake the workings of nature for His personal presence, or the ravings of madness for His prophetic voice, or the gathered wisdom of the shrewd or the aged among themselves for revelations from Him. We must look well to this, and must make our answer safe from being misled by these mistakes of men. Our answer then must be this, situated as we are, and believing what we do:—It is our belief, that this Being who rules over us for our good, and hates and averts our evil, has manifested Himself to us: has interfered personally in the affairs of the world, and uttered His voice to us. And this our belief rests not on any such insecure foundations as those just now disclaimed—not on mistakes which may have been made by the timid and superstitious, but on the fact and character of a permanent record being in existence of God's manifestation of Himself to men, which to our minds carries evidence of truth with it, and when looked at in itself, and compared with facts around us, proves to us that he has so manifested Himself.

But it may be said, though the Bible may not be the product of timidity or of mere superstition, how do we know that it has not been imposed upon us by designing persons, who have made God speak that which they would have Him say? Or, again, how do we know that we have not in it merely the old stories and legends of a particular nation gathered together by some wise and able hand, and imposed on the world as being what we suppose it to be? The great and final answer to all such questions must be found in that which I just now mentioned, the comparison of the Bible with facts around us. If on doing this it appear that it is totally unlike any other book on earth, and most of all unlike any books which have either set up for divine, or have recorded the primitive legends of the nations: if it appear that it is the only book in the world which tells us what the world is, and why it is, then it is at least matter for our serious consideration, whether it may not be that which it professes to be, a voice from One who is above the world and guides the world. If, again, it be found that it is the only book in the world whose depths it is impossible to exhaust: that whereas every saying of human wisdom has an end and a circumference, may be seen through and surpassed, but the simplest saying of this book is inexhaustible by man, and enters on ground higher than he can attain unto, it may be worth our while to ask whether this be not evidence, that a wiser mind than any among the sons of men was at work in the writers of the Bible. Again,—and this is immediately to our present subject,—if we find on examining this book, that He who professes to speak in it agrees in character with this same mighty, and good, and wise Being, who brings His good out of man's evil, it certainly would look to reasonable men as if the two, the Author of the Bible and the Ruler and Guide of mankind for good, were one and the same. But yet again: if we find that this is the only book in the world which speaks direct to the conscience and spirit of man: that all good, and all good men, have ever been found among those who value and believe in this book; and that when a man begins to doubt respecting it, when he surrenders his faith in it, when he allows human guidance to supersede it, from that time his moral being is affected for the worse,—we may well conclude that the book belongs to, and comes from, Him who is on the side of all good against all evil; in other words, that it is bound up with God, and God's rule among men, and the revelation of God's character to men.

To carry this argument no further, as not being our main one at present, God does in this book, which we have all reason to believe is His manifestation of Himself to us men, plainly declare the truth which we have been gathering from the aspect of the moral world around us,—that He is the upholder of the good man against the evil man.

“The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open to his prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.” In all earthly matters we may take this for granted, that good is stronger than evil, and in the end shall prevail, because it has God on its side. Things shall not become worse and worse in the world taken as a whole; but even the apparent prevalence of evil in some portions, due to man's own depravity, shall be overruled by God for ultimate good. This is an immense comfort to every one who will look on it aright. It inspires courage in our efforts for good: it shows us that the issue is not always as we suppose it to be, but that very often there is good doing where we least know and suspect it.

And here again, passing from the mere general consideration of a belief in an overruling God, to our belief in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall find our grounds of comfort immensely strengthened, and our vision exceedingly cleared. During this present time, our ascended and glorified Saviour is waiting till all things are put under His feet. The whole moral world is by degrees being subdued to Him. By various dispensations of God's Providence, the good is prevailing, the evil is being defeated and put out. Now, if ever, is it true, that the good man is God's especial care, and that all scope is given for all the best and highest graces of humanity to expand and flourish. The perfect pattern of the Redeemer is before us—the witnessing Spirit is within us—the many mansions are being prepared for us, by Him who will return to take us thither. He that will love life and see good days, is not dependent on promises of earthly prosperity. His life is hid with Christ in God,—his good days are to come in that place whither his Saviour Christ has gone before.

What a comfort it is for us to feel, in the midst of dark and perplexing circumstances, that the mighty and all-wise Being who is overruling all things for His glory, and bringing good out of man's evil, is our own God, that His covenanted mercies are ours—that in Christ Jesus all His promises are for ever ratified to each one, even the least and most helpless among us. What a powerful motive does it furnish to all good, what a discouragement from all evil; to remember that we have now no mere general assurance that God is on the side of good, but a positive promise, that all power in heaven and earth is given to Him, who laid down His life for the truth—and that one day, all who have followed Him in the paths of truth and holiness shall be like Him—partakers of His victory—changed into His spotless purity—inheritors of the new heaven and earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; which He hath purchased for them and wherein they shall reign with Him, when truth shall finally have been established, and all evil shall for ever have been put down.

CHILDHOOD.

ONCE in a garden bounded by many a lofty wall,
 Where quaint old sentinels, in stone, kept watch and ward o'er all,
 There was a little lake, and there an island, and a boat
 That lay mid shining water-flags and lily-leaves afloat ;
 Smooth as the swards around them clipt, swept only by the wing
 Of gauzy dragon-fly, that dipt in many a mazy ring,
 Were those still waters ; all unstirred the rose's leaf would lie,
 Blown there by summer winds ; the bird skim, lightly glancing by.
 This was the Haunt of Childhood ; once there I seemed to grow
 Among the flowers, and with the fruits to change and ripen slow ;
 I watched them through all changes, there upon the grass I lay
 Snowed over by the blossoms light that fell so thick in May ;
 I watched the peach's sunny cheek turn slowly on the wall,
 And with no guess at Nature's laws saw many an apple fall ;
 Gold-tinted, rosy-tinged, their hues were mine, and I as they,—
 The purple bloom was on my life, the down unbrushed away ;
 My world was then like His that first a happy garden knew,
 Unworn, and fresh, and glistening bright with shining spheres of dew ;
 My soul was full of light that passed as through a tintured pane
 In warm and vermil hues, and cast on all its gorgeous stain ;
 The dial on its grassy mound that silent marked the hours
 (Time's footfall then awoke no sound that only trod on flowers),
 The sun-flowers and the moon-flowers (these were lilies white and tall),
 The ancient griffins that looked down upon me from the wall ;
 These were for tokens unto me and signs, they seemed to pass
 Into my life as then I lay at noon-day on the grass,
 And twined a wondrous history, slow twisting, branch and stem,
 My garlands, binding all the while my Being up with them ;
 And I knew that in the wild wood 'mong the meadows, on the hill,
 Were flowers, but unto childhood the best were nearest still ;
 And I sometimes thought, " Out yonder I will seek for blossoms too,"
 But turned again the fonder to those that round me grew.
 Soon told were childhood's treasures—the childish world was small,
 But its wonders and its pleasures were its own—it held them ALL !

Once, in a mansion, looking upon that garden fair,
 Was a wide and pleasant parlour, and an eastward bedroom ; there
 As on my little bed I lay before my half-shut eyes
 Danced dreams of pleasure, that the morn was sure to realise ;
 When the sun knocked at my window, and to give him entrance free
 I sprung, because he never came without some gift for me !
 My Evening and my Morning then made up one perfect Day
 Of joy, and round the parlour fire my winter garden lay ;
 I played beside it till I saw the deepening shadows fall,
 And through the twilight come and go the pictures on the wall ;
 This was the hour for stories and wondrous tales, that drew
 My spirit after them to lands where all was strange and new ;
 And I listened, and I wondered, then hastened to resume
 My journey (broken oft by falls that harmed not) round the room.
 This was the Home of Childhood ; as in a fairy ring
 Within the circle of its hearth was drawn each cherished thing.
 I had no Future then, no Past ; my life was unto me
 But one bright *Now*—the happiness that has no History !
 Still hath my heart a hearth, but now its circle is so wide
 That those it burns for, never meet around it side by side ;
 They are severed, they are scattered, and now the twilight's fall
 Too often only comes to me with shadows on the wall.
 Soon filled was childhood's measure, the childish heart was small,
 Yet they that made its treasure were its own—it held them ALL !



SYBIL'S ORDEAL

I.—ON THE HILLS.

A low range of undulating hills—their tops standing out sharply against the deep blue sky—clefts softened by bosky foliage, marking their sides into many folded outlines, and, in some places, where the declivity is too steep for vegetation, bare rifts of rocky surface, reflect the rays of the setting sun.

In the foreground stand a youth and a maiden. He, earnest, pleading, and impassioned. There is no mistaking the sincerity of his words. Eyes fixed with a resolute tenderness seem as if they would compel as well as implore an answer, while the curves and well-defined corners of the mouth attest the sincerity and accuracy of his disposition: altogether it is a face of power, betokening energy of character, and resoluteness of will to fight against giant impossibilities, and to perish, if need be, in the conflict.

Trusting and confiding, accrediting others with the same truthfulness that characterised himself, you feel that here was one who must suffer loss in the struggle for life, as it was impossible for him to understand a double purpose, or to suspect an unworthy motive—two characteristics that made their possessor loveable, but laid him open to many an assault and hidden snare—while his large-hearted lovingkindness towards his fellowmen exposed him to many a disappointment escaped by those who do not throw out roots far into the neighbouring soil.

His companion, who listened with a hurried, half-absent manner, was a girl of seventeen, whose extreme beauty was lessened by the look of weakness and indecision that characterised the mouth. With her youthful appearance, and the trusting gentleness of her violet eyes, perhaps the soft feebleness of her rosy mouth might be overlooked, especially as a well-developed chin gave promise of innate strength of will when circumstances should occur to bring it out.

"Sybil, is this all you can say to me,—the only answer you can give to my long, long love? You know that my affection for you is a part of my nature now, and can never be rooted out. I love you very dearly, and can never change, and will you say nothing but that you have a warm regard for me, and that you wish me well?"

Such was the purport of the youth's words, uttered in broken sentences, too earnest to be well considered, welling up from too deep a source to flow in smooth channels, but tossed up from the fulness of his heart.

It was the old, old tale,—older even than those hills, to which local geologists gave an ante-diluvian origin,—what need then to tell it in any but the simplest and homeliest of language?

"Harold," and this time it was the maiden who spoke, "You know I have no power to say anything. My mother says we are too poor to marry ;

and besides," she added with a petulant, half-defiant air, "I do not want to be married; I do very well as I am."

He looked at Sybil as if he did not quite understand her, and then said gravely. "I do not wish to bind you yet for many a year, but if you would give me the hope that I might think myself more to you than others are, it would give me that strength and happiness without which I shall enter on my work with but half a heart."

The girl looked up at the blue sky, on which a few clouds had begun to take up their positions, then at the green hill-sides flooded with golden light, as if she wished to escape from the difficulty of giving an answer. The youth continued: "You know that in a few weeks, perhaps sooner, I shall be far away on the waters, every moment increasing the distance between us, till I reach that distant colony where I am to make a new home for a time, while trying to make a fortune. I do not complain of this—it is no more than most men have to do in fields more or less near home, and more or less rough and uphill. I feel I have that in me which will think little of hardships, and which cannot easily be daunted or depressed. I like the thoughts of battling with difficulties, and think that, God helping me, I shall come off victorious. I do not speak in a boastful spirit when I say that He who permits my poverty, also endowed me with a spirit of indomitable resolution to try my power to the utmost, and to delight in the obstacles that only test its amount: but equally strong is my love for you, and the two have grown and must perish together, the one helping and supporting the other. If you kill my love, I shall work still, for none but a coward or an idiot should live upon this earth without exercising all his powers to their utmost capability; but, Sybil, I should have no aim to point my efforts, and no motives to consecrate them. I could not live to accumulate money, and my heart having died out of me I should be nothing else but an empty mask, a cold and callous man. Sybil, speak to me again, and give me hope."

The breeze swept past them up the hill, and the shadows crept higher and higher. The summit alone, clothed by the heather in imperial purple, shot back a glowing acknowledgment to the waning sun. The distance was already fading into twilight, and the horizon towards the north and east was dappled with the cold shadows of evening.

A look of irresolution passed across Sybil's face as she gazed on the gathering clouds, and then, as if glad of an unexpected relief, she exclaimed, "Why, here are Theodore and the girls, and Sir Robert Buckingham is with them; see, they are winding round that jutting crag, and will soon be with us; we are late, and must return."

"No, Sybil, it is my last opportunity, my last evening at home for many weeks. Is this all your answer? May I not carry with me one thought that you care for me?"

"As a friend I do care, most sincerely, Harold; but indeed you will not be going away so soon."

"As a friend, and nothing more?" he urged.

"As a friend, and nothing more," she replied, the deep blush mantling in her face as her heart took its revenge for her insincerity.

The clouds were now coming up in vast battalions, one grand Alp rearing its snowy peak far above the highest hilltop, with all the semblance of strength and purity, yet shifting and ready to dissolve like a character not based on truth: it may collect into a shape of fair and majestic proportions, and take on the outward form of beauty, but if we try to grasp it, or trust to its following a fixed law, it collapses and defies our pursuit. The shadows were rapidly deepening over the hills,—a lonely plover ranged like a lost spirit round and round, uttering its wailing melancholy cry. A distant clock struck the hour, twinkling lights began to appear from cottage casements far below, the quiet sounds which cannot make themselves heard by the busy ear during the day, now began to rise on the air borne upward by the evening breeze. Gentle rustlings among the small life of nature, as a timid hare bounded forth from the fern, or birds dropped down to a lower bough to warble to their mates, the deep booming of the beetle, or the sharp chirp of the hedge cricket, these and many more such sounds struck acutely on the ear of those two after the words of dreary import that had passed between them.

Long afterwards, on the wide sea, amidst the noise of rushing waters, those slight sounds, with all the associations of that moment, came back to one of them, while to the other they became haunting memories, full of bitterness and remorse, until they had done their work of healing discipline, when Time the beneficent laid his hand upon her heart, "Gently, not smiting it, but as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

"We have had such a jolly campaign this evening," burst forth Theodore the Eton boy, who, tired of Sir Robert Buckingham's injunctions to follow the winding sheep paths, had broken loose with Sybil's two young sisters, and now the three came charging breathlessly up the hill. "Sing pæans! we've taken the Capitol after a tremendous onslaught with heavy loss. Peggy has left one of her shoes in a rabbit-hole, and Sir Robert's umbrella is among the casualties. If you had only had some geese up here instead of these stupid sheep, we should never have got in and surprised you. We crept closely under your walls, so that I thought you must hear us, at last I put myself at the head of a forlorn hope, and we stormed the last crag, and charged bravely up the hill. But where is Harold retreating, without laying down his arms? Most noble Roman, I demand instant surrender. O Conscript Fathers, the barbarian bows before you, daz-

zled by the splendour of your hoary dignity, but you must yield to necessity and brute force, and surrender calmly to might divine!"

Thus the boy rattled on, while Sir Robert Buckingham, propelling himself upward by the aid of his usual adjunct, the umbrella, reached the level on which Sybil stood, and began to deliver a course of conversational platitudes. He hoped she was not suffering from fatigue, or the chillness of the evening air. Would she allow him to unfurl his umbrella? it might, he really believed it would, keep off some of the freshness of the breeze. No?—would she really rather not? The air at that altitude was fresh, certainly fresh, not to say cold. He could not see the advantage of going up hills when there were excellent roads to take exercise upon. For his part, he thought hills were a mistake, and extensive views a delusion; in fact, he rather disliked a fine view than otherwise, upon his honour he did. He had the misfortune to live in close proximity to a fine view in what he believed he might call a commanding position; he feared it might appear pre-suming so to speak of his little eyrie, but it really was built on a very high hill, and people came for miles to look at his view, and the first remark strangers made to him at dinner was invariably What a grand view you have, Sir Robert; indeed, a royal duke had said Windsor Castle had a view, but it could not command the prospect from Buckingham House;—with a great deal more in the same strain.

Thus the baronet discoursed on, in an even flow of conventional small-talk, a possession upon which he prided himself, and which nature had lavished on him abundantly. The minimum of thought, diluted with the maximum of words, linked together just sufficiently to keep the conversation almost entirely in his own hands, composed Sir Robert's usual flow of talk, and he had a way of maintaining his ground, and keeping all but the most determined out, just as a child's daisy-chain may serve as a sufficient barricade against those who are too tender willingly to crush it.

His is but a shadowy character, with little of solid about him except his temporalities, and in this respect he is a man of very great substance indeed.

Rank, money, respectability, and a long-descended name, he has all these. Fathers of families think him a thoroughly sensible fellow, a man who knows what he is about, as if very few possessed that knowledge: "talks a little too much about himself, perhaps, but that will soon be knocked out of him;" and then, is he not Sir Robert Buckingham of Buckingham House, an unencumbered baronet, with a clear rent-roll of fabulous thousands a year?—and whence should glory emanate, if not from a star of such magnitude? Mothers hang upon his words with attentive eagerness, and listen with rapt interest to his opinions upon female education and woman's work.

It is true, their sons speak irreverently of him as a long-backed prig, good for tea-fights and croquet, and the daughters prudently reserved their opinion.

Characters like his are usually taken at their own estimate, and it is probable that Sir Robert made a favourable impression on the daughters also, but if so they forbore to express it; they contented themselves with aiming at his croquet balls, and getting him to score their shots, with a confiding trust no one else was privileged to share.

The mothers looked on complacently, and hoped if Sir Robert returned from the pic-nic in the dog-cart that he would see that dear Clarissa put an extra shawl on. The evenings were getting cool, or the damp was likely to rise, and her dear child was so incautious, and after what he had been telling her about the fall of dew—such instructive information, she could not think how he remembered all he read—really she should never be comfortable after sunset again, unless she adopted all his wise and salutary precautions. Or was he going back by water? and would Sir Robert promise to steer the boat? She should not know a moment's peace unless he promised, for Maria and Wilhelmina had such high spirits, dear girls, she should fancy all sorts of things; still if Sir Robert were going in the boat, she should feel perfectly at ease, such confidence she had in his power of managing everything;—and so on, as silly women will, when they have an end in view, and hope to gain it by hiding their point with flattery.

Sir Robert received it as the homage due to his high standing as a remarkable young baronet of irreproachable good sense. His chin rose higher, and he carried his long back with greater majesty than before, or supported it by his umbrella in a newer and more graceful attitude. We must redeem him from the shadows by trying to give him a personality. Add to the long-limbed figure, thrown back with a strut of conscious importance, an inexpressive, though well-featured face, whose regularity of form was marred by the smile of self-satisfaction that played about the thin vacillating lips; let a smooth polished hat sit with dignity upon a head of neatly arranged hair, whose straight lines the very winds seemed to respect, and never discompose; then clothe the body to match, in a suit of the best fitting black, and you have as much of Sir Robert Buckingham as is needful for our purpose. You feel that it would have been an act of levity on the part of his tailor to invest him with any article of dress that was either light, rough, or becoming.

"Well, good people, are we going to stay here all night? Sir Robert, I will get your umbrella mended for you to-morrow. Come, Sybil, you used to be afraid of a dark hour among the hills, let us see who will be at the bottom first." So saying, Theodore challenged his sisters to a race; but Sybil had now recovered herself, and was listening with a pleased look to Sir Robert's talk, and evidently flattered by his tender attentions. As she turned to answer her brother, she perceived that one of the little girls had lingered behind with Harold, and as she looked, his tall figure bent down to kiss the

child, and with a parting wave of the hand, he disappeared by another path. As Sybil called out sharply to the child not to linger behind, a keen pang passed through her, and she was conscious of a feeling of soreness and disappointment that seemed unaccountable. The child too appeared unwilling to quicken her pace, but gravely and with slow steps followed them, and when her sister looked down at her bright eyes, they were filled with tears.

"Oh Sybil, he is really going away. I don't think we shall ever see him again. Dear Harold, what shall we do without him?"

"Is young Mr. Forsyth about to sail for New Zealand?" inquired Sir Robert. "I was anxious, that is, I intended to have furnished him with some letters which I am sure would have facilitated his movements. I have two servants settled in Australia, and several farm labourers have emigrated from my estate; indeed I know they have quite succeeded, and are very well off now, and they might have been useful on landing, to assist Mr. Forsyth in carrying his boxes. Ah, true, Australia is not New Zealand, still it is on the way, and he might possibly stop there."

While Theodore and Peggy ventured to attack Sir Robert's geographical knowledge, and Sybil said it was perfectly natural to confuse two places so often set together in people's minds, the descent of the hill had been rapidly accomplished, and the young party threaded their way through a garden thickly planted with flowers, whose fragrance hung heavily on the air, and entered through the windows of a brightly lighted drawing-room, where a tall commanding woman was seated with her work beside a well spread tea-table. Sybil hastily ran up-stairs, and once in the darkness of her own room, she seated herself in a chair opposite the open window and began to think. "What have I done? Can it be wrong to love him the best whom I have known so long? Yes, it is a sin, my mother says it is; what can he ever be to me? I should ruin his prospects, and he would ever afterwards regret it, and I should feel that if I had only conquered a weak fancy, he might have prospered. Yet he said I should help him to work better, and be a guiding-star to direct his efforts. Well, he will forget me, and I shall know that I have done my duty; and that they say is the only approach to happiness one must ever expect on earth. Yet, Oh Harold, Harold!"

At this moment voices broke in upon her thoughts.

The nursery door was near her own, and stood open, and the housemaid was informing old nurse that Sir Robert had come in to tea again with the young ladies, and was he not a beautiful man, and to think of one of their dear young ladies being a grand Lady Buckingham. Sure she deserved it, bless her sweet face; when nurse cut her short with, "You know nothing about it, Susan, and it's my belief you had better say nothing till you know. Sir Robert's very well, but it's not the gilded

pitcher that lasts like the red clay. Show-jars for the mantelpiece look fine, but they get to crack, and want a deal of care, and vex one's spirit when the handles come off. Still, I am not going to say Sir Robert's not a fine match for any young lady. Miss Sybil will be true to her own heart, I hope; that's all I care for, and then she won't have much trouble."

The last sentence was all Sybil heard, and she was about to question herself as to what was meant by being true to one's own heart in cases where duty seemed to render deafness to the heart's pleadings imperative, when a light appeared upon the staircase, and in another minute, the tall commanding lady whom we left at the tea-table, entered the room, and desired Sybil to go down-stairs directly. Sybil looked wistfully for a moment at the calm, collected expression, and severe beauty of her features, and then, as if a sudden impulse seized her, she exclaimed, "Oh mamma, I believe he is going away without taking leave of us. Harold I mean. I think he has gone, and I am so sorry. He left us this evening." "So much the better, my love. I am glad to find the young man has acted in every way so becomingly. He is quite right. And you too, my love, have acted very well and discreetly, quite as I would wish you. These little trials are painful, dear Sybil, but we must not be weak and suffer them to overcome our fortitude. You will conquer, and look back with joy to the struggle when you have attained the prize; and believe me, a well regulated mind has no greater joy than a retrospect which shows triumphs like these, and you will learn to despise a transient emotion for which you would have sacrificed a life's success."

Thus spoke Sybil's mother, well and wisely, had the premisses been true on which she founded her plausible argument. Her deductions were sound, but were based on a false assumption. Desirous of deceiving herself and her child, she applied the principle of fighting against evil, to the desire she had formed of crushing any attachment between her daughter and a poor man, and she worked upon Sybil's high-souled and mistaken sense of duty, in order to bend her to her will. When the mother and daughter reached the tea-room, they found the twins had been carried off to bed, Theodore retired to his turning lathe in the back kitchen, and Sir Robert had left his compliments, and he begged to be excused taking leave of the ladies, as he had a long ride before him, and he had left a note on the drawing-room table which would explain his intentions. A faint smile overspread the elder lady's features, and after a prolonged perusal of the missive, she desired her daughter to sit down by her and read it, as well as an inclosure directed to herself.

The baronet's letter ran thus—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"It can scarcely have escaped your penetrating powers of observation, that I am greatly

interested in a member of your family, whom circumstances of proximity as well as suitability point out as in every way what I should most admire, seek for, and wish to obtain as the companion of my life. By suitability I wish to imply that your fair daughter is in all respects that which I consider myself bound to select in beauty, manner, and education, for the future mistress of Buckingham House. She has had every advantage of training from her admirable mother; and believe me, dear madam, when I receive the young and tender plant into my hands, it shall be my care to foster what you have so carefully trained, and to bend the pliable branch rather than to break it with the rude efforts of force. I allude to the future development of the female character, which, as you have rightly conceived, can be fully completed only by the wise counsels of the husband, who should be also the friend. With every prayer for your dear child's welfare,

"I remain sincerely yours,

"ROBERT ARCHIBALD BUCKINGTON."

As a lover's letter is a somewhat rare document to obtain, we subjoin Sir Robert's declaration of affection.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"You will receive from your mother's hands this announcement which I am about to make to you, that I feel myself inspired by feelings of the profoundest regard, and I may say of affection, towards you, her lovely and accomplished daughter, and from whom can such a communication be more fitly received than from the parent who has watched over and trained you with more than a mother's eye? Her opinions and mine wholly coincide on all matters relative to the position and relation of woman with regard to her husband, in the various capacities of wife, companion, and as the mistress of his house, and I feel sure that in fixing my choice on you, I shall be following the wise dictates of an enlightened mind, as well as fulfilling the duties I owe to the station it has pleased Providence I should occupy. Together we shall be enabled to prove good stewards of the inheritance placed in my hands for something higher than selfish purposes, and in each other's society we shall find that solace which even the most devoted philanthropists have not scorned to seek.

"That you may be guided to a right decision is the prayer of your affectionate friend and admirer,

"ROBERT ARCHIBALD BUCKINGTON."

Not a word of entreaty—no question of whether she could return his affection—not one mention of love. Yet, strange to say, a letter so framed had more power over Sybil than the most passionate strain that ever covered a lover's letter. Such would have been too like Harold's, and being devoid of power to touch her heart, his words would have alienated her for ever.

But these high-flown sentiments about the wise disposal of his wealth appeared to hold out to her a sphere of self-denying work, and promised her opportunities of doing good which it seemed plainly her duty to accept.

It seems strange that with Harold's words still ringing in her ears, she should have been able to delude herself in the course she was now pursuing; but it is certain that temptations are strongest which assail the weakest points, and the want of straightforwardness, and the moral timidity of Sybil's character, laid her open both to the perplexity which involves any deviation from strict simplicity of conduct, and also to the danger of seeking shelter in the judgment of another, more especially when she could throw over it the disguise of duty.

She listened to her mother's commendations of this high-principled young man, and acquiesced in the duty that lay before her of thankfully accepting the great blessings which must accrue to her from such lofty companionship and guidance, and before she returned to her room that night she had written a little note to accompany her mother's more lengthy epistle, in which she stated her willingness to try to be all he seemed to think she was. She feared she was very ignorant, and he would find her wanting in many things, but she hoped he would be gentle with her, and be her friend and guide, for she knew she was not strong enough to stand alone, and she prayed she might be helped to do her duty, and was glad to think she had such an adviser in him, &c. &c. The poor little letter was just what commended itself to Sir Robert's overweening sensibility. It touched his own sense of importance, and as he smiled to himself with secret exultation, his thoughts took the direction of realising the position of preceptor-husband, and his breakfast hour passed pleasantly in reveries as he thought of that bright young face sitting figuratively at his feet, listening to his discourse with reverent awe.

The next day, when Sir Robert rode over to the Lawn, his engagement with Sybil was formally ratified and declared. Theodore declaring it was quite time she should marry, as he did not think it a good thing she should be an old maid always, and though Sir Robert was not nearly such a brick as old Harold, yet of course he should like him if he were his brother-in-law. The twins received the news with half-shy, half-pleased looks, and might they wear their pink sashes to go to church when Sybil was married?

The wedding, however, was not to take place for a twelvemonth, when the days of mourning for Sybil's father would be completed.

Sybil Gray was the eldest of four children whose father had devoted the best years of his life to the inventing and perfecting a mechanism to be attached to steam-pumps and other great mechanical agencies for the increase of power, and the diminution of risk to human life.

With the usual fortune that awaits those whose

thoughts are beyond the age in which they find themselves, or from the extreme indifference with which the waste of life is regarded, when it does not personally affect the individuals with whom lies the duty of protecting the immediate sufferers, Mr. Gray's patent was suffered to lie neglected, and proved a source of constant expense to himself; nor was it until some years after his death that an enterprising man of capital carried out, under less costly outlay, the improvement on which poor Gray had expended what should have been his children's inheritance. He was at rest now, as we have said, and Sybil and Sir Robert were to wait till the time had expired, of ceremonious mourning.

II.—ON THE WATERS.

Nothing to break the sky-line but a vast surface of tumbling waters, through which a sturdy merchant-ship is vigorously ploughing her way. Night has fallen, and the sky is somewhat cloudy, and only here and there a star breaks the dull canopy overhead.

The officer of the watch pacing the quarter-deck with one other companion, their voices sounding hushed and low as they walk to the end, look over into the night, pause, and turn back to resume their slow sentinel pace—the man at the wheel gazing ahead, with his bronzed face and eagle eye that tell of many a day and night's battle with the elements—these three are the sole objects visible on board the labouring ship, whose whistling shrouds and flapping cordage alone represent the busy tumult that usually stirs her by day. She carries hundreds of living souls in her bosom, now stretched at length in their narrow berths, as they will one day lie in their coffins.

Nay, is not the wide sea round them? There are no graves, no holy churchyard. Why think of coffins?

Yet to many perhaps, as they lay there unable to sleep, in their new and unfamiliar circumstances, and listened with strange fascination to the lapping sound of the waters rolling up against the ship's side, to many such thoughts would present themselves. What if those fathomless waters were to refuse to bear them up on their surface, and they were to sink slowly and slowly down, deep down, in the swirling waves, which would close over them and hide them for ever from the light of the sun? It needed but a touch from some sharp unknown rock piercing the gallant ship from below, or a spark of fire left by some incautious hand, and this excellently contrived sailing-vessel A 1, with her living freight of two hundred souls, would settle down like a heavy stone in the midst of those hungering waters, and leave not a trace behind.

"How brightly that planet shines in these latitudes," exclaimed Harold to his companion of the watch.

"Do you see it hanging low on the horizon? I never saw Venus look so large before. Don't look so dreamy, Jack, my man, but mind you don't steer

right into that star;" as he spoke he came up closer to the helmsman, and hastily uttered the words, "he's in a fit," when the man slowly fell forwards, and became rigid and unconscious.

The two young men tried to move him from his dangerous position, and with some difficulty succeeded in lifting him between them, and laying him down upon the deck, untying his loose muffler which he wore to protect his throat from the night air. "I must go and report to the Captain," said the young officer who was kneeling at the feet of the fainting man, and who did not perceive what broke upon Harold with an appalling sense of horror, which almost took from him the power of action, as the full sense of their fearful position came upon him.

"God be merciful, look at the star!" was all he said, and instantly gathering up all his forces of mind and body, he cleared the form of the prostrate pilot at a leap, rushed down to the captain's door, and in the deep tones which suppressed feeling give, briefly told him that the pilot was incapacitated, and a ship in full sail bearing right down upon them.

Not a moment stayed the captain for questions or for dress. He leaped on deck with the firm concentrated look of one accustomed to have his resources taxed to the utmost, and of whose power to deal with a tremendous possibility none could doubt. He had stood by his vessel to the last before now, and had remained lashed to a spar after watching the gallant ship go down. In many an emergency his courage and tried nerve had been the means of saving others who were too unmanly to help themselves. But in all his experiences of those dangerous perils of the deep, it had never fallen to his lot to encounter death in all the appalling suddenness and swift destruction of collision at sea. All that was seen was a half frantic effort to alter the ship's course, and then, for an instant, the whole scene of the impending catastrophe flashed before the eyes of the doomed voyagers. The approaching ship, with all her sails, rigging, and terrified crew, seemed with horrible distinctness to be upon them, and then amid the shrieks and agonised utterance of the few who had reached the deck of the ill-fated "Bucephalus," a crash—a shock—as her timbers shivered and rent asunder, and in the next moment the mutilated ship had been trodden under water, as it were, by the vessel that had run her down, and the yawning waves seemed to suck her into their green and foaming depths, carrying with her into one grave the bodies of those two hundred souls that had passed by a moment of brief agony into eternity.

* * * * *

A short paragraph in English newspapers announced that the sailing-vessel "Bucephalus," Captain Home, bound for Canterbury, New Zealand, was run down by the Donna Luisa, Portuguese man-of-war, all hands, passengers and officers lost. A

leading article appeared in a prominent metropolitan journal, calling attention to the fact of but one man being at the helm on this fatal occasion, eliciting a swarm of angry replies, confirmatory facts, and suggestions and propositions more or less cogent; and the story sank into oblivion and was forgotten, its claims on public attention falling flat in the presence of a great will case, and two undiscovered murders.

III.—IN THE FIRE.

The Lawn looks much as it did on the morning after the announcement was made that Sir Robert Buckington had chosen the pretty Sybil to be his own.

The garden plot on which the dining-room windows opened was gay with a kaleidoscopic arrangement of coloured flower-beds, which every year seemed to encroach more upon the velvet greensward which promised eventually to lose its right to confer its name upon the place.

The Lawn, sheltered in parts by the sweeping branches of cedar and catalpa or tulip-tree, disappeared near the house in a dazzling blaze of colour, which the girls took care should be maintained till the first frosts of November conquered them.

The sun shines brightly down upon it now, bringing out the gorgeous tints of crimson and yellow, and where its rays are intercepted by masses of thick foliage, the light plays through the fluttering leaves in delicate shadows.

There is nothing to foretel the coming of a great sorrow. One would expect the approach of a crushing grief would announce itself by some gathering signs of warning; and those who live in dread of such visitations try to ward off the impending blow by rehearsing it beforehand, on the principle that nothing ever happens exactly as we expect, and so they cheat themselves into the belief that they are prepared for all that may come upon them.

But nothing in the quiet household on that bright morning of early autumn indicated to Sybil the chasm about to open at her feet, rudely tearing up the course of a life that had hitherto flowed on in a very ordinary channel, and swallowing up all that was hollow and false in her present position.

The post-bag had been opened as the family sat at the breakfast table, and its contents distributed among those who were fortunate enough to have correspondence on that particular morning. The newspaper was reserved to the last, and when Sybil's mother broke the silence with a well-constructed paragraph, which she intended should perform that most difficult, if not impossible, of tasks, breaking the news, even her well-disciplined and controlled voice faltered for an instant, and slightly shook, as she told her children gravely that a very sad accident had happened—an accident at sea—poor Harold's ship; and not noticing Sybil's stony look, and blanched face, she proceeded to read the paragraph announcing its loss, with the comments upon it of some of the daily journals.

The little girls were at once in tears, weeping and sobbing as only children can, and even their self-composed mother forgot to reprove them, while she thought over the last interview she had had with that bright-eyed youth whose dark brown locks were now pillowed on the ocean bed. For a moment she dwelt on how she had fulfilled his mother's trust, who on her death-bed had committed Harold to her sole and exclusive charge, as the dearest pledge she could give of her long and constant affection. "Be his mother," the dying woman had said, "and bring him up as you would your own child." Had not thoughts of ambition for Sybil steeled her heart against the noble qualities of her ward? and had not pride and vanity made her shut her eyes to the growing attachment between them, until she had been led on to use her power over Sybil's timid character to influence her in the decision that banished from her life the man she had grown up to love, and that had united her future with a comparative stranger?

These reflections lasted but during their instantaneous passage through the brain.

Conscience has her moments of self-assertion; but the natural bent of the mind, or that which habit has conventionally made such, soon resumes its sway; and after about a quarter of an hour's occupation with her letters, she said something about seeing what Sybil was doing; for if she should distress herself much about this news, she would have to account for it to Sir Robert Buckingham, who would naturally be hurt if he found his betrothed with reddened eyes because she happened to know one of the drowned passengers on board the "Bucephalus."

On reaching Sybil's room, and calling to her without receiving an answer, she opened the door, and there she discovered the poor girl, who seemed to have been overtaken by a sudden fainting fit, as she had evidently fallen against the side of the bed, against which she now leaned, rigid and unconscious.

A low moan, as of almost intolerable pain, was the only sign she gave of life. They laid her on her bed, and the doctors said a great shock had been sustained; that the nervous system was paralysed; and they feared for the brain. Nothing could be done; they must wait and watch, and hope much from her youth, but it was a serious case.

And so that little household was brought face to face with a dread reality; and though little was said on the subject, yet all seemed to feel that somehow Sir Robert's frequent visits were out of place, and that perhaps it would never be the same for him, as for others, any more.

The mother felt it, as she sat in Sybil's room watching that poor vacant face, and those restless hands, or listened to the unceasing moan which alone betrayed her suffering. She knew that she should have to tell Sir Robert that he had been deceived; that Harold, and not himself, had been the choice of her daughter's heart; and would it be possible for him to overlook the deception she had practised

on him, when she had assured him Sybil's affections were as yet to be won? She could not tell; she could only shelter herself from the dreaded disclosure by making Sybil's state an excuse for scarcely seeing him.

About ten days had elapsed when the country doctor, who had at last confessed his inability to do more for the patient, professed his willingness to act under the directions of any London physician whom they approved; and his suggestions being acted upon, an eminent physician was telegraphed for, who, after due examination, pronounced that an external injury had been inflicted on the brain when the fall occurred, which was rapidly producing further mischief, and keeping up congestion; that an operation was necessary, which would relieve the worst symptoms, but that it would still remain a very grave question how far the system had power to rally from the shock it had received, and the severe remedy it was further necessary to apply. He desired that everything might be in readiness for the operation to be performed on the following day, when he would return with a skilful surgeon, in whose hands he should leave the case; and with a few directions as to necessary preparations, the London doctor departed.

Anxiety and secret grief, and the strong command she placed over her feelings, had quite undermined Sybil's mother; and she felt that it was impossible for her to remain in the room with the doctors while they were performing an operation on which her child's life depended.

She paid the penalty which constraining our natural feelings usually exacts, of being unfit to control herself in any great emergency; and she went about the house bewailing her sad lot, and almost inclined to ask Sir Robert Buckingham if he would stay in the room with dear Sybil.

She encountered, at the garden door, the pale, sweet face of Mary Graham—Sybil's chief friend, and one who loved her with the devoted affection that women lavish on each other, when they have been deprived by adverse circumstances of the natural outlet for a woman's love. Mary Graham had a story of her own, which it is not necessary here to relate. It was all over now; her hopes, and almost her wishes that it might be otherwise. She had attained middle life; and knew that, humanly speaking, nothing was ever likely to alter the monotonous current of her life, and she tried to make interests in her brother's parish, and to find work in training his children, which by filling up her heart should leave no room for the entrance of a vain regret.

Still she had a necessity of loving, being endowed with a large and liberal heart that could take in all the pattern people in the parish, and make room for a good many of the wilder sort also, who were by no means models of their kind.

Sybil, however, had contrived to creep into her heart, and maintain her supremacy over all others; and daily, and hourly, were Mary's visits to her

sick-bed continued, while she thus gave the mother opportunity to seek rest and fresh air.

She almost led Mary into the pretty drawing-room before letting her go up-stairs, and told her the physician's verdict, which gave to Mary's younger spirit more of hope than anything she had heard yet. Surely it was well to know there was some local cause for this long-continued unconsciousness, and the removal of it would be the first step towards recovery. She thought that anything was better than that hopeless course of doing nothing, which the former doctor had carried out to an extent that might have cost Sybil's life. She added an earnest request that she might be allowed to be with Sybil when her hour of trial came—a request which fell in too well with the mother's wishes to be rejected; and, as her services would be more and more required, it was arranged that Mary should come into the house that same evening, and take up her abode there as head nurse.

The morning came. The doctors had made their final preparations: poor Sybil lay gazing vacantly at the sight. Her mother had been led, pale and almost fainting, from the room by the old nurse, who consigned her to the charge of the little twins, telling them that if they let their mamma come up-stairs Miss Sybil would certainly die; the London doctor said shortly to Mary Graham, "You had better go too;" a command which her pale face and shaking hand suggested to him.

"I intend to be with her, sir, and you need not fear for me," she said with a firmness he was not disposed to dispute. Supported in Mary's arms, the operation commenced; all that the most consummate skill of hand and eye could do to render it successful was brought to bear upon it. It was one of formidable difficulty, and any failure on the part of the operator would have induced fatal results. No less did it require firm self-control on the part of those who assisted him; and so little did the skilful surgeon trust the power of women to bear the sight of pain, that he desired Mary to keep her eyes fixed on Sybil's face, and on no account to watch what he was doing. The London physician held her pulse between his fingers; and the old nurse stood by, handing the different articles required.

At the deepest incision a sharp cry issued from the poor patient, but Mary only pressed her lips with a long kiss upon the sufferer, and soothed her with fond loving words and caresses. She did not know how far she was understood, but her voice and her caressing tones seemed to have a calming effect, and while she held a cold sponge, as she was told, to the lips and hands of her charge, and bent over her with loving expressions of the yearning love she had always felt for her, she forgot the presence of those two sharp intellects whose fame in the ways of science had spread over the continent of Europe.

"Lay her down," said the physician; and as the surgeon assisted to place the head in the least un-

favourable position, Mary knew that the operation was over, and that her Sybil had no more to endure from that terrible knife, whose glimmer she could not help seeing as the surgeon manipulated with its cold cruel blade.

She thought she felt a slight return to the pressure of her hand, as though consciousness were beginning to dawn, now the oppression on the brain was removed.

"You have behaved well," said the surgeon, quietly, as he held a glass of wine to her lips: he saw she could not have held it herself, for she was beginning to feel as if the room were going round, and as if she were not quite sure whether there were two doctors or twenty flitting about it. She soon recovered herself after this timely administration of wine, and forcing back with a strong effort the sobs which seemed as if they must come, she sat waiting patiently in her chair till she should be told what to do next.

The doctors were darkening the room, and had already removed every trace of their recent work.

The shortest and sharpest-looking of the two, who seemed like one before whom it would be impossible to give way, came, stood before her, and looked steadily at her: "Here, take another glass; there, now you'll do. Listen to what I've got to tell you, and mind and do all that I say. That old fool has gone to have her cry out with the mamma, down-stairs; well, we can't have two of you; so just listen, and remember my directions."

That sharp-spoken doctor had wiped his own eyes, and used his handkerchief audibly, after it was all over and Sybil laid down again in her bed; but he knew the power of a non-sympathetic manner to check nervous excitement, and it was his custom to assume a hard, unfeeling address, in order to stop the outflow of excited feeling, whenever that flow of feeling would be hurtful to his patient. He needed Mary's calm possession of herself, that she might be fitted to understand and carry out his further orders; and if he had allowed her to give way at that moment there would have been no one else on whom he could depend with confidence.

We pass over the tedious weeks and months that elapsed, during which it seemed a doubtful contest in which Sybil's life hung in the balance.

At first there was the danger of fever supervening, from the nature of the operation to which she had been subjected; and when this peril was surmounted, a new cause for fear arose from the excessive weakness and prostration that set in, while over all hung the dark shadow of a great grief which they could not doubt she was well aware of, and knew perfectly its nature, yet none of her nurses ventured to speak upon the subject, lest it should irritate the delicate tissues of the injured brain.

One night, or rather towards morning, when Mary Graham was keeping her prolonged vigil by her bed, Sybil suddenly opened her eyes, and asked if it were Mary watching there, and would she

come and lie down by her side, for she must say something to her which she could not tell to every one.

The first impulse of her watchful nurse was to try and make her forget it, and to soothe her to sleep, but as she looked at the eager expression of the anxious eyes into which consciousness had long ere this returned, she merely administered a few spoonfuls of the cordial she was directed to give, to assist any voluntary effort the patient might make, and then placing herself by Sybil's side and taking her hands tenderly in hers, she said gently that she would let her talk until nurse came in to take her place. "Mary, I shall not be here much longer; I shall soon be with poor Harold. Do you know I am glad not to have to stay longer in this world. I don't think I could bear to live with a broken heart."

"Yes, you could, Sybil. Sorrow does not kill; or the gravedigger would have no rest from his work. If you are to die, it will be God's will, which I dare not gainsay. But if it be His will that you should recover, I think that you will not shrink from your future life merely because it has missed its sunshine, and that you will at last thankfully acknowledge the power and the divinity of suffering."

"But I shall never be the same again, Mary."

"Perhaps not. I would say I hope not. I should not like to think that one could pass through a great sorrow and not show any visible effects proportionate to the work it was sent to do."

"But, Mary, sorrow is sent as a punishment, is it not?"

Mary hesitated for a moment, and then said gently, "I think we can generally trace a connection between our trials and some tendency of a wrong kind which they were sent to check; but I believe we ought to avoid looking at them as a penal measure only, for this is a strong temptation to most natures, and we should consider these trials as rather corrective in their character than penal, for then only the true end and purpose of chastisement is carried out. But now I cannot let you talk any more; if you are not the worse for it, we will resume it at another time,—and here is nurse, she shall bring you some coffee."

Later in the day, Sybil had been moved from her bed to a couch by the window, that she might see for the first time the beauty of the garden, which still retained some of its brilliant hues by the help of china-asters, marigolds, and chrysanthemums, and other gorgeously-arrayed flowers, whose colours gain them admittance when sweeter blossoms have long since left the field. Mary was sitting at work, and presently Sybil asked: "Mary, do you think I am a very false character?"

Sybil had asked the same question of her mother, and had been abruptly stopped with "Pray don't take such thoughts into your head. I should hope no child of mine was ever false, or ever will be," she added, as the thought of a possible rupture with

Sir Robert passed through her mind. "My dear child, your illness makes you morbid. I consider you remarkably truthful. I am sure you never told me an untruth in your life;" and then Mrs. Gray had left the room, for she never felt she could cope with what she considered Sybil's questions of casuistry.

Mary went on with the little frock she was making for a village *protégée*, and while intently examining the little sleeve that she might fit it with due nicety into the main garment, she replied—"You mean, I think, that you are sometimes inclined to follow a line of conduct which you wish to think accords with your natural character, while in reality you are forced to constrain your feelings and do violence to your disposition in order to reconcile your outward conduct with your inner feelings. You have an external standard which you desire to conform to, and to do this, you must warp and strain your real disposition."

"Mary, I will tell you what weighs on my mind, and occupies it day and night, whenever I am able to think, and even shuts out sometimes that horrid, horrid scene, that ship, and those drowning men. No, my dear Mary, I am not going to excite myself. I know that if I would ever recover a healthful mind, and have power over my own spirit, I must control the harrowing thoughts which rise unbidden and surge over my brain, till I am obliged to put a strong force upon them, and vehemently resist their encroaching power. I try earnestly, but it is hard, and at night when the trees are swaying their tops in the wind, it sounds so like the rushing waters that closed over *him*, that I can see the cruel green waves with their foaming crests, and hear the death shrieks of those poor dying men. But it was not of this I was going to speak. I was going to tell you that I mistook my own power when I thought I could marry Sir Robert Buckingham. I did not act sincerely when I accepted him; and although I fancied I was actuated by a strong sense of duty and not by any motives of ambition, yet Mary, I fear that these, too, had their part in my decision, and that when I found I must not be allowed to love poor Harold, I felt pleased and flattered at the prospect of a position of much importance and estimation in the eyes of others. I have been punished severely for my fault, but it is a valuable lesson, which my whole future life will be the better for having learnt, even at so costly a price."

Mary Graham put aside her work, and kneeling beside the poor wasted girl, on whose colourless cheeks a bright spot of red began to appear, as she spoke of herself, that faithful friend took both her hands in hers, and with eyes filled with tears, she said, "Sybil, you will conquer, and come out strengthened and purified by these fiery trials. Have you more to tell me?"

"Yes, Mary; you have guessed perhaps that my engagement must be put an end to. Yes," she added, as Mary bowed her face to hers, and made no answer, but by a long fond kiss, which told all

of sympathy and more than words would do. "Yes, Mary, I am not saying this in order to obtain a salve for my conscience for my past mistake, nor with the hope of stopping its pricks by making a great sacrifice to its suggestions. It is simply a question of plain honesty and truth. I ought not to have promised to be Sir Robert's wife, because I loved Harold; the same reason holds good still, although *he* is lost to me for ever. I see the truth now, which my eyes were too blinded to perceive—the veil has been torn from them, and though by a sharp, rough touch, yet I am glad to be able to see its grand clear outline at whatever cost of pain. And now, Mary, I wish you to make this statement to my mother. I think I am not cowardly in delegating the task to you. It is not that I fear for my own constancy in adhering to the course I see to be right; but I know it will be a painful disclosure to her, and I shrink from the arguments I know she will use to shake my resolution. In my present weak state, I should not be able to answer them, and she might mistake my inability to reply for acquiescence in her views. Will you, Mary, undertake this? I will see Sir Robert myself when I am stronger."

The task imposed upon Mary Graham was certainly no slight one. She knew she must expect a severe reprimand for the sympathy she had shown for Sybil's feelings, instead of treating them as the sickly fancies of an invalid. She dreaded the cold politeness of her manner, and the freezing sentences in which Mrs. Gray would deprecate any interference between herself and her children; and she almost feared for Sybil, as she thought of the impossibility of breaking through the artificial veneering of that cold worldly woman and reaching her from the side of truth and real feeling.

The prospect was not by any means bright, nor was it free from heavy clouds on the horizon, when she thought of Sybil's future. Would she never look back on her rupture with Sir Robert with regret, when Time should have softened the bitter recollection of her lover's death. Would Sybil be able to endure solitude and a lonely life, after the hopes that had been hers, and the bright thoughts with which she had surrounded her married home? How would it be in the future, when youth should be passing away, and the brief stormy grief that from its very excess could not be lasting, should be laid asleep for ever? Would she then not regret the love that might have been hers, and think with pain that in her impatient agony she had tossed it away? But Mary Graham was not one who allowed herself to look to consequences when a plain duty was set before her; nor did she confuse her ideas of right and wrong by considering the expediency of any course of action, after her conscience had plainly acknowledged it to be right. She had as much of that irresolution in deciding the preponderating amount of right over wrong in any question brought before her as is said to be a characteristic of the Teutonic race; but with this susceptibility to see both sides, she had so schooled her judgment to

follow the truth at all risks, that she was saved from much unnecessary perplexity, and enabled to recognise it with unerring precision.

The difficulties she had anticipated, in laying before Mrs. Gray poor Sybil's troubles, were not unfounded, nor were the expected results exaggerated.

There was no violent outburst of angry feeling: Mrs. Gray was too refined and polished, possibly too contemptuous towards those who ventured into collision with her, to give way to any expression of uncontrolled or unmeasured anger. Anything approximating to what is vulgarly known as a scolding was as removed from this high-bred and self-possessed woman as the low habits and speech of the class furthest from her in the social scale.

She thanked Miss Graham for the communication she had thought proper to make. Doubtless she had not intended to mistake her duty, nor to overstep her sphere, when she had obtruded herself in a matter of such extreme delicacy, which Mrs. Gray begged to decline discussing with a young person whose peculiar position rendered her exceedingly unfitted to give advice on such matters.

Poor Mary bore this and a great deal more of cold sarcastic bitterness, of which we give only an epitome; but although her love for Sybil supported her through it, she felt as if under the fascination of some beautiful but noxious creature, whose power it seemed hopeless to resist; with the final sting, however, her woman's spirit was roused, and she exclaimed, with a burning flush of indignation: "Mrs. Gray, if you would preserve your child from the lot that has overtaken me, you will not force her into a marriage where her heart is not engaged. I warn you—and perhaps I am as fitted in this respect to warn you, as if I had stooped to make a mercenary marriage."

Mary Graham did not know that she had pointed her arrow with truth. She had only intended to refer to her own lot, and her choice of a single life, rather than incur the guilt of marrying without affection. The shaft told, however; innocent as was its aim, it pierced deep into the consciousness of that scheming and unfeeling woman; and instead of making any reply she left the room, nor did she appear again until the evening meal, when she scrupulously avoided any direct conversation with Mary, and behaved towards her with studious politeness, from which Mary knew not whether to gather that she had given mortal offence, or that these were to be the terms on which her future intercourse at the Lawr was to be carried on.

Mary did not report at once to Sybil the result of her mission. The efforts of the day had been more than she could bear, and she lay in a state of exhaustion, followed by a restless night, which was not compensated for until a refreshing sleep of some hours on the following day restored her to the same state as before her conversation with her friend.

Weeks passed away, and Sybil's strength was

gradually returning. Her mother had made no allusion to the subject of Mary Graham's communication, and sometimes the latter fancied that she intended to ignore it altogether, and to carry her point by that passionless immobility which seemed to have such terrible power.

One morning, when Sybil had been brought down into the drawing-room soon after breakfast, and had been dressed for the first time in her usual attire, she begged to be allowed to sit in an easy chair, instead of being laid on the couch, a step towards recovery which gladdened Mary's heart, though with the innate tact which guided all her dealings with an invalid, and which made her method so successful, she forbore to take any notice of it.

Very lovely Sybil looked, with her rich dark brown locks simply braided back and confined in a transparent net. A quiet grey dress, ornamented with a little bright blue ribbon, set off the clear delicate rose tints of her complexion, and her large violet eyes were softened with an expression of patient resignation, very touching to see.

She had begged to be allowed to wear mourning for poor Harold, but had been sharply rebuked, and desired not to think of anything so preposterous. Mrs. Gray wondered what girls would think of next, engaged to one man, and then wearing mourning for another who wished to be in his place. She could not have thought it of a child of hers. On this particular morning, Mrs. Gray had looked with gratified satisfaction and pride, on the arrangement of the grey dress in the arm-chair, and remarked that next time Sir Robert called, she thought Sybil would be quite well enough to see him.

Sybil knew the moment for taking her stand had come, and without hesitation she replied gently, yet with a quivering in her voice that showed what it cost her.

"When I see Sir Robert again, mamma, it will be to tell him what I begged Mary to say to you, that I cannot be with his wife, and that all must be at an end between us."

The expression of Mrs. Gray's face was fearful in its intensity of anger, and even hate. It seemed as if her natural affection for her child had given place to hatred. Her whole heart had been set on this marriage. Her long indulgence of pride and ambition had rooted the desire for it so deeply into her very existence, that it seemed like tearing out the principle of life itself to give it up, while the thought of being resisted, nay thwarted, by her own child, whom she had always found so yielding, and for whose aggrandisement she had thus plotted and manoeuvred, struck a blow at the proud woman's power, which she resented as rebellion against her authority. A painful scene followed, during which Mary was leaving the room, till an imploring entreaty from poor Sybil made her resume her occupation at the further end of the room. The result of a stormy conversation, during which Mrs. Gray poured out the pent-up anger and dis-

appointment which were surging through her heart, was to leave Sybil lying back exhausted with pain and excitement, while Mrs. Gray swept haughtily out of the room, bestowing a Parthian shot on Mary as she passed her, saying, "I have to thank you for this childish exhibition of folly, cant, and disobedience. But for your influence, Sybil would have learned to show more deference to her mother's views, and more regard to her feelings." "Mary, come to me," was all poor Sybil could say, and as she raised the poor stricken girl in her arms, kissed and fondly caressed her, she prayed that she might have strength to go through what she had begun, and eventually find peace.

The friends passed an hour in quiet restful talk. At length Sybil begged to have her desk brought to her, for she said, "no further delay should prevent my doing what I know to be right. I have told my mother that I intend to write, to set myself free, since she will not allow me to see Sir Robert for that purpose, and perhaps a letter will be the least painful means for us both."

The letter was written and despatched, and Sybil seemed more relieved and quiet than she had been for some time, though as the evening approached, when she might look for an answer, she grew restless and put off going to bed until there was evidently no prospect of a letter being sent off from Buckingham House that night. Days passed by, weeks followed, and still nothing to break the silence from Buckingham House.

Sybil wondered, but her spirit seemed to have regained its elasticity, and she almost fancied she should have no further notice taken of her note, when at the end of the fifth week, a letter in the well-known handwriting of Sir Robert was found in the post-bag, addressed to Mrs. Gray, and bearing the Brighton postmark. The document was couched in the best epistolary style, written in the third person; and it set forth that Sir Robert had been very much surprised at the contents of a letter from a member of Mrs. Gray's family, that he was at a loss to comprehend the extraordinary nature of such a communication from so very young a lady; that he begged he might in no way inflict any further annoyance upon her by any future renewal of their social intercourse, and with respect to the wound his feelings might naturally be supposed to have received, he wished to state that when he had the honour to address Miss Gray, she was not the only lady who had favoured him with distinct proofs that his attentions were not disagreeable to her, and that he had readily found in other quarters that appreciation of himself, and that reciprocation of his sentiments, which he had been falsely led to expect from a member of Mrs. Gray's family.

Sir Robert Buckingham had been so fortunate as to secure the hand of the Lady Araminta Vyvyan, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Mountarlington, and the marriage would take place at Brighton, as soon as the necessary settlements, which would be

on a princely scale, could be completed by the legal advisers of the two families.

Mrs. Gray's surprise on reading this characteristic letter was too unfeigned and overpowering to permit her to resort to her usual system of breaking the news.

"There, Sybil; Sir Robert will not break his heart for you, but has already engaged himself to another girl."

Sybil took the letter, and read it carefully through from beginning to end; more than once or twice, as if she wished to take in the full meaning of every word; then she asked if Mary Graham might see the letter, and, on receiving an affirmative nod, the great man's dignified missive was passed to her friend, who read it rapidly, and then exclaimed—"I knew he was no gentleman. Would any man of delicate feeling have written such a letter under any circumstances whatever? How much less under those that elicited this reply. How could he dare write to your mother in the third person? and then to send no answer to your letter, and yet to take the liberty of writing weeks afterwards, in such a strain to your mother, who had never addressed him at all on the subject. And then his hint that his settlements on his bride are to be princely! That seems to be the climax of his gross want of all refined feeling, and sets the stamp of vulgarity upon the whole man."

"You are right, Mary; he is no gentleman," agreed Mrs. Gray, and from this morning dated a better understanding between her and Mary Graham. The insult to herself which Mary had pointed out in the style of Sir Robert's letter, had perhaps something to do with it, and anger against the writer helped to lessen the regrets she felt at the loss of "the princely settlements" that might have been Sybil's.

From this time the subject was dropped amongst them, and seemed by a tacit understanding to be regarded as a topic that had better die a natural death. So many feelings gathered round its discussion, which made it impossible to submit it to dispassionate consideration, that all parties felt the necessity of preserving a strict neutrality, and carrying out the principle of non-intervention, which saves families as well as nations from embroiling themselves in useless strife.

IV.—UNDER THE TREES.

The further end of the Lawn domain dropped abruptly down a slope of considerable declivity, too steep to be cultivated, and therefore left to its natural growth of trees and underwood. A pretty wild bit it was, broken into jutting masses of stone, feathered with fern, and with overhanging festoons of briony and wild clematis. Here the first primroses were sure to be found, and here the wild blue-bells made a carpet of bright blue, "as 'twere the heavens up-breaking through the earth." At the bottom of this wooded slope a little brook wound its course among the weeds and meadow flowers.

It was a favourite play-place of the twins, and as the brook divided them from corn-fields through which there was no right of way, it was considered a perfectly safe spot for the children, and here they passed a great deal of their time, making mud dykes, and other triumphs of engineering skill, catching minnows, or playing at Robinson Crusoe. There was a sort of path, however, leading by a short cut to the village nearest to Buckingham House, and as Sir Robert used to be in the habit of leaving his horse at the smithy there, a distance of two miles from the Lawn, it was a path frequently used by him or any other visitor from the Buckingham domain.

A year had almost passed since Sybil's acceptance of Sir Robert's hand, on the evening of that memorable excursion to the hills, when she and Harold had stood together for the last time.

Sybil was beginning to regain her former strength, although she was still unable to walk far, and as she was ordered to be out in the air as much as possible, and her mother's means did not permit of horse or carriage exercise, she was accustomed to sit out a great deal under those trees we have mentioned in the shaded nook of the Lawn garden.

She was resting there, in the warm sunshine of a June afternoon, reading a book of travels, and wishing that she too could be transported to foreign countries, to see new and strange varieties of men and things.

How she longed to see those grand primeval forests whose silence has never been broken by the voice of men, and which must still seem ringing with those exulting hallelujahs that filled the new-created world, when all the sons of God shouted for joy. Or what would she not give to be able to visit the perishing remains of human ambition and human thought: to see Rome, Athens; even Jerusalem, and perhaps the buried cities of Assyria, whose ruins speak in such startling language of a force and an intelligence, and a polity, that has wholly passed away; even the inarticulate mounds of the American continent, that can scarcely utter so much as the names by which they were known: how it would fill her mind and change the current of her thoughts, to bring these fresh and powerful influences to bear upon it.

Sybil was beginning to feel the want of an absorbing interest, and the re-action consequent upon the excitement of the previous year.

She struggled vainly against the lassitude she felt, which was partly physical, and the weariness and distaste for all her usual occupations, which was the result of the shock her nervous system had received, and a too great strain of mind and body.

Meantime the twins played below in the wooded hollow, and set their paper boats on the streamlet, and wished Sybil could join their sport.

At Buckingham House there were great preparations being made. Sir Robert and Lady Araminta were still in Italy, whither they had gone in the spring that followed their marriage; but they were

to return in about three weeks, and the house was undergoing a complete renovation and beautification preparatory to receiving Sir Robert and his bride. In the grounds a new drive had been cut and planted, and, of course, a new lodge and entrance-gates had been put up, and were now receiving their final adornment of paint and ornamental ironwork. The village artist, who let himself out with accommodating liberality to paint gates and door-posts per foot, or striking portraits of the Duke of Wellington, or the Pied Bull, at so much per job, was busily engaged at his work, surrounded by a little gathering of admirers, who looked on with awe at his progress, or lingered for a chat and to obtain the news. Some were labourers from a distance, stopping to hear of the latest improvements at the great house before returning to their own villages; some were wayfarers, proceeding by the high road to the nearest town.

"And when is the master to come back?" asked one of the group, a labouring man, who looked with some interest to the village *fete* that was to greet his arrival.

"They tell me that Sir Robert and my lady are expected before the month is out," replied the painter, applying a judicious stroke of his brush, and standing back to judge of the effect.

"Ah, you've got a lady at the great house, now," chimed in another. "I wonder how you'll like her."

"Is Sir Robert already married?" asked another, of a different class, tall, slight, and bronzed with exposure to all weathers, yet with a sickly look that deepened the intensity of his deep brown eyes.

"Ah, that he be," replied the labouring man; "and they do say that she'll take the pride out of him."

An impatient movement from the tall speaker made him add, "She's a fine one to look at, I'll not deny; but if she isn't a temper why I never saw one. Stuck up and airified, she'll have to come down in her pride one of these days, or else he must. There won't be room enough for both of them, and he, with his long talks, must have the last word." As the painter gathered up his pot and brushes, the group dispersed, and soon the tall youth was alone, pursuing his way across the short cut we have described.

After rapidly crossing several fields without once stopping to look for a path, and walking with the air of one who knows the locality familiarly, a sudden turn brought him full in view of the range of low hills which we described in a former page. Here a sudden impulse caused him to stop, and resting himself against an ash tree that overhung the brook, he exclaimed, "Oh Sybil, Sybil! and is this the end of your marriage? Is this what your bright young nature has come to? He must have soured you, or you could not have changed thus. Well, my last hope is over; I was a fool to entertain it, or to suppose for a moment that having never cared for me—except as a friend, and *nothing*

more—she should change and learn to love me after having chosen deliberately another man. Farewell, bright hope of my youth! Now I know the worst, I can go back and try again in life's battle, which at present has not been very successful with me.

"I may as well go and see them, though; if Sybil is in Italy there can be no reason why I should not. I have so yearned to see this spot again; and when once I have said good-by to them, I will start again with a bold heart for New Zealand. I do wonder they never wrote to me at Lisbou; I suppose they were too busy with this wedding. Oh Sybil, Sybil!"

A few steps further brought him to the spot where the two children were engrossed in making a cave for Robinson Crusoe, and Peggy had remarked to Annette that they ought to go out presently and find a footprint on the shore, and perhaps discover a cannibal, to which Annette objected that there could be no cannibal now Sir Robert never came, and the two little sisters were trying to think how they could make believe the marks of savages, for which Sir Robert's Parisian boots had so unconsciously done duty, when the two held their breath and exclaimed, "Here is a savage—a real one—oh, what shall we do?"

"Peggy and Annette, dear ones, don't you know me?" said a deep familiar voice that had not broken on their ears for many a month, and he held out both his hands to them with the old well-known gesture. The little girls looked puzzled, half shy, half frightened, then, as certainty displaced doubt, Peggy exclaimed, "It is our own dear Harold, I know it is!" while little Annette clung to him with delight, and then quickly shrinking to Peggy's side, she looked up wonderingly and said, "But Sybil says you are a holy angel in the sky, and that you would never come back any more."

"Annette, don't you see it is really Harold, and he is not dead, but he is alive, and has come back; and now Sybil will get well, and we shall all be so happy once more."

"Is your sister ill?" asked Harold, in a changed voice.

"Ah, she very nearly died when she heard you were drowned. The doctors said it almost killed her, and no one thought she would get well again. Even now she is so weak, and can hardly walk at all except in the garden. And do you know—" and then Peggy stopped abruptly, for she was old enough to feel there was some awkwardness in explaining to him the reason of Sir Robert's dismissal. But little Annette, who was much younger in mind, saw no difficulties, and gladly contributed her mite to the conversation, and informed him that Sybil would not marry Sir Robert because she liked Harold best, she heard old nurse tell Susan all about it, and that Susan had said that Miss Sybil would break her heart, and die like a young lady in a story book. "But Sybil did not die, Harold, and Sir Robert has got another wife, a grand lady, somebody with a fine long name."

Harold had turned aside during this unexpected communication. He tried to collect his thoughts and realise his position. His first impulse was to kneel and offer thanks for his deliverance from a great grief, but he contented himself with removing his cap from his forehead and simply murmuring the words, "Blessed be the God of my fathers!" in the fervent tone of real feeling, and after a pause of a few moments, he asked, as if he dreaded to hear the reply, "Is Sybil not in Italy then?"

"No, indeed. I wish she were, for I think it would do her good to go somewhere for change; but she cannot bear the sea, since—since that storm, you know, and the wreck of the 'Bucephalus.' She is sitting in the shrubbery at the top there, under the trees."

So near! so near to him too! Only a few minutes ago and he believed a far wider and impassable gulf separated them than the sea and half the continent.

And now, was he in a dream—could it be true? But if Sybil loved him, and for his sake had suffered so much, how was she to be told that he still lived, that the sea had given up her dead, and that he had returned unchanged to claim her for his own?

"Peggy and Annette," he said, laying a hand on each of their golden heads, "you see Sybil must be told that I am not drowned, and that I am here."

"Oh, yes, yes! How pleased she will be, and how surprised too. Do you know she wanted to wear a black dress, but mamma would not let her. She will be so surprised."

"So much so that I am afraid of frightening her if she sees me suddenly without being prepared. You know Annette thought I was a ghost. Now, dear ones, I want you to go quietly up to her and tell her you have heard some good news, news of a friend; try to make her guess who it can be. For the rest," he murmured to himself, "God must take care of her, for none other can. Now then, run away; and mind you do not tell her too quickly."

A way darted the children, hand in hand as usual, pleased at being charged with so important a commission. No thought of the difficulties attached to such a task disturbed them, till they had run themselves out of breath, and stood panting by Sybil's chair, who was just then engaged in a discussion with Mary Graham as to the relative merits of two of their favourite historic characters.

"Oh Sybil!" the twins began, "what do you think? Who do you think has come back from the sea? I mean, we have heard such good news, news of a friend, and he says we are to make you guess who he is." Sybil had turned pale and red by turns during this impetuous outburst. She pressed her hand violently to her heart to force back the impossible thought that would assert its right to come forth.

Then as the sickening revulsion of feeling at its utter impossibility came over her, she lay back, and said, faintly, "I am very silly, Mary, and can-

not even bear this." Mary desired one of the children to fetch some water, and while Sybil lay back in a state of faintness and exhaustion, she admonished the child for coming upon her sister so hastily, and especially for asking her to guess who had come back. "Of course, dear, it made her think at once of Harold Forsyth."

"Well, and it is Harold," replied the child, eager to exculpate herself, and unable to comprehend the want of success of her mission; "it is dear old Harold himself. He is not dead; and therefore he never could have been drowned, and he is down below, by the brook among the bushes."

Sybil looked wildly round her, and then as Mary soothed and caressed her, she said, sadly, "Who says Harold has come back. Has he come to fetch me?"

Poor Mary longed to know how far she might build on this improbable tale, and allow the truth to dawn gradually on Sybil's mind. She could not leave her charge; but having succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, and promising that she would return with nurse, she flew to the house, desired nurse would at once take her place by her young lady, and hurried down the slope, and was soon face to face with the returned wanderer.

"Harold," and one long grasp, told all the welcome she would convey to that long-wept friend, who would now restore joy and gladness to her Sybil.

There was not a moment's hesitation in her recognition of him. It was indeed Harold Forsyth, whom they had all given up as lost, whom they supposed to be then lying in "his vast and wandering grave" until the sea should give up her dead.

"May I see her?" he asked eagerly.

"Not yet," she replied; "the shock has been too much for her. Now I know it is you, and not an idle fancy of the children's, I will break your presence to her, and persuade her of its reality. Do not attempt to approach till I send you word."

So saying, Mary Graham hastily withdrew, and was soon out of sight among the thick bushes, working her way painfully up the hill, which had never before seemed so steep to climb.

She resumed her place by Sybil's side, and bending over and kissing her fondly, she said, "Sybil, God has been very good to you." Then, as Sybil gazed intently at her, she resumed, "Do you think you could bear a great joy? Could you bear to learn that your long sorrow is accepted, and the punishment you thought your due is about to be remitted, and full and perfect happiness to be restored to you, as far as one can hope for it here? Try to realise that in the great storm that wrecked so many hopes, and blighted the hearts of hundreds, some few, perhaps one only, were saved. Can you believe this? It is true. The sea did not swallow up our Harold—try, dear, to take in this thought."

In a calm, dry, dispassionate way, Mary continued her narrative as one would tell a story to a sick child. She knew that as sorrow does not kill,

joy certainly would not, but she feared the mischief that might be done, if it were communicated in an excited tone of voice or manner, and therefore conveyed her facts in the most measured unconcerned way she could assume, that strangely belied the violent emotion she was feeling inwardly.

She gained her purpose, however.

Sybil caught her calmness, and endeavouring to compose the tumult of her thoughts, asked simply what had she done that God had been so good to her; and then, with a deep blush suffusing her pallid cheeks, she asked if he were near, and would he come to the Lawn again, and might she see him; and then reading in the eager looks of the little ones how near he was, she said, "Do let him come to me at once. I cannot bear to wait. Beg him to come, to forgive me."

Harold had found it impossible to restrain his impatience below, and had long ere this strode up the wooded slope, and now stood behind the bushes, waiting for the promised message from Mary. He heard the voice he had never hoped to hear again on earth, imploring him to come to her, and regardless of Mary's injunctions, and a vigorous course of signals by which she endeavoured to telegraph her disapproval, he cleared the distance between them at a bound, and in a moment he was kneeling beside poor Sybil's chair, supporting her in his arms, and calling her his own, his darling, never to be taken from him any more.

We pass over the explanations of that interview; it is sufficient that they were considered satisfactory by both parties; and when Mrs. Gray returned from an afternoon's employment in her district, she was met by Mary Graham at the garden-gate with the extraordinary revelation of the drowned man's return.

That evening Harold told his story to a circle of breathless listeners. He narrated how he had clasped his life belt round him when he saw that collision was inevitable; how he knew nothing more, being struck by some falling spar which rendered him unconscious; how his belt floated him on the surface when the ship went down, and he was picked up by the boats of the Donna Luisa, Several bodies had been found, and the humane captain of the Portuguese vessel had taken care to have them decently wrapped in hammocks, and their shotted shrouds committed to the deep with the last marks of outward respect he could pay them. On finding that life was not extinct in Harold, he was consigned to the care of the ship's surgeon, but on the whole of the remaining voyage he was tossing in a brain fever, which lasted while the Portuguese was taken prisoner by an American privateer, and detained for several months until their respective governments could adjust the matter. He had been unable to hold a pen during the first

months of their detention, nor could he even explain his name, or obtain an English or American doctor to come to his help. All these circumstances were told him afterwards. He only knew that when he recovered from brain fever he was on his way to Portugal in the Donna Luisa, and on his arrival in Lisbon he was seized with small-pox, which prostrated him for many weeks. At length he had been able to write to England, and to obtain remittances by which he was able to cancel the money part of the debt, which indeed was but a small part of the obligations he owed to the humane Portuguese, who had proved himself a true Christian gentleman. "I also wrote to you," he added, turning to Mrs. Gray, "and begged for a few lines in reply, but none ever came."

"Indeed," she replied, "we never received your letter, or any intimation whatever that you were not among those two hundred souls that perished."

"My resolution was taken," continued Harold, "to return to England to refit once more, and again to try my fortune at the antipodes; but I felt I must say good-by here first, or at least look once more on the old spot. Now, Sybil, will you wish me well once more?"

For answer, Sybil put her hand in his.

Her mother answered for her. "No, Harold, since you have been so strangely brought back again to Sybil, nothing further must part you and her."

And so it was settled. Mrs. Gray had now no object in banishing Harold to the antipodes, and readily acquiesced in a plan for investing his capital in the purchase of a farm not twenty miles from Sybil's old home; and here in the pretty old-turreted homestead that was once a conventual establishment, but is now the substantial residence of the gentleman farmer, Sybil Forsyth is the loved and cherished bride of the prosperous and rising capitalist.

He prospers because he seeks God's blessing on all he undertakes, and walks straight on in the simple course of truth and uprightness.

Sybil's one desire is to love the truth, and to practise sincerity in every thought and action. Her mother allows that Harold makes a better husband than Sir Robert: "and he is, as you say, Mary, a thorough gentleman." She has given up ambitious schemes for the present,—until Peggy and Annette are old enough to be the subject of them,—and Mary Graham is an inmate in her household as the instructor and guide of the twins, and as the one person she allows to have any influence over herself.

So we take leave of the Lawn, and of the Abbey Farm, in the hope that we may have indicated—however feebly—the beauty and the nobility of truth and sincerity of character.

C. THACKERAY.

PLAIN THOUGHTS ON THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

BY THE REV. A. W. THOROLD, M.A.

THE Christian Sabbath is¹ one of those subjects which should be defined before it is enforced—in justice as much as in prudence. When you tell a busy man, whose time is his capital, that it is his paramount duty for one day in seven to close his shop, to lay aside his profession, and to forego many of his accustomed pleasures, the first thing he asks is—“By what authority sayest thou this thing, and who gave thee this authority?” And who will blame him? There is a very appreciable difference between the advice of one who would persuade us to what is expedient, and the authority of one who bids us to what is commanded. No doubt the Church has “power to decree rites or ceremonies;” but there are differences of opinion as to what is the Church, and a vast number of persons feel quite at liberty to discuss what she decrees, and to differ from her when it suits them. Unhappily a great many among us fear neither God nor man, and treat the Fourth Commandment with no greater disrespect than they treat the other nine. Nevertheless, we must not shut our eyes to the fact, that there are also very many who, happily for society as well as themselves, do recognise the external restraints of Divine Law, and who, while they turn Good Friday into a reckless holiday, have a kind of respect for the Lord’s Day, because they believe it to be of the Lord.

For obvious reasons, a clergyman feels this more than any one. He must indeed sternly resist the temptation of using doctrine as a weapon of rhetoric, or of quietly assuming the very point of a controversy, because it gives him better vantage ground for his argument. Still, if conscientious inquiry satisfies him that any particular institution or ordinance is Divine, he has undoubtedly all the advantage, with those who hear him, that is represented by the difference between the infallibility of God and the infirmity of men. For the conscience is penetrated much sooner than the reason; and while men sleep or wander under sermons on the power of the keys or the authority of tradition, they are pricked to the heart when some one speaks to them on “righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.”

On the meaning and obligation of the Christian Sabbath there is a wide difference of opinion. It so happens, indeed, that on each side of the question (for, as has been well observed, there are only two tenable views) there is about an equal number of devout and able men; and that whichever side we take, we need not be ashamed of our company. Still both views cannot be right; and as it seems well in the present paper to take a definite position with regard to this question, we will proceed, in the language of writers—most of whom are familiar to the readers of *Good Words*, each of whom repre-

sents a distinct school of religious thought, and all of whom are men of learning and ability—to state what appear to be Scriptural and reasonable opinions on one of the most practical questions of the day.

On the moral necessity for the Lord’s Day, let us listen to Dr. James Hessey, whose candour and research it is impossible not to recognise, and whose words we quote the more willingly because we are unable to adopt all his conclusions:—

“The day, which in our foolishness we fancy we have adopted from expediency, or utility, or on political or sanitary grounds, or the like, but which we really owe to our moral wants, and to our moral sense, our moral wants discovered to us, our moral sense guided and directed to a particular issue, by the Holy Spirit speaking in Scripture, and by the Apostles.”—“Bampton Lectures on Sunday,” p. 342.

Mr. Llewellyn Davies is a teacher, who has never yet been accused of swimming with the stream, and a theologian, who is not commonly suspected of Judaizing.

On the relation of the Christian Sabbath to the Jewish he has written as follows:—

“One remark now, as to the relation of the Jewish Sabbath to our own. Imagine any reader entering with real sympathy into this (58th) chapter of Isaiah, kindling with the noble warmth of his words, seeing their reasonableness—and suppose yourselves to be told that Christianity or Christ had abolished the Sabbath Day; would you not feel as if mankind must have incurred, then, a terrible loss? But when you look round on Christendom, and observe that Christianity has not, as a matter of fact, purged the week of its Sabbath, but has encircled the Day of Rest with a peculiar glory, will it not seem to you idle to say, that our Sabbath has nothing to do with the Jewish, and rests upon quite another ground? Will you not exclaim in your hearts, that at any rate both seem to be founded on the wise love of God, and that whatever has that foundation need not seek for a better one.”—“The Worship of God,” pp. 106, 7.

On the existence of the Sabbath as a Divine ordinance before the time of Moses, Dr. Vaughan has pronounced with great distinctness in a manual of confirmation for the use of Harrow School:—

“It is a mistake to speak of the Sabbath as a Jewish institution; see Genesis ii. 2, 3; Exodus xvi. 23—30 (before the law was given). The law of Moses adopted the Sabbath (of which the principle is a *periodical religious rest*) and clothed it with circumstances of austerity and prohibition not essential to it, nor designed to be permanent, but suitable to the character and object of that dispensation, which was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ (Gal. iii. 24, 25). When these circumstances were abolished, it did not follow that the primeval

institution of man's holy rest was abolished with them."—"Vaughan on Confirmation," p. 28.

On the evidence of the Divine character of the Sabbath that exists independently of external authority in the shrine of a man's own heart, let us hearken to the blessed voice of one, who being dead, yet speaketh :—

"But we rather waive for the present all these considerations, and would rest the perpetuity of the Sabbath law on this affirmation, that while a day of unmeaning drudgery to the formalist it is to every real Christian a day of holy and heavenly delight—that he loves the law, and so has it graven on the tablet of his heart—that wherever there is a true principle of religion the consecration of the Sabbath is felt not as a bondage, but is felt to be the very beatitude of the soul: and that therefore the keeping of it, instead of it being to be viewed as a slavish exaction on the time and services of the outer man, is the direct and genuine fruit of a spiritual impulse on the best affections of the inner man."—"Thomas Chalmers' Works," vol. iv., p. 665.

And now let us bow before One, as much greater than these His servants, as the heavens are higher than the earth, and Who, in His own observance of the Sabbath, did not destroy the law, but fulfilled it :—

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

The first of these sentences evidently implies that the Sabbath is of God, and that its intention is mercy. The Sabbath was made for man, by Him who made man, and knew what he needed, and knew that he would always need it, till the Eternal Sabbath should begin. The second teaches us, that He who made the Sabbath has power to alter it, as it pleases Him, because He is its Lord; that He can change the day of its observance, and relax its strictness, and elevate its blessedness, and widen its meaning. Not, however, as Son of God, but as Son of Man, Himself a child of toil, earning His bread of carefulness, and resting on His Sabbath day from His own labours, touched with our infirmities, and claiming our rights.

Thus the Christian Sabbath is not the modern arrangement of some National Board of Health, nor is it merely a venerable tradition of Church authority; it is the expression of the immutable will, the gift of the unchanging love of the Living God. It is now the first day of the week, instead of the last, because the Lord of the Sabbath, having power to alter it, did alter it through His Apostles. All His acts with reference to it were intended to free it from bondage and weariness, and to make it once more a delight and a blessing; and in appointing it to be the weekly memorial of His own Resurrection, as well as of the Descent of the Comforter, He raised it to a more excellent glory, and endowed it with a more abundant promise.

"The Sabbath was made for man," *that he might rest from bodily labour.* A weekly rest is a

physical necessity; and if we are reminded that a great proportion of mankind know nothing of a seventh-day Sabbath, the answer is that they have more than their compensation in a multitude of superfluous holidays. Only unnecessary work is forbidden by the Fourth Commandment, and each person must settle with his own conscience what is unnecessary. The priests in the Temple profaned the Sabbath, and were blameless. The feast to which Jesus sat down on the Sabbath day had most probably been prepared that morning, and yet He had nothing to say about Sabbath breaking. Nay, while to some it cannot be all rest, to others it cannot be any. Servants have their work, for the Lord's day must not be a day of household disorder. The physician goes from house to house on his errand of mercy, though he will be careful to spare himself unnecessary visiting, and may perhaps put the Sunday fees into his charity purse. Sunday-school teachers have often a hard time of it, and to the faithful minister, though it be charged with blessing, it can never be a day of repose. Still, so far as possible, it is to be a rest-day: not only for ourselves, but for others. We must not, through selfishness or thoughtlessness, give our servants needless trouble; and, especially, we must let the tradesman rest. There would be no selling on Sunday if there was no buying. The buyers make the sellers. If tradesmen are wrong in selling, the public are yet more in the wrong in tempting them to sell. Yet the struggling shopkeeper who sells because every one selling round him seems to compel him to sell, is far more excusable than the wealthy tradesman, who keeps his shop open for the sale of luxuries. And Lazarus, who in the sultry days of summer buys his Sunday dinner on Sunday morning, because if kept through the night in the air of a crowded room it would become unfit for food, is not half so blamable as Dives, who expects his dainties to be sent in on the Sabbath morning, and will not be at the trouble of ordering them the day before.

"The Sabbath was made for man," *for his relaxation and enjoyment.* In quiet repose, and in the bosom of the family the Lord's day is to be spent. Sunday is the holy day which a parent should delight to pass with his wife and children, when for a little while he can shake off the cares of business, when happy voices and bright faces anoint his heart with fresh oil, when they all go to the House of God in company, when the simple meal is like a king's feast, because they are all there to enjoy it together, when there is no worry of incessant letters, and the very door bell is at peace. And then, in the intervals of service, do you think it profanes the day for the united family to take a quiet walk together in the fields or in the park? I trow not. If indeed a man's conscience forbids it him, let him abstain from it. If it permits it, let him do it rather. Innocently to refresh the body is indirectly to invigorate the soul. Surely it is as easy (perhaps easier) to think and speak of God in

the sweet fresh air as in a close dull room. Nay, one reason why Sunday bands in the London parks are so severely to be reprobated is, that they are an unjust invasion on the common rights of citizens: and that religious men cannot use their own property, nor enjoy what they pay for, on almost the only day when they are capable of enjoying it, without having music forced on them, which they do not wish for, and their happiness spoiled through the dishonour done to God.

"The Sabbath was made for man," for his special instruction in those Divine truths, which, but for a day such as this, would be in danger of being entirely forgotten. Even with educated and well-disposed persons, on other days of the week, a pre-occupied mind, and weariness of the flesh leave but a scanty leisure for the world to come. While to hundreds of thousands the public teaching in Church or the instruction of the Sunday School is the only opportunity of hearing the Word of Life, and of learning what they must do to be saved. Then on this day, a little time may surely be spared for a few bright, and yet holy words from a father to his children about the Love and the Law of the Father in Heaven. A child is not a toy to play with, but a trust for eternity. The mother has six days for her family. The father, often, but one. Not that it is to be a day of long tasks to be learned by heart, and distinguished from other days only by the lessons being of a different kind. If we overdo it, Sunday will be secretly hated, and we shall lay the foundation of future Sabbath-breaking. Still let it in some measure be consecrated to the home worship of the "God of all the families of Israel," and to hearing of the "rest which remaineth for the People of God."

Once more, "The Sabbath was made for man," that he might worship God. Sunday is blessed to us, just so far as we try to live it in a spirit of prayer. It would not be wise to urge that it is to be entirely spent in prayer. Dr. Hessey has prudently hesitated about Bishop Horsley's rule, "that the same proportion of this day should be devoted to religious exercises, public, and private, as every man would spend of any other day in his ordinary business." "Let each man be fully persuaded in his own mind." But surely we may say, that it ought to be pervaded by the spirit of prayer, that we should avoid everything that is inconsistent with that spirit, and that all the day through we should ask for a spirit of devoutness! Oh for more devoutness, for more devoutness! "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Oh to confess sin, as those who feel it to be a curse and a burden! Oh to sing as those who have good news to sing about, and who know in whom they have believed. Oh to pray as those who long for heart communion with Christ! Oh that as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so our inmost souls may pant after Him!

We also read, "and not man for the Sabbath."

The Sabbath is good, but man is better, for the

end is better than the means. The Sabbath is of God, yet it is only for a time, but man is for ever. Thus, if the letter of the ordinance should happen to interfere with the good of him for whose benefit it was intended, the letter must go and the spirit must prevail.

Carriages and horses, as a rule, ought not to be used on Sunday; yet clearly there are cases in which it may even be a duty to use them. There is a curious passage in the Old Testament (2 Kings iv. 22, 23) where the Shunamite woman said to her husband, "Send one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again," and he said, "Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day, it is neither new moon, nor Sabbath?" From which we infer, that if the day had been a Sabbath, he would have assented as a matter of course.

Where sickness or infirmity makes it impossible to walk to church, then ride. All that is required in such cases is, that the servants be not deprived of their church privileges, and that the cattle be not used more than necessary. A man is worth more than a horse. A servant must sometimes expect to be inconvenienced for the sake of his master, because this is one of the things that he is paid for. If it was lawful even for Jews under the law of Moses to lead an ox or an ass to water on the Sabbath day to preserve the animal life of a brute, surely it may sometimes be lawful, that an ass or a horse should take Christian people to the house of God, to drink of the water of life. Once more, if inclement weather come on, and we cannot reach home without perilous exposure, and exposure means, for us, not only discomfort, and inconvenience, but sickness, and even death—which are we to think most of—the letter or the spirit? The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. Spare the life for usefulness, go home in the first conveyance you can find, and have a good answer in your conscience before God.

Sunday, again, is not a day for visiting. It should be a day of still and sober happiness, and as free as may be from the intrusion even of friends. Yet surely there are cases where such a thing is even a duty, and where God blesses the hours spent in social intercourse, as much as those passed in His House of Prayer. Think how many sufferers there are in our great city hospitals, and what a joy it is for them to see those they love. Sunday afternoon is to many the only time possible for such visiting, and does that break the Sabbath? Nay, verily, it halloweth it. He who asked "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil," will never frown on the true love that spends a Sabbath hour in making a friend happy, and in showing the way of Salvation.

Or to take one more instance. Some of us may have an aged parent, or a sick relative, or an afflicted friend, whom at other times we are unable to see, whom during the leisure of Sunday we can see. The very walk does us good, and the mere

sight of us does them good; and is this Sabbath breaking? Let us remember Him who rebuked the Pharisees for making the word of God of none effect through their tradition. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Sunday, once more, is not a day for travelling. We must not give place for an hour to the mistaken philanthropy, which persuades itself that huge Sabbath railway excursions give much rest to jaded operatives, or that it can ever be fair, for the pleasure of some and the gain of others, to deprive a large body of public servants of their day of rest. The best way of ascertaining how far such arrangements really answer the end they aim at is to do what Hugh Miller tells us he did—watch some Sunday evening one of those excursion parties come home, fagged and out of temper, filling the public-houses on their way home, and often quite unfit for work next day.

Besides, no plea of mere expediency can ever justify a breach of the law of God: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And it is wonderful that the working classes do not see how to let go the Sabbath would be an act of suicide. The Sabbath is not a restriction on joy, but an outwork against worldliness. It is to be the rich man's protection against his own covetousness, lest he make haste to be rich. It is the poor man's best safeguard against the selfishness of his employer.

Yet here also there are exceptions. A brother clergyman is ill, and he wants me to help him: and were I to walk, I should totally unfit myself for duty, and might as well stay at home. So I use a conveyance, not one whit ashamed of it: and if my neighbour judges me, I am sorry for him, but I am not in the least sorry for myself.

Or I am a medical man, and my patients are scattered, and unless I use a carriage they must wait wearily for me, and I shall lose my hour at the House of God. I ride, and I appeal to Christ's judgment seat within my own conscience. To my own Master I stand or fall.

Or, one whom I dearly love falls mortally ill, and sends to me to come instantly. Shall I refuse, because it is the Sabbath day; or shall I go with a willing heart, in the assurance of faith that Christ goes with me? I will fear, not man, but God. I will stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made me free, and will not be entangled in a yoke of bondage.

A few closing remarks will complete the subject: and with God's good blessing may be helpful for our comfort and His praise.

Nothing is so necessary in this case as a *robust good sense*. Good sense in morals is the faculty which distinguishes the essential from the non-essential, and which in assisting us in the application of fixed principles to cases as they arise, preserves us from the tyranny of rules. And yet this is often the last thing we find, even where we most look for it. I remember one good man, who at dinner on Sundays never changed his plate, and was

much gratified when his guests forgot to change theirs, his object being to save the servants trouble. Nothing could ever persuade him that, as the plates were not washed till Monday morning, a little more comfort on a day, which surely we do not keep by uselessly making ourselves uncomfortable, could not possibly infringe on the kitchenmaid's Sabbath. Another man I know, one of the excellent of the earth, who on Sunday night always occupies a fresh bed-room, to save the necessity of making the bed in which he slept on Saturday. I have heard another man say in public, that though he considered it wrong to hire a cab out of the streets on the Sabbath day, it might be a lawful thing to take a brougham out of a livery-stable. *Surely, it is no kindness to give servants on the Sunday too much time to themselves.* Being only partially educated, they are unable to read for long together: and to allow them a leisure which they cannot put to good purpose, is really to lead them into temptation. Servants are not made religious by living in religious families, though, indeed, that is a great advantage for them. Books are not always read, because they are lent. Let us be wise with our kindness. Let us remember that idle hours are always more or less sinful hours. Not a few heads of Christian families have found out before now to their keen disappointment that they have put themselves and their guests to real inconvenience, only that the maids might have more time to compare their wardrobes, and the men have a longer smoke in the harness-room.

Again, the Lord's day may correctly be called the Christian Sabbath, yet the Apostle has warned us against looking on it as a Jewish Sabbath. The Christian compared with the Jew is the heir come of age compared with the heir under tutors and governors. We are solemnly warned against permitting other men to judge us. Simeon, who has discussed the whole question with admirable sagacity (see cap. 30 of his Life), considers that the *spiritual* observance of the Sabbath is as strict as ever, but the *ritual* observance is not. We are free; let us use our freedom. Let us walk in "newness of spirit, not in the oldness of the letter."

For this very reason, however, we should be very *considerate* of the feelings of those who may seem to be over-sensitive on this subject, while we should also be careful not lightly to accuse or condemn those who use more liberty than we may feel safe. In some cases it may be our manifest duty to say, "Why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience;" but it will more frequently happen, that in love to our neighbour we must forego many things that we may think innocent, lest we put a stumbling block in his way, and cause our good to be evil spoken of.

On the other hand, if we see persons doing things which we may not like to do ourselves, but which cannot strictly be called violations of the Sabbath, we must not hastily set them down as godless, or take it for granted that it is either in ignorance or

contempt. We may prefer to have nothing to do with letter writing or letter reading on Sunday: but it is quite intelligible that it may seem to some even a duty at least to open letters; and as that excellent man Bishop Cotton openly recommended his pupils at Marlborough to write home on this day, it would be a bold thing to affirm in the face of such an authority that all letter writing is Sabbath breaking. Others, again, read newspapers and secular literature, who would never dream of playing billiards or taking their horses out of the stable; and they defend themselves on the ground that what people speak about they may read about, and that it is impossible all day long to be absorbed in sacred things. In such cases, I say, let us be on our guard against hasty misconstruction. While we maintain our own independence, let us remember the respect that is due to our neighbour. While we are entirely justified in resisting any conduct that interferes with our own liberty, and in protesting against evident scandals, we must be mindful of the great latitude of opinion that undoubtedly prevails on this subject, even among Christians; and we should aim at winning men over by meekness of wisdom rather than by sharpness of rebuke.

Children, again, should be most tenderly and wisely treated if the Sabbath day is to be made the Lord's Day. Be sure to make it holy. Be equally sure to make it happy. No doubt there ought to be a difference made between this and other days, but this need not be made into a real misery; and a moderate restriction on their ordinary habits will act beneficially as a discipline on self-will. Let such rules as are put in force be carefully explained, when the children are past the age of blind obedience. If they are forbidden some things, let them be permitted others. Let us be at the pains to find them fitting substitutes for the enjoyments we take away. Sunday is a feast day. While we are careful to steep it in an atmosphere of religion, let that atmosphere be sunny as with the Love of God. In a word, if we would neither make them rebels nor hypocrites, let us not lay on them a yoke which they are unable to bear.

Lastly, let us see clearly wherein the real hope lies of a better observance of this day.

The time is not yet come—if, indeed, it ever ought to come—when the Sabbath can be enforced by Acts of Parliament. Here, almost more than anywhere, Lord Stanley's remark holds good, that legislation too much in advance of public opinion only succeeds in provoking a strong reaction, and the apparent victory is turned into a humiliating defeat for many and tedious years. However impatient we may be for a result which all good men equally wish for, let us avoid trying to reach it by short cuts. By the inculcation of Christian principles in the minds of children, by the circulation of the Word of God among the homes of the poor, by diminution of the hours of week-day labour, by promoting healthy recreation on "lawful days," by setting in our own lives a good example, in the devout and yet cheerful use of it, and by earnest prayer for God's Holy Spirit, we may hope to win in a cause which, being in itself spiritual, must be promoted by spiritual agencies.

The Church is to be the salt of the earth. In the school, in the pulpit, in the family, we must endeavour to set forth Jesus Christ, the Friend of Sinners, as the only rest and solace for the weary in heart. The true Sabbath on this side Heaven is the Presence of the Saviour.

The time, indeed, is past for considering the hardness of men's hearts. Therefore we must not abate one jot or tittle of that we honestly believe to be the Divine Law. But we are to consider the infirmities of the weak; and we will not put new wine into old bottles, nor sew new cloth on old garments.

While we protect our own rights, we will labour with diligence, we will wait with patience, until our brethren, less blessed than we, come to claim them and to use them with us.

To win souls into the Love of God is the only sure way of making the Sabbath honourable.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

"We, which have believed, do enter into rest."

THE UNDEVELOPED FIBRES OF INDIA.

BY G. BIDIE, M.B., Medical Officer, H. M. Farm in Mysore.

WE know few more amusing sights to a stranger than an Indian bazaar, with its noisy groups of people in all the varieties and brilliant hues of Eastern costume, and the little shops quite open in front, exhibiting for sale grains, spices, fruits, dyes, drugs, fibres, cloths, &c., in profusion sufficient to make the fortune of any ordinary colony. Indeed, no country under the sun is richer in raw materials than India, and yet but very little has been done to develop her vast resources. There are several reasons for this neglect. The poorer classes of

natives are generally too ignorant to understand the value of anything that does not come within the sphere of their own limited wants, while caste prejudice, apathy, &c., prevent the wealthy or educated from taking any real interest in such matters. What do Ramasawrny or Rungiah know or care about a substitute for cotton or flax, the discovery of new paper material, or the value of a drug? while to speak even to our friends Lingam Puntalu or Kistna Rau of tan and dye stuffs, raw hides or fish oil, would be considered excessively

rude! The Hindu faith, too, puts its ban on everything bearing the resemblance of novelty, whether in dress, social habits, art or science; and the Hindu mind is like the knife blade moving on its pin, motion without progress. *As you were*, is the essence of its philosophy, so that the Brahmin and his children must stick to their religious duties, the writer and his *belongings* to their pen, the farmer and his *loons* to their bullocks, the shoemaker and his *brats* to their last and *lap-stone*, and the very *gangrel body* and his *weans* to their wallet dirt and rags throughout all time. When a native wants a rope he collects some plants from which his people have always had rope made, and takes them to the village rope-maker, whose fathers have made ropes from time immemorial, and nothing would persuade him that any other plant would yield a cheaper or more suitable fibre, or that a man of any other caste could make his rope. So it is with everything else in India.

On the other hand, an uncongenial climate, and various adverse circumstances, forbid the influx to any extent of our enterprising countrymen; and the Englishmen now in India are chiefly employed as the military or civil servants of Government, who have neither time nor inducement to experiment in new productions, or to invent machines to thresh corn, clean fibre, or raise water. Indeed, it is at present somewhat difficult to conceive how the dormant resources of India can ever be brought to account. The only feasible plan seems to be, that men of capital in England, who are engaged in manufacture and desirous to obtain new materials, should send out energetic agents to encourage, by pecuniary advances, fair prices, and prompt payments, the production of the desired articles.

Of no substances does India display a greater wealth or variety than of fibres; and we purpose to devote the present paper to the consideration of some of the most valuable of these. Indeed, so prodigal has nature been of her gifts in this favoured land, that it would be impossible to place a man having a slender knowledge of the vegetable kingdom in a situation where he could not speedily procure an abundance of fibrous plants. Down on the sun-beaten sandy coast, there are the strong rough fibres of the Palmyra tree frond; and Coir, the curious wrapping of the cocoa-nut. All over the dreary thirsty plains we find numerous annuals, valuable on account of their fibres; and up on table lands, like the Deccan or Mysore, they are still more abundant. Indeed in some districts nature has been so careful regarding the wants of the denizens of the forests, that she has supplied them with ready-made sacks. These are obtained from the inner bark of a large tree (*Antiaris Saccilora*), which is beaten until it loses its attachment to the wood; just as Scotch boys beat and remove the bark from a green twig of alder to make a whistle. When removed from the tree the outer bark is rubbed off, and the inner, which consists of reticulated fibres, is sown up at the bottom to complete

the bag. From time to time enthusiasts have written of all this wealth, and specimens of the fibres have been sent to England, but as yet, with the exception of *Jute* and *Coir*, but very few are in demand there. This is not because they were not approved of, but because a certain supply could not be guaranteed, or oftener still from the supply having proved vastly inferior to the sample. The fact is, specimens of fibres for the English market have almost invariably been prepared under European superintendence, and therefore with greater skill and care than the native, if left to himself, can or will bestow. All fibres are prepared by natives by prolonged maceration in water, and are not considered fit for cleaning until the non-fibrous parts of the plants have become a foetid pulp, which can be removed by simple washing. Such treatment is very prejudicial, rendering the fibre weak, dark-coloured, stiff, harsh, and unable to bear damp or exposure. Indeed, fibre thus prepared is in England considered unfit for anything, except the manufacture of brown paper. In preparing fibres, therefore, in India for the English market, maceration must be abandoned, for under a tropical sun decomposition advances so rapidly, that no watchfulness will obviate its evil effects on the fibres. It is not very difficult, however, to separate and clean fibre from the recent plant, by first bruising the bark or stem with a mallet, and then removing impurities by scraping with a piece of iron hoop, and repeated washing. Such a process, however, though simple and efficient, is too tedious and expensive to be employed on the large scale, and what we want is some cheap and simple machine capable of doing such work.

Of all the productions of India, not one has attracted more attention than Cotton. Strictly speaking, cotton is not a fibre, but a species of vegetable hair, which envelops the seeds of the plant. Somewhat similar hairs are found in various other plants: thus we have the *cotton-grasses* of the Scotch bogs, the *silk cotton tree* of South America, and the *Asclepiads* and *silk cotton trees* of India; but in none of these do the hairs possess all the qualities that render cotton so valuable for the manufacture of cloth. True fibres are found in the inner bark of plants, or woody tissue of the *liber*, and we have familiar examples of such in Hemp and Flax. Notwithstanding this scientific distinction, however, we have considered it necessary to give a brief notice of cotton here.

COTTON belongs to the natural order of Mallow-worts (*Malvaceæ*), of which the Hollyhock and Marsh-mallow are common examples. Four species of cotton are met with in India; and of these three are indigenous.* The most common is the *Indian cotton* plant, which yields the cotton known in England as *Surats*, and of which there is a variety yielding the yellowish-brown *Nankin cotton*. The

* The three indigenous species are *Gossypium indicum*, *G. acuminatum*, and *G. arboreum*.

next common is the *Bourbon cotton* plant, so called because introduced from the Mauritius, and of which the American *New Orleans*, *Sea Island*, and *Georgian* plants are mere varieties. All the species of cotton are as handsome as they are useful, and in any country where they were less common, would be highly prized as ornamental plants. Let us look at a plant of the *Bourbon cotton*. It is a shrub from four to ten feet in height, with numerous wide spreading branches. The stem is round, smooth, and deep green, and the branches are covered with many large from three to five lobed leaves, which are smooth and of a beautiful deep green above. The calyx or envelope of the flower is double, there being an outer pretty light green involucre of three leaflets, deeply scalloped on the upper edge, and somewhat resembling as many clam-shells. The inner or true calyx is cup-shaped. The corolla is large, consisting of five petals of a brilliant yellow, and united into a solid ring at their base. The stamens are united into a large showy pencil-shaped column, which is tubular and contains the pistil. The fruit is a capsule. When mature, it is about the size of a pigeon's egg with the larger end down, and of the same shape, except that the upper small end tapers away into a point. It is made up of three oval pieces or valves inserted on the peduncle, and which, during the green state of the capsule, are attached to each other along their edges. From the middle of each valve there stretches a thin partition inwards towards the centre of the capsule, where the three meet, and thus make three separate cells. So soon as the seeds are ripe, the valves, commencing from above, begin to separate, and curving backwards expose to view three snowy little bundles of closely packed cotton. Let us remove one of these and examine it. It is exactly the shape of the cell, and the seeds, which are arranged in two rows, are completely covered and held together by the cotton, which is folded down on them, so as to economise space, in a way that no human skill could imitate. Each seed has its own beautiful little fleece, which may however, with a very slight force, be so completely separated as not to leave a trace of its attachment. Rats are very destructive when they take up their abode in a cotton field, as they eat the seeds, cut the cotton to get at them, and carry off much of it to line their nests. Before the capsules are ripe they do not touch them, being probably deterred by a fragrant oil that abounds in the outer covering, which they would have to cut to get at the interior; but as soon as they are ripe and fairly open, they climb up at night and carry off their contents.

Cotton seeds are highly esteemed in India as food for cattle, and are thought to increase largely the flow of milk in cows. They yield, on pressure, about two gallons to the hundredweight of a very pure oil. Cotton should be carefully collected and sorted daily, as the capsules open, and before their contents fall on the ground, where they contract dirt, become rotten, or get destroyed by insects. In

India these things are rarely attended to, the field being completely cleared at once, according to the convenience of the owner, and with little regard to the state of the crop; so that ripe and unripe capsules, good and bad, clean and dirty cotton, are all mixed up indiscriminately. When all collected, the capsules, bits of leaves and stalks, &c., are separated from the little bundles of cotton which we have described, and these are then subjected to the gin to remove and separate the cotton from the seeds. The native gin is a very simple machine, consisting of two small rollers turned by a crank-handle, and placed a little apart in a frame, so as to leave room for the cotton to pass through between them, but not for the seeds.

A great deal has been said regarding the quantity of cotton that India is capable of producing. So far as my own observation enables me to judge, after having visited the chief cotton-producing districts in Bombay, Hyderabad, and Madras, I have no hesitation in saying that, under the stimulus of Englishmen on the spot ready to purchase it at liberal prices, India, with the land now under cultivation, could produce five times as much cotton as England wants. The same remark applies to the quality of Indian cotton; for until the cultivator is taught the sort of article in demand in England, and sees really that it is for his own interest to supply such, no improvement need be expected. It is all in vain for manufacturers, merchants, and politicians, to talk of these things in England, for not even the faintest echo of their words ever reaches the far-off Indian ryot, and never will they be able to influence him, except through the medium of agents sent out to tell their wants, and show that they are in earnest. I have little faith in the efficacy of the present system of rewards offered by Government to encourage the cultivation of cotton, as these will in general be secured by some English planter or other enterprising individual, who enters on the cultivation *pro tempore*, merely to gain the large prize. Supposing, however, that the rewards were secured by regular cultivators of cotton, they would effect no permanent good; for in the shows of agricultural produce and stock instituted by Government, it has been found that prizes are like stones cast into the bosom of some sluggish stream, which for a moment excite a little commotion, but do not in the slightest degree increase the velocity of the current.

It has of late been the fashion to blame the bad roads for the small amount of cotton produced in India, and there can be no doubt that in some remote districts, such as Nagpore, they may to a small extent have had such an influence. Indeed, there is no denying that in most cotton districts, owing to the nature of the soil, &c., the roads are very bad, only equalled by those leading to the peat mosses in the north of Scotland. On the other hand, we must remember that the native cart is suited to them, and that the ryot and his cattle are accustomed to them; and so out of one rut

into another they jog along, slowly but safely, and as happy as possible, to the *ding dong* of the bullocks' bells.

Cotton is brought down from the interior in two ways, viz., on carts, or on the backs of bullocks. Each cart is drawn by a pair of bullocks, and the wheels are in general so low, that when they get into ruts, the load is either jolted against the side of the road, or dabbled in the mud. As to the bullocks with back loads, they in general belong to what might be called the *Indian Carrying Company*, viz., the *Brinjaries*, an extraordinary nomadic race with distinct physical and other characteristics, and found everywhere from Cape Comorin to the far Himalaya, their lodging being the lee side of some friendly hillock or bush, and their roof-tree the blue sky. They always travel in tribes, like our friends of early days the *Cairds*, carrying down linseed, cotton, &c., to the coast, and returning with salt, &c. The cotton is done up in small bales, which are slung one on each side of a bullock. They are quite independent of regular roads, but passing through the dreadful thorny scrub jungle, the matting of the little bales gets torn, and each thorn along the path, like a greedy thief, takes a *rise* out of the passing load. A band of *Brinjaries*, on the move in the early morning, is a strange and picturesque sight. The little heavily laden bullocks, with sweet toned bells, and strings of cowries and other ornaments about their necks, jostling each other, and raising a trailing cloud of dust, foot it nimbly in front; the men, weather-beaten, sinewy, and wild looking, with ferocious dogs, stalk immediately behind; while a host of *toddling wee things*, and masculine-like wives, dressed in brilliant checked petticoats and jackets, and with wrists and ankles loaded with brass or silver ornaments, bring up the rear.

Of the four species of cotton plant found in India, there cannot be a doubt that the exotic *Bourbon*, or some variety of it, yields the finest cotton. Doubtless, careful husbandry will greatly increase the vigour of the native plant, and improve the quality of its produce, but it is perfectly hopeless to expect that any treatment will ever cause it to bear cotton equal to that of the American varieties. It is, however, satisfactory to know, that the American plants may with facility be cultivated on both the black or cotton, and the red soils of India. Indeed the *Bourbon* has long been a favourite in many parts of the country; and the *New Orleans* and *Georgian* plants thrive well, both on the plains, and on the table-lands of the Deccan and Mysore. The *Sea-Island* variety also grows luxuriantly, but unfortunately it is subject to the attacks of an insect, by which nearly one-third of the capsules are destroyed. Foreign plants require somewhat more attention than the native ones, as to preparing the soil, season of sowing &c., but any extra care is well repaid by the larger return and superior quality of the cotton. This the native cultivator does not at present fully appreciate, but

should the existing demand for cotton from India continue, measures will doubtless be adopted to cause him to see, that it will be greatly for his own interest to raise foreign varieties, and bestow the necessary care in cultivation and cleaning. Labour too is so cheap in India, that I should not be surprised to see, in a few years, Indian-grown cotton, quite equal in quality to American, sold in England at a much cheaper rate.

Taking a walk in Southern India, on an autumn morning, through the fields waving with yellow grain, the eye is sure to be attracted by parallel rows intersecting them of a stiff rod-like plant with large yellow flowers, disposed like those of the hollyhock. This is *Deccane Hemp*, the *Ambaree* of natives and *Hibiscus cannabinus* of botanists, which yields a true fibre, and, like cotton, belongs to the order of *Mallow-worts*. It is cultivated on account of its fibrous bark and acidulous leaves, which are eaten by natives. In general appearance the *Ambaree* is very like the hollyhock, and although a stiff plant is very pretty when in flower. Its stem is herbaceous, strong, prickly, and straight. The leaves are commonly five-parted, like a spread hand, the fingers being lance-shaped, and with saw-like teeth all along their edges. As in cotton, the calyx is double, consisting of an outward involucre of nine awl-shaped leaflets, most ferociously armed with sharp rigid bristles, and an inner or true calyx, divided into sharp narrow segments. The corolla consists of spreading petals of a pale sulphur colour, with a deep purple centre. The fruit or capsule is nearly globose, but acuminated at its upper end, and completely covered with sharp stiff hairs. It is constructed on exactly the same plan as the cotton capsule, only it has five valves and cells instead of three, and the seeds have no fleecy covering like the cotton. The *Ambaree* may be grown in almost any ground, but prefers a rich loose soil, and requires about three months to arrive at maturity. When ripe, the plants are pulled up by the roots, and the seeds beaten out. The stems are then placed in water, where they are allowed to remain until the bark peels off easily, and its cellular portions can be removed by washing and stripping through the fingers. By this process the fibres are much impaired in value. Still, however, they are long, stronger than any common Indian fibre, have a beautiful silky gloss, and are admirably adapted for making fine rope or twine. If prepared by any of the improved processes practised in England, the *Ambaree* fibre would be pure white, soft, silky, and long, and would form an excellent substitute for flax. The plant is a very hardy one, and so remarkably like the hollyhock, which was brought to England from China, that I feel sure it also might be successfully introduced and profitably cultivated both in England and Scotland. If sown early in May, it would be ready for pulling by the end of August. It would probably be found to thrive best in dry loose ground, prepared as for *green crops*, and should be

sown thick to cause the plants to grow tall and slender, when they will be found to yield a longer and finer fibre than if sown far apart. So many species of *Hibiscus*, more or less remarkable for the tenacity of their fibres, abound in India, that it would be tiresome to enumerate them all. The *Roselle* or *Hibiscus Sabdariffa* however deserves a passing notice. It is cultivated in most gardens for the sake of the calyxes or envelopes of its fruit, which, when ripe, become fleshy and pleasantly acid, and make excellent tarts or jelly. As the *Roselle* is easy of cultivation and very productive, the calyxes might be preserved in large quantity in common treacle or syrup, and supplied to ships, as they would, from the large amount of acid they contain, form a good substitute for lime-juice, and be a very pleasant addition to Jack's *plum-dough*. The *Roselle* is cultivated in some districts for the sake of its fibre, which is long, strong, uniform, white, and silky.

But I must now speak of plants of a different order, viz., the Milkweeds or Asclepiads, a numerous tropical family. In India, none of the plants of this order are cultivated, the majority inhabiting the wild jungle, and being climbers; sometimes covering the deformity of a decaying stump, now stunting or strangling a young tree, and anon, by some stream, covering a clump of low shrubs with a perfect profusion of gay blossoms. One of the rarest and largest of the order is the *MARSDENIA TENACISSIMA*, from the strong fibres of which the Rajmahal mountaineers make bow-strings. It is a climber of extraordinary vigour, running up to the tops of tall trees, or sprawling for long distances over the dense underwood. We first met with it in a clump of moist lofty jungle, sacred to the splendid Jungle-fowl and gorgeous Peacock, and near which we one morning met a tiger leisurely returning from his nocturnal rambles. The stems of the *Marsdenia* are perennial, and vary in thickness from that of a quill to that of a finger. The leaves, broader than the palm of a large hand, are exactly the shape of the heart that the schoolboy paints in his valentine, and covered with dense short hairs that render them soft as velvet. The flowers are small, greenish yellow, and arranged in large clusters like those of the common elder. When wounded the stem yields a thick milky fluid, which thickens into an elastic substance that obliterates pencil marks, and is otherwise very like true India-rubber. When smoke-dried on pieces of tiles, the resemblance is more complete, and there is no doubt that this juice could be manufactured into a very useful species of Caoutchouc. The bark of the tender shoots contains a large proportion of fibre, which may be prepared by gently beating the bark with a mallet, scraping away the cellular portions with a piece of iron hoop, and repeated washing. The fibre must be dried in the shade, as the sun's rays discolour it. When carefully prepared it is, perhaps without exception, the strongest fibre in India, being also white, fine, elastic, and silky. It

is but little affected by moisture, and would prove excellent material for making fishing-lines.

The next of the Asclepiads that we have to notice is the *YERCUM* or *Mudar* of natives, the *Calotropis gigantea* of botanists, which, like the English nettle, delights to grow amongst rubbish and ruins in the neighbourhood of man. It is a hardy shrub, very common throughout the peninsula, and at one time received some attention in England, as it was expected that its milky juice, which has long been famous as a drug in India, would prove a valuable medicinal agent. It contains a principle, discovered by the late Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh, called *Mudarine*, which has the singular property of coagulating by heat, and becoming fluid by cold! The root is prized for making charcoal for gunpowder, and the juice formed an ingredient of the once famous *Tanjore-pill*, which was considered a perfect antidote for snake-bite. *Mudar* is a perennial shrub from four to six feet in height, with oblong, egg-shaped, fleshy leaves, embracing the stem, and bearded at their base. Both leaves and young shoots are covered with a woolly down, and all parts of the plant, when slightly pressed, have a strong, and by no means agreeable smell. The flowers are very curious. The calyx is small and five-cleft, and the corolla consists of five reflexed segments, with their edges rolled back, and are of a rose colour mixed with purple. Instead of the usual thread-like stamens and pistils in the centre of the flower, we have a massive body of somewhat intricate structure, but great beauty. Let us examine it, carefully dissecting as we go, for our cuttings do not cause any pain; and, when done, the only evil is, that there is one object less of beauty in the world. In the centre of the flower, then, we see a column formed of the united filaments of the stamens, and crowned with a capital presenting five angles, which is the fleshy stigma. Surrounding the column, and as if to lend it beauty and strength, are arranged five brackets, curved on their outer free edge like the sound-hole of a fiddle, and of a brilliant rose colour. Just below each angle of the capital there will, on careful dissection, be found two little cells or sacks, each lodging a yellow waxy body, which is attached by a small process to the angle of the stigma. These waxy bodies are the pollen, by which fertilization is accomplished, and which in all other orders of plants is found in the shape of a fine powder. Removing brackets and column, we find that the latter is tubular, and contains two small columns, slender as a thread above, but club-shaped at their bases, which are hollow and form the ovary. The ovary in time becomes developed into the follicle or fruit.

The follicle is a small leathern bag, one-valved, just as if a leaf had been neatly folded over on the seeds and united along its edges. When the seeds are ripe, this bag opens at the suture or seam, disclosing a large number of seeds overlapping each other like the scales of a fish. On removing a seed, it is found to have attached to one extremity a tuft

of long beautiful hair, giving it somewhat the appearance of a shuttle-cock. The hair or coma, which has been called *Yercum cotton*, wafts the seed in the air like a parachute, and facilitates its dispersion by the winds. It is a beautiful flossy material, not very strong, but pliable, and extremely fine, smooth, soft and glossy; much more resembling silk than cotton. The natives have long been accustomed to make from it a kind of soft thread, and it has also been woven into shawls. Of late years the attention of various English manufacturers has been attracted to it; and Thresher and Glenny, of the Strand, London, have been testing its capabilities for the manufacture of cloth. It is rather short in the staple, and so smooth and tapering that it is somewhat difficult to spin alone, but is easily manipulated, and forms a very beautiful fabric with the admixture of a fifth part or so of silk or cotton. Probably a judicious system of cultivation, for the plant is at present only seen in the wild state, would much improve the quality of the *Yercum cotton*. Beautiful as this material is, however, it is equalled in appearance and far surpassed in value by a fabric which abounds in the bark of the same plant, and may be prepared in much the same manner as the fibre of the *Marsdenia*. It has long been prized by natives for making bird-nets, tiger-traps, and fishing-lines. Somewhat resembling Belgian flax, it is far too valuable for ordinary cordage, and would probably fetch from 30l. to 40l. per ton in England, as material for warp yarns. It will resist moisture longer than any other fibre known, and, with the exception of the *Marsdenia* fibre, is perhaps the strongest in India, being also long, silky, white, smooth, pliant, uniform, and elastic. The *Yercum* has never as yet been regularly cultivated, but might easily be so to any extent, as it grows luxuriantly in the driest and most barren soil, throughout the whole of Southern India. The milky juice of the *Yercum* may also be made into a kind of Caoutchouc, which is soluble in oil of turpentine, and becomes soft in hot water and hard in cold. This also may in time become a valuable article of commerce.

The next plant we have to notice is a species of NETTLE, the *Urtica heterophylla*. It is said to be very common on the Neilgherry hills, and that the natives there have long been accustomed to make thread from its fibre. It was lately found by me, growing abundantly in the old fort of Periapatam, in Mysore, at an elevation of 3000 feet above the sea-level. I visited that place late in October, 1862, riding out on the "Fairy," in the early morning. Presume not, however, gentle reader, from that name, that we enjoy in these remote regions the luxury of an omnibus, coach, or canal boat; for our "Fairy" was but a barbaric elephant, to which the extravagant Hindu fancy had applied that airy appellation. Long before cock-crow, we were aroused by the "Fairy's" attendants, and found the beast ready, and swinging its trunk and head from side to side with an air of great impatience. At

the magical order *bite, bite*, from the mahout or driver seated on the elephant's neck, it knelt flat on the ground, with evident reluctance, giving forth, from the depths of its huge chest, various rumbling sounds, like the mutterings of distant thunder. Disdaining the aid of a proffered ladder, I made a long stretch to the iron railing of the seat, and, having scrambled up, away we went at the rate of five miles an hour. Most elephants have for the first few miles, on starting, a peculiar sideling, scared way of walking, as if afraid of something in the rear, which is very disagreeable and even alarming to those unacquainted with the peculiarities of the beast. The motion of even the best trained elephant at a quick pace is very tiresome, since, to prevent jolting, it necessitates a constant swaying of the body backwards and forwards. At first so dark was it, that the white bungalows of the station could hardly be discerned, but, as we got a few miles to the west—out on an eminence—day began to break. First came a faint streak of red on the verge of the horizon, and then the whole eastern quarter of the heavens began to glow, like the sky at dark night, radiant with the light of blazing mosses and moors. Just at this time, a light breeze sprang up and the air became quite chill, as if night were yielding up its last breath in a deep-drawn sigh. Then the dead silence was broken by the shrill combative chirrup of the gallant male partridge, warning rivals to keep at a distance, and by the wild scream of the peacock, welcoming the morn. In a little the sun, dull, red, and hazy, was up above the low eastern hills, and morning broke as if the darkness had been gathered up like a veil. The surface of the country was beautifully undulating, and almost completely covered with low scrub jungle, dressed in all the mellow tints of the declining year. Far away, faint blue, dream-like, and pillaring the sky to the south-east, towered a chain of mountains, the Neilgherries, while nearer and to the west rose various irregular hills, the outposts of the kingdom of Coorg, a mountain of land perched at an elevation of 4000 feet above the sea. Ere we had got over half the road, the sun became blazing hot, and so, to refresh herself, the "Fairy" commenced to squirt saliva over the mahout and me, until warned by sundry probes with the driving hook, that such attentions were far from agreeable. As we approached Periapatam, the country became more open and cultivated, and at last we entered a beautiful vale, where the dry slopes were covered with trim crops of tobacco in full bloom, and the lower grounds with rich fields of rice interspersed with cocoa-nut and betel-nut gardens. Prattling streams of crystal water, that looked so cool and sparkling in the bright sunshine, ran down by the side of the road, emptying themselves into the beautiful fresh green rice-fields, and a winding tank, fringed with tall reeds, and half covered with the great leaves and nymph-like flowers of the white water-lily, filled the basin of the valley.

At last we reached the Fort, which had at one time been the stronghold of a formidable Hindu rajah and robber chief. It is surrounded with a lofty stone wall, still in good preservation, and a deep ditch, now dry. Inside there is a large number of dwellings disposed, as in all Indian villages, without any regard to order, ventilation, or drainage. Nearly all were without windows and built of mud, and, like the whited sepulchre, glittered with whitewash in front, while heaps of dirt were festering and fuming in the rear. Turning the corner of a lane, I suddenly came upon a number of tall plants, that any one who had ever seen a nettle, would at once have pronounced to belong to that genus. They were certainly the most ferocious-looking of their kind that I had ever seen, and I stood knife in hand for at least half a minute, looking at them before I dared to approach them. At length, hooking down a plant with the crook of my trusty stick, I managed to divide its stem with impunity, but then the business was to get it safely into the vasculum. It requires some courage to handle a nettle, and the more pluck one displays, the less chance is there of getting stung. Placing the vasculum on the ground I tried to poke the plant into it with my elbow, but an unruly branch springing up stung the edge of my hand. The pain was rather sharp for a few minutes, being not unlike that caused by a drop of burning sealing-wax. The root of this nettle is perennial, but the stem annual, erect, channelled, and of a dark green colour with white spots, from which arise, pointing in all directions, the slender but stiff, sharp stings. The leaves are alternate, long-stalked, lobed, serrated, and armed with stings like the stem. The flowers are small and green. Natives, as already remarked, have long been in the habit of using the fibre of this nettle, and of late it has been cultivated on a small scale in the Government Gardens, Ostacamund, and been brought to the notice of both the local and home governments. It thrives best in moist alluvial soil, and yields two crops in the year, the average produce for each crop being from 450 to 700 lbs. of clean fibre per acre. The fibre is white, and glossy, and remarkable for its extreme tenacity, combined with length and strength. It is not unlike flax, but finer and more silky. I have no doubt the *Urtica heterophylla* might be successfully cultivated in the south of England, and prove a most remunerative crop.

Another plant yielding a beautiful fibre is the PINE-APPLE, or *Ananassa sativa*. It has long been cultivated with artificial heat in England on account of its fruit, and we hardly know anything more pleasant on a sharp cold morning than a walk through a pinery, with its warm air loaded with the delicious, tantalising perfume of the luscious fruit. The pine-apple is a native of America, and was introduced into Asia by the Portuguese; where, finding a suitable climate, it has multiplied so fast, and become so common, that some botanists have doubted whether it is not a native of the East.

It is a perennial, with long, fleshy, tough, sword-like leaves, armed along their edges with sharp, hooked spines. The flowers are small, of a blue colour, and always abortive in the cultivated plant. The fruit is a mass of flowers, the calyxes and bracts of which have become large and fleshy, and grown together to form a solid head. They are arranged around a branch, which is always prolonged beyond the fruit, forming what is called its *crown*. The plant is easily propagated by suckers, branches, or crowns, and is very hardy; so much so, that in a moist climate it will live suspended in the air. The leaves contain a beautiful soft fibre, which is easily extracted when they are green. In Singapore a large trade in this fibre is carried on with China. As a substitute for flax it has, perhaps, no equal amongst Indian fibres, as it can be manufactured in the same way, and with the same machinery. The fibre is white, soft, silky, long, strong, and durable. During the process of bleaching, the adhesion between the fibres is destroyed, and they become remarkably fine and pliant. They are said to bear immersion in water without sustaining any injury, and when tanned to be equal in this respect to the best horse-hair. From the ease with which the plant can be cultivated, the fibres of the pine-apple might, if we had a simple machine to clean them, be sold in England at a much cheaper rate than flax.

The next plant that invites notice belongs to the family of *Lilyworts*, most of which have flowers remarkable for their splendour and fragrance. Representatives of this order have been the theme of poets in many a sweet song.

“Relies on ye of Eden’s bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.”

Lilyworts are decidedly most abundant in temperate climates, and rare in India, while in Australia they form a distinctly marked feature of the vegetation. They are altogether an important order, yielding articles of food, drugs, fibres, &c. The delicious scented flowers of the Tuberose are made into garlands by the Hindus, and used to adorn their gods, or to present to their superiors when paying a visit of ceremony. The plant of this order of which we have now to speak is well known in India under the names of MAROOL, *Moorva*, and *Moorgalie*, and is the *Sansevieria Zeylanica* of botanists. It is a low, stunted perennial, with dagger-like, radical leaves from one to four feet long, grooved on the upper side, somewhat striated, and terminating in a sharp point. The flowers form a raceme, and are of a greenish-white colour. It is easily propagated by cuttings, and thrives in any sort of soil, and with moderate irrigation would prove a very remunerative crop. The leaves may be cut twice a year, and about 40 lbs. of green leaves yield 1 lb. of clean fibre. It has long been used by the natives for making bow-strings, fine twine, paper, &c., and is white, soft, long, silky, and pliant. A cord made

of this fibre bore a weight of 120 lbs., while one of the same size made of Russian hemp broke with 105 lbs. It would be found a very suitable material for making muslin, paper, twine, or rope.

We have thus endeavoured to give a brief sketch of a very few of the more important fibrous plants of India, in the hope that the attention of the English manufacturer may be permanently directed to the

East for a supply of cotton and fibres. So rich is the field, that it would not be difficult to fill a large volume on the "undeveloped fibres of India:" but we only aspire to the humble office of the pioneer; and having placed before our readers specimens of the wealth of the far country, and indicated the path that must be pursued to take possession, we have completed our task.

GOOD WORDS FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."—1 Cor. xiii. 11.

No. IX.—SELFISHNESS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—There is no sin which comes more naturally to us, or which begins so soon and lasts so long as selfishness; nor is there any which produces so much misery to ourselves and other people. Selfishness is indeed so bad that it may be called sin itself—the evil heart—the corrupt tree which brings forth all manner of bad fruit—the fountain of poison from which no end of poisonous and deadly streams flow.

Selfishness is not a mere caring for ourselves, or a desire to have what is pleasing to ourselves, but it is the not caring for other people,—the loving of our own selves to their loss. Selfishness is the sin of always thinking of ourselves, and never of others. It is the wishing to get every thing to ourselves, and to gratify ourselves at the expense of others. Selfish boys or girls will tease and torment others, even their very parents, should they not give them their own way in whatever they ask. Selfish boys or girls in wishing constantly to please themselves do not care what trouble or annoyance they give to servants, teachers, brothers, sisters, or parents; nay, they sometimes like to revenge themselves when thwarted, by annoying others, who oppose them, by speaking irritating words, by doing disagreeable things and by being thoroughly unamiable. They will make a noise perhaps in the house when a child—maybe a sick child!—is asleep, or when they know that others wish to be quiet. They won't put themselves to any trouble to be obliging or to please others; nor will they cheerfully resign what they like even when by so doing they would make others happy. But they expect every one else to be thinking of them, to put up with them, to sacrifice themselves for them. Self, self, is their one constant thought—in the school-room or in the family, at their food or at their play, with old people or with companions, all must admire, amuse, coax, flatter, please, obey, and yield everything to *self*! I think you now understand pretty well what I mean by a selfish person; and you will agree with me in thinking that there is no character less loveable, or more mean and contemptible. I am sure you would not admire

such a spirit in another, and I hope, my dear children, you will detest it, and fly from it in yourselves.

This selfish spirit leads, as I have already said, to all other sins. It breeds, you see, envy and jealousy of the good of others, even of the good of brothers and sisters; stirs up a cruel disregard of other people's feelings; and leads to quarrelling and angry words, and unhappy divisions among those who should be dearest upon earth. It even tempts people to do that horrid thing, tell a lie—or basely to conceal the truth—in order to screen their own faults, to escape what is disagreeable, or to gain their own ends. While you cannot but condemn such a spirit as this, I am sure that, on the other hand, you could not help admiring any boy or girl who tried to make you and others happy; who shared what they had with you, and grudged not to see you have what they had not; who avoided giving pain to your feelings; who were considerate, obliging, and generous-hearted—who, in one word, *thought about you as well as about themselves*. If they honestly *tried* to do this, and if they even did wrong to-day, but tried to do better to-morrow, you could not help liking them as your friends and companions. Well, if you would wish others to act thus to you, try you and act thus to others, and you will in this way gain their love. By giving love to others you will get love from others; but by loving yourself only, you will lose another's love. Is it not so? Think!

You have often, I dare say, read stories of brave-hearted, unselfish people, who sacrificed money, and endured fatigue, suffered many trials, or even gave up their lives, in order to save others from pain, poverty, sorrow, or death; and as you read those stories I am sure your hearts have beat with love for such heroes, and your eyes have filled with tears of admiration for their noble conduct. But if the story was about mean, cruel, hard-hearted, jealous, greedy, selfish persons, then I am certain that though they were persons of rank, or were rich, or powerful, or were even kings and queens, you despised them, and never wished to be like them!

Now, dear children, it is God who puts these right thoughts in your heart, for there is nothing He

hates more than selfishness, and nothing He likes more to see in us, whether old or young, than unselfish good-will with loving words and actions towards all.

For God's Name, you know, is Love. And see how He thinks about every person, about every thing, small and great. He feeds every creature that lives, opening His hand liberally to supply their wants. He makes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and is merciful to the unthankful. He tells us how He knows all about the very birds that are of least value to man. Of the sparrows He says, "Not one of them is forgotten before God." He thinks always about you and every one; and though the whole world was sinful, and did not care for him, yet He was so loving that he *spared not* His own son, but gave him up to death for us all.

You would then expect that Jesus Christ, God's own Son, would be unselfish and loving like His Father. So He was. In this, as in everything else, He and the Father are one.

I will, therefore, tell you something about the unselfishness of Jesus, that you may, by the help of your loving Father, love the Saviour and try to be like Him, and this will be the greatest blessing and happiness that God himself can give you.

No. X.—THE UNSELFISHNESS OF JESUS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—It would be indeed very strange and very selfish, if men did not care to know about Jesus Christ. For He knows you, and cares for you, and thinks of you, and loves you more than all the world does; and it is the will of Jesus that He, and He alone, should guide you, provide for you, and keep you all your life from childhood to old age, if you will only treat him as your Saviour. You know also that He alone can save your souls from sin, from eternal death, and make you good and happy, and far greater and more glorious than any one can conceive of, for ever and ever. Besides all who are saved, whether it be your father or mother, brother or sister, owe salvation alone to Jesus; and they know this, and love him with all their hearts:—and would they not think it strange and dreadful if *you* did not care for him who is their Saviour, and who rejoices to be yours? Oh! pray to God to deliver you from such wickedness!

Well, then, dear children, I wish to tell you, as I have said, about the unselfishness of Jesus.

Was it not unselfish and wonderful love in Him to come to this world at all? to leave the glory and blessedness of Heaven—to become a child—a poor man—to live among us—and to devote His whole life, and every thought, and every action to make others good and happy.

Was it not unselfish love in Him to go about doing good, and healing all manner of diseases, without ever once speaking an unkind word or doing one unkind action, but helping the poor, the

needy, the ignorant, and afflicted who came to Him? Was it not wonderful and unselfish love in Him to submit to be spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, and finally to die on the cross, and to give up His very life in order to save our souls from death, and to make us children of God? Yet all this Jesus did, and much more than you or any one can understand.

Therefore had you met or known Jesus when He was a boy, you would never have found Him speak one untrue, unkind, or selfish word; you would never have seen Him do ungenerous, unjust, or selfish actions. In all His ways you would have found Him perfect in his love to you. What a friend He would have been! Neither you nor I, nor any one can in this world be so unselfish as He was. But do not let this discourage you. If we are Christians we will always try to be like Him, and by God's grace, we will be coming near it. And if so, then, one day, thank God, we shall be perfectly like Him.

But let me give you a few instances from the life of Jesus, to show you how He was always thinking about other people and doing them good. I shall take these instances from the last week of His life, when everyone turned against Him with awful wickedness and hate.

You remember reading about Jesus riding into Jerusalem. That one day was, indeed, the only day of triumph in His life. The people gave Him a wonderful welcome, and wished to make Him their king. The very children in the Temple shouted for joy. But Jesus knew quite well that because He would not agree to their vain and foolish wishes, they would turn against Him and crucify Him. And he knew what would befall their city and nation in consequence of this. And so in the midst of all this procession, with its Hallelujahs and praise, when He saw Jerusalem, Gethsemane, and Calvary, He was thinking of others, of the city, and the fate of its people, and He burst into tears and cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Was this not unselfish?

The night before He suffered He sat down at the passover with his disciples, "for having loved his own he loved them to the end." Oh! how full His heart was on that last night with thoughts of love for His disciples. He does not think of himself, or ask them to comfort Him, but every minute is occupied in speaking to them for their good, and in comforting them. "Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid," "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come again unto you." He thinks of Judas, and warns him of his sin, and His soul is vexed for the traitor. He

thinks of Peter, and warns him also, and prays for him. He thinks of them all, and washes their feet as a sign of His unselfish love. And before they leave that room, He offers such a prayer as had never been heard before from the lips of man. Was not all this unselfish?

See again, dear children, how He thinks of others even in the midst of his own agony that night in the garden of Gethsemane. He thinks of the good of His disciples and says, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation." "Simon," He says to the careless apostle Peter, " sleepest thou?" When His enemies came to secure him, He thinks first of the safety of His disciples, and begs the soldiers not to touch them, saying, "Let them go away." When Peter wounds Malchus, the servant of the High Priest, Jesus thinks of the sufferer, and amidst the crowd and darkness finds him out and heals the wounds of this enemy. Was not all this unselfish?

When Jesus was standing before the High Priest, and when He was bruised, wounded, and bleeding, He thought of Peter, who in terror for his life was denying his master, saying, "I know not the man." "The Lord turned and looked on Peter," for the Lord *did* know him, and loved him still, and would not deny *him*, and that look broke the disciple's heart with repentance, and brought him back to truth and to God. Was not that remembrance of His sinful disciple unselfish?

When Jesus journeys to Calvary, a few hours later, carrying His cross after a sleepless night of pain, the women of Jerusalem crowd around Him, full of sympathy and tears for the sufferings of Him who had been their best friend. But He thinks of them and the coming destruction of their city, and says, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves." Was not that unselfish?

Behold Jesus on the cross! His hands and feet pierced with the cruel nails; His head lacerated with thorns; His body in agony; His soul full of unutterable woe; bleeding, dying for hours! Can He think of others, then? Why is He there? For others—for us! But never was His heart more full of considerate love for all around Him than in that dreadful hour. He saw His poor broken-hearted mother at the foot of the cross, and He thought of her, and provided a home for her: "Woman, behold thy son!" He said, as he gave her in charge to His beloved apostle John. "Son, behold thy mother!" He heard the penitent thief by His side cry, "Remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom!" and He said, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!" And then He thought of all the miserable sinners who were putting Him to death, mocking Him in His agony, and He prayed, saying: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" Can you conceive more unselfish love than that?

And that, my dear children, was not all. For on Sunday morning, when He rose from the dead, very early, He appeared to strengthen and comfort His disciples; and though three days before they had all

forsaken Him, and Peter had denied Him, yet to Peter He sent the first message through the angel who said, "Tell his disciples and Peter, that he goeth before you to Galilee." That very day He appeared twice again to them—in the evening when two of them were going to Emmaus, and calmly walked with them, conversed with them, explained the Scriptures to them, and ate with them; and later that same night, He entered the room where they were assembled, and banished their fears, saying, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself!" and "He showed them his hands and his feet," with the marks of the nails! Was not that unselfish love?

Once more. Jesus, you might naturally think, would not leave the blessed Heaven of peace and love into which His soul had entered, and return to the sinful, ungrateful, wicked world which had rejected and crucified Him. But He who had come in love to seek and to save the lost, with unselfish love returned to finish His work for others, and during forty days dwelt on earth instructing His disciples in the things pertaining to His kingdom. And then He took them to Bethany—so full of memories of His love! and from thence He ascended to God, but He did so stretching out His wounded hands in love, blessing His disciples and the world!

Think, my dear children, of all this, and then ask, was not that unselfish love? Was not that the love that seeketh not her own, which is not easily provoked, and which thinketh no evil? Do you wonder the apostle Paul should say, "*Even Christ pleased not himself!*" Or that Christ's own glorious words should be, "*It is more blessed to give than to receive!*"

Be thankful, dear children, that it is God's will that you should be made like Jesus Christ! God could not give you a more glorious gift than this, "the mind of Christ!" May you try to be like Him, for the more you are so, the more you will find it to be blessedness in youth and in old age. And in the end you will be received into that happy Home where there is no envy, no jealousy, no covetousness, no quarrelling or disputing; but where perfect peace reigns, and perfect joy is possessed.

Therefore, pray thus: "O God! our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given thy Son to live and die for us, in order that we might be made like Thyself. Pardon, we beseech thee, for Christ's sake, all the selfish words we have spoken, and the selfish things we have done to our parents, our teachers, our brothers, sisters, companions, and friends. O Father! grant to us that Holy Spirit of love, which dwelt in Jesus Christ, and which Thou hast promised to all who ask, that He may give us new loving hearts, and also strengthen us to resist and overcome all selfish desires. Shed abroad Thy love in our hearts, that we, like Jesus, may not please ourselves, but think of others, and so please Thee as Thy dear children. Amen."

THE OCEAN OVERHEAD.

THAT there is an ocean above us as well as beneath us, is philosophically as well as metaphorically true;—for as the waters of the sea cover a vast depth of rocks, and fill up immense intervening spaces, so the atmosphere in the opposite direction covers the sea and the land, spreads itself between and above mountains and hills, and fills up a vast space with air as completely as the sea does with water. There are, moreover, points of likeness in condition, for the air has its numerous currents as well as the ocean; its waves likewise, although they do not appear to the eye; and its tides, which may be traced to the influence of the sun and the moon. But there are few points of similarity in constitution. In this respect we can only notice contrasts; for while water can be changed by heat from its liquid state into vapour, as we see every hour, air cannot be correspondingly converted into a liquid by any amount of cold or pressure as yet known. Furthermore, while water can be compressed into any shape without resistance, air is a highly and permanently elastic gas, which although compressed and confined in any vessel, yet when it is again liberated, has a tendency to expand at the least diminution of pressure, and expands itself on all sides, and becomes lighter, bulk for bulk, in proportion to its expansion.

Both oceans are limited in depth, as is easily conceivable of the sea, which we know must have a bottom;—and this if we take the average depth of great oceans, has been calculated at about five miles. But it is not so natural to assume that the atmosphere has a very limited height. Hence, some have thought that it extends upwards indefinitely, an opinion, however, which is quite untenable; for it is highly probable that the aerial ocean has a height as defined as the depth of the aqueous one; a height which is not, indeed, materially bounded, but is a limit above which there is no air, no moisture, no clouds, and where any amount of air elevated from below would not expand indefinitely and continually, but would finally (however dilated for a time), fall down upon the upper surface of the atmosphere, and then mingle with the inferior mass, as water lifted up from the surface of the sea finally falls down again upon it.

What may be the actual height of the aerial ocean it is impossible to say. Some have supposed it to be fifty miles, and others twenty miles, but mountain travellers and aeronauts have ascertained that the air in which man can breathe does not reach to ten miles, and probably not to eight, from the level of the sea. In accordance with recent experience of Mr. Glaisher and his companion, who in their balloon ascent of Sept. 5, 1862, may have attained to seven miles, that height appears to be nearly the limit of human vitality, and probably death would be the consequence of greatly exceeding it. Certainly

there can be no such air as a man could breathe at about ten miles high,—although a very light gas may float there. But without aeronautic experience, simple reasoning would conduct us to a similar conclusion; for the barometer supplies a direct measure of the rate of diminution in the quantity of air as we ascend from a given level, and thereby becomes a useful instrument for measuring the heights of mountains. When we ascend one thousand feet in height, we leave beneath us about a thirtieth of the whole mass of the atmosphere. Upon attaining ten thousand six hundred feet (rather less than the height of Mount *Ætna*, which is 10,872 feet), we leave about one third of the mass beneath; and at the height of eighteen thousand feet (nearly that of *Cotopaxi*), we should have passed through about one-half of the ponderable body of air weighing upon the surface of our earth. At the lesser and more familiar height of the summit of *Mont Blanc*, which is 15,784 feet, the sensations of mountaineers are very painful owing to the levity of the air;—the head is oppressed as though with a heavy weight, and respiration becomes difficult, while the faces of many become livid; and the danger of being frost-bitten is not slight,—owing to the decrease of temperature in proportion to elevation.

PRESSURE AND WEIGHT OF AIR.

We should dread instant death by being placed under the weight of the aqueous ocean, which, as we know, crushes in the sides of any collapsible body; but we seldom reflect that we do really live at the bottom of an aerial ocean, the weight of which must be immense. Doubtless our bodies would be crushed in by it, as hollow vessels collapse when sunk deep in the ocean, were it not that the elasticity of the air is an effectual and perpetual counterpoise to its pressure. And it seems probable that the weight of the superior ocean acts conservatively upon the surface of the inferior one, so that the pressure of the atmosphere prevents the too rapid evaporation of the waters of the sea. This pressure, too, is the cause of the liquid state of certain bodies, which, apart from it, would have only a gaseous existence. Not only, therefore, do we walk safely, and breathe freely on the bottom of an aerial ocean which is ever exerting a great pressure upon us, but that very pressure is the condition of our existence, and the cause of certain conditions of existence in other bodies.

What is the actual pressure and weight of the air, and how do we ascertain it?

The height of the barometer is nearly 30 inches (29·95 at London), and there is reason to believe that this is the mean pressure of air over the surface of the globe. In another form of expression, the weight of a column of air extending upwards to the

extreme limit of the atmosphere, exactly equals the weight of the column of mercury in the tube of a perfect barometer. Therefore the weight of the entire atmosphere is equal to a sea of mercury which should cover the surface of the globe to the depth of about 30 inches. Hence, the pressure of the air upon each square inch, is equal to nearly 14.6 lbs. avoirdupois, or 58,611,548,160 lbs. upon every square mile. From this, we estimate the pressure of the air at about 8 ounces avoirdupois for every inch of mercurial elevation in the tube of the barometer. With these data we shall find little difficulty in calculating the absolute weight of our entire atmosphere, which, after Pascal's computation, may be given as equal, in English notation, to about *eleven trillions of pounds*; a sum which the mind cannot possibly grasp. The only popular and appreciable form of computation is that of Dr. Cotes, by which the weight of the whole mass of air is equivalent to the weight of a globe of lead sixty miles in diameter. How few know, or reflect, that we live underneath such a weight of air! Let us only remember that every minute we are breathing in and under a load, which, when reduced to and expressed in figures, passes our comprehension.

AERIAL CURRENTS AND WINDS.

If the mass of our atmosphere remained at all times in what is theoretically conceived to be its normal condition, namely, a perfect balance of its parts (statical equilibrium), there would prevail a dead aerial, as there often is a dead oceanic calm. But a series and succession of disturbing causes prevent such a calm. The chief of these is solar heat, which acts daily and strongly through our atmosphere while the earth revolves; and to this powerful agency, in combination with its negation, or cold, and also with gravitation and electricity, may be ascribed most of the atmospheric changes of which we are aware. It is probable that more is due to electricity than we have been hitherto accustomed to acknowledge,—and much also to the influence of the moon; but at present we may refer to solar heat as the principal disturbing agent in the mobile and expandible body of air around and above us.

Currents in the sea, as we have hinted, have their equivalents in the currents and winds of the atmosphere. Every disturbance of the balance existing in neighbouring masses of air, whether it arise from an increase of density, and consequently of pressure on the one side, or from a diminution of density and of pressure on the other, immediately occasions a movement from the heavier air in the direction of the lighter; in the same way as water is put in motion when it suffers a greater pressure on one side than on the other. Unequal heating is the commonest cause of disturbance of aerial balance. The air takes its heat chiefly from the surface of the earth, and as the warmed and expanded air rises therefrom, the heat of the soil is spread over the higher regions of the atmosphere. That which rises most rapidly over the warmest

spots, is replaced by air rushing in from cooler places, and thereby those movements are set up which are generally found on the borders of forests, in the shadow of trees, and at the openings of shaded mountain glens, as well as in valleys, on the banks of rivers and lakes, and on the sea-shore.

But let us view similar operations on a large scale. Conceive the torrid zone of our globe to be considerably heated, while the polar regions are cold, and thereupon a process ensues like that of the boiling of water. First the heated portions of the water rise, while the colder portions take their place. The former which are now chilled, though previously warmed, again descend as they find their way, and thus a circular rather than a vertical course ensues. In like manner the warmed mass of air at the torrid zone, which is vastly greater than the cold mass at the poles, is set in motion and necessarily proceeds. Probably a very considerable portion of the air near the equator descends just beyond the tropics, and there makes its way between opposing polar currents, or else under or over them towards the north and east, while another portion turns southward in the calm variable latitudes, and contributes to the perennial *trade-winds* which may not be sufficiently maintained from the comparatively small polar regions. The polar current having gained force after an interval, approaches, either suddenly with a great conflict, occasioning storms, or lightning or hail, or more gradually, causing only a change from south-west through west to north-west, and afterwards again by north to east.

The course of such currents will enable us to understand the origin of powerful winds. The *trade-winds*, the direction of which is never changed; the *monsoons*, whose direction is changed periodically, and the so-called *variable winds* of higher latitudes, have all been referred, by the help of what Professor Dove calls the "Law of Gyration," to one common general principle, and it is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that in the more violent disturbances of the atmosphere certain general conditions exist which are common to all these winds, both as relates to their origin and to their subsequent course,—even while they present many varieties in appearance.

The ordinary condition of our atmosphere seems to be that of a mixture of currents between half a mile and five miles upwards from the surface of the earth, and these currents vary in temperature, tension, electricity, direction, force, and moisture. Heat from near our earth probably does not reach upward beyond the range of tropical currents, which may range from two or three miles in general to three or four miles less frequently. Above, below, or between those warmer currents, there may be cold or cool polar winds; and above all these there may exist excessively cold space, with proportionate electrical tension.

When we experience the cheerful warmth of the sun, it is difficult for us to imagine that by ascend-

ing higher *towards* him, we should be not warmer but *frozen*. Yet such would be the consequence of attaining the extreme coldness of lofty space. The last registration which was made during Mr. Glaisher's balloon ascent on the 5th of September last year, just before he lost his consciousness, was ten inches, and this was in the extreme cold of *fifty-seven degrees below freezing point*.

CLOUDS, FOG, RAIN, ETC.

To the heating of air and its consequences in currents must be attributed many of those atmospheric phenomena with which we are most familiar. Clouds are merely condensed vapour held between lower and higher temperatures. They are never stationary, although they often appear to be so. Sometimes in Alpine excursions, we are disappointed to see an apparently moveless cloud wrapping the summit of a lofty mountain, and remaining upon it as many days as we remain in annoyance below it. In reality, however, every particle of such a cloud is in ceaseless motion, and there is a continual succession of atoms, which may be observed through a good telescope, while to the ordinary observer the cloud seems unchanged.

Clouds float sometimes in one current, and at other times in another. Occasionally also they remain between two currents. Were it not for crossing currents, with changes of temperature and of their electric conditions, only one kind or form of clouds (*stratus*) would appear. It was hence found by the aeronautic observations of Welsh and Glaisher that depths or masses of cloud may exceed two thousand feet, or a third of a mile continuously, without the presence of any other cloud above this thickness. No trace of a cloud has been observed at a greater height than seven miles.

Fog is the moisture of warm earth evaporating into cold air. It resembles the steam of warm water greatly magnified, surrounded by air too moist and cool to permit further evaporation, but not cold enough to cause it to become condensed in rain. Different effects follow from varying degrees of heat and condensation. Heat radiated upwards, and cold air in the higher regions cause the suspension of vapour in the air until one predominates, and greater or less precipitation follows. The clouds that hang over us pile upon pile, the fog that throws its impenetrable veil over a town or a city, the mist that overspreads the course of a long river, or the lighter mist that floats over a green meadow, are all vapour more or less condensed, and in chemical constitution are identical.

Greater or more rapid condensation of vapour results in rain, snow, or hail. Dew also is simply the vapour of air condensed by contact with a body colder than itself. At sunset the earth's surface becomes so cold by radiation of its previous heat, that the warm vapour of the air is chilled, condensed, and descends in dew. In rain the drops fall from a considerable height, while in dew the condensation takes place near the earth's surface.

HAIL.

It may appear difficult to account for the formation of hail and large hailstones in such a body as the atmosphere, but Professor Dove has suggested that a grain of sleet first formed at a great height in the air, may make several revolutions in an inclined whirlwind, and during its passage through cold and hot strata alternately, obtain that shell of ice which covers the grain of sleet, like a grain of snow, in the centre, until it becomes so heavy that at last it falls to the earth. This seems a probable theory, and would account for the noise which generally precedes a heavy hailstorm, and which is due to the rotating motion of the hailstones before they fall. "Such hailstorms," says Dove, "and many severe thunderstorms, present the striking appearance of a long, almost horizontal column of clouds, which is rolling on, and when projected on the sky appears more or less bent. At times the dark bank of clouds covers itself with a number of brighter stripes of greyish clouds, which envelop it, as a waterfall does the cliff over which it falls. The edges of the whirlwind seem to favour the formation of hail, in consequence of the fact that the circles described by the hailstones are largest, and consequently the difference of temperature which they have to pass through is greatest. It has been very often observed that the district where hail fell, whose breadth is never great, has been double, with a district in the middle where it has only rained. The reference of the formation of hail to the whirlwind explains the fact that the boundaries of the hail district are very often clearly marked."

The most destructive hailstorms seem to be of great length but little breadth, and quite in accordance with Dove's view was the great hailstorm which passed across France on July 13th, 1788. It marked two parallel tracts respectively of 175 and 200 leagues in length. Yet these were in breadth only four leagues in the one case and two in the other. In the separating breadth of five leagues only rain fell.

The size of the larger hailstones varies greatly, and although some of considerable dimensions occasionally fall in England, nevertheless those which fall in India are (according to Dr. Buist) from five to twenty times larger, and often weigh from six ounces to a pound. It is difficult for Englishmen to credit Dr. Buist when he adds that these stones are seldom less than walnuts and often as large as oranges and pumpkins! When these fall the storms are almost always accompanied by violent wind and rain, and by thunder and lightning.

Some hailstorms in our own country have been very remarkable. In April, 1697, one passed over Cheshire and Lancashire, the course of which was two miles broad and sixty miles long, and which sent down hailstones weighing eight ounces, and measuring nine inches round. On the 4th of May of the same year a shower of hail fell in Hertford-

shire, after a thunderstorm, the hailstones measuring fourteen inches in circumference, and killing several persons. It is curious that on the 4th of May, 1797, that is, exactly a century afterwards, another hailstone was seen in Hertfordshire which measured fourteen inches in circumference.

There is reason to think that hailstones may be forced together so as to form aggregates, which should be regarded as masses of ice rather than single stones. Thus a hailstone which measured six inches in diameter fell near Birmingham in June, 1811, and it resembled a congeries of masses, about the size of pigeon's eggs, agglutinated together. In the summer of 1815 during a thunderstorm at Malvern in Worcestershire, hailstones fell as large as walnuts, and in some places to the depth of several inches. In August, 1828, pieces of ice fell at Horsley in Staffordshire, some of which were three inches long and one broad. In 1826, a mass fell in Candeish which must have weighed more than one hundred-weight, and which was some days in melting. In 1832 a lump fell in Hungary of no less than a yard in length and nearly two feet in thickness, and if we can credit the account printed in the *Ross-shire Advertiser*, there fell in August, 1849, a block "of irregular shape, nearly twenty feet in circumference," on the estate of Mr. Moffat of Ord, immediately after an extraordinary loud peal of thunder. This mass is said to have been composed of lozenge-shaped pieces from one to three inches in size, and firmly congealed together. We may perhaps attribute the formation of such large masses of ice in the atmosphere to the reassociation of fragments upon a principle which has been expounded to philosophers under the name of *regelation*, and which resembles a welding together of pieces of ice under considerable pressure.

The destructive force of hailstones is owing to the height from which they fall, and probably to the whirling momentum imparted by the rotatory storms which accompany them. We all remember particular instances of their injurious effects. One of the most appalling storms on record was that of August 1st, 1846, when hailstones weighing from one to two ounces fell in London, and destroyed a great amount of property in Buckingham Palace, Westminster Hall and other buildings, while the loss suffered exclusively by gardeners was estimated at 15,000*l.* Large hailstones do not however fall so frequently in this country as in India, North America, and the South of Europe. In mathematical form, Sir John Leslie calculated the destructive force of a hailstone as equal to the fourth power of its diameter.

LIGHTNING.

The accumulated electricity which is discharged from meeting clouds is commonly recognised as lightning, and thunder is the noise caused by the successive discharges of such accumulated electricity, or the concussion of the air when it reunites after having been divided by a flash of lightning.

We are all so familiar with the ordinary appearances and effects of lightning, that to dwell upon them would be superfluous, while to enter into minute details on the questions of scientific interest connected with them would carry us far beyond our present limits. In this country the month in which these pages appear is frequently marked by thunderstorms, and we are visited by them at intervals during most years; but in the high latitudes of the northern and southern hemispheres, thunderstorms are almost wholly unknown, and it is believed that they are of very rare occurrence over the ocean in the middle latitudes when distant from continents. On the other hand, there are localities where, during certain months of the year, thunderstorms are periodical phenomena of daily occurrence. For example, in the Port Royal Mountains, in Jamaica, such storms occur every day about the hour of noon, from the middle of November to the middle of April.

A flash of lightning differs only from the spark obtained from an electrical machine in the amount of its force. Its course is uncertain, but it chiefly seeks such things as are good conductors of electricity, as metals and water, avoiding non-conductors. When a flash has passed through a body which is not a perfect conductor, the smallest possible hole or mark is made visible; although in other parts of its course the same flash may have shivered a tall tree or the mast of a ship. A good conductor must be so placed as to rise high above the highest point of the building, and must run down in unbroken metallic connection to the earth, or to running water, presenting to these the greatest possible number of points, so as to favour the escape of electric fluid. When the metallic conductor is of sufficient thickness and properly placed, lightning will not quit it, though the conductor may lie directly upon wood or stone, or may pass through water, or even if a man should grasp it with his hand; for the stroke passes through a perfect conductor without leaving a trace of its passage. Even though gunpowder may be placed around a metallic conducting rod, the passing lightning will not kindle it. Hence good conductors are perfect protectors of powder magazines.

The apparent interval between the flash of lightning and the commencement of thunder has been known to vary, in different cases, from less than a single second to between forty and fifty seconds; on very rare occasions it has exceeded fifty seconds.

Forked lightning is perhaps divided by its approach to particular terrestrial objects, and a zig-zag flash takes place when the lightning adopts the course of least resistance. In rare cases zig-zag lightning forks or returns upwards.

Globular lightning, or balls of fire, present remarkable appearances, which should be carefully noted by observers. They are known to be of the nature of lightning from the damage they have inflicted on ships or buildings struck by them; but they differ from ordinary lightning not only in their shape, but by their slow motion and the length of

time during which they are visible. Sometimes they occur, as has been reported, without the accompaniment of a storm, and even under a perfectly serene sky.

WHIRLWINDS.

While in Britain during the month of August we are basking in the heat of an often cloudless sun, and luxuriating in a calm atmosphere, the inhabitants of the West Indies are particularly liable to hurricanes, which have most frequently desolated those islands in August, their principal seasons for hurricanes extending from August to October. In the Indian ocean, on the other hand, these visitations are most common from December to April.

We may advert to the special character which during recent years has been found to appertain to many, if not all hurricanes, namely, that they are revolving storms, or literally *whirlwinds*. The same meaning is expressed by the term *cyclone* (Greek), now generally applied to them. We cannot venture to assign a producing cause to cyclones.

Whirlwinds advance towards the poles obliquely, but blow in opposite directions in the two hemispheres, although they maintain a determinate course in each of them. The manner in which they move onward is not simple, nor easily described without diagrams, for a double motion marks them in both hemispheres. The speed at which they advance is the mean velocity of the progress and rotation of which their motion is compounded. Such speed is sometimes very high, as in the case of the first hurricane of August 1830 in the West Indies, which advanced at the rate of 500 miles a-day. The storm of 1831, at Barbadoes, rolled at the rate of 383 miles a-day over a space of 2300 miles. The Rodriguez hurricane of 1843 advanced at the rate of about 220 miles near the equator, but only at 50 miles as it approached the tropic of Capricorn. A tempest in our own country in November 25th, 1838, swept on at the rate of about 20 miles an hour.

The rotatory, regarded as distinct from the onward motion, is subject, as already said, to ascertained laws. The main principle of the course of a revolving gale must always be remembered to be this: The direction of the wind in the northern hemisphere is from east by north to west, and from west by south to east, or contrary to the movements of the hands of a watch. On the contrary, in the southern hemisphere the rotation is from east by south to west, and from west by north to east.

The rotation of such storms is not strictly circular, but rather cycloidal, and thus the word *cyclone* exactly designates it. A diagram would show it to be what is familiarly known as an eddying or corkscrew motion. The gyrating axis, or axis of revolution of a hurricane is supposed to be inclined forwards in the direction of its motion, the lower part being retarded by the resistance of the surface of the earth. The lulls and gusts which alternate in the vortex of the storm may arise from an oscilla-

tion of this axis. The diameter of a revolving hurricane varies greatly. The largest diameter of a hurricane in the northern part of the Indian Ocean is estimated (by Thom) at six hundred miles.

Different observers describe differently the frightful noises heard at the centre of cyclones. "An awful silence," says one, "was followed by an awfully hollow and distant rumbling noise." Biden states that the gusts which succeed it are "like to successive and violent discharges of artillery, or the roaring of wild beasts;" and Cattermole notes "a continuous roar in the air." Piddington observes that the usual expressions for waterspouts are "rumbling and hissing," while for cyclones they are "roaring, thundering, yelling, and screaming."

Two notable storms which raged on October 25-26 and November 1, in 1859, and which, from the loss of a large vessel of that name, are known as the "Royal Charter Storms," were the result of a cyclone.

It is supposed that on this memorable occasion, the central area of a great cyclone passed over the middle of the British Islands. On the morning of the day (26th October) upon which the Royal Charter was driven against the north coast of Anglesea, the cyclone advanced from near the entrance of the channel, where it had raged on the previous morning; and on the following day (the 27th) its circuitous sweep affected the North Sea, having crossed Lincolnshire. It was still traceable after the 27th, though less determinately, towards Norway and the Baltic, gradually widening and thereby diminishing in power. This most violent cyclone, one of the most violent indeed which has passed across these Islands, has thus been very carefully traced from its first indications through its rotation during three days and nights.

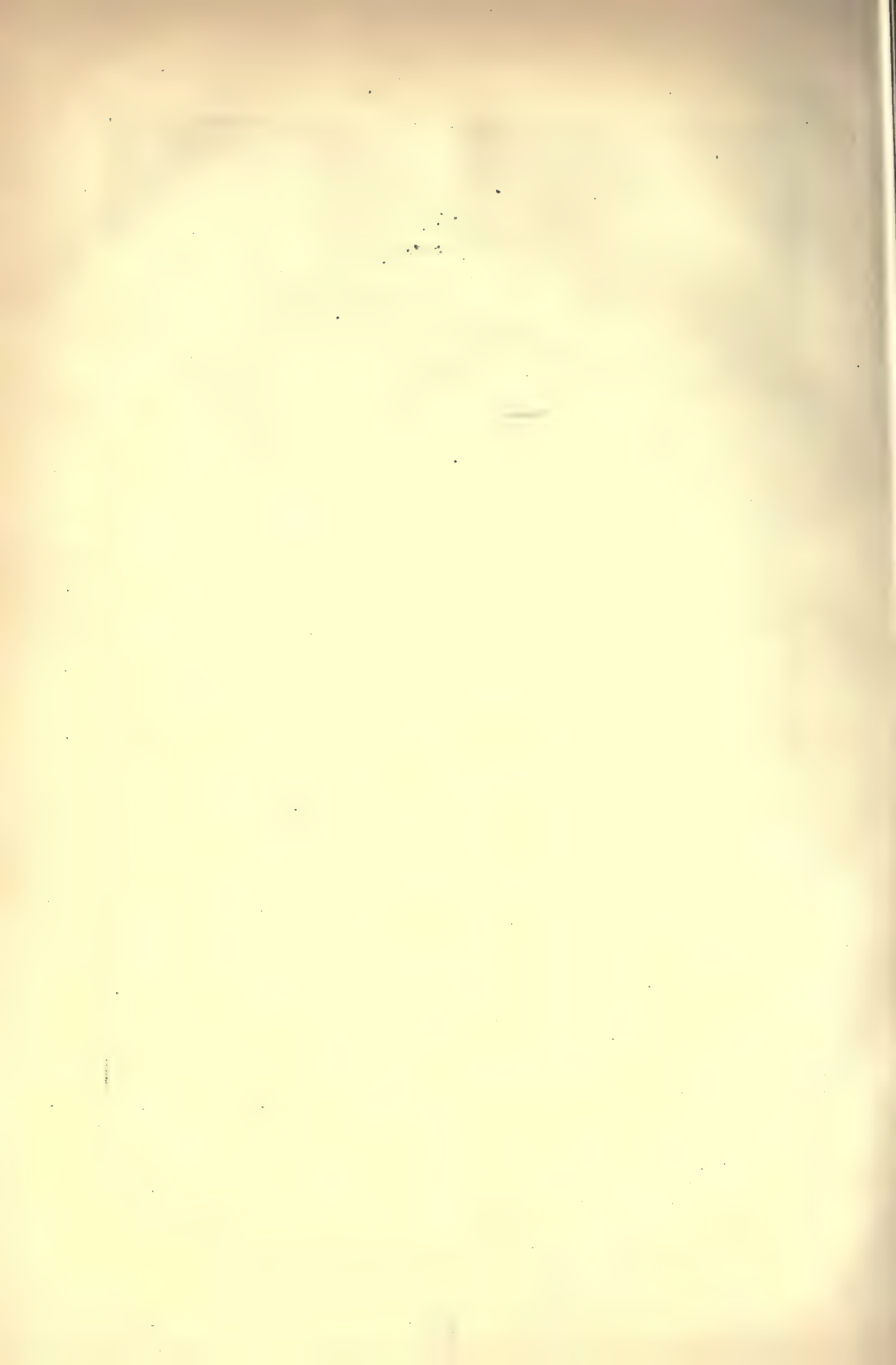
GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

Even such a limited account as we have now given of the ocean overhead must impress the reader with the astonishing evidences which it displays of Power, Design, Adaptation to man's condition, and Benevolence upon the part of that Almighty Being who sits enthroned in the highest heavens, while the clouds are the dust of His feet; who is encompassed by obedient winds, veiled by awful lightnings, and unmoved by fiercest storms! That all these are the messengers of His will and instruments of His power is a familiar thought; but there are other kindred thoughts by no means so familiar. All these elements and phenomena are, through His contrivance and benevolence, also made subservient to the comforts and necessities of man, and in this light the wonders of the ocean overhead are even greater than those of the ocean below us.

Consider only the conveniences, compensations, and skilful adjustments of the conditions of our atmosphere, to say nothing of its chemical constitution. Over us lies an enormously heavy mass, whose perpetual pressure is rendered nearly insensible to us, and we know it not until we contrive



THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.



to measure it. Through it winds blow from all quarters and in all degrees. A zephyr fans us, a gust purifies us, a gale sweeps a whole country clean; sea-breezes invigorate us, strong winds fill our sails and promote our commerce, and equatorial and polar currents keep up interchanges in accordance with discovered laws. In this vast aerial body nothing stagnates, nothing is useless, everything circulates, temperature is equalised, warm air is transferred to colder regions and cold to warmer ones. Mobile, permeable, and elastic, it is open to the sunbeams, free to heat, unimpaired by cold, receptive of moisture, the store-house of rains, and the gentle deposer of softening dews. It is a groundwork for the gorgeous mountains of cloud-land, a stage for the display of the most varied and swiftly shifting scenery of sunlit vapours, and a pure medium for the inimitable and ever-admirable rainbow.

Though apparently the subject of all kinds of caprices in wind and weather, yet the more we study it the more do these caprices diminish, and laws take their place. "As uncertain as the wind" is a proverbial saying, yet in this respect few things are more certain than some winds, and nothing is more advantageously regulated. The great trade wind circulates round the globe where the ocean is widest, and then lays out, as it were, upon the

waters a great highway for communication between the most distant places. Where it is needed there it is always to be found, while the steadiness of its declinations from the fundamental course renders it not less serviceable in the same parts. Within the range of these winds, and through their assistance, the navigator can accomplish nearly all he requires; and when they become fugitive, the very shores which he desires to sail along or reach begin to act upon them and to produce variable and local winds to aid him.

To discover design in organised existences is now an ordinary result of study, but who thinks of discovering it in atmospheric phenomena in the clouds and in the winds? Yet one of the oldest of religious observers of nature, had true philosophy enough to make such a discovery, when he exclaimed in language not less correct than sublime, "Out of the south cometh the whirlwind: and cold out of the north. By the breath of God frost is given: and the breadth of the waters is straitened. Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud: and it is turned round about by his counsels: that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth."*

J. R. LEIFCHILD, A.M.

* Book of Job, xxxvii. 9-12.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.

Nor all the streets that London builds
Can hide the sky and sun,
Shut out the winds from o'er the fields,
Or hide the scent the hay-swath yields,
All night, when work is done.

And here and there an open spot
Lies bare to light and dark;
Where grass receives the wanderer hot,
Where trees are growing, houses not;—
One is the Regent's Park.

Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
God's sheep from hill and plain,
Are gathered here in living tides,
Lie panting on their woolly sides,
Or crop the grass amain.

And from the lane and court and den,
In ragged skirts and coats,
Come hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of book or pen,
The little human goats.

One hot and cloudless summer day,
A poor o'er-driven sheep
Had come a long and dusty way:
Throbbing with thirst the creature lay—
A panting, helpless heap.

But help is nearer than we know
For ills of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart that pitied woe,
A quick-eyed urchin came.

His heart to him the medicine told:
He took his little cap,
His only cup for water cold;
He knew a little it would hold—
It had no holes, good hap!

And to the fountain fast he went,
And filled it high and deep.
Before he came the half was spent;
But half was left—life-element—
To save God's thirsty sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
Unfed, unwashed, unshorn!
Thou meet'st the sheep from breezy hill,
Apostle of thy Saviour's will,
In London wastes forlorn.

And let men say the thing they please,
My faith, though very dim,
Thinks He will say, who always sees,
In doing it to one of these,
Thou didst it unto Him.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

IX.—THE DAY OF DEATH BETTER THAN THE DAY OF BIRTH.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

“A GOOD name,” it is written, “is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth.” The idea in the first clause of this verse may be, that the love and honour that follow departed worth are a better embalming than all the preparations and perfumes that steal the body from decay. The latter succeed only in preserving for a little what is at best a ghastly semblance of the outward form of the man. The former seizes hold of the spirit or essence of his inward being, the central principle of his life, and suffuses that with the fragrance of sweet and tender memories, the preservative of human respect and love. It is well, when Death has claimed his own, to let him do his worst to that which alone it is in his power to touch; enough for us to feel that there is an immortality which love confers on which he cannot lay his destroying hand. When we have looked our last on the dear old face, calm with the changeless peace of death; or when the great or good man, at the close of an honoured life, is carried to the grave, true affection shrinks from any miserable attempt to confer a spectral show of life on that which is our friend no more. But embalm him in the heart. Let the idea of his life rest in the sanctuary of imagination. Open for him in the inmost shrine of the living temple a place where the name and memory of our noblest and dearest are treasured; and gather round him there the myrrh and frankincense, the sweet spices and fragrant ointment of loving thoughts and tender recollections, of sympathy and reverence for all in him that was noble, and honourable and good;—so will you obtain a better triumph over death, and more truly arrest the progress of decay; for “a good name is better than precious ointment.”

But how shall we understand the words that follow, and for which I wish specially to claim the reader's thoughts,—“and the day of death (is better) than the day of one's birth?” Surely it is only within very narrow limits that the truth of this assertion can be maintained; at any rate, it is directly opposed to the common sentiments and usages, which treat birth as the joyous, and death as the sad and deplorable event. There are few homes where there is no joy that “a man-child is born into the world,” perhaps fewer still where there is no heart made sad when another place is left vacant. In many cases how eager the welcome, how loud the congratulations and rejoicings, that wait the entrance of a new life into the world! The mother clasps her firstborn to her heart, bends over its feebleness with the strange delight of a new affection, and feels as if a fresh interest had been lent to all the future of her life. The rich man's heir, the in-

heritor of a noble name, the destined occupant of a throne,—when the first feeble wail of an infant born to such destinies is heard, is it not the signal for widespread festivity and joy? and in all ranks, down to that of the humblest peasant or labourer, are there not many who can trace much that is sweetest and gentlest and happiest in their life to the hour when the infant's voice first woke the echoes beneath their roof?

On the other hand, I need scarcely go on to say, to common thought and feeling, the day of man's death is never a joyful day to think of. Philosophy and religion may in a few minds induce exceptive states of thought and feeling; and men may school themselves into an artificial indifference, or even an unnatural elation and rapture, at the approach of death. Yet for most natures the real ills of death are too palpable to permit the dread of them to be put to flight either by reason or faith. Though Christianity may discipline the bereaved heart into resignation, still its involuntary utterance is, that of all dark days, the blackest in its history was that when death came and left it bleeding; and as youth and hope and joyous activity, nay, as even age and penury and misery look forward to the future, there is no day on which the thoughts love less to linger than the inevitable one when death shall come. Thus, in many ways it seems false to the common sentiment of humanity to say, that “the day of death is better than the day of one's birth.” Granting, then, that there is expressed in these words what is only a partial truth, it may be worth while to reflect a little longer on some of the exceptions to it, before we consider, in the second place, in what sense it must be admitted as beyond question true, that “the day of death is better than the day of one's birth.”

I. Even to the holiest and best of men, though hovering on the verge of eternal blessedness, the day of death is not in all respects the brighter of the two. Much less can this be averred of him to whom that day is the termination of a worthless or wicked life, the last of a long series that have been spent in selfishness and sin.

To take the latter case first: is not the beginning of an evil life less mournful to contemplate, in many respects, than its close? The birthday of the worst of men, though it ushered a new agent of evil into existence, though it was a day fraught with more disastrous results to the world than the day in which the pestilence began to creep over the nations, or the blight to fasten on the food of man, or any other physical evil to enter on a career destined to spread terror and misery over the world;—the day when the vilest of humanity first saw the light,

might yet in some aspects of it be regarded as better than the day of his death. For, to take only one view of it, when life commenced, the problem of good or evil to which death has brought so terrible a solution, was, in his case, as yet unsolved. The page of human history which he was to write was yet unwritten, and to that day belonged, at all events, the advantage of the uncertainty whether it was to be blurred and blotted, or written fair and clean. The battle was yet unfought, the campaign only just entered on: who could prognosticate whether victory, a drawn conflict, or shameful defeat and ruin, should be the result? There was at least the possibility of hoping and auguring the happier issue. Life, even in the most unfavourable circumstances, has ever some faint gleams of hope to brighten its outset. The simplicity, the tenderness, the unconscious refinement that more or less characterise infancy, even among the lowest and rudest, soon indeed pass away, and give place to the coarseness of an unideaed, if not the animal repulsiveness of a sensual or sinful life. But at least at the beginning, for a little while, there is something in the seeming innocence, the brightness, the unworldliness, the unworn freshness of childhood, that gives hope room to work. Nay, is not the divine plan of life, for every human being that enters on existence, a noble and glorious one? Is there not, for every child, not in the dreams of parental fondness only, but in reality and in God's idea, the possibility of a noble future? The history of each new-born soul is surely in God's plan and intention a bright and blessed one. For the vilest miscreant that was ever hounded out of life in dishonour and wretchedness, there was, in the mind of the All-Good a divine ideal, a glorious possibility of excellence, which might have been made a reality. When, therefore, in any case opportunity has been wasted, and this heavenly birthright bartered for meanest joys, is it possible to echo the judgment of the wise man? Look on this picture and on that: *this*, the day when the new object of love, and hope, and tenderness entered on an unstained existence; *that*, the day when a ruined life reached its consummation. *Here*, you contemplate what the man was; *there*, what he has made himself to be: *here*, the simple, smiling face, with all the softness and roundness, the wonderful simplicity and confidingness of infancy; *there*, a countenance stamped with the unmistakable traces of a life of selfishness, if not darkened and deformed by grosser vices and crimes: *here*, though it grew by the lowliest paths, amidst the most desolate wastes of life, a weed or wild-flower that had yet some vernal sweetness in it; *there*, perchance, a broken, withered, fetid waif, trodden under feet of men, fit only to be flung out of sight. And say, if this contrast ever be realised—if there be those over whose cradle there were rejoicings, and over whose bier those most terrible words in all Holy Writ may be pronounced—"It had been better for this man if he had never been born"—say if there are not cases in which it is im-

possible to assent to the averment, that "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

Nor, again, can it be maintained that this saying is unconditionally applicable even to the holiest and best of men. Are there not considerations to make us pause ere we pronounce that the day even of a Christian's death is better than that of his birth? To name only two of these,—the day of death severs the ties, and it terminates the salutary personal influence, which the day of birth originates. Death is the going away from much that is dear to every man—dearest to the best. It is the breaking up of the pleasant associations that from the day of a man's birth have been silently gathering round him; and nothing can ever make that severance in itself a desirable or happy thing. Religion does not make the heart less susceptible of attachment to the world and life. Superiority to the world, indeed, a Christian acquires; but it is not a superiority which implies disdain or insensibility towards all in it that is innocent, or noble, or beautiful, but only repugnance to that which is evil, or becomes so by detaching the heart from God. We do not need to love our earthly friends less that we love God more; but forasmuch as religion stirs new springs of benignity and tenderness in the breast, and forasmuch as it gathers round our earthly relationships the significance and pathos of that eternity to which we are hastening, all the more intense do the universal human affections become in the Christian heart. Moreover the things which interest a cultivated mind—literature, science, art, the pursuits of the scholar, the philosopher, the man of refined and liberal tastes—do not lose their zest, but rather gain fresh interest when prosecuted in a Christian spirit and with a religious aim. The very world in which we live,—the visible material world,—becomes more attractive to the man who has learnt to trace a Father's wisdom in its structure and laws; and whose appreciation of material beauty has been quickened by the love of Him of whom all created loveliness is but the faint reflection. For the religious man, therefore, in proportion to the very depth and fervour of his piety, it must be not easier, but harder to part with all that he has known and loved so well. It may, indeed, be better for him—a thing infinitely desirable—to depart in order to be with Christ; but the act of departure in itself has no pleasure in it. Even if faith be strong enough to communicate an air of reality to that unseen world to which he goes, what man, however saintly and seraphic the spirit of his piety, but would feel some heart-string break with a nameless pang, if called, in the suddenness of an unanticipated summons, to look his last on all he loves on earth? The very thought that we must go, lends often a new and tenderer interest to the scenes and objects we are about to leave. There have been those to whom, as they felt the day of their departure drawing near, even the familiar scenes and aspects of nature have gained a new

though more pensive beauty; and the morning freshness, the summer noontide, the evening stillness, the old hills and meadows and streams, have seemed lovelier than ever to the eye that was soon to cast the last look upon them. But it is not the severment of local associations that makes the moment of departure so painful; it is to touch the dear hand—to look with yearning fondness on the familiar face—to hear the voice, tremulous with love and anguish, name our name once more as the shadow gathers over us—and then never, never again in all the ages, to see or hear them more. No; if to come is better than to go, to meet than to part—if the beginning of love and friendship and happy intercourse be better than the end—death, even with heaven in prospect, is not all brightness; nor “the day of death better than the day of one’s birth.”

Moreover, to a Christian, the day of death is that on which his active personal usefulness in the world terminates, and the interruption or cessation of a benign activity cannot be regarded as better than its commencement. In so far as a good man’s influence depends on his personal presence and agency, it terminates at death. The extinction of a noble life is the stopping of a machine that had worked long and profitably for society. It is the drying up of a spring by which many a faint and weary step had paused, at which many a parched lip had found refreshment. It is the quenching of an altar fire before which many a heart had gained fervour and inspiration. It is true, indeed, that the good or evil we do lives after us. The moral influence of a life is not arrested by death. Not one great or good man ever left the world without leaving behind him an indestructible impression of his character and life, to spread and propagate its salutary power so long as society exists. We may be able only partially to trace this influence, but in innumerable lines of action and interaction it is working amongst us—hallowing, purifying, ennobling mankind. And perhaps, if cognisance of earthly things be granted to those who have passed into the invisible world, it may constitute no slight element of their happiness to watch the undying influence of their words and deeds, to feel that they are still the unseen benefactors of mankind, and that though their voice is heard no more by mortal ear, yet in the undying moral power of their character and life there is a silent language more touching, more persuasive, appealing more irresistibly to men’s hearts, than any words that fall from living lips. And yet, admitting all this, it is not the less true that one kind of salutary influence—that which is implicated with the personal presence of the agent—is for ever terminated by death. The old impulse may be propagated by action and reaction, but no new force from the same centre of power can ever again be generated. The words formerly spoken may be echoed and re-echoed far and wide, but the voice is for ever still from which they emanated. We may reproduce

indefinitely fresh copies of the great master’s works; but no new production, glowing with the inexhaustible power and versatility of genius, shall ever reach us from that master’s hand. And forasmuch as in this respect it interrupts the continuity of a noble and benignant influence, the day of death cannot be regarded as better than “the day of one’s birth.”

II. Passing now to the positive side of the subject, I go on to point out in what sense it may indeed be averred, that “the day of death is better than the day of one’s birth.”

The idea of the writer, if we connect these words with the preceding clause of the text, “a good name is better than precious ointment,” may be, that a good and wise man is richer at death, by all that has won for him a good name, by all that has gained for him true glory, than he was on the day of his birth. Whatsoever the condition and circumstances in which a man enters life,—though he be born to wealth, rank, hereditary honour, and greatness, there is one thing which at birth he cannot have. The only honour that is truly valuable, is that which cannot be arbitrarily conferred, but which each man for himself must earn. Of true greatness, it may be averred that none can be born to it, none can have it thrust upon them, that he who would possess it must achieve it. The babe may bear an ancient name which time has rendered venerable, around which are clustered the associations of great deeds done in the old time when it first became historical, and which has gathered accumulated fame from the successive generations that have borne it. But though at the very day and hour of birth such a name and lineage may shed some glory on the child who inherits them, this, after all, is but a borrowed lustre; and if he can claim no more than this when life’s course is run, his is but a worthless honour. Even in this world’s annals of greatness, none can be included amongst the illustrious dead save those who have earned renown by noble deeds. The poet’s, philosopher’s, statesman’s, warrior’s fame, no fate or fortune can bestow. To the pinnacle of conventional rank the accident of birth may raise you, but would you gain a place amongst the few whom the world delights to honour, you must “climb the steep whence fame’s proud temple shines afar.” In this sense we can call no man happy before his death, for not till then can we know all that it was in him to accomplish. And when his work at length is done,—when the grave closes over the wise, the brave, the true,—over the wisdom that has grown ever riper with the years, or the genius that has been gaining fresh laurels to the last, or the heroism which no failure has ever tarnished, and which falls at last laden with a weight of accumulated honours,—surely in so far as the acquisition of true greatness is concerned, it must be pronounced that “the day of that man’s death is better than the day of his birth.”

And in the highest sense in which the words “a

good name" can be understood, the same thing is true. Whatever the conditions of birth in a religious point of view, whatever the Christian privileges, the advantages of education, or church, or home, there is one blessing they can never confer upon us. There is one thing which, as a mere gift, no power on earth can bestow, which by no arbitrary act of favouritism could Heaven itself confer. Goodness, moral excellence, Christian perfection,—that which these words denote is, according to the very conception of it, what cannot be given. It is not the boon of beneficence, but the result of effort. Through the struggles and self-denials, the long toils and sacrifices, the earnest, single-minded devotion of a Christian life, this prize by each Christian soul for itself must be won. There is indeed a love which we can never merit, a forgiving mercy which human effort has done nothing to gain, and yet which on us the undeserving, through Jesus Christ has been freely bestowed. Yet it is not the less true that God saves no man, confers heaven on no man, apart from the concurrence of his own will and energy. And, just as the social advantages to which a man is born do not of themselves ensure the attainment of great success in life, nay, may rather, by contrast with inherent weakness, provoke contempt, or by the missing of the great opportunities which they present, brand the idle or worthless with a deeper disgrace; so, all that infinite love and mercy have done for us, all that inheritance to which, as born in Christ's church and baptized in Christ's name, we succeed, may, if neglected or squandered, only serve, by increasing our responsibility, to darken our doom. No, in the church as in the world, in the roll of saintly as of earthly greatness, "a good name" must by earnest effort be won. And when it has been won, when, setting before himself a glorious ideal of excellence, a man through life with calm determination has pursued it, when baptized into the spirit of the cross, rising superior to the lures of ease or pleasure, the attractions of wealth, or the rarer charms of fame or power, that betray often the nobler natures to their ruin,—he has yielded up his life to the happiness of others, to the world's good, to the true progress of humanity,—when each year as it closes finds him riper in wisdom and richer in goodness,—nay, when no day passes without adding some new deed of nobleness to the sum of life's services, some fresh touch to the growing beauty and completeness of a Christ-like life,—when the last year, the last day of life finds him wiser, happier, better than all that went before, and into the garner of death the grand result of all the years is gathered—a nature true and tried, a fair and perfect soul,—what mourner, bending over the closing grave, even in the bitterness of irreparable bereavement, can refuse to say with the wise man, "The day of death is better than the day of one's birth?"

I remark, finally, that the day of a Christian's death is better than that of his birth, because, rightly viewed, his death-day is but a better birth-

day. It is the day of his entrance with a nobler nature into a grander world. "Our birth," it has been said in well-known words,

"is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

But that which a poetical imagination sees in the infant's birth, the eye of faith and hope discerns more truly in the Christian's death. What, seen from one side of death, is the setting, from the other, is but the rising of the soul on a world more glorious far than this. Nor does it pass in forgetfulness or nakedness to Him who is its eternal home. He who has lived nobly, loses not in death any one of the best results of life. The treasures of learning with which years of study and thought have enriched the mind, the wisdom and experience gained by long converse with men and things, the ripe judgment, the cultured taste, the exquisite susceptibility to all that is beautiful and noble in nature and life, the affections and sympathies expanding and deepening, growing in tenderness and purity to the last, above all, the high qualities that give dignity and greatness to man's moral nature—generosity, truthfulness, unselfishness, gentleness, humility, reverence, piety—nothing of all this is lost in the transition from time to eternity. Rich with all this accumulated spiritual wealth, does the soul enter on its new career. God has uses for it all. It is all precious to Him. He will not suffer one atom of it to be lost when he recalls the spirit to Himself.

The sentimentalist may sigh over the brevity and vanity of human existence, and speak of all that is great and noble in man and in human life as created only to become the prey of death. Struck by some instance of what we call untimely death, the premature extinction of some great and gifted mind, we are disposed sometimes to wonder at this strange squandering of what is so rare and invaluable. All this learning and experience, all this acuteness and polish of intellect, this slowly gathered wisdom, this ardour for truth and goodness, from which the world might so much have benefited—how sad and unaccountable that by one seemingly arbitrary stroke it should be destroyed! What mockery of human exertions that man should toil passionately and painfully for long years to gain that which, ere it has well begun to be used or enjoyed, is in one instant wantonly swept away! But does not this so common moralising betray after all a miserable narrowness and impiety? Why should we talk as if our little world were co-extensive with the universe, as if there might not be other and grander spheres of effort, other and greater work to be done in regions and worlds unknown, to which our Father, when He has need of them, calls our best and bravest-hearted away? Important though the world's work may be, do we not greatly exaggerate

when we speak as if in the measureless order of the universe, in the carrying on of the affairs and destinies of His boundless government, God might not have, for the highest minds, places of trust to be filled, plans and schemes to be developed, high and holy achievements to be performed, work to be done affording wider, grander scope for wisdom and energy and ardour, than this world's most momentous business and affairs? There is no waste of power when an able and gifted man is called from some obscure sphere to a position of dignity and responsibility. So, surely, there is no waste, no annihilation of what is most precious, no frustration of the long education of life, when, in the very midst of their years and their usefulness, God calls away the best and wisest of the sons of men to play their part on a wider, grander stage. The very fact that they are the best and wisest, may be the reason why they are earliest called. God cannot spare them longer from the greater destinies that await them. So, not seldom "the good die young, while they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust, burn to the socket." And even the hour in which we mourn over their untimely fall, is that in which they have attained their grandest exaltation,—while we talk of their sun as having gone down when it was yet day, already they have begun to shine as the stars for ever and ever. Death here is birth into immortality.

Compare, then, the two days spoken of, and

say which is the "better." The day when a great and good man dies is like the day of his birth, that on which he enters on a new existence. But the first birth was in feebleness, and unconsciousness, and ignorance; the second is in the noble maturity of powers ripened by the discipline of years. The first was the birth of a nature possessed at best of the negative innocence and guilelessness of infancy; the second is that of a nature purified by trial, strong with the strength of conquest, attired in raiment that has been "washed and made white by the blood of the Lamb." The former birthday beheld a weeping child clinging in blind instinct to the mother's breast, the latter witnesses a redeemed and glorified spirit, enfolded, in the ineffable consciousness of love and life, in the everlasting arms. An earthly home and a little circle of earthly friends welcomed at the first the new entrant on life: the glorious society of heaven, angels and spirits of the just made perfect, hail the coming of another brother born to immortality. The first birth was into a world whose beauty has been marred by sin and strife and care and crime; the second ushers the soul into the home of eternal purity,—a world on which the faintest shadow of evil can never rest,—the new heavens and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Who, then, if all this be so, can doubt that "the day of a man's death" may be "better than the day of his birth?"

TO THE EDITOR OF "GOOD WORDS."

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to request that you will allow me to set myself right with your readers, in a matter connected with my last "Plea for the Queen's English."

Mr. Moon has published a second rejoinder, written in a spirit, which, as I have no desire to imitate it, I shall refrain from characterising. The gravamen of his feeling against me consists in his having applied to himself certain expressions which I had used with an entirely different reference. It will, I think, be evident to any one that the epithets of which he complains are intended to describe, not himself, but the hypothetical reader whom he supposes capable of the misapprehensions which he adduces. Those who know me, will not want assuring that I am quite incapable of the discourtesies which he lays to my charge.

The worst I have said of Mr. Moon is, that he is no very formidable judge of pure English: an opinion which this his second rejoinder has strongly confirmed.

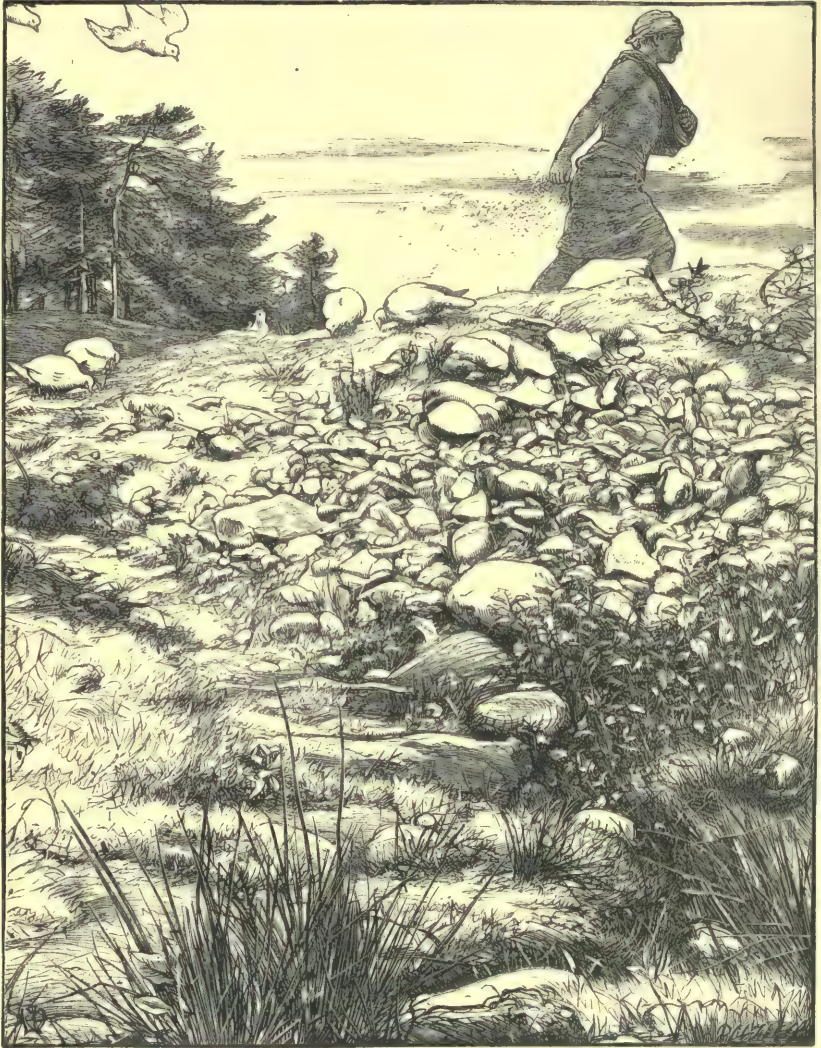
I am, my dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

HENRY ALFORD.

August 3, 1863.





THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

X.—THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

MATTHEW xiii. 3—23.

THE first snowdrop, the first green leaf on naked hedges, the first few notes that sounding from bush or tree break the long, dreary silence—still more the first smile that lights up an infant's face, its first gleam of intelligence, its first broken word, possess an interest and yield a pleasure peculiar to themselves. With more interest still—did the world hold such treasures—would we look on the first stanzas of Homer's muse; the first attempt of Archimedes' skill; the first oration of Demosthenes; the first sermon of Chrysostom; the first sketch of Rubens; though we could hope to see nothing in these but the dawn of talents, which, at maturity, produced their splendid works, and won them immortal fame. What gives the interest to these things, gives a peculiar interest to this parable. Others may be as instructive and as beautiful, but of all those parables that he strung like pearls on the thread of his discourses, this is the first Jesus ever spake. As peculiarly befitting him who came to sow saving truths broadcast on the world, no subject could form a more suitable introduction; and with the divine skill with which he chooses, Jesus handles the topic. For though his first, this parable bears no trace of the feebleness and imperfections that mark other, the greatest, men's earliest efforts—another illustration this of the words "He spake as never man spake," as with his foot on the waves, He walked as never man walked.

The circumstances in which our Lord was placed while—in addition to his look and voice—imparting to this discourse an impressiveness and liveliness which it loses within the dull walls either of church or room, very probably gave it its colour and form. A crowd eager to catch every word that fell from his blessed lips, surging and pressing forward, besieged the house, where, now answering the cavils of the Pharisees, and now expounding the mysteries of the Gospel, he talked to the people. Kind and considerate, our Lord—since faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God—that all might hear left the house; and, followed by a rushing, gathering throng, takes his way to the shores of the neighbouring lake. There is room enough for all there. On reaching it he enters a boat, converting it into a pulpit; and when by a few strokes of the oars in John's or Peter's hands, the boat is shot a short way out, he turns to address the multitude who throng the shore—sitting or standing, tier above tier, on its shelving sides.

Lighted by the sun, its roof heaven's own lofty dome, its walls the hills that girdled the lake, which, shining like a silver mirror, lay still and quiet at its Maker's feet, what edifice of man's ever offered preacher such a noble temple? The preacher was in keeping with the temple; no Barnabas, or Boanerges among the sons of the mighty to be likened to him who then and there, from the rude pulpit of a fishing-boat, consecrated shores, and fields, and hillsides for worship—teaching his servants to sow beside all waters; to be instant in season and out of season; and with all respect to the ordinary places and forms of divine service, to seize, without much regard either to time or place, every opportunity of preaching the blessed Gospel, and of saving them that are ready to perish. To fancy aright this scene, we must remember that the hills of Galilee, unlike those by some of our wild Highland lochs, do not descend right into the lake; nor, coming down steep and rocky, leave but a narrow footpath on the margin of the water. On the contrary, and especially on the western shores, between the feet of these hills and the lake, lies a broad belt of land, sloping gently down to the beach; and in our Lord's days, when the country teemed with inhabitants, and the shores all around were studded with towns and villages, this was cultivated by busy husbandmen, and rewarded their labour with abundant harvests. Now, it was on one of these fields which rose behind the throng, that our Lord's eye caught the object which suggested this parable. A man, very probably, like Martha, cumbered about many things, with a large family to support, with a heavy rent to meet, who thought he had no time, and perhaps had no inclination to drop work and join the crowd, comes forth from his house to sow. Jesus seizes the incident as the text for a sermon, a groundwork for instruction; and waving his hand so as to turn the eyes of the assembly on the husbandman, He begins the parable, saying, "Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

This man, let it be observed, was not sowing a field like those around this city, where with hedge or wall the farmer fences his field from wandering feet; and by breaking up the rough parts of the ground, carefully weeding the foul, and feeding the bare and barren, gives a uniform aspect to the whole. Agriculture, stimulated by trade or the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, has made

great progress since our Lord's days—rising from a comparatively rude art to the position of a science. And to enter fully into the scene of this parable and the meaning of its different parts, we must therefore leave these fat and fertile plains, to transport ourselves to those remote districts of the country where old customs linger, and the natural features of the landscape resemble those of the shores of Galilee. We find what we want in many of our Highland glens—the shores of their lakes presenting a counterpart of the field whose different features are woven into this parable. There, leading to a well, or to the nook where the boat lies moored, or to a neighbour's cottage, or to the parish church, we may see an old pathway skirting the borders of the field, or running right across it—in those places where the plough has rolled or rains have washed it down, the soil lies deep—elsewhere, on gravel or rocky knolls, it is poor and shallow—while here and there springing from cairns of stones, or parts imperfectly cleared and cultivated, whin and broom, the wild rose, ferns, birches and dwarf-willows, lend a beauty to the field which is more picturesque than profitable. In the corresponding features of that field which lay in sight of his floating pulpit, Jesus saw striking emblems of the hearers of his own, and also of every other, congregation. As such he uses them; and bringing to his task the unrivalled skill which turned birds into teachers, drew the noblest truths out of the meanest subjects, and found in common things fresh texts for uncommon sermons, he reaped a harvest from this field other and better far than sickles had ever done. Its owner had never cultivated it to such purpose as the Great Husbandman. The preacher makes more of it than the plough; no part lies barren in Jesus' hands; no golden crops that bowed their heads to the winds which swept the lake of Galilee like the truths he drew from its different soils!—in solemn and salutary warnings, in the revelation of his work, of his character, and of his gospel, making it yield a perpetual harvest of the bread of life, for the use of his own and all future ages.

THE SOWER.

Sheltered from the winds that played on the breezy summits of the mountains, the lake of Galilee reflected the face and form of Jesus—his image was mirrored in its glassy depths. And such a mirror is this parable; presenting in the sower a true emblem and image of Christ himself. Of that there can be no doubt, though he does not say so in as many words; saying, in his explanation of the parable, I am the Sower, as, pointing on one occasion to a vine clasping in its arms a rock, which it clothed with broad leaves and hung with purple clusters, he said, I am the Vine; or, on another occasion, pointing to the sun, as rolling out of the shadow of a cloud, or springing up from behind a hill, it bathed the whole landscape in golden glory, he said, I am the light of the world. With that kind and tender love which should touch and win our

hearts, Jesus, leaving his Father's bosom, descended on our world not only to procure, but to preach salvation; with his own hand to sow, in the furrows that repentance had made, the seeds of eternal life. With this end in view he sent the Baptist to proclaim his advent, and prepare his way. In the order of things ploughing goes before sowing. The soil must be broken up, and, stirring it to its depths, the iron must enter its bosom, that verdure in summer may clothe, and tall sheaves in autumn crowd the field. Now, what the man with the plough is to his fellow who, with a sowing sheet around him, casts the grain into the open furrows, John Baptist, denouncing vice, unmasking hypocrites, sparing neither prince nor peasant, priests nor people, but calling all to repentance, was to Jesus Christ. He went sternly through the land, like an iron ploughshare,—breaking up the fallow ground, and preparing men to receive the tidings of salvation which Christ came to preach. Sovereigns do sometimes grant pardons; but, so far as I know, they never bring them. Little affected by the miseries of the wretch whose sighs and groans confined within stone walls never penetrate the palace to disturb the sleep or dash the pleasures of the court, kings content themselves with sending pardons through servants and cold officials; and such a thing as one leaving his palace, bending his steps to the prison, flying on wings of love, with his own lips to announce the tidings, and hear with his own ears, sound sweeter than finest music, the cry of joy from one plucked from the jaws of death, is untold in history. But Christ so loved us that he came himself with the good news. He who at a great price procured liberty to the captive also proclaimed it; and he who made this earth stood on it a preacher of salvation. No wonder Paul magnified his office, considering who had filled it; and no doubt it was the pleasure Jesus felt in the good news he preached which so glowed in his countenance, and lent such tenderness, and power, and pathos to his oratory, that a woman who heard him cried, Blessed is the womb that bare thee,—and his very enemies confessed, Never man spake like that man. Thus he sowed. Would that all his servants caught his spirit, and came to the pulpit wearing his mantle!

They are sowers also. Every preacher of the Gospel is a sower of the seed: and though the whole scene of this parable is now changed, and Galilee's lake lies among her silent hills, still a beautiful, but now a lonely sheet of water—though her shores are furrowed by no plough, and her sea by no fisherman's keel—though her cities live only in the pages of history, and have no place but on the geographer's map—though the traveller finds little there to remind him of Jesus but the waves that sustained his form, and the storms that as they sweep and vex the lake recall the memorable night when, waked from deep and dreamless slumbers, he rose to bid winds and waves be still—though eighteen hundred long years are gone, still I may make use of the words with which Jesus

began his first public discourse, when, having read a passage from Isaiah, he closed the book and lifted up his head to say, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears. When bells have rung out, and the congregation, whether coming from hamlets and farms along sweet country roads, or from their houses through dry and dusty streets, are assembled, and, as they wait in silence, a man enters the pulpit in robe of office or in ordinary attire, it may be said, as truly as on the day when Christ was the preacher and a boat the pulpit, Behold, a sower went forth to sow. It is the same seed we sow; and, in their hearts, congregations still present the same varieties of soil; but what a difference between this sower and his successors; his skill and our rudeness; his power and our weakness; his love and our cold affections; his burning zeal and our feeble fires; the light of the world and the flame of a taper—ay, the brightest star that ever shone in the firmament of the Church! Well may we say with Paul, "Brethren, pray for us!"

"Except the Lord do build the house
The builders lose their pain,
Except the Lord the city keep
The watchmen watch in vain."

The Spirit in Christ's day, not yet given in showers, or otherwise than in scattered drops, even he himself sowed to little purpose; a few hundred converts—the whole result of his labours, and of such labours, how little the joy, how scant the harvest? What, then, can sustain the preacher in his study or his pulpit, but faith in the promises, in God's own word that, by his own Spirit, he will with the foolish things of the world so confound the wise, and with the weak things of the world so confound the things that are mighty, that "he who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

THE SEED.

This, as Christ explains, is "the word of the Kingdom,"—those saving, Bible truths of which Paul speaks, saying, Woe be unto me if I preach not the Gospel. His kingdom, it is "*the kingdom*" by way of excellence, there being no other of which, having seen the rise, it shall not see also the fall—*the kingdom*, in contradistinction to those which rivers, shores, or mountains bound—many of which founded in injustice, and maintained by oppression, have tyrants for their rulers, and for their subjects slaves; and all of which, if I may judge the future by the past, have this course to run—born, they grow, arrive at maturity, flourish for a longer or shorter period, then begin to decay; and, sinking under the infirmities of age, or falling by the hands of violence, at length expire—their palaces a heap of ruins, their kings a handful of dust.

As different from these in its character as in its duration, the kingdom here is that over which Jesus reigns—justice his law, love his rule, mercy

his sceptre, peace his government, and the only weapon he employs to conquer his enemies and govern his subjects, the Bible. By that he rules; on that his kingdom rests—God's inspired Word, true without any mixture of error, and suffering as little from the assaults of sceptics, secret or avowed, as yon castle rock from the storms which, raving and howling around its solid crags, have blown, but not blown it away.

In regard to the figure here. None—not leaven with its assimilating power, nor light with its illuminating rays, nor bread with its nutritious elements, nor water as it springs sparkling from a mossy fountain to parched and thirsty lips—none sets forth the word of God better than this of seed. For example:—

There is life in Seed.—Dry and dead as it seems, let a seed be planted with a stone-flashing diamond, or burning ruby; and while that in the richest soil remains a stone, this awakes and, bursting its husky shell, rises from the ground to adorn the earth with beauty, perfume the air with fragrance, or enrich men with its fruit. Such life there is in all, but especially in Gospel, truth. It lives when we die—as the old martyr exclaimed, when he stood bound to the fiery stake, Me you may kill; the truth you cannot! This is the incorruptible and immortal seed; and though ornaments, polish, illustrations, eloquence in sermons may help the end in view, as feathers do the arrow's flight, or their wings the thistle-downs, as they float, sailing through the air, to distant fields, it is to the truth of God's Word, blessed by God's Spirit, that sinners owe their conversion, and saints their quickening and comfort in the house of God. The patient is healed by the medicine, not by what gilds it: the hungry are fed by the meat, not by what garnishes it; these fields crowded with joyous reapers and covered with golden sheaves show the life that was in the seed, not in the sower, or in the soil; and conversions being due not to the human talent but to the divine truths in the sermon, the greatest as well as the feeblest preachers have to say, Not unto us, not unto us; but unto thee, O Lord, be all the glory!

There is force in Seed.—Buried in the ground a seed does not remain inert,—lie there in a living tomb. It forces its way upward, and with a power quite remarkable in a soft, green, feeble blade, pushes aside the dull clods that cover it. Wafted by winds or dropped by passing bird into the fissure of a crag, from weak beginnings the acorn grows into an oak—growing till by the forth-putting of a silent but continuous force, it heaves the stony table from its bed, rending the rock in pieces. But what so worthy to be called the power as well as the wisdom of God as that Word which, lodged in the mind, and accompanied by the divine blessing, fed by showers from heaven, rends hearts, harder than the rocks, in pieces? "He that hath my word," says God, "let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord!

Is not my word like as a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

There is a power of propagation in Seed.—Thus a single grain of corn would, were the produce of each season sown again, so spread from field to field, from country to country, from continent to continent, as in the course of a few years to cover the whole surface of the earth with one wide harvest,—employing all the sickles, filling all the barns, and feeding all the mouths in the world. Such an event, indeed, could not happen in nature, because each latitude has its own productions, and there is no plant formed to grow alike under the sun of Africa, and amid the snows of Greenland. It is the glory of the Gospel, and one of the evidences of its divine origin that it can: and, unless prophecy fail, that it shall. There is not a shore which shall not be sown with this seed; not a land but shall yield harvests of glory to God and of souls for heaven. By revolutions that are overturning all things, by war's rude and bloody share, and otherwise, God is breaking up the fallow ground, and ploughing the earth for a glorious seed time. The seed that sprang up in Bethlehem shall wave over arctic snows and desert sands: and as every shore is washed by one sea, and every land that lies between the poles is girdled by one atmosphere, and every drop of blood that flows in human veins belongs to one great family of brothers, so in God's set time men of every colour and tongue shall cherish a common faith, and trust in a common Saviour. It was of that, and of this seed time, the Psalmist spoke, when standing on the heights of prophecy, and looking along the vista of distant ages, he said, "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." "His name,"—referring to Christ—"His name shall endure for ever; men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed." Thus the seer spake; and while we echo his devout "Amen and Amen," let us pray, Even so come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

THE SOIL.

Hearers represented by the Wayside.—"When he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up." Nothing more likely to happen! No care, with broad cast sowing, could prevent some seed falling on the pathway where, as that was beaten hard by the feet of passengers, it lay exposed to birds which, as all know, in spring, ere buds have burst, or sunny skies tempted insects forth, or genial showers called worms from their holes, often suffer from want of food. Made bold by hunger, our birds, some from the woods sailing on raven's wing, others with snowy plumage from neighbouring shores, attend the ploughman as he turns up the furrows and their food; so yonder in the fields of Galilee they watch the motions of the husbandmen, and sweep down from rock or tree to pick up the grains that lie on the beaten road.

The explanation of this scene Jesus gives in these words; "When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one, and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart; this is he which received seed by the wayside"—Mark says, "Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word"—Luke says, "Then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved." Again I say, nothing more likely to happen. Some who carefully cultivate their fields, or their gardens, or their business, or their minds, take no pains whatever to cultivate their hearts. The Bible neglected, prayer, unless as a mere form, a plough passed over the surface, unused, no serious thought given from week's end to week's end to another world and their precious souls, their hearts are like ground ploughshare has never entered. Worse still, in a worse state than an uncultivated waste, the world with its many, hurrying, heavy feet has been trampling over their poor hearts the whole week through—day by day, year by year, from early childhood, perhaps, to grey old age; till under the ceaseless tread and tramp and traffic of worldly thoughts, unholly desires, selfish and evil passions, they have grown harder with time, and become as unimpressible and impenetrable almost as a stone. They are without God in the world. He is in the sky above and in the earth beneath them, in the air they inhale and in the bread they eat, by their side when they walk and by their bed when they sleep, everywhere but where most of all he should be: he is not in all their thoughts; and bringing to his house hearts as hard as the flags they walk on, no wonder that their hearing and our preaching is vain!

The case as painted in this parable, and in truth,—for this is no fiction,—is worse still. So bad, indeed, that but for the mercy that pities the poorest sinners, and the might that can turn a heart of stone into one of flesh, we could cherish no hope of doing them any good. Wherever there is a preacher in the pulpit, there is a devil among the pews,—busy, watching the words that fall from the speaker's lips to catch them away, and, by the idle, worldly, evil thoughts—the birds that pick up the seed—which he intrudes on them, to prevent the word making an impression or remove any it happens to make. What an illustration of this the speech which a dying, despairing man addressed to one under whose ministry he had sat for twenty years! I have never, he cried, heard a single sermon! The minister, to whom his face was quite familiar, who had known him for years as a regular attendant at church, looked astonished—fancied that he was raving under the delirium of his approaching end. No, not at all! The man was in his sad and sober senses. I attended church, he explained, but my habit was, so soon as you began the sermon, to begin a review of last week's trade, and to anticipate and arrange the business of the next. Now, in like manner, to a greater or less extent, Satan deals

with thousands who occupy pews in the church. Doing so, distracting their attention, playing with their fancy, carrying away their minds to outside scenes of business or pleasure, "lest they should believe and be saved." Thus he destroys souls, not in his own devilish haunts, but in the very house of God; wrecking them at the very mouth of the harbour; slaying them on the very steps of the altar; turning their attendance on ordinances into a means of hardening their hearts and aggravating their final, dreadful doom, he, if I may say so, seethes the kid in its mother's milk. Since Christ's own presence did not scare the fiend from the room where the disciples had met for the Church's greatest and most solemn rite; since, stealing into the chamber, he entered into Judas when his hand was dipped into the same dish with Christ's, how should we watch, keep our hearts and keep our feet when we enter the house of God,—in the words of Peter, Be sober, be vigilant, because our adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

Hearers represented by the Stony Ground.—In Spring, before the growth hides the ground, I have seen fields sown out with corn so thick of stones that they seemed the substitutes for soil. I have heard people wonder what could induce any man in his senses to cultivate such land; yet they would wonder more to see the crops such soil, where the roots wind round the stones and bore away down in search of food, yields to the reaper's sickle. It is not such ground, though misunderstanding the term *stony ground* some may suppose so, which is described here; but that which, while the other parts of the field are green and healthy is marked in summer by a yellow, sickly hue. There the soil lies shallow—spread like a skin on bones of rock: and so, though a braird soon appears with fair and early promise of an abundant crop, the plants, having no depth of earth, are scorched by the sun; and, drawing no nourishment from the rock which their roots embrace, soon wither away.

In explanation of this part of the parable, our Lord says, "He that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended," or, as it is given by Luke, "They on the rock are they, which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away." These are alarming words. The matter is more serious than it was, since other than wayside hearers miss heaven. What have we here? the word listened to with attention; with more, much more than attention; with such feelings as a man under sentence of death hears the news of his pardon, or men on a wreck, lashed to the mast, hanging on the shrouds, hear the cry, the joyful cry, A boat! a life boat! People count on heaven to whom the Sabbath is a weariness, and a sermon

dulness; yet here are those who, though they receive the word, according to one Evangelist, with "joy," and according to another with "gladness," come short of eternal life. Nor is the impression the truth produces a mere feeling, a passing emotion; vanishing with the tears it brings to their eyes; going down like the sea-swell when winds are hushed; dying away like some sweet strain of music when the hand is removed that struck the trembling strings. On the contrary the impression passes out into expression; they move out of the passive into the active state—making a good profession, and entering on the practice of religion. More, and more marked still, as the braird on shallow ground rises sooner than that which springs from deeper soil, the conversion (as it is supposed to be) of stony ground hearers is often marked by precocious piety, and a forward, flaming zeal. I have known most melancholy instances of that; and in all such cases, as some have fearfully illustrated, the last state of such persons is worse than the first. Let all of us take warning; let each prove his own work—whether he has in true, saving faith what is the root of the matter.

Paul had such hearers, whom he addresses, saying, "Ye did run well, what did hinder you?" John Baptist had many such, and in Herod a distinguished one—the only king, so far as I know, who felt such interest in religion as to break through established routine and leave his court chaplains to listen to a street preacher. His conduct in this matter, the pleasure he felt in the ministry of the fearless and faithful Baptist, the many things he did at John's bidding and advice, were full of promise—never soil was covered with a greener braird—never sky was lighted with a brighter dawn. He dured for a while; then fell away—and what a fall!—quenching the hopes, which God's people had begun to cherish of a pious king, in the blood of the martyred, murdered preacher. Not Paul, or the Baptist only, but our Lord himself had many such hearers. Crowds followed him; tracked his steps from city to city, from shore to shore—hanging on his lips, thronging the streets through which he passed, and besieging the houses where he lodged. The day was once when ten thousand tongues would have spoken and ten thousand swords would have flashed in his defence; and the day arrived when, during for a while, they fell away; and of the crowds that swelled his jubilant train, all, all deserted him—the only voice lifted up in his behalf coming from the cross of a dying thief.

The explanation of these, and of all cases where religion disappears and dies out under the influence either of temptation or of persecution lies here—they had no root, no true faith. Convictions were mistaken for conversion; admiration of the servant for attachment to his master; an appreciation of the moral beauties of the gospel for an appreciation of its holiness; the pleasures of emotion, or such gratification as taste enjoys in a beautiful discourse, for the pleasures of piety. Beneath such promising

appearances there lies a stony heart; and so when the tests of suffering or of temptation are applied, they fall away, like the multitude who, offended at Jesus' saying, walked no more with him.

Where however there is true faith, his people, thank God, need not much dread such trials. Resting firmly on the Rock of Ages, they are as Mount Zion which cannot be moved. To borrow the figure here, the hotter the sun, if the heavens send it showers, and the earth give it soil, the plant grows the taller and the stronger—grace growing in converted hearts like corn in strong, deep, rich, well watered soils. The warmer the summer, the richer the harvest.

Those represented by the Ground with Thorns.—Of the seed our Lord says "Some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them;" explaining it thus, "He also that receiveth seed among the thorns is he that heareth the word, and the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and," as Mark adds, "the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."

The regions which lie mid-way between the equator and the poles are proved by experience to be most favourable to life and its enjoyments; and so those conditions which lie mid-way between the opposite extremes of poverty and riches, are found most conducive to man's spiritual welfare. The proof of that which this parable, as well as many other passages of Scripture, presents, should warn both rich and poor of their peculiar dangers; and teach contentment to such of us as are fortunate enough to be neither harassed with the cares of poverty, nor tempted by the deceitfulness of riches. The danger and deceitful influence of riches, their tendency to turn our thoughts away from another world, and drown such concern for the soul as providences or preachers may have awakened, in the cup of pleasure, is awfully expressed in the saying of our Lord, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Dr. Johnson put the point well when, on Garrick showing him his beautiful mansion and grounds, the great moralist and good man laid his hand kindly on the player's shoulder, and said, "Ah! David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!"

The equally dangerous and deadly influence of great poverty I may illustrate by a scene which I have not forgotten, nor can forget. Alone, in the garret of a dilapidated house, within a wretched room, stretched on a pallet of straw, covered only by some scanty, filthy rags, with no fire in the empty chimney, and the winter wind blowing in cold and fitful gusts through the broken, battered window, an old woman lay, feeble, wasted, grey. She had passed the eleventh hour; the hand was creeping on to the twelfth. Had she been called? It was important to turn to the best account the few remaining sands of life; so I spoke to her of her soul, told her of a Saviour—urging her to prepare for that other world on whose awful border

her spirit was hovering. She looked; she stared; and raising herself on her elbow, with chattering teeth, and ravenous look, muttered "I am cold and hungry." Promising help, I at the same time warned her that there was something worse than cold and hunger. Whereupon, stretching out a naked and skinny arm, with an answer which if it did not satisfy the reason touched the feelings, she said, "If you were as cold and as hungry as I am, you could think of nothing else." The cares of the world were choking the word.

And so may, what Mark calls, "the lusts of other things" do—in such as are placed in the happy medium between wealth and want, strangling good thoughts in their very birth; destroying the fairest promises of conversion. Let me illustrate this also by an example. Robert Burns, who had times of serious reflection, in one of which, as recorded by his own pen, he beautifully compares himself, in the review of his past life, to a lonely man walking amid the ruins of a noble temple, where pillars stand dismantled of their capitals, and elaborate works of purest marble lie on the ground, overgrown by tall, foul, rank weeds—was once brought, as I have heard, under deep convictions. He was in great alarm. The seed of the word had begun to grow. He sought counsel from one called a minister of the Gospel. Alas, that in that crisis of his history he should have trusted the helm to the hands of such a pilot! This so-called minister laughed at the poet's fears—bade him dance them away at balls, drown them in bowls of wine, fly from these phantoms to the arms of pleasure. Fatal, too pleasant advice! He followed it: and "the lusts of other things" entering in, choked the word.

Now, be it woman's household cares or the anxieties and annoyances of man's business, the harassments of poverty or the enticements of wealth, the pursuit of fame or power, or pleasure, whatever in short it be that engrosses our attention, and, stealing our thoughts from God, and our hearts from heaven, counteracts the holy influences of Bibles, churches, sermons, Sabbaths, it is choking the word. We need to be on our guard. It is not the green and tender corn only which is smothered. I have seen the stately tree, with roots struck deep in the soil, and giant arms that had battled with the tempest, fall a prey to a low and ignoble creeper; fastening on it, rising on it, twining its pliant branches around the massive trunk, binding it more and more closely in its fatal embraces, the weak thing strangled the strong—to death. What but God's great grace and mercy, the timely interposition of Heaven, in his peril and extremity saved King David from becoming a ruin, a wreck as great as Demas the apostate, or Judas the traitor? The devil's hand was fastened on his throat, when Nathan appeared to loose it. Watch, therefore, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation—Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Those represented by the Good Ground.—"He,"

says our Lord, "that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word and understandeth [Mark says "receiveth"] it: which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, in some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty;" or, as it is given by Luke, "The good ground are they which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience." In these words we are presented with certain salient, distinctive points of character,—touchstones, by which each man may, and should, try himself. In doing little else than indicating these, I remark of true Christians,

First, *They receive the Word.* In their case it does not, so to speak, go in at the one ear, and come out at the other. It does not fall on their minds to run off like water from a stone; it falls, but it is as seed into a furrow, to lodge itself in their hearts. They do not reject, but receive it.

Secondly, *They understand it,*—appreciate its value; feel its power; and "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." But "the darkness," as the apostle John says, "comprehendeth it not." Did others comprehend, understand the truth in the highest sense of the term, would they act as they do? No! no more than a man, even a child, who understood the nature of fire, would walk into the burning flames. Did yonder savage know, or even dream of, its value, would he give a handful of gold to purchase a few worthless beads, a looking-glass, some fragile, infant's toy? Still less would yonder sinner, did he rightly understand the meaning of God's wrath, of God's love, of the cross of Calvary, of eternity, pawn his soul and peril its salvation for pleasures which perish in the using.

Thirdly, *They keep the Word:* as—in contradistinction to soils that puffed up by winter frosts throw out, or others that starve, their plants—good ground keeps the corn. Esteemed a treasure more precious than gold, yea than much fine gold, they lay the word in their hearts, locking it up there.—Its effect on others is temporary, as truths written on sands within the tide-mark where waves roll in, nor leave a letter there. On them its effects are permanent, not passing; deep, not shallow; the work of God's Spirit, not of man's powers of persuasion; such as Job wished: "Oh that my words were written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen in the rock for ever!" With hearts where the tenderness of flesh is associated with the tenaciousness of stone, as granite keeps the letters of its inscription, so they "keep the Word."

Fourthly, *They bring forth Fruit.*—In the form of good works, of unselfish, gentle, and heavenly dispositions, of useful, noble, holy, and Christian lives, they bring forth fruit—some much; some little; but all some. "Neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ," they prove their faith by their works. So living, within a wide or narrow circle, when they die they are missed: and their memory, while "the name of the wicked shall rot," embalmed in their virtues and long preserved from decay, remains fragrant,—as withered rose-leaves in a vase of spices.

Such are some of the points which distinguish real Christians from those who, however fair, are mere professors. The key to all lies here—they have, what is meant by the "good ground," a good heart,—what Luke calls "an honest and good heart,"—in other words a true and a new heart. Implanted at conversion, entailed on no heir, the natural inheritance of no man, this heart is found in those only who, born again of the Holy Ghost, have received the truth in the love of it. Its presence or absence explains what is otherwise inexplicable—in the same family, some reprobate and others religious; among disciples of the same Master, a Judas and a John; hanging one on each side of the same cross, an impenitent and a penitent thief; leaving the same church after listening to the same sermon, one sinner converted and another hardened. How important,—the term is too feeble,—how indispensable, absolutely indispensable, would men be saved, nor go to hell with a Bible hung like a millstone round their neck, this new heart! God can give it. He has given it wherever it has been got. There is nothing in the grains of corn to change bad ground into good; but this seed has the wondrous power of changing the nature of the soil. Blessed of God, the truth sanctifies. What therefore though the heart by nature is like a stone? The finest soils of earth were once stone; and He who by the action of stormy waves and stupendous icebergs ground down the rocks which reared their naked, rugged heads above the waste of waters into soil where now the ploughman draws his furrows and flashing sickles reap their richest harvests, can work such changes on hearts of stone. And he will, if we ask him. "If a son," says our Lord, "shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"



NEEDLEWOMEN.

THERE may be some few occupations followed by women whose hardships have escaped notice, but needlework is certainly not amongst the number. In its various forms, from the stitching of a coal-sack, or a pair of fustian trousers in Shoreditch, to the construction of a gauzy court dress as large as a balloon in May-fair, it has received every attention from poets, journalists, and philanthropists. No branch of women's labour has given birth to so many poetic wails, so many parliamentary investigations, so many letters in the newspapers, and so many suggestions by individuals and private committees.

A quarter of a century has glided by since its most painful features were dragged into the light, and still it continues fruitful of public scandals. If a young woman commits suicide by throwing herself into the river, if a middle-aged woman is found starved to death in a garret or a cellar, if another young woman—more delicately nurtured—is found dead, poisoned by bad air, over-work, and overcrowding in a West-end sleeping loft, the world is never astonished to hear that they were all needlewomen. The name of sempstress is so associated with misery, poverty, and oppression, that such an end is nearly always expected from such an employment.

As usual where very low wages necessarily prevail—the result of the market being thoroughly glutted with labourers—the employers are abused for not doing impossibilities. It is so easy for a mass of clamorous and indignant people to ask somebody to benefit somebody else, that the request is always loudly made. Most “charitable suggestions” which appear in the public prints at a time of great popular excitement on some social question have this peculiarity, and it is therefore hardly surprising that they are seldom attended to. Some of these suggestions or demands—such as calling upon a particular employer to pay a sentimental rate of wages for the production of some article of universal consumption—are made with the most wonderful obstinacy, stupidity, and regularity. Though it may be shown, over and over again, that the employer is utterly helpless in such a case—that he has no more power to raise the rate of wages than to raise the tide six hours before its time—he is still asked and expected to do it. Because he remains passive, he is abused and pelted with hard names; is called an oppressor and grinder-down of the poor, and is pointed at in every way as a fit object to be sacrificed to popular indignation. In some cases he is driven to withdraw his capital from the hateful business, which diminishes the fund that finds employment for the workpeople; in others he is driven to encourage the invention of machinery which largely displaces labour. Since the “*Song of the Shirt*” created its nine days’ sensation, and the hundreds of articles based upon it

did all they could to cause a mutual hatred between employers and employed, the sewing machine has been perfected and adopted in every needlework establishment. Like all machinery, it has benefited the general public by cheapening the cost of production, and, in doing this, has rudely but wholesomely compelled thousands of half-starved needlewomen to seek other employments. It has enabled one active worker to stitch, hem, fell, bind, cord, gather, and embroider with a speed equal to ten ordinary sempstresses on materials varying from the thinnest muslin to the thickest cloth.

Public attention, however, is not so much drawn at the present moment to the miserable needlework slavery of the East-end, as to the condition of the dressmakers and milliners at the West-end of London. The recent death of a young dressmaker at one of the most fashionable court milliners, has caused so much public excitement and discussion, that the whole vexed needlework question has been re-opened, and a royal commission has been appointed to collect evidence and make a report. The readiness with which these commissions are now granted, contrasts strongly with the obstructive policy formerly adopted by Governments. Very little action, however, is now taken on the recommendation of such commissions, and they seem to be granted with a view of shelving troublesome subjects. If they ever answer the purpose of their promoters, it is by the publicity which they gain for their collected evidence and reports in the various newspapers. In 1842 one of these royal commissions disclosed the hardships and sufferings which thousands of young women and girls were then enduring from overwork and overcrowding in dressmaking establishments. The evidence then taken led to the formation of an “*Association for the Aid and Benefit of Dressmakers and Milliners*,” which still exists at New Bond Street, under the management of Miss Newton. The president of this Society is the Earl of Shaftesbury, and amongst the vice-presidents is the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P. The committee of ladies still includes, amongst many others, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Argyle, Viscountess Sydney, Viscountess Jocelyn, Lady Ebury, and Miss Burdett Coutts. The chief objects of the Association are—to establish a provident fund and a registry of workwomen and employers; to afford skilful medical attendance to the young women at a very trifling expense; to promote an improved system of ventilation in the workrooms; to induce ladies to allow sufficient time for the execution of orders; to afford pecuniary assistance to deserving young persons in cases of temporary distress or difficulty; to induce the principals of dressmaking and millinery establishments to limit the periods of actual work to twelve hours each day, and to

abolish, in all cases, working on Sundays. The abolition of Sunday work has been chiefly due to the exertions of this Association, but long hours of employment are still customary, and the "season" is still as exacting as ever. In 1855, a bill was introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Shaftesbury, for limiting and regulating the hours of work in the London millinery establishments, but this was very wisely rejected by a committee of the House, who reported against it after taking evidence. It was felt that a short-hour bill to limit the time-contracts between full-grown, thinking young women and their employers, would be a well-meaning but mischievous and ridiculously inoperative piece of legislation. The principle of the Factory Act, on which this bill appeared to be based, was not to prevent men and women working overtime, but to prevent them selling the excessive labour of their children. As an attempt will probably be made next Session to revive this bill, it is as well at once to state this honest objection to it.

The needlewomen of London, if we include all those who are partly as well as wholly dependent upon needlework for support, number at least one hundred thousand: the acknowledged sempstresses form nearly fifty thousand of this total, and twenty thousand of this fifty thousand may be classed under the head of milliners and dressmakers. Out of this last twenty thousand, not more than one-tenth, or two thousand, indoor needlewomen are spread amongst the employers in the West-end and the circle round it. These workpeople may be divided into assistants, improvers, and apprentices, and they are distributed in the average proportion of about five residents to each house of business. The very centre of the fashionable circle, however, where the cream of the cream of "court milliners" is found, is far more thickly planted with these "young people." Twenty, thirty, forty, and even sixty indoor needlewomen are found in each of these leading establishments, and here it is that the root of the overwork evil really lies. The area is remarkably small compared with the whole field of needleworkers. The houses may number about twenty, the workers may number about five or six hundred. We are not prepared to assert that no instances of overwork and consequent physical suffering can be found outside this narrow circle, nor that millinery and dressmaking is the most healthy of all female sedentary employments.

Overwork is too common in all businesses where the rate of wages is low, and the results of prolonged sedentary occupation are too notorious, to warrant such an assertion; but inasmuch as the whole trade of millinery and dressmaking is not now upon its trial, we may be pardoned for merely looking at what is immediately before us. The recent lamentable death of a young needlewoman at the West-end occurred in one of the most fashionable houses of business, and the outcry that has been raised has been about the system pursued in

those few houses. That system is soon explained. "The girls in the large London houses"—(so says an address lately issued by the Committee of the Ladies' Sanitary Association)—"are, with a few exceptions, thoroughly respectable. Character is required by the managers, and is maintained in their establishments. This is a great point, for many of them [the young women] are orphans, often well-educated and well-conducted, to whom character is dearer than life. In a good house of business they are able to secure protection. A girl is usually sent to the business at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and bound for about three years. A premium of from twenty pounds to fifty pounds is paid on entrance, and she receives board and lodging during the time of her apprenticeship. At the end of that time she becomes an 'improver' for one year or more, receives her board and lodging, but is still dependent on her own resources for her other wants. By this time her little capital is generally exhausted, and she begins to earn a salary varying according to her abilities from twelve pounds to fifty pounds a year." This is a fair statement of this part of the case. "Talent," as it is called by the employers—that is, extraordinary taste, judgment, or power of forcing sales, is of course paid for much more liberally, and salaries varying from sixty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, with board and lodging, are frequently given to these valuable "hands." The in-door workers are paid just as much during the slack time, from September to March inclusive, as they are for the busy time, or "Season," from April to August inclusive. They are allowed holidays varying from a fortnight to three months, during which time they receive their salaries, though of course they board with their friends. Much importance is attached, and perhaps justly, to the family protection given to these in-door workers, but the fact is overlooked that uncontrolled liberty is allowed them every Sunday.

The out-door workers, who, it may be unjustly, are regarded as a lower moral class, either take the work away to their lodgings, or work for stated hours in the house each day, coming in the morning, and going away at night, like clerks or warehousemen. Their average wages may be twelve or fourteen shillings a-week, and they are generally stronger than the in-door workers, probably because they work for shorter periods and get more exercise.

During the "Season"—from April to August, in the area we have named, that is, in the houses of the twenty chief "Court milliners,"—it may be taken for granted that the in-door workers, not always including the younger apprentices, are kept at close labour for fourteen or sixteen hours a-day for many days together. "Taking the year round" (says a fashionable Court milliner, who gave evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords, touching the system pursued in her own establishment), "I should think the young people work twelve hours a-day, because I give three months',

or six weeks', or a month's holiday to every one. To show that ours is a business solely for the season, I am glad to give holidays, because I have nothing for the young people to do out of the season. The nature of our business is different to any other; being a business of high fashion, the whole of that business must be transacted in five months, and we have to keep the establishment the rest of the year without paying our expenses. If it were a question of ten or twelve hours' labour a-day all the year round, that would answer our purpose much better than the present arrangement, because everybody would live out of the house, and we should have no one to keep when we have no work to do. As it now is, we pay enormously for talent, as much as sixty, eighty, and a hundred pounds a-year for the first talent, and keep it six months without doing anything scarcely, in order that we may have it when we want it. It is impossible to say exactly the number of hours we work: at times the young people come into the work-rooms at nine, and leave at four or five; at other times they come at seven and leave at ten. From seven to eleven are the longest hours that any one works in my house, except on the occasion of a Queen's drawing-room, a funeral, or a marriage-order, when we are compelled to work until it is done. I could not refuse work which will support my establishment the remaining time of the year: I must do it when it is offered to me: I cannot get it at other times. If the ladies could order their Court dresses, and their dresses for the Queen's balls, and their toilets for the Spring, during our leisure-time, we should make it a very profitable business indeed; but that cannot be done, inasmuch as the mode is not named for the season, nor are the fabrics ready. The Queen gives very short notices very often. Ladies come to me as late as four o'clock in the afternoon, and say: 'I want a head-dress; I am going by the four o'clock train to Windsor to-morrow,' and I am obliged to get it ready. Then I have a great many things to get done for the mail-train on the next night, perhaps for a wedding in the north of England, or for a funeral in the west: we dare not refuse these orders, because, if we did, the ladies would go to another house and get served, and we should lose their custom for ever."

This is a statement of the mistress's side of the case, made by a competent and confident witness, who was evidently free from any pressure or fear of philanthropic or other patrons. On the other hand, those who plead the cause of the workwomen state that the pressure of the "Season's" work is generally too much for the young people in the fashionable houses. They believe that the system could not be kept up but for the constant succession of fresh workers who come from the country to supply the places of those who break down under the exertion. They assert (without stating on what evidence, if any) that not one in a hundred passes through this ordeal with unimpaired health. "In

the first place" (say the Ladies' Sanitary Association, before quoted), "the most moderate amount of sedentary labour would be unhealthy if relieved by no exercise whatever. The apprentices seldom cross the threshold, except on Sundays. The rooms in which they work are nearly always badly ventilated; the rooms in which they sleep are worse. Add to this a yearly strain of four months' duration, when all the bodily powers are daily and systematically overtaken, when sixteen hours' daily labour are demanded from these victims of fashion,—sitting all these hours in close rooms, or, still worse, standing over some delicate material which must not be injured by a touch, no wonder that they frequently faint at their task; indeed, this is so common, that little or no notice is taken of it. Constant headache and pains in the back, loss of sight and loss of appetite, ending in complete prostration and consumption, are the results. We have the evidence of dressmakers who have married or gone into business, to prove that permanent injury is done to the health even of the strongest. Among the former we have numerous instances of distressing weakness from functional derangement, clearly traceable to the work, entailing great debility upon the sufferers, and without doubt upon their children."

The evils resulting from bad ventilation in crowded workrooms, and from overcrowding in sleeping-rooms, can hardly be overrated, and any agitation or even interference that will lessen these evils will be thoroughly welcome. Most of the great millinery houses are either in old-fashioned back streets where the rooms are small and dark—as in many parts of May-fair—or in a fashionable thoroughfare, like Regent Street, where rents are enormously high. Of course the best rooms are reserved for show and reception-rooms, and no one who has seen the space which a single court-dress, in all its virgin glory, will occupy, can wonder that the largest apartments are secured to display such products of the milliner's art. The dining-room is often a cheerless apartment on the basement; the workrooms, the low-roofed second and third floors, with extensions, and the sleeping-rooms, the garrets at the top of the house, and a few stray side rooms and lumber closets. Arrangements of this kind, in some measure inevitable, are undoubtedly bad; but we have no evidence to show that there is any anxiety to get into houses where the accommodation is far superior. There are many firms—chiefly amongst the large draper-milliners and dressmakers—where the sanitary regulations are almost perfect, but the managers have no more the pick of the market than other less thoughtful employers, and have to pay precisely the same wages. These employers are undoubtedly acting right in the course they pursue, but it would be more satisfactory to see a more unmistakable demand for good ventilation and sleeping accommodation coming direct from the girls, than from philanthropic committees acting as their mouthpiece.

With regard to the vexed question of food, we may safely conclude that the meals provided in the chief houses are wholesome and substantial. It is so easy to get up frivolous complaints about stale bread, salt butter, boiled mutton, roast mutton, tough beef, salt beef, thin milk, stale eggs, or any eatables, that little attention need be paid to such schoolgirl grumbings. Allowances may be made for occasional ill-health and over-fatigue when a fretful impatience of food of any kind may be natural, but, as a rule, such complaints may be regarded as the commonplace criticisms which are met with at all houses where meals are supplied by contract. From the dining-table of a first-class boarding-house, to the eating-hall of a workhouse, such half-fanciful complaints are constantly made, and it is therefore not surprising to find them in millinery establishments.

The great evil, then, that we have to contend with now, is overwork during the "season," or five months in the year, at about twenty court milliners', who employ about five or six hundred needlewomen. "The co-operation of ladies," again says the Ladies' Sanitary Association, "is a necessary element in the social reform to be achieved. They may ascertain with little difficulty the character of the house they employ, and whether its workpeople are treated with consideration. They may refrain from unreasonable demands as to the execution of their orders. They can pay their bills, a duty which has a still more important bearing on the question. Employers with large capital may not care about early payment—indeed, ladies have sometimes to complain that their bills are not sent in, and they do well to complain, for the interest lost by late payments must be made up by large profits, so that they pay for delay, and suffer from the temptation to carelessness and extravagance induced by the habit of keeping a running account." [An article headed "Peacockism," in *Good Words*, for April, 1861, has fully exposed this long-credit system.] "To the smaller capitalist the system of long credit often leads to ruin. One employer stated to us that he had above five thousand pounds due to him, and was thereby brought to the verge of bankruptcy; and this is neither a rare nor an extreme instance. Besides this, the long-credit system keeps the business in the hands of a few capitalists. If ladies paid their bills quarterly, a greater number of workwomen would be able to become principals in the business, and this would lead to a fairer division of the profits by making it easier for the employer to increase the number of workers."

The spreading of the business during the height of the "season," and, indeed, all the year round, would materially relieve those who are overworked without receiving the usual benefit of working overtime. "It has been proved," continues the same address, "that no overwork is really profitable,—that the worker, when freshness and vigour are maintained by sufficient rest, does more and better work than when exhausted and harassed by fatigue.

By securing sufficient out-door assistance in the early part of the season, so as to avoid beginning the late-hour system, the skilled inmates would be kept up to their highest pitch of energy and efficiency, and the result would, we believe, be found equally if not more profitable in the long run. A wholesome atmosphere would also powerfully conduce to the same end."

We are glad to see that this address, which is more sensible than most philanthropic documents, concludes by advising the workwomen to combine as much as possible to protect their own interests. The good done by the "Association for the Aid and Benefit of Dressmakers and Milliners," is an encouragement to those who feel inclined to act on this suggestion. Anything that will infuse more self-reliance into this class cannot fail to do good. Well-meaning as that paternal system may be which professes to guard the conduct of the in-door workers with a watchful eye, it is questionable whether the young women would not make better members of society if they were taught to protect themselves, and to feel that they are responsible for their own actions. A great deal of bad, maudlin sentimentality is uttered about temptations which it is assumed cannot be resisted; but these young women, like all young women, ought to understand that the duty really rests upon them of being their own guardians.

The millinery and dressmaking business, like too many female employments, suffers much from a want of earnestness in those who enter it as apprentices. It is only taken up as a make-shift, a pastime, a temporary occupation, and not as a handicraft which must be practised till death. There are few old milliners and dressmakers, and few married ones, and yet the young people fulfil their destiny and marry like other ladies. It is this matrimonial prospect—this release from the work-room, so certain to come, that creates a difficulty. It is almost impossible to obtain a sound organisation for a trade which is supported chiefly by young and marriageable girls, who enter it merely to leave it.

The profits of general needlework would be much greater than they are, if there was less of what we may call amateur work in private families; and they would be greater still, if stitching was not universally held to be so very domestic and feminine.

A middle-class family circle, consisting chiefly of ladies, would doubtless be considered remarkably ill-regulated if the needle and the accompanying work-box were almost unknown within its precincts. If none of the ladies were able to trim a common bonnet, or make a common dress; if they were clumsy hands at hemming a pocket-handkerchief, or at darning a stocking; if they were wholly incapable of making a shirt, and even somewhat careless about stitching on shirt-buttons, it is not difficult to conceive the remarks that would be levelled at them by acquaintances. They would be spoken of as idle, lounging, unfeminine persons—as

readers of worthless novels—as would-be fine ladies. And yet if these girls, with their mother at their head, were to quietly practise some handicraft that kept them from needlework or ornamental education; if instead of the eternal spinning of crochet anti-macassars, or the practising of show-pieces on the piano, they were to thoroughly master some mechanical art requiring taste and delicacy of touch, they would be doing all the practical good in their power towards making a better market for the needlewomen. It might seem strange at first that the tutor ushered in came to teach the ladies watch-making, engraving on metal, artistic wood-cutting, inlaying wood-work, or one of a dozen other similar handicrafts; but this strangeness would wear off after a few visits. The handicraft would grow in interest day by day, as most mechanical employments do, and would soon be considered less tedious than needlework, or the struggle with sonatas.

If all families of ladies who are dependent upon uncertain or slender incomes earned by husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, were thus resolutely to turn their backs upon the needle, and to provide themselves with a more marketable accomplish-

ment, they would be far better prepared for those reverses which unfortunately fall to the lot of so many of them. By keeping out of a market already glutted with female labour, they would benefit those poor workwomen already in the market, and, at the same time, benefit themselves. They could hardly prepare themselves for any occupation that is not more productive than needlework, that is not more "genteel," or held in better estimation. Few employments at present sought after by women—especially young women—are, unfortunately, free from a taint of suspicion, the taint being all the stronger if the average rate of wages is very low. It is uncharitably assumed that poverty and vice must necessarily go together, and as needlewomen are, in the main, the lowest paid of nearly all human hand-workers, temptation is supposed to dog them in every conceivable shape, and to find them with little principle and power of resistance. To avoid entering a labour-market from which at present little profit and less honour is to be derived, can surely require very little strength of mind and judgment on the part of those who have to choose an occupation.

JOHN CROSSWAITHE.

THE LIFE-BOAT AND ITS WORK.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

ONE of the noblest characteristics of modern civilisation, is its sympathy with human life, whether lavished on the battlefield, or doomed to the scaffold, or sacrificed on the altar of daily duty, or perilled under the countless ills, "which flesh is heir to." In the various forms under which the dread enemy grapples with his prey, he often warns us to make ready for the change. Even amid the hazards of war, the hero is hardly taken by surprise, and under the scourge of pestilence and famine the lingering spirit has time to bequeath a blessing, or to breathe a prayer; but in the perils of the sea, when the life-freighted vessel founders in mid-ocean, or is dashed upon the reef, or wrecked upon the shore, the interests of the future disappear in the terrors of the present;—the cry for help from man is louder and more earnest than that for mercy from heaven, and while the body perishes in the wild embrace of the waves, the soul is hurried unshriven to its eternal home.

This peculiar phrase of sudden death has impressed itself upon the Christian philanthropist and called forth his noblest efforts. If the prayer of faith cannot make its appeal amid the discord of creaking timbers, and rending canvas, and despairing cries, the beacon light may be made to shine from every headland: the Life-boat may be ready to be plunged into the gulf of waters, and the rope of mercy to be thrown over the sinking ark, to rescue the mass of life which stands imploring upon its deck, or clings convulsively to its floating spars.

The social obligations to save the life which we so highly prize, is, under such circumstances, the highest and holiest of our duties. The value of the soul becomes an element of grave significance, and we are urged by the weightiest of all motives to rescue from sudden death, the life that is untrained for eternity.

Hallowed as these duties are in their social and individual aspects, and important even in their national bearing, it is only within the memory of living men, that any real attempts have been made to protect the life and property that is risked at sea. The Governments of the day, ever ready to encourage inventions to destroy life, never offered rewards to save it. Feeble coal-fires, flickering lights, and tinkling bells were the only guides to the seafaring stranger that approached our shores, and it was through the ill-requited labours of art and science, and the generous sympathy of individuals, that the Life-boat, the Lighthouse, and the Lightning conductor became the guardians of life, and the efficient safeguards of our royal and commercial navy.

The honour of inventing, constructing and using a Life-boat, has, as in the case of all valuable inventions, been claimed for different individuals. It has been generally believed that Mr. Henry Greathead of South Shields was the inventor of the Life-boat; but this is a mistake arising from the fact that he received a public reward for his improvements on Life-boats, and for his services in intro-

ducing them into practical use. The undoubted inventor is Mr. Lionel Lukin, a coach-builder in London, who took out a patent for "an unimmovable boat," on the 2nd November, 1785. Not being resident in a seaport, he had learned "that by the oversetting and sinking of both sailing and rowing boats many valuable lives had been lost," and was thus induced to turn his attention to the subject in 1784. The Prince of Wales (George IV.) who knew Lukin personally, not only encouraged him to test his invention experimentally, but liberally offered to pay the whole expense of his experiments. Having purchased a Norway yawl, Lukin added to it a projecting gunwale of cork, tapering from nine inches in the middle to the head and stern, and, in addition to this, he formed within the boat from the top to the floor a hollow water-tight enclosure which gave the buoyancy that was required. In order to give it weight, or ballast sufficient to keep it upright, the patentee added a false iron keel, and he increased the buoyancy of the boat by two water-tight inclosures, one at its head, and another at its stern. Upon these principles several Life-boats were constructed, and found "to be strictly unimmovable." The Rev. Dr. Shaip of Bamborough, hearing of the invention, and having charge of a charity for saving life and property at sea, sent a Coble to Mr. Lukin to be made unimmovable. This was the first Life-boat that was launched on a stormy shore, and in the course of the first year of its use it was the means of saving many valuable lives.

Although the Prince of Wales had been the liberal patron of Mr. Lukin, yet even his influence was not sufficient to bring the Life-boat into notice; and so great was the indifference of public men to inventions for saving the shipwrecked seaman, that Mr. Lukin appealed in vain to the First Lord of the Admiralty, to the Deputy Master of the Trinity House, to the Dukes of Northumberland and Portland, and to various admirals and captains of the navy. With the exception of the Bamborough Coble, not a single Life-boat was placed at any of the dangerous localities of the East Coast of England; and Mr. Lukin, who had gained nothing by his invention, found it more profitable to build coaches for princes and cabinet-ministers, than to construct boats for saving life and property at sea.

We must ask our readers to ponder over this singular chapter in the history of national benefactors. The real inventor of the Life-boat secures an interest in his invention by an expensive patent. He constructs Life-boats for public use, and one of them saves many lives in the first year of its employment. In vain he submits his invention to the Admiralty and Trinity Boards, who were bound by the highest principles of duty to save life and property at sea. Eleven years after the date of his patent, when other inventors, or plagiarists of his invention, had taken his place, he published an account of his "unimmovable boat," in a letter addressed to the Prince of Wales, but notwith-

standing this indirect appeal to the honour of the nation, the undoubted inventor of the Life-boat went to his grave without any reward or mark of honour,—and without even the monumental stone which England so liberally gives to the benefactors whom she has starved.*

During the five long years which followed the invention of the Life-boat, the children of the storm were allowed to perish on our shores, in the sight and amid the lamentations of friends who were powerless to save them. Our Naval Boards stared at these death-scenes with a criminal indifference, and threw upon individuals those duties of mercy which they had neither the feeling nor the wisdom to discharge. From this apathy for the shipwrecked seaman, the public were not roused till September, 1789, when the "Adventure," of Newcastle was wrecked at the entrance of the Tyne. In the midst of tremendous breakers, and within three hundred yards of the shore, the crew of this ill-fated vessel "dropped off one by one from her rigging," in the presence of thousands, not one of whom could be bribed to save them. Under the excitement of this disaster, the inhabitants of South Shields met to deplore it; and, more humane than the official friends of the sailor, they offered premiums for the best models of a Life-boat "calculated to brave the dangers of the sea, particularly those of broken water."

Mr. Nicholas Fairles, was chairman of this committee, whose names we regret our inability to record. They subscribed the necessary funds, and out of the plans submitted to them, two were selected as the best—one by Mr. William Wouldhave, a painter, and the other by Mr. Henry Greathead, a boat-builder in Shields. Mr. Wouldhave sent in a model which was rendered buoyant by cork, and Mr. Greathead seems to have done nothing more than to have suggested the substitution of a curved for a straight keel. Having been asked to assist a woman to put a "skeel" of water on her head, Mr. Wouldhave noticed that she had a piece of a broken wooden dish lying in the water, which floated with the points upwards, and turning it over several times, he found that it always righted itself. This observation suggested to him the construction of his model, but he does not seem to have done more than construct a boat which was long known at Shields by the name of *Wouldhave's Cork boat*.†

* Mr. Lukin retired from business in 1824, and settled at Hythe in Kent, where he died in 1834. Having expressed a desire that the fact of his being the inventor of the Life-boat should be inscribed on his tombstone, the following inscription was adopted: "This Lionel Lukin was the first who built a Life-boat, and was the original inventor of that principle of safety by which many lives, and much property, have been saved from shipwreck; and he obtained the King's patent in 1785."

† Mr. Wouldhave died at South Shields in 1821. His invention is commemorated in the parish church of St. Hilda, South Shields, on a tombstone which is headed by a good model of a life-boat, and bears the following inscription:—

From the models submitted to the committee, their chairman and Mr. Rockwood constructed a model in clay which was given to Mr. Greathead as the type of a boat he was to build, and which embodied his own suggestion of a curved keel.

Although this boat was finished in 1789 it did no work till the year 1791, when it saved the crew of three vessels, the "Parthenius," the "Peggy," and a Sunderland brig stranded at the mouth of the Tyne. In 1796 it saved the crew of "The Countess of Errol;" and in the following year, the crew of a Leith vessel, and that of the "Planter" from London, in which 15 lives would otherwise have been lost.

These humane efforts of the South Shields Committee were followed by those of the Duke of Northumberland, a name which borne by two noble brothers will take a high place among the benefactors of the nation and of the age. In 1798, the Duke not only commissioned Mr. Greathead to build a Life-boat at his own expense, but bequeathed a sum for preserving it. It was stationed at North Shields, and it was the means of saving the crew of the sloop "Edinburgh," of the brig "Clio," and of the "Quintilian" from St. Petersburg. In 1800, the Duke of Northumberland ordered a Life-boat for Oporto; and in the same year Mr. Cathcart Dempster had one made for St. Andrews, when in 1803 it saved the crew, 12 in number, of the "Meanwell" of Scarborough. On this occasion the sea ran so high that the fishermen refused to enter the boat till Mr. Dempster, Major Horsburgh, and Mr. David Stewart, a shipmaster, volunteered their services. The value of the Life-boat was now everywhere recognised, and before the close of 1803, Mr. Greathead had built 31 boats, 18 for England, 5 for Scotland, and 8 for foreign countries.

Mr. Greathead's name being thus generally associated with the first construction of Life-boats, and his suggestion of a peculiar curvature for the keel, being a very important part of their structure, he has been generally, though unjustly, regarded as its inventor. In 1803, after 200 lives had been saved at the entrance of the Tyne alone, he applied to Parliament for a national reward. A committee of the House of Commons reported favourably on the value of his services, and 1200*l.* was voted to him by the House. Sums of 1500*l.*, and 2000*l.* were proposed by different members; but as he was merely an extensive builder, and a slight improver of Lukin's Life-boat, he was scarcely entitled to a larger sum than he received.*

"Heaven genius scientific gave,
Surpassing vulgar board, yet he from soil
So rich no golden harvest reap'd—no wreath
Of laurel glean'd. None but the sailor's heart,
Nor that ingrate of palm unfading this,
Till shipwrecks cease, or life-boats cease to save."

* The Trinity-House presented Greathead with 105*l.*, Lloyd's with the same sum, the Society of Arts presented him with 52*l.* 10*s.*, and the Emperor of Russia, with a diamond ring.

Notwithstanding this public recognition of the value of Life-boats, and the important services which they performed, their number increased less rapidly than might have been expected. With the exception of the sum presented to Greathead, the Trinity House felt no further interest in Life-boats; and neither the Admiralty nor the Scottish Lighthouse Board, nor the Ballast Board in Dublin took any steps in establishing Life-boats in dangerous localities, or in rewarding the heroism of individuals who risked their lives either in the Life-boat or on the shore. Providence, however, raised up large-hearted individuals to perform the work which might have been expected from our naval and lighthouse authorities. Sir William Hillary, Bart., a name which must ever occupy a high place in the list of philanthropists, had frequently witnessed the horrors of shipwreck, from his residence in the Isle of Man. In 1822, he had assisted in saving the crew of the Government cutter the "Vigilant," and other vessels that had been wrecked in Douglas Bay, and in the same year he was present at the total wreck of His Majesty's brig "Racehorse," on Langness point. Afflicted with the harrowing scenes which he had witnessed, he called the attention of the public to the subject of shipwrecks in 1822, and he boldly charged them with quietly looking on and seeing hundreds of their fellow creatures annually perishing on their shores, when the means of rescue were within their reach. To this appeal the public generously responded, two members of Parliament, Mr. Thomas Wilson, and Mr. George Hibbert, entered warmly into the views of Sir William Hillary. They convened a public meeting in the London Tavern on the 4th of March, 1824; and at this meeting, numerous attended and presided over by Dr. Manners Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, THE ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK, was founded.

Returning to the Isle of Man, Sir William Hillary established in 1826, a District Life-boat Association, by which four Life-boats were placed at different parts of the coast, between the years 1826 and 1829; one in Douglas Bay in 1826, one at Castletown in 1826, one at Peel in 1828, and a fourth at Ramsey in 1829. In 1825, Sir William, aided by his veteran coxswain Isaac Vondy, assisted in saving 62 lives on board the "City of Glasgow," which was stranded in Douglas Bay; and in the same year they saved 11 men from the brig "Leopard," and 9 from the sloop "Fancy," which became a total wreck. Between 1807 and 1830, Sir William, accompanied by his son, saved many other lives; but he particularly distinguished himself by saving in the Life-boat the whole crew, 22 in number, of the mail steamer "St. George" which had become a total wreck upon St. Mary's Rock on the 20th of November, 1830. Along with three other persons he was washed overboard among the wreck, and after having six of his ribs fractured, his life was with difficulty saved. With such deeds of danger

and of mercy the heroism of the battle-field can hardly be compared. In the world's estimate, indeed the honour of saving life is less than the glory of destroying it, and the names of the patriot and the philanthropist stand low in the lists of fame. Sir William Hillary is doubtless held in grateful remembrance among the people whose grandsires he rescued from a watery grave, but his services as the hero of the shore have been unappreciated, if not forgotten by his country. No inscription in Westminster Abbey enumerates his noble deeds; and no obelisk on our rock-bound coast reminds the seaman of his friend and benefactor. The title of rank which recognised an act of military service has become extinct in the third generation, and his fame has thus been as transient as the waves which he breasted, or the surf which he braved.

“The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck,” thus auspiciously launched by Sir William Hillary and others, began its work of mercy in 1824; but in order to know what its work has been and still is, we must have some idea of the number of ships of commerce that annually leave or reach our shores, and the amount of property and the number of lives which are thus exposed to the perils of the sea.

It appears from the Register (published annually by the Board of Trade) of the wrecks and casualties on the coast of the United Kingdom, that the number of vessels which traded in 1862 from its different ports was 268,462, which were probably manned by 1,600,000 men and boys. This enormous amount of property, and upwards of a million and a half of valuable lives, were exposed to all the dangers of the sea. Of these vessels, 1827, or 1 in every 147, were wrecked in 1862; the average number wrecked during the last eleven years being 1 in every 201. Of the million and a half lives exposed during the year in these vessels, 690 were lost; but 4039 were saved by Life-boats, life-preserving apparatus, the ships' own boats, and other means. In the last seven years no fewer than 20,158 persons have by the same means been rescued from a watery grave.

In considering these interesting facts we are desirous to learn the character, and size, and object of the ships which have suffered most severely from the storms and other ocean dangers, and also the causes of the different shipwrecks, the localities of the accident, and the kind of weather in which they took place. The Register of the Board of Trade furnishes us with this important information.

The 1827 wrecked ships consisted of—

	No.
Ships sailing over sea	620
Coasting ships not colliers	506
Colliers	470
Steamers	99
Unknown	132

Of these ships, laden with the following cargo, the numbers wrecked were as follows:—

	No.
In ballast, not colliers	165
Coal-laden	593
Colliers in ballast	128
Cotton	2
Fishing-smacks	84
Fish or oil	19
Grain or provisions	109
General cargo	93
Iron and other ores	113
Manure, kelp, or oil-cake	31
Passengers	55
Potatoes and fruit	13
Salt	25
Sugar, coffee, spices, tea, molasses	9
Stone, slate, lime, or bricks, and clay	100
Timber or bark	89
Various or unknown	199

The vessels lost were of the following size:—

	No.
Vessels under 50 tons	341
51 and under 100 tons	441
101 ” 300 ”	784
301 ” 600 ”	186
601 ” 900 ”	44
901 ” 1200 ”	20
1200 and upwards	11

The following number of wrecks took place at the localities in the table:—

	No.
East Coast—Dungeness to Pentland Firth	765
West Coast—Land's End to Greenock	335
South Coast—Land's End to Dungeness	146
Irish Coast	150
Silly Islands	5
Lundy Island	10
Isle of Man	11
Northern Isles—Orkney, Shetland, &c.	66

The following table shows the number of vessels lost or damaged from different causes, irrespective of 677 vessels which came into collision:—

	No.
Stress of weather	628
Want of lights or buoys	3
Inattention, carelessness, or neglect	187
Want of pilot	11
Defects in ships or equipments	67
Striking a sunken wreck	14
Accidental	44
Cause unknown	28
Various causes	163

Hence we find that 268 were totally lost or stranded from errors in seamanship, or causes which might have been prevented.

We find also that 13 vessels foundered from being unseaworthy. To this sad list we must add the number of vessels improperly found, and totally lost or stranded from that cause:—

	No.
From defective compasses	15
From defective charts or construction, &c.	17
From being overladen	6
From leakage	16

From these details it is evident how many ships are wrecked from oversight, ignorance, neglect, and false economy.

The following interesting table shows the nature of the weather in which the shipwrecks took place, and establishes the truth of the preceding observation:—

	Casualties.
Dead calm	23
Light air and light steering way	28

	Casualties.
Light breezes of 1 to 2 knots	56
Gentle breezes of 3 to 4 knots	43
Moderate breezes of 5 to 6 knots	110
Fresh breezes with royals	187
Strong breezes with single reef and top-gallant-sail	195
Moderate gale with double reefs and jib	75
Fresh gale with triple reefs	170
Strong gale, with close reefs and courses	199
Whole gale, close-reefed maintop-sail and reefed fore-sail	218
Storm under storm stay-sail	63
Hurricane under bare poles	69

Hence it appears that out of 1488 ships, only 350 were lost in a whole gale, storm, or hurricane, and only 132 by the conjoint agency of the two latter.

Of the 4039 lives saved from shipwreck last year on our coasts by the mercy of God and the help of man, the brave and noble action was performed as follows:—

	No.
By the Life-boats of the Royal Life-boat Institution and other boats, and by rocket and mortar apparatus	637
By luggers, Coast-guard boats, small craft, and ships' own boats	1895
By ships and steam-vessels	1082
Individual exertion of a meritorious character	13
Other means	412

Such is the work which has been performed, and which must continue to be performed every year, by the Royal Life-boat Institution. In pleading its cause, and in aiding it to perform the great work of mercy which it has undertaken, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be the noblest and the holiest of our charities, and one that especially claims the liberality of the Christian philanthropist. Upon those who know the value of that better part it is hardly necessary to urge the duty of providing for the safety of the sailor returning from his voyage—the soldier from his duty—the traveller from his researches—and the emigrant from his exile—who become the sudden victims of those disasters at sea which science alone can prevent or alleviate. A duty like this appeals to the conscience as well as to the feelings, and we are bold to say that the faith of those who culpably neglect it is without works and dead.

But while Christian sympathy is pre-eminently summoned to every work of mercy, there are other parties on whom the obligation presses with a different force, and assumes a different form of responsibility. The public institutions that are entrusted with the duty of protecting the life and property that are risked at sea—the Lighthouse as well as the Life-boat Boards are officially bound to its diligent discharge, and, if provided with adequate means, that duty is not well performed till the most improved sealights shine from every dangerous headland, and the best constructed Life-boats lie ready in every frequented harbour. To the paid responsibility of office, Religion adds her sterner and holier obligation, and the individual or the Board who do not feel themselves amenable to this double

tribunal, must stand convicted of the gravest of crimes. Responsible for the lives that might have been saved, and the souls that may have been lost, the widows and the orphans will arraign them at the Inquest of Death, and at the great assize of the Judgment Day, the spirits of the lost will be their accusers.

Motives such as these transcending the warmest impulses of benevolence must have actuated the generous individuals who established the Life-boat Institution, who have directed its labours, or who have contributed to its treasury.

The "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck," founded as we have stated by Sir William Hillary and others in 1824, was liberally supported during the first years of its existence. In 1825 Mr. Hecker of Finsbury Square, gave to it a donation of 1000*l.*, Mr. W. Prior of Herne Hill, Camberwell, 1827*l.*, and in 1832 Mrs. Duppa of Homerton, Middlesex, subscribed 1000*l.*

By the aid of these and numerous donations of smaller sums, the objects of the Institution were quietly and unostentatiously carried on. Life-boats, and life-preserving apparatus were provided at various parts of the coast; and sums of money and honorary rewards were liberally granted to all who assisted in the preservation of shipwrecked lives. The objects of the Institution, however, were not generally made known, and it did not receive that public support to which it was so well entitled.

Previous to the year 1851 it was the only Institution for the benefit of shipwrecked seamen, whose sphere of action extended over the whole of the coasts of the United Kingdom; but in that year another national and valuable Institution was established under the name of "The Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society."

When the shipwrecked seaman is brought alive to the shore, without his little property, and perchance even without his clothes, he is an object of the deepest sympathy. At a distance from his family or his friends, or it may be his country, he is thrown upon the benevolence of a few who may not have the means of giving him shelter, or of supplying his most urgent wants. Dependent on his little earnings, his family and perhaps himself must appeal to the charity of the workhouse, and even if his health has borne the rude shock of a shipwreck, his social condition has been lowered, and his future prospects, at least, temporarily blighted. The poor fisherman who has escaped with the loss of his boat and his fishing tackle, often too at a distance from his home, has equal, if not stronger claims upon the sympathy and benevolence of the public. But when these children of the storm have perished in the wreck, the wail of the widow and the orphan make a more urgent and distressing appeal to our feelings. The objects, therefore, of this new Institution are to board, clothe, and forward to their homes all seamen, soldiers, and other persons that have been saved from shipwreck,—to enable seamen and fishermen to replace their boats, clothes and nets



Drawn by E. W. Cooke.

The Rescue of the Spanish brig "Samaritano," by the Ramsgate Lifeboat, 12th February, 1864.

Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

when lost in a storm, and to relieve the widows and orphans of those that had perished.*

Such were the original objects of this excellent Institution, but having found that the existing means of saving life from shipwreck were imperfect as well as deficient, its directors resolved, in 1851, to supply these deficiencies, by establishing Life-boats at new stations, and bestowing remuneration, and honorary rewards on those who had been most active in the saving of life. This new object was so successfully pursued, that before one year had expired, the Institution had established seven or eight Life-boats, with all the necessary apparatus and arrangements for putting them to sea.

The Life-boat Institution of Sir William Hillary thus found an active rival in the new society. After his death, the public had been less generous, and its agents less zealous than before, and hence the Life-boat system, which had begun so auspiciously, had fallen into an unsatisfactory state. At the commencement of 1851 the number of Life-boats were comparatively few. On a seaboard of 1500 miles, there were, in Scotland, only *eight* Life-boats, some of which were unfit for service; and not one of them in Orkney or Shetland. In England and Wales, with a sea-coast extending 2000 miles, there were only *seventy-five* Life-boats, many of which were inefficient; and in Ireland, with a dangerous seaboard of 1400 miles, there were only *eight* very inefficient Life-boats. In the Isle of Man there was not a single Life-boat, the four established by Sir William Hillary having been suffered to decay.

Some of the Local Associations even had become extinct. Many of the Life-boats had been allowed to fall into decay, and in places where shipwrecks were very rare, the boats had remained many months out of water, so that when wrecks did occur the boatmen had no confidence in them, and preferred going off in their own. Funds too were often wanting to pay these brave men for their services, and the whole system was in such a state that among all the boats in the United Kingdom there were perhaps not a dozen really efficient. The National Institution had been exciting less interest from year to year, and its funds rapidly diminishing, while an increase of trade was occasioning an increased number of casualties at sea.

From this culpable apathy the public were suddenly roused by the loss of the Shields Life-boat in 1849, in which a crew of 22 brave men had perished. The effect of this accident was to give new energy to the Life-boat Institution, and to induce the "Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society" to extend the objects of their Institution.

These deficiencies in the means of saving life had been long seen and felt by the directors of the original Life-boat Institution, but it was not till

1851, when the Duke of Northumberland had accepted of its presidency, that it began to carry on its work with renewed vigour, replacing old Life-boats with new ones, stationing boats in new localities, and making a warmer and more active appeal to the benevolence of the public.

Although two rival Institutions, pursuing the same objects, may be regarded as better than one, each striving to surpass the other, yet this is not the case with charitable Institutions where money is the only or the principal element of success. The one Institution is frequently mistaken for the other, and the difficulty of determining which is most deserving of support, is used as a reason for contributing to neither. Under these circumstances attempts were made in 1853 to confine each of the two Institutions to their original objects; and with this view the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society offered to hand over to the Life-boat Institution its Life-boat establishments, with the funds raised for their special support, provided the latter would alter their title, so as to prevent any misconception of their respective duties. The Life-boat Institution was unwilling to abandon the prestige attached to its original name, and nothing was done till the passing of the Merchant Shipping Act in 1854. In this act the Board of Trade was authorised to give valuable assistance in establishing and maintaining Life-boats, and generally "in preserving life from shipwreck;" and as it was desirable to give this aid through one central agency in London, "The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck," agreed to alter its title to that of "The Royal National Life-boat Institution, founded in 1824 for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck;" the other Society, therefore, confined itself to its original objects, and made over to its former rival the whole of its Life-boat establishments* and Life-boat funds. The two Institutions consequently have, since 1854, worked nobly together, the one in saving life, and the other in feeding, clothing, and fostering it when saved.

The Life-boat Institution, which had received a new impulse under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland, entered upon a fresh career of activity and success. His Grace had, in 1851, offered a prize of 100*l.* for the best model or design of a life-boat. In consequence of this offer, 280 models and plans were submitted for examination. They were deposited in Somerset House, and were severely tested by an able committee, presided over by Captain Washington, R.N. The prize was awarded by the Committee to Mr. James Beeching, boat-builder, at Great Yarmouth.

Upon the design thus selected, a large boat, 36 feet long, and with 12 oars, was built by Mr. Beeching. It was the first self-righting boat ever constructed. It was purchased by the Ramsgate

* In the year 1862, 7250 persons were thus forwarded to their homes, and 3687 were otherwise assisted and relieved, at an expense of 11,536*l.*, obtained from legacies, donations, and annual contributions.

* Namely, 9 life-boats, 7 boat-houses, and 5 life-boat carriages.

Harbour Commissioners, and has since performed many "gallant exploits." On the same plan Mr. Beeching built several other boats, but not properly securing their water ballast, three of them were upset when imprudently carrying large sails in a heavy sea. Other faults having been found in Mr. Beeching's model, the Committee appointed by the Duke of Northumberland requested Mr. Peake, of their Committee, assistant master shipwright in her Majesty's dockyard at Woolwich, to give new plans for a Life-boat, which should in his opinion combine all the good qualities of the best of the competing designs. Mr. Peake performed the task assigned to him with great success; and a boat upon his plan was built at Woolwich for the Duke of Northumberland, at the expense of Government, and was subsequently by him presented to the Life-boat Institution.

A trial of this boat took place at Brighton, on the 3rd of February, 1852, in a strong S.W. breeze, and a high surf, in the presence of the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Baldwin Walker, Captain Washington, R.N., &c., and a large body of the fishermen and boatmen of the place. The boat was manned by Coast-Guardmen of the Brighton district, and was commanded by Captain Ward, R.N., Inspector of Life-boats, who volunteered his services.

Life-boats of this construction, with boat-houses, carriages, buoys, life-belts for the crew, and every requisite fitting, were built at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland, and placed at four dangerous localities on the Northumbrian coast. The only conditions exacted by his Grace, were that the Local Committees should, in conjunction with the Life-boat Institution, keep the boats in efficient working order, and exercise the crews regularly once a quarter.

During the last ten years, no fewer than 160 of these self-righting Life-boats have been built by Messrs. Forrest of Limehouse, builders to the Royal Life-boat Institution, and of these about 40 have been constructed for foreign governments, or for our colonial and foreign possessions.

The following table shows the number of Life-boats belonging to, or in connection with the Life-boat Institution in the eleven years from April, 1852, to April, 1863.

Years.	Number of Boats.	Years.	Number of Boats.
1852	30	1858	70
1853	34	1859	81
1854	35	1860	90
1855	43	1861	110
1856	50	1862	120
1857	57	1863	124

In order to maintain in an efficient condition such a complete establishment of Life-boats, a large permanent income is required. The cost of the boat itself is a small part of the expense of a single Life-boat establishment. In equipping her for

work she must be provided with the following articles:—an anchor and a cable, short knotted life lines, hanging over the side in festoons, so as to enable any one in the water to enter the boat as with a stirrup; strong but light lines carrying grappling irons, at the bow and stern, which when thrown into the rigging, or upon the wreck, fasten themselves to the ship, and retain the boat without any other aid; a life-buoy, an anchor and cable, a good lantern for night work, and numerous other articles which on many occasions are indispensable.

The most important of these equipments is a supply of life-belts, or life-jackets, for the use of the crew. As some of the safest boats have been upset in very tempestuous seas, it was found necessary to provide the means of saving the crew in such a disaster. When the Southwold Life-boat was upset in February, 1853, her crew of 15 men, all having on their life-belts, were saved, while three gentlemen, who had gone as amateurs and who had refused to put on life-belts, were drowned, though one of them was a good swimmer. On another occasion, when one of the crew of the Whitby Life-boat, unable to swim, had on a good life-belt, he alone was saved, while twelve who had on inferior belts, were drowned. To the construction of a safe life-belt, Capt. Ward, R.N., Inspector of Life-boats, devoted much time and attention. After many experiments he constructed a life-belt with a number of narrow uncovered pieces of cork, each of which is sewed on to a strong linen or duck belt, covering the body from the arm-pits to below the hips. These pieces of cork are arranged in two rows, those of a larger size being above the waist, and those of a smaller size below it. The belt is tied round the waist by strings, and secured by braces passing over the shoulders. Their buoyancy is from 24 to 27 lbs., even after an hour's immersion. These belts are manufactured at a very cheap rate, in consequence of the inventor declining to make any profit on them, in order that every person might be provided with one, who exposes himself to the dangers of the sea. Nearly 4000 of these belts have been issued, and about one-half of the number for the crews of the Life-boat Institution.

One of the most important adjuncts to the Life-boat is the *Launching or Transporting Carriage*. However completely the Life-boat may be equipped, and however bravely manned, she is of no use unless she can be transported quickly to the ship which is wrecked or in danger. The unfortunate vessel may be several miles from the Life-boat station, and it may be difficult or impossible to reach it through such a distance of broken water. The boat must therefore be carried by land, and for this purpose various forms of carriages have been designed, the best of which are so constructed as not only to serve for transportation, but also to facilitate the difficult process of launching through a heavy surf. It would be impossible to describe

the distinctive characteristics of these vehicles without the aid of diagrams. The carriage now almost universally adopted is a four-wheeled one, designed expressly for the Institution, and which has been found to answer admirably in every respect.

The Life-boat with her crew being now carried to the most favourable position, it has often been found difficult, and sometimes impossible, to launch her in a high surf, the sea throwing her back broadside to the shore. In such cases it is necessary to launch the boat from her carriage, which is done in the following manner. "The Life-boat is drawn to the water's edge, where the carriage is turned round, so that its rear end, from which the boat is launched, shall face to seaward. The crew then take their seats in the boat, each rower in his place with his oar over the side, and the coxswain at the helm, or with his steering-oar in hand. The carriage is then backed by men or horses, or both, sufficiently far into the water to ensure the boat being afloat when she is run off the carriage. Or, if the ground be very soft, or sufficient help unobtainable, the carriage is first backed far enough into the water before the crew get into the boat. Self-detaching ropes, termed launching ropes, previously hooked to each side of the boat's stern-post, and rove through sheaves at the rear end of the carriage, are led up the beach, and either manned by assistants, or have one or more horses attached to them. When all is ready, the coxswain, watching a favourable moment, gives the word, and the boat, the keel of which rests on small iron rollers, is run off rapidly into the water, with her bow facing the surf. The oarsmen then give way, even before her stern has left the carriage, and she is at once under command ere the sea has time to throw her back broadside to the shore."

The boats of the Life-boat Institution, with their carriages and all their equipments, are kept in conveniently situated boat-houses, about 40 feet long and 17 wide, and they are all ready for immediate service at any hour of the day or night.

The expense of a Life-boat establishment is as follows:—

The expense of a first-class life-boat . . .	£250
Equipment of boat, including life-belts } for the crew }	40
Boat-house	120
Transporting and launching carriage . . .	90
Total	£500

Since the Life-boat Institution was founded, it has expended on its establishments the sum of £75,380. The income for 1862 was £14,825, and its expenditure £12,178.

Such is a brief notice of the important machinery which human genius has contrived, and human sympathy provided, for saving the life and property confided to the waves; but valuable as it is, something more is necessary to make it available in

shipwreck. Courage as well as genius is required to put it in action. The appalling dangers to which the crew of a Life-boat are exposed, entitle those who encounter them to pecuniary and honorary rewards. Each Life-boat has attached to it a superintending coxswain, a second coxswain, and a crew of rowers. In case of exigencies, twice as many men are enrolled as are required for one crew. The men who are enrolled consist of sailors, fishermen, and Coast-Guardmen, and all of these men are volunteers, except the coxswain, who has a salary of 8*l.* per annum for taking charge of the boat and stores, and having it always ready for its work. When sent to a wreck, each man receives 10*s.* in the day, and 1*l.* in the night, and in cases of extraordinary risk, these sums are doubled. In the quarterly exercise of the Life-boat, the men receive 3*s.* each in calm weather, and 5*s.* in rough weather.

In addition to these regular payments, the Life-boat Institution gives honorary and pecuniary rewards for distinguished service, and these are liberally granted to all those who may have exerted themselves in saving life from shipwreck. These rewards have been so highly appreciated, that public meetings have been held in different localities in order to present the Institution's medals to the brave men who have merited them. Since the Institution was founded in 1824, it has voted 82 gold, and 733 silver medals for saving life, beside pecuniary awards amounting together to £17,200.

By the agencies which we have thus imperfectly described, the Life-boat Institution has done much valuable work. The following table will show the number of lives saved from shipwrecks from the time of its establishment in 1824 to the present year, either by its own Life-boats, or by special exertions, for which it has granted rewards.

In the Year.	No. of Lives saved.	In the Year.	No. of Lives saved.
1824	124	1845	235
1825	218	1846	134
1826	175	1847	157
1827	163	1848	123
1828	301	1849	209
1829	463	1850	470
1830	372	1851	230
1831	287	1852	773
1832	310	1853	678
1833	449	1854	355
1834	214	1855	406
1835	364	1856	473
1836	225	1857	374
1837	272	1858	427
1838	456	1859	499
1839	279	1860	455
1840	353	1861	424
1841	128	1862	574
1842	276		
1843	236		
1844	193		
		Total	12,854

Seeing that so many lives have been saved from shipwrecks, we cannot doubt that as many have been lost. It would be desirable, therefore, to know how

many lives and how much property is annually lost at sea in those cases in which no human aid could help, as well as in those where the want of lighthouses or Life-boats has been the cause of the loss. It would be very difficult to gratify this desire, but the Board of Trade has endeavoured to supply this information to a certain extent, by an annual register of shipwrecks on the coasts and in the seas of the United Kingdom, comprising total wrecks, vessels foundered or sunk through leak or collision, abandoned, stranded or damaged so as to require to discharge their cargo. These Registers began in 1851, and were accompanied with engraved Wreck Charts of the British Island, compiled from the Admiralty Register, and showing the present Life-boat stations, the spots at or near which the accident occurred, and the port to which the damaged vessel returned for repairs. Certain marks show where the vessel was totally lost by stranding or otherwise, those in the open sea denoting vessels that had foundered or were missing; other marks indicating vessels that were so seriously damaged as to discharge their cargo,—vessels in collision with serious damage, and vessels in collision with total loss. These interesting and instructive charts exhibit to the eye a frightful picture of disasters, occurring chiefly between the Firth of Forth and Dover, and on both sides of the Irish Channel. The east coast of Scotland and the west coast of Ireland are but slightly darkened with the black spots and crosses which indicate these calamities at sea.

The following table shows the number of shipwrecks and of lives lost in the twelve years between 1850 and 1862:—

Years.	No. of Wrecks.	Lives Lost.	Years.	No. of Wrecks.	Lives Lost.
1850	692	780	1858	1170	343
1851	701	750	1859	1649	1646
1852	1115	990	1860	1379	536
1853	800	584	1861	1494	884
1854	987	1549			
1855	1141	469	Total	14,421	9484
1856	1153	521	in 12		
1857	1140	532	Years		

In deploring the loss of life shown in the preceding table, it is gratifying to find that in the same twelve years no fewer than 6624 lives have been saved. And yet this result, important though it be, gives us no idea of the actual services performed every year by the Life-boats of the Institution. It is only from the annual statement of these services, as published in the interesting journal called "The Life-boat," that we can form any idea of their number and value.

In this statement we find a record of the site of the wreck, the state of wind and weather, the name of the vessel in danger or wrecked, the Life-boat station, the nature of the service, and the cost at

which it was performed. From the statement of 1862 we learn that—

The number of services performed was	113
The number of lives rescued by life-boats	358
The number of lives saved by shore-boats	216
The rewards to life-boat crews	£915 18s. 1d.
The rewards to shore-boat crews	£209 10s. 0d.
The silver medals awarded	13
The votes of thanks on vellum awarded	14

A closer inspection of this register discloses curious and affecting facts. Opposite each service is placed the expense incurred in the performance of it. On the 2nd of April, when the barque "Cedarine," of Bermuda, was wrecked at Brighstone Grange, the Life-boat at that station saved 134 lives, at the expense of 17l. 11s. On the 10th of December, when the ship "James Browne," of Philadelphia, was wrecked in a heavy surf on the Boulder Sands Bank, Rye, the Rye Life-boat saved 18 men and the vessel, at the expense of 7l. 2s. 6d. In some cases, the crew were only assembled, in obedience to a signal of distress. In many cases the boats put off to assist, when their services were not required, but in numerous cases both lives and vessels were saved.

In many of these annual statements we find that lives were saved by Life-boats presented to the Institution by one or more individuals, and we doubt not that our readers will envy the feelings of those benevolent persons who have thus directly contributed to save a soul from sudden death, and a family, perchance, from poverty and mourning.

Such of our readers as have been much at sea, may, if they have not seen a shipwreck, form some idea of the scene; and those who have never left the shore, may contemplate a shipwreck in the touching pictures which are occasionally given in "The Life-boat." In one of these we see the rescue of "The Lovely Nelly," of Seaham, by the "Percy" Life-boat of Cullercoats, when she was wrecked on the Whitley Sands, on the 1st of January, 1860. In another, which accompanies this article, is represented the rescue of the Spanish brig "Samaritano," when wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, by the Ramsgate Life-boat, on the 12th of February, 1860.

In these pictures we see only the hapless vessel and the struggling Life-boat, at one instant of their fate. It would require a thousand pictures to delineate the successive events of the awful night in which lives are lost and saved. We may however form some conception of them without the help of the imagination; but even with its aid it is impossible to exaggerate them. The sun sets in a peaceful sky, throwing its radiance over hill and dale, lighting up the unruffled ocean with its gorgeous beams, and inviting man and beast to their happy rest. The hero of the Life-boat is perchance at his evening meal—with his wife and children it may be, stooping over the sacred volume, or breathing a tender prayer over those they love. The silence of the night is broken by some distant sound: the aspen

leaf twitters on its stalk. The woods send forth their gentle murmur, and the sea its harsher note. The winds and the waves rise in fury upon the deep, and with their mingled vengeance lash the cliffs and the beach. A signal of distress rouses the coxswain and his men,—crowds rush in curiosity to the cliffs, or line the shore, heedless of the driving rain or the blinding sleet. Barrels of tar are lighted on the coast, and the signal gun and the fiery rocket make a fresh appeal to the brave. The boat-house is unlocked, and the Life-boat with her crew is dragged hurriedly to the shore. The storm rages wildly, and the mountains of surf and sea appall the stoutest hearts. The gallant men look dubiously at the work before them, and fathers and mothers and wives and children implore them to desist from a hopeless enterprise. The voice of the coxswain, however, prevails. The Life-boat is launched among the breakers, cutting bravely through the foaming mass,—now buried under the swelling billows, or pinned on its summit,—now dashed against the hapless wreck still instinct with life,—now driven from it by a mountain wave,—now embarking its living freight, and carrying them through storm and danger and darkness to a blessed shore. Would that this were the normal issue of a Life-boat service. The boat that adventures to a wreck is itself occasionally lost; and in the war of the elements its gallant crew have sometimes been the first of its victims.

The Life-boat Institution whose establishment and labours we have attempted to describe, has been liberally supported by the public and by its noble President,* and its affairs admirably conducted under the general superintendence of its Committee of Management, by its Secretary, Richard Lewis, and by Captain Ward, R.N., the Inspector of its Life-boats. At the head of its benefactors, we place the name of one of its Vice-Presidents, Captain Hamilton Fitzgerald, R.N., who in 1856, bequeathed to it the munificent legacy of £10,000. Another Vice-President, Mr. Foster, contributed £1000. In 1854, Mr. Lowe of Shadwell gave the same sum; and in 1861, Mrs. Shedden Watson of Berwick bequeathed £500 to its funds. Many sums of £100 and upwards have been sent into its treasury, and numerous contributions of various amounts have been made by all classes of the community. The Queen and the late Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Emperors of France and Austria, the President of the United States, and the Maritime Insurance Company of Finland, have evinced by their contributions the deep interest which they take in an Institution that confers its blessings upon the shipwrecked of every nation.

But though the Life-boat Institution possesses a fleet of nearly 130 boats, and there are nearly 50 others provided and supported by local generosity,

* The Duke of Northumberland.

and although numerous mortar and rocket stations have been active and successful in saving life, yet it is a melancholy fact that about 800 lives are annually lost on our own shores. In what proportion these losses arise from the small number of our lighthouses, our Life-boats, and our rocket stations, it is difficult to ascertain; but it is obvious that all these establishments have failed in doing the work which humanity so loudly demands, and that no exertions should be spared in increasing the number of our lighthouses, our Life-boats, and our rocket and mortar stations if necessary, and in placing on board our merchant and our steam vessels every kind of apparatus by which their crews and their passengers can, in the case of shipwreck, be brought safely to the shore. Every ship should have its Life-boat, its mortar and rocket apparatus, and the Life-kite of Lieutenant Nares; and every individual of their crew, and every passenger on board, should be provided with the valuable life-belt of Captain Ward.

In order to enable the Life-boat Institution to maintain their existing life fleet in a state of efficiency, and to place a Life-boat on every dangerous shore, the Christian public must add liberally to its funds. There is not a family in the land that has not a relative or a friend exposed to the dangers of the sea; and, hence, there is not a family or an individual that can escape from the obligation of contributing to the grandest and holiest of our charitable institutions. If it is a high privilege, and a still higher duty, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to heal the sick, and to teach the ignorant, it is surely a higher privilege and a higher duty still, to save from sudden death, lives that have long to live, and that are to live for ever. If it is a Christian duty to convert the Jew, and reclaim the heathen, to frank the missionary to his field of labour, and to turn the wicked from the evil of their ways, it is doubtless an equal privilege and a higher duty to rescue the unconverted from a watery grave, and lead them from the brink of destruction to that mercy-seat to which they have been often and so unsuccessfully invited to appeal. We therefore beseech the Government to establish new and improved lighthouses on every dangerous headland, and to assist in providing new Life-boats on every rugged shore. We call upon our Protestant and Catholic bishops to order an annual collection in their churches to increase the funds of the Life-boat Institution. We invite all the reformed churches in the land, to add to their noble schemes one equally noble—to save from sudden death lives that are precious, and souls that are more precious still.

In admiration of the Life-boat Institution, in gratitude to its generous benefactors, and with a warm appreciation of the unwearied labours of its office-bearers, we have in these pages proffered in its cause a few "good words;" and we look for many "good deeds" from the generosity of our readers.

DISCIPLESHIP.

I.

"Lord, I have cried to Thee, hear my prayer."

THOU perfect Brother, perfect Son,
Who died below and liv'st above,
To pardon, cleanse, and make us one,
As Thou art one with God in love;

To us Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
And from His fulness, shed abroad
Upon the cold and selfish heart,
Thy love to man and love to God!

Impart to us Thy steadfast faith,
Thy meekness, patience, constant peace,
Thy will obedient unto death,
That chose dependence, not release;—

Thy tender sympathy, that felt
For every kind of human woe;
Thy grand humility that knelt
To wash the feet of friend and foe.

We long this life of life to share,
That God in us Thyself may see;
For this is heaven everywhere
In everything to be like Thee!

II.

"Out of the depths!"

O LORD, I tremble while I pray;
And from Thy grace such glory seek;
I fear to think of all I say,
The spirit wills, but flesh is weak!

I fear, because Thy ways I know,
And seeking, tremble lest I find
That discipline by which we grow,
And mind is moulded after mind;—

I know the flesh with Thee must die,
Before the soul with Thee can live;
I know that in Thy grave must lie
The old man, ere the new revive.

To die to live—to live to die—
To enter dark Gethsemane—
To follow Thee to Calvary—
There crucified to be!

Is this my calling—this my lot,
Thy life of suffering love to share!—
O pitying Christ, forsake me not,
Or I'll forsake Thee in despair!

Ah, Lord! I know not what I ask,
In asking to be made like Thee;
My prayer I fear is but a mask
To hide the heart's hypocrisy!

III.

"In Thee do I hope!"

FORSAKE Thee, Lord! forgive the thought!
Forgive those torturing doubts and fears,
O Thou who hast with darkness fought,
And prayed with crying strong and tears.

Forsake Thee, Lord! then whither flee?
Where find repose beneath the sky?
For o'er the deep and shoreless sea
One ark alone I can descry.

I know 'tis love that died for sin,
That bids me die to sin and live;
Love bids me run, itself to win,
For love no more than love can give.

Nay, Lord, Thy wondrous love hath said
That God's own strength which dwelt in Thee
Is in our weakness perfect made,
So that the weakest strong may be.

O love divine! that never fails,
But ever gives sufficient grace
For life, for death, till it unveils
Thyself to gaze on face to face.

Now strong in Thee, I breathe the prayer
To be like Thee whate'er betide;
On Thee I cast my every care,
On Thee I rest, in Thee abide!

N. MACLEOD.



A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS.

FROM A WANDERER.

II.—TUNIS. THE CEDARS OF LEBANON. THE BOSPHORUS.

Tunis.

We have spent a few most pleasant days close to Old Carthage, and now we sail merrily before a "topsail breeze" for Sicily, where I hope to post this letter. Our stay in this neighbourhood has been rendered "piquant" by an adventure to which we propose to give a place in history under the designation of "the Kelb (or dog) affair," for reasons to be immediately stated. It looks best in retrospect, however, after dinner over nuts and wine, but I assure you it was not pleasant at the time. But of this by and by.

Two days ago we entered the Gulf of Tunis. The port is about forty miles from the entrance. The gulf is a long narrow arm of the sea, not unlike a Highland loch, with fine purple mountains at the head and high land along the shores.

A very beautiful effect was produced by the reflection of the strong sun on the shallow water of the gulf. The sea was striped by a series of belts of different tints of colour, the one shading into the other, but yet each very distinct and well contrasted with the rest. These zones passed entirely across the gulf, and had a very curious and striking effect. I have seen the same thing in the Bay of Naples. In sailing up to the port you pass the Utica of Cato, now a favourite summer residence, where the "swells" of Tunis come to cool themselves in the glorious sea-breeze which fans this coast. The ruins of Carthage lie a little beyond on the borders, and to a considerable extent beneath the waters of a shallow lake which intervenes between the sea-shore and the hills on which the modern Tunis is built. On the spit of sand which divides the lake and the sea, the Goletta or fortified port is placed, and there we landed.

No destruction can be more complete than that which has overtaken Carthage. Few traces of this once mighty city now remain: the very configuration of the land has been in a great measure changed by the river which flows close by. Great tumuli of rubbish; a few broken shafts and capitols; a fragment of coarse mosaic occurring at long intervals, and the mined arches of an aqueduct spanning the plain, comprise all the evidences we saw of the "Queen of the South." An air of complete desolation reigns, and if it were not for the beauty of the purple hills which gird it round, the blue sparkling sea, and the transparent air, which combined would give a charm to any spot however waste, there would be little beyond the teeming thoughts which the place suggests to give an interest to the site of "Magna Carthago." It was indeed difficult to realise what such a place had been when some 700,000 inhabitants filled its streets, and 300 cities

owed it allegiance. An older city than Rome, her armies had rudely thundered at the very gate of the Mistress of the World, and now hardly one stone stands upon another to mark the site of her palaces. Verily "He has stretched out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness."

Tunis is as dirty and ricketty a city as exists on the face of the earth. It is a very favourite abode, as we soon discovered, for fleas, *et hoc genus omne*, and I believe a charming place for artists in search of the picturesque. By those who value a whole skin and have a weakness for cleanliness it should, however, be eschewed.

Its streets are perfectly stuffed with men of many unsavoury races, turbaned and haqued in every imaginable hue, all of whom, however, are much more provocative of admiration when viewed from a distance, than when brought into close contact. The rude jostling in the narrow lanes, which here represent streets, was anything but pleasant, from the fact that these gaudy individuals had a most unpleasant flavour of garlic and assafœtida. These their favourite condiments had, from long use, evidently sank deep into their bodily composition, and rendered their presence between you and the wind anything but agreeable.

We of course visited the tobacco and fez manufactories, which are the sights of the place. In the former, sundry rows of men sat grinding tobacco in mortars in a very peculiar manner. I shall tell you what appearance they presented, and I dare say you will have suggested to you the same idea as to their parentage that came into my mind. They were negroes of many shades of blackness, as if they had been removed from the fire at different stages of preparation. Some were as highly polished as if Day and Martin had long practised upon them with brush and blacking,—others resembled singed sheep's-head more than anything else, being of a dull brownish black. With a trifling exception, their garments were quite imaginary. Their heads were all shaved but at the crown. There a solitary "scalping lock" hung dependent. They sat along the edge of a platform on their heels, their great splay feet spread out below them; and with a leer which lit up their black faces and showed their white teeth and red gums, they ground savaging in their mortars. I could not but think that the frightful nostrums of the middle ages,—the mummies' brains and infants' skulls,—would have been more fit materials than tobacco for their preparation.

The Tunisian soldiers are vexatious ruffians. "All tatters and dirt," as a British soldier described them, "with a dash of steel across their stomachs,"

they look neither gallant nor savoury. We saw a regiment of their Guards (!) at drill. The sun was intensely hot, and as they were all clothed from head to heel in bright scarlet, and whirled and roared in the sand, they looked very like great Salamanders out for a day's amusement. An English officer told us he had seen a sentry at the chief gate of the city divide his attention between a vegetable stall, of which he was the sole proprietor, and his military duties. He sold his leeks craftily, till some military swell came in sight, when he abandoned his mercantile pursuit, shouldered his musket, presented arms (all the time, however, having one eye on his customer), replaced the rusty weapon in its corner by the wall, and returned to take up the thread of his discourse touching the early turnips. There is a plan for you of rendering an army self-supporting!

There is excellent shooting all round Tunis. Wild boar (oh! if you only tasted his tender flesh!) on the hills, and abundant snipe, partridge, hare, and quail on the low ground. There are many flamingoes on the lake, and they are certainly the most magnificent birds I ever beheld. They are as large as geese, and when they fly the effect is very striking. Their red bills and red legs are stretched out "fore and aft," as the sailors said, while the pure white body is flanked by snow-white wings tipped with flaming red.

We saw several of the celebrated "Marabouts," or holy men of Tunis, who, from being supposed (like the fools of old in Scotland) to be under the special protection of God, are held in great reverence. They are all either mad or pretend to be. They are allowed to help themselves to what food they wish at any shop, and the proprietor takes such attention as a compliment! Several of these gentry were very fierce-looking, having long matted hair, rolling eyes, and beards begrimed with filth. Their clothes hung in tatters from their gaunt limbs, and the scallop-shell of the pilgrim was attached to their shoulders. You may be sure we were careful to imitate the natives, who obsequiously made way for these impostors as they strode about gesticulating wildly apparently at nothing.

But I am sure you are impatient to hear about the "kelb" business: so here it is. In walking over the plain of Carthage, and far away from any aid, we came to some Arab tents,—the well-known *black* tents of the Bedouin,—and as we passed we were savagely attacked by a crowd of ugly dogs. Such brutes always lie about these encampments, and are very fierce and powerful. To save his legs, my friend fired, and so utterly destroyed the countenance of the foremost dog that the tip of the snout alone remained to serve for his identification. Some of the pellets rebounded from the hard ground, and passing through one of the tents, broke the arm of a woman. Then the row began in earnest. Great hulking fellows hitherto invisible poured out of every tent, and surrounding us began to menace with formidable-looking clubs and stones. While

the men tried to wrest the guns from us, the women and children danced round outside, and screamed in chorus. Two against a host had little chance, and as we were miles from aid, and night was coming on, our situation was, as you may believe, not agreeable. Money, threats, and palaver were of no avail; and to keep our loaded guns from their possession, and "dodge" the women, who tried to get at us with stones, was the most we could accomplish. Whenever there was a lull in the storm the wounded woman held up her bleeding arm like a war flag, and then rolled in the sand with the wildest yells. This always resulted in a fiercer renewal of the attack. When we were much exhausted, but had received no further harm, a carriage providentially came in sight, containing the French Consul and his Dragoman. The scene now changed, as the last-named official was able to speak their language, and having authority, soon brought them to their senses. One old villain, who though now bearing the meekest of miens had been before very wild in the attack, was ordered by the Dragoman to give up the plunder he had possessed himself of when our hands were engaged. The hoary ruffian strenuously denied having been near us at all; and when the Dragoman struck him a ringing blow on the cheek he let himself go flop on the sand with his legs straight out like a harlequin, and putting his hands up on either side of his head bellowed mightily. This punishment had a very soothing effect on his companions. We accompanied the Consul into Goletta, followed by about thirty Arabs bearing the woman and the dead dog. It turned out to be a very serious offence to shoot such a dog, not to speak of injuring the woman. So leaving money with the Consul to mend the arm and bury the dog, we went on board the yacht; and as we sailed before a favouring breeze we saw the howling procession enter the gates of the fortress, and felt very thankful we had been relieved from their company, and had a snug cabin and a good dinner to cheer us after our "kelb" adventure.

Below the Cedars.

I have been climbing all day, sometimes on horse-back, oftener on foot, up to this eyry on the side of Lebanon, and now we have our tent spread in the shadow of these great patriarchs of the forest, whose dark foliage we caught distant blinks of since early morning. The cedars stand very high, crowning like a diadem the bald forehead of the mountain. At this moment, a few feet above my head, their giant arms wave heavily in the breeze, and the oblique rays of the setting sun send long shafts of brilliant light through their branches. It is getting very cold as the sun goes down, and the influence of the near-lying snow comes to be felt. We are several thousand feet above the shore we left two days ago, and which we now see far below hemming round the waters of the "great

sea." Above us the highest peaks of Lebanon tower encrusted with snow, and down their sides a cold breeze blows which stirs the leaves and branches and cramps the hand. It is a very severe climb up here. The path is frequently a mere groove in the rock with beetling crags and terrible holes on either side. It was very nervous work, I assure you, riding the awkward shuffling in-toed mules over rocks smoothed and polished by ice and water, or rudely out in great steps strewn with loose stones. The cedars grow on a rocky knoll lying in the embrace of a great semicircular basin in the mountain side. They stand alone, as best befits them, without any other tree near. About 400 of them remain, but only a few of these heard the sound of Herman and his axe-bearing host. If these few had been more accessible, I believe the modern Hermans would soon have demolished them. They all stand within a very small circuit, and the seven oldest are called "the Apostles." These seven alone are believed to be real ancients, *i.e.*, to date from a time before "the kings of Israel, mighty wise and strong." They stand in the centre of the whole group, surrounded and guarded by their descendants and kinsfolk. The natives almost worship these trees, and ascribe to them a sentient existence. They hold an annual festival beneath their branches, which being now near at hand, we have been strongly persuaded by the chief of a neighbouring village to stay and witness. All the world and his wife comes up to it; and the feast, though nominally a religious one, is said to lead to a good deal of irregularity. So it is now, as of old, when the Prophet accused the people of "asking counsel of stocks," "they sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks, and poplars, and elms, because the shadow thereof is good." It is, however, a glorious place for solemn worship,—truly a temple not made with hands,—in the bosom of the great hills and beneath the shade of trees pregnant with solemn associations of the past, for, as Bryant says,—

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, or lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed,
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; then, in darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplications."

One of the finest of the old trees was nearly destroyed by a dirty old monk, who took it into his head to dig a hole for his ugly carcase in the bole, about twenty feet from the ground. The wolves snuffed him out, and in winter, when the snow was too deep for assistance to reach him, they danced round him day and night, wetting their glancing teeth, and rubbing their backs against the trunk. For weeks they gloated over his downfall, with tearful eyes and gaping chaps, for they were sufficiently hungry to have a longing for even that dirty bundle of clothes; but poor scratch-back held

on in a hole, hardly big enough to keep him from being spilt out, doubtless sleeping little, and making the vow he has since religiously kept, of returning for ever to less lively quarters, so soon as the enemy retired. How cheery his wakenings from sleep must have been, poor fellow! However, the wolves did a service in saving the tree.

From the blazing sun of mid-day, you dive into the deep shadow of these noble trees, as into a river of cool water. The huge boles, some of them measuring between forty and fifty feet in circumference, send forth to a great distance their fantastically twisted branches, laden with mighty cones. The lofty tops shoot high up towards heaven, and when in their august presence we imagine the whole mountain covered as it once was by such giants, we can well comprehend how the Cedars of Lebanon should be so often used in Scripture as emblems of strength, and majesty, and glory. What a long lapse of ages,—what great revolutions and events have they not outlived; and there silently, as of yore, like great sentries guarding the mountain, they still look out over the dark valleys, and away to the shining strand of the great sea beyond, whose purple waves still glow in the beams of the setting sun.

Therapia, on the Bosphorus,

August, 1855.

Here I am, some hundred miles of cool sea dividing me, thank Providence, from that dust-burdened camp, with its smells and fever. What a contrast between that poisonous place and this Elysium! There, every blade of grass is withered and burned to ashes; the very hills are charred and ground to a dull snuff colour, and clouds of dust, set in motion by the slightest breeze, fill your tent, and give a twang of grit to your meat and drink. Then the smells! There is nothing doing, moreover, in front to break the constant monotony of the batter, batter, day and night, at these old brown mud mounds, which seem to grow the more they are knocked into dust by the guns. The very charm of "shaves" has departed, and if it were not for the daily tale from the hospitals, one might suppose the war was over, and the discontented occupants of the camp represented its half-used-up leavings. Add to this the tiresome, never-varying routine of the food,—the dry, tasteless biscuits, and stringy meat. The half-boiled water has a sad taste of dust and ashes, and is visibly animated by shoals of animalcules. Your body dirty and detestable even to yourself,—your "linen" represented by a few old flannel buttonless shirts,—your garments seedy and of as many colours as Joseph's coat, though by a poetical fiction supposed to be Her Majesty's uniform,—add this up, and you have a notion of the state of the "sons of Glory" in front, and an idea why it is so much the fashion at present to be seized by fever. A man certainly makes a sorry figure with his hair cut short, making his head look like

a well-worn broom, and his beard so long that you are apt to suppose all his growth has gone into it. Men's features, too, but too clearly express the lassitude and depression which constantly overburdens them. I took fever like the rest, and lay half dead in a hut, through whose tarry roof a hot sun constantly streamed on my head. My "medical comforts," though the best which could be had, consisted of such things as an athletic ostrich might have innocently partaken of, but of this fact I cannot speak with confidence. So there I lay, and tossed, and dreamed of home with its comforts and its familiar faces, and its kind cool hands. How home haunts you at such a time! I was very nearly becoming a permanent resident of the dusty plateau, but just when my friends thought "it was all over but the shouting," I was, thank God, carried on board ship, and soon came right again. I remember very well, as I was being taken up the side of the ship, feeling like a bundle of old rags tacked together by sensient strings which ached horribly. My old friend the sea nursed me gently on his heaving bosom, and fanned me in his own rough hearty way, so that I was soon restored to comparative health. The place I write from is perhaps the most perfectly enchanted spot on the earth. It is not altogether because I have come to it from the horrid hole I have been speaking of above that I am so enamoured of its charms, but chiefly because of its own intrinsic and incomparable loveliness. I shall try to convey to you an idea of it, though I cannot throw into the description anything of that deep-felt joy which returning health and strength imparts to everything seen and done. Mere existence here is the sweetest luxury.

I will describe as accurately as I can the scene spread before me as I write. My room is built over the sea. From a window jealously latticed I look down into the very depths of the rushing current twenty feet below, which always speeds from the Euxine to the Sea of Marmora. As I look far into the swirling eddies among streaming sea-weed and glancing stones, I see little gleaming fish dart like rays of light in and out of the tangle in their gay timorous sports. I am never weary of this flashing, surging stream. By day it reflects as from a prism the dancing sunbeams in a thousand brilliant rays. At night its voice gently sings me to sleep as it throbs in the crannies of the wall, or gushes along in sportive wavelets. A constant cool balmy breeze fills my room, laden with the frankincense of flowers from the clustering hills or of fresh sea-weed from the brown rocks. It is just strong enough to rustle my curtains without disturbing my repose. It gives a tiny curl to the waves, weaves the branches of the trees which crown the headlands and festoon the rocks into endless fantastic patterns, and makes the very leaves clap their little hands with joy. How delicious sleep is here! So dreamless and refreshing. Sometimes a boatful of glee singers or a company of guitar players pass along after nightfall, and send a throb of joy through

your very soul as you waken and remember where you are, and whence you came. Then the milk, and fruit, and dainty food! Grapes, figs bursting their green jackets with very lusciousness, and pure wine which makes the heart glad, and leaves the brain scathless. In the morning the glorious "header" into the crystal current; the walks afterwards by shady paths flickered over by the sunbeams; the ever-varied glimpses of a matchless landscape of hill and valley, wood and garden; the straits alive with graceful caiques whose very motion is poetry, and the great war ships lined with troops fresh from home going up with cheers and music to feed the insatiable monster of war who lives beyond those sparkling waters, whose gleaming bow is sharp strung against the northern sky. I must add as among the greatest of my enjoyments a feeling of cleanliness, and a substitution of a white shirt and shooting coat for rags and belts and stripes and botheration. Now you have both sides of the medallion, and can any contrast be greater than that which exists between my life *last week and this*. My present consciousness of happiness is so great that I know that I laugh immoderately at trifles like an hysterical woman, and feel astonished at the grave, cool propriety of men here on their way to the "front," who have just come from England clothed in purple and fine linen. They cannot sympathise with one till they too have gone through the mill and get their hides roughened a bit.

There is no wonder that the Bosphorus is to many a type of Paradise. It is to my mind incomparable. A lover of the beautiful in nature is constantly in the frame of mind alluded to by Wordsworth:—

"Here you stand,
Adore and worship when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will."

True, the stir caused by the war has given an unwonted animation to the scene, but the Bosphorus is in itself beyond description exquisite. I lately drifted, during a long summer's day, from near the Cyanean rocks by the shore of the Pontus to the Golden Horn on the verge of the Propontus, a distance of some eighteen miles, and I was ravished by the constantly varied scenes which met me, each if possible excelling the other. New combinations of the same general features occur at every turn, like the changes in a kaleidoscope. The stream flows on beneath the bright sun like a river of molten gold *peopled* by boats. It is said that 80,000 caiques ply on its waters. Many of these are gay with awnings and flags, and vary in size from the humble "one pair" up to the imperial thirty-two oared. Curious high-sterned ships, carved and gilt like the vessels in Claud's pictures, lie in bays, or raise their quaint spars and sails to the wind. On either side bold headlands project into the tide and fret it into foam. They stand festooned with wood, or crowned with the hoary walls of some castle "famed in

story," or bristling with some of the thousand cannon which guard the strait. Graceful bays intervene, and give a footing to brown-roofed fantastic villages, whose houses are painted with many bright colours, which contrast charmingly with sea and wood. Palace succeeds palace (the Sultan alone has about forty on these shores), presenting long ranges of pillars and handsome porticoes, and flights of steps descending into the water. In little clefts of the rock there are such odd tumble-down houses that look as if they had been drifted in by the tide and cast carelessly away, being altogether too crazy for modern habitation. As you pass along you catch fitful peeps of terraced gardens filled with flowers of the brightest colours, and of groves of trees pierced by the trembling sunbeams. Sometimes near the shore you stumble across such funny "roosts," where perched on the top of high rickety poles a sun-burned native, girt in his fisherman's coat, looks wistfully down on his brown nets swaying in the current below. Often little valleys lead up from the shore towards the purple hills, and in the quiet depths of their cypress shade stand the gilded tombstones of the faithful, or the cool fountain, each the favourite lounge of many veiled females, swathed in bright yellow, blue, white, or red vestments loosely streaming to their feet, similar to the clothing of the ten virgins as seen in old prints. Groups of revellers sit on every convenient spot drinking or gambling, and in dress and posture are admirably "posed" for effect. Music, too, often lends its charm; while over all, and filling all, a golden atmosphere, transparent up to the nether

heaven, gives a brilliancy, a life, and a colour to everything. It is in these climes that the magic power of the sun is daily seen. It plays joyfully through the trees, gilds the lichen on the rocks, quivers along the curling waves, and throws a mantle of glory over sea and land. In the Bosphorus, also, there are so many historical associations to add interest to its beauties. Each castle (and there are many) has its stirring story of siege and battle; many palaces have their half-whispered mysterious secrets to reveal; the moss-covered monument of Barbarossa the Corsair,

"Of Barbary the glory and Christendom the dread,"

stands by the shore; and the site is pointed out of that pillar on which Daniel, the Stylite, is said to have passed twenty-eight precious years, making himself a wonder of sanctity to his contemporaries, and a wonder of folly to his successors. We cannot but take an interest in the rock from which the proud Darius saw his mighty host cross to Europe; and perhaps before all we regard that little bay where the Crusaders embarked; or that other cove where old Dandolo, "the blind," he who

"Survived to ninety summers
To vanquish empires and refuse their crown,"

and his strong Venetian sailors gained many a sturdy fight.

I fear, however, that you will think that the beauties of the place have turned my head and that I am raving, so I will say no more at present but "Felice notte."

G. H. B.

THE SECOND MRS. AUCHTERLONIE.

CHAPTER I.

"THIS is a horrible degradation of my father's Davie! What could possess the old man to be guilty of such folly, such a piece of cruelty to Katie!"

"I suppose he could do what he liked, Sandy; but its horrible bad taste, that's all."

The two speakers were young men, strong, broad-shouldered, and independent for their two-and-twenty and nineteen summers. They were as like each other as brothers could be, with a dogged bushiness of eyebrow and wilfulness of nether lip sufficient to prove them sons of him who in his grey old age had committed what was looked upon as a glaring imprudence. Sandy, the younger and firmer of the two, wore the half uniform of what was then the East India Company's Navy. He was very robust, and very arrogant; and his greatest exhibitions of strength and temper were shown in steam-vessels somewhere about the Red Sea and Bay of Bengal. His elder and slightly more placable brother Davie, a young solicitor spending his short vacation, had a general crustiness of disposition, and a great devotion to his employer.

The young men were the only sons of an old gentleman and scholar, living on his inherited means in his own country house, and, till very recently, as much honoured as a highly informed, but rather sarcastic country gentleman is wont to be. By his first marriage, Mr. Auchterlonie had also one daughter, about whose future her brothers were now resentfully anxious.

"There is one thing," declared the young giant Sandy, slapping whatever came in his way with his brawny arm, "Katie shall not remain in such company. How could the lassie be so tame and mean-spirited as to propose such a thing!"

"Some woman's nonsense about standing by my father if no one else should, and helping him to bear the consequences of his infatuation," growled Davie, the more wrathful the more he thought over the matter.

"I shall try to bring Katie to reason, and remove her to my lodgings in Edinburgh."

"She shall go with you whether she is willing or not," Sandy vowed with a red inflamed face, "or else I will not put a foot on board. It is our duty to see after Katie in this mess. My sister is not to

be lost for my father's madness. When will you be ready to start for Whiteford, Davie?"

Of course! how should Katie Auchterlonie know what was right for her to do? How should her woman's generosity and meekness, under her frank fearless temper, guide her in a mortifying perplexity? Accordingly Davie the quill-driver, and Sandy the navigator, set off home to see justice done to her, to wrest the child from the parent, to speak to their father violent, insolent words, never to be unspoken—perhaps to fling, nothing loth, a firebrand, to smoulder and blaze up in disaster and ruin at no distant day.

The fact was, Mr. Auchterlonie, of Whiteford, had committed, in mature years, a grievous *mésalliance*. He had on a moment's notice married again, after his sons and daughter were grown up, a woman thirty years younger than himself, yet still no girl—a woman without rank or wealth or even beauty—a woman of the homeliest education and antecedents—a ruddy, stout, mature woman, his first wife's housemaid, whom he took as much by surprise as everybody else when he removed her from her state of servitude and placed her at the head of his establishment. What whim or spell had possessed Mr. Auchterlonie no one knew, or was likely to know, for he was a retired taciturn man. If ever well-endowed elderly gentleman deserved to be put under restraint for an outrageous act, it was Mr. Auchterlonie. But as there is no law to tie up elderly gentlemen who meditate unaccountable marriages, this marriage was accomplished, the only member of the family on the spot to have petitioned and entered interdicts being his daughter Katie. Mr. Auchterlonie had formally informed his sons of his purpose, without giving any explanation; indeed, he had not been accustomed to tell his children of his motives to this or that. He had taken care that the step should be taken when both the young men were abroad,—Davie spending a vacation with Sandy in the rare delights of an Eastern expedition. Thus the lads had no opportunity to walk in and overturn their father's matrimonial arrangements; there was only Katie to prevent it. Poor Katie! But she was not to be pitied after all, even under this heavy trial, she was so healthy and happy. The family temperament might be said to have taken a new turn, so that the force which came out so rugged in the father and sons, was in her a purely sweet and sunny temper, sensible, full of enjoyment, and affectionate, without morbidness and without moodiness, possessing a large amount of moral courage and an endurance of character which might wear out strong savage men.

For all that, Katie half cried her eyes out the night her father told her, in half-a-dozen abrupt sentences, that he was going to marry Beenie Tosh. She began to look out and pack up her effects, and to wander about taking farewell of her dear old home of Whiteford; for her father had said that she might go and live with her mother's relations.

"You may go if you like, Katie; only remember, if you do go, it is for good and all."

Yes, she would go; she would brave the alternative, and so she proceeded to pack up and say good-bye. Then, with so true a nature, reaction of course set in, sure and swift. After a bitter struggle and a sore battle with herself, she yielded to much that was cruelly antagonistic to her lively spirit; and seeing plainly her misfortune, she accepted it, and consented to the darkening of her prospects and the closing-in of her bright social life.

Katie might be right, or she might be wrong, but she was disinterested. Her attached eager aunts, who would have encouraged any display of indignation on her part, and welcomed her to their houses, thought less of her from that day. They thought her time-serving and timid, not their poor sister's very daughter. Thus she became something of a heroine. "If I go away," she said to herself with a crimson face, "the world may say scandalous things of papa, and I won't have him abused; he has been a manly, righteous, refined gentleman, a benevolent Christian gentleman. He never crossed me, though he never petted me much; he bore with my laughter, sometimes he laughed with me. I was always sure he loved me, as sure of his love as of Davie's and Sandy's, when they were imperious and scolded me. I never doubted any one of them. He will keep his word. If I leave Whiteford I would never cross the door again, or sit by his pillow and kiss him when he came to die." "If I go away," she said again, "there will be no chance of Davie's and Sandy's coming back; the rupture will be complete, for I know the boys will never care about touching a farthing of papa's money; I believe they will not mind working for themselves, and he will not have one child left. If I go away, the whole neighbourhood will forsake papa; and if his own child desert him, that will be setting everybody an example to turn their backs upon him. They have no right to do that," exclaimed the girl, getting up and walking in magnanimous discomposure and vehemence to and fro in her room. "Papa is not about to commit a deadly sin; some of themselves have done more unwarrantable things. Even towards *her* it is unreasonable, unfair. What is she that they should shrink from her? What is she that she should defile me since papa chooses her to sit in mamma's place? Poor Beenie! who always met me first when I came home from school, to whom I gave the largest Christmas-box, who doctored my sprained ankle better than the doctor himself, and who was so proud when she helped to sew and to fit on my first ball-dress," and Katie ended with a burst of tears.

No; Beenie's undue exaltation was not Beenie's fault. By no immodest scheming, by no vaulting ambition, had she attained it. Katie was convinced of that. Why was Mr. Auchterlonie guilty of the glaring inconsistency? But he being guilty, Beenie could not be justly blamed unless for not refusing

the honour put upon her; and that was to expect a degree of wisdom, and self-control not more common in elderly housemaids than in the rest of the world. Katie was not certain—though the incongruity would not have been so great in that case—that she herself would have had the strength of mind to refuse a real English duke if he had solicited her to become a duchess and to be picked to death by all the other duchesses. “Besides”—Katie finished with a twist of her mouth, a comical idea shooting across her distress, as the sun’s rays will gleam athwart dank watery vapours—“Beenie dared not refuse papa, she has always stood in such wholesome awe of ‘the Master.’ Poor Beenie!”

CHAPTER II.

ON a fine August day the two brothers Davie and Sandy arrived at Whiteford. They had travelled almost night and day since receiving the intimation of their father’s set purpose—not with the hope of stopping its consummation, for that was impossible—but, as Sandy puffed out, to get rid of their steam, and to rescue Katie. They were travel-stained and dishevelled as they stood before the red-brick house, which was warm and cosy, hung round with white jasmine, yellow rose-Japonica, and a profusion of common China roses, and the great leaves of the Canadian vines. Within the policy were the hay-field, and patches of Indian corn, carrots, and beetroot (Mr. Auchterlonie being an amateur agriculturist); on the outskirts were shrubs, fancy laurels, acacias, araucarias, and sweet British lilacs and laburnums, as well as borders of daisies, and tufts of heather,—and the whole place was basking drowsily in the thick-moted beams of August sunshine.

But the place was very un-homelike to them this summer day. The one had not been here for nine months, and the other for three; yet in place of hastening in doors, they, by mutual instinct, stopped and rang the bell. Their two dogs, Punch and Judy, ran to them with much leaping and barking, but they knocked them off, sternly. They did not acknowledge the new servant, although they knew her as having been brought up in the parish; accordingly, they asked for Mr. Auchterlonie. “My father,” added Davie, as if he felt he was acting a part in a play. Was he at home, and could they see him?

Beenie’s successor was greatly excited, but she had the presence of mind to inform the applicants that Mr. Auchterlonie was not at home. He had driven over early in the morning to the train, she believed; and she added, in confidential accents (for which Davie and Sandy would have given the girl her dismissal on the spot had they been her masters), “he was gone for twa’ree days or the hale week to a grand meeting” (the Highland Society’s, or the Antiquarian, or the Social Science, thought the brothers); “at least, so she had heard said by the mistress.”

Sandy ground his teeth. This accident vexed him, for he might have to rejoin his ship before he

could have his difference out with his father. But he said aloud, “Never mind. Tell Miss Auchterlonie she is wanted to speak to her brothers for a few moments;” and, at the risk of encountering his father’s wife, he pushed past the girl and walked through the hall to the pretty drawing-room—faded since it had been fitted up for their own mother, but still pretty—with its old-fashioned blue-lined chintz draperies framing the bushes and cornfields without. Here and there lay Katie’s nicknacks—her drawings, her work-basket, her birdcage, her books. There was only one token of another’s company, and it was not very objectionable. It was a fine half-knitted worsted stocking on slim wires; and fastened to it was one of those little bunches of hens’ feathers which one sees along with pieces of knitting on kitchen and cottage tables. Sandy’s eye caught it, and he turned up his nose still higher as he and Davie sat down, in their dust and fume, on one of the finical chintz couches.

Davie and Sandy knew that room well. It was their resting-place on winter evenings, where they condescended to listen to Katie’s music occasionally, or read with a lion’s share of the lamp—where they had intended to recount their adventures to an impressed audience this autumn, but where they now sat still and stiff, as if death were in the house.

There was some fun in the proceeding, inasmuch as Sandy and Davie, who were in such wrath at their father’s slight to established rules, were in their own persons notorious despisers of forms, and were as unmannerly and bearish as two gentlemen, the sons of a gentleman, could contrive to be. With what grace, therefore, they could sit there and swell at their father’s indifference to public opinion and his assertion of primitive rights, the reader can easily guess.

After five minutes’ rest, which was a benefit to the young men’s exhausted bodies, but no sedative to their tempers, Katie came running in—a light, firm, well-made, comely-faced girl, with so clear a forehead, so reasonable an eye, so benevolent a mouth, that she was a beauty. And yet her features were nothing to speak of; her complexion was freckled, and her hair neither chesnut nor auburn nor tawny, but undeniably red—so red that a crimson rose in it would have been positively frightful. Still she was a beauty, one in a thousand, fair already, and to become always fairer, with her beautiful brow and her beautiful dimples. Katie came running in, in her blue muslin and her snow-white sun-bonnet, which she preferred to a hat.

“Oh! dear, dear boys, I cannot tell how glad I am to see you home again. When did you come?—and where have you been last?—and had you my letters?—and will you have something to eat and drink?” This after she had hugged them both closely.

“Where have you been, Katie, keeping us so long in this den?” grumbled both the brothers fractionally, kissing her at the same time, and allowing her to kiss them with a kind of gruff sufferance.

"Den!" exclaimed Katie, looking around her. "I think it is a very nice room; I see none like it. I was out, of course, this fine afternoon; we took an early dinner, and I was down at the bleaching-green with—with Mrs. Auchterlonie," Katie got out with an inevitable red face and a disposition of the name to stick in her throat.

"How dared you, Katie," raged Sandy, charging upon her at once; "what do you mean by keeping company with that woman?"

"How could I help it, Sandy?" Katie defended herself. "Why should I not keep company with her, now that she is papa's wife?" she went on more calmly.

"The very reason you should never speak to her, never let your eyes fall upon her."

"She never did me any ill," protested Katie; "and this was papa's will—am I not to respect my father?"

"Katie," interposed Davie decidedly, "how long will you take to get ready to go with us to Aunt Leyden's?"

"Oh! Davie, I can't," objected Katie, piteously. "It is very kind of you, Sandy; I know you mean it for kindness, but I can't leave the house when papa is away—to steal a march upon him as it were, and turn my back upon her after I have taken her up. Papa kissed me when he left, and asked what fine thing he should bring me from Edinburgh—papa, who is so absent and inattentive in general. Oh! Davie, Sandy, I can't do it."

"I never thought you were so childish, so greedy," Davie accused her.

"I never heard such idiocy," proclaimed Sandy. "What call have you to support the woman? Nobody—not even my father—could ask it of you. No; he has made his choice, leave him to it. You will be giving that woman a hand at the washing-tub next; I wonder at you, Katie."

"Katie," remonstrated Davie, "we cannot see you sacrificed. You do not understand. Nobody will look near you; the whole neighbourhood will shun you; you will be classed with him and her; you will lose caste, Katie; you will deteriorate by grubbing among her low ways, and her low relations."

"She has never brought a relation to the house," explained Katie; "she tries to accommodate herself to our ways, poor woman! See, she is knitting that pretty stocking for me. Surely, refinement is little worth if it cannot match with homeliness. Then, papa is cultivated enough to inoculate us all with cultivation. I am not frightened."

"No matter, Katie," contradicted her brother angrily; "the world wont judge so, and it will put you out of society as it will put them out."

"The more shame to them," said Katie, warmly; "what right have they to judge? Davie, you forget," said the generous girl, standing erect in womanly dignity, though her face was a deep red, "my father's wife is an honest woman. No, I will not forsake her."

"You pay a small compliment to your own mother," reflected Sandy, bitterly.

"No, I don't, Sandy—I don't," cried Katie sharply, as if he had struck her a blow. "And Sandy," continued the bated girl, with a quivering lip, "the last words mamma said to me were, 'Be a good girl, Katie, and do everything your father bids you.'"

"And so, I suppose you would cut your throat at his word?" sneered Davie.

"No; but you know well papa would never ask me to do anything that was really wrong. I did not think you two cared so much for the opinion of the world," added Katie, with innocent craftiness. "You went little into company when you were at home, and you were always angry at me when I went to a dance or a picnic. A set of stupid, silly folks you said the neighbours were, who did not really care about us, though you cared sufficiently for them to help them in serious trouble. They have not cut me completely; they have been a little shy, but the Lindesays and Andersons have been inviting me, and Patricia Lindesay came round to me at church yesterday, and told me she would come over as usual, if I would like it; and what do you think, Colonel Fordyce called to see papa on justice business, and brought his wife with him—she who had never leisure to notice us before, on account of her great circle of connections through the Elliot-Oswald family."

"Impertinent jay! come to spy our miserable relations and to laugh at them."

"No, no, Davie, she is not an unkind woman; and her own son married an actress, and she receives her at her house," commented Katie significantly.

"She may do what she likes. An actress is one thing, and a woman who scrubs floors another. Have you made up your mind finally, Katie?"

Before Katie could answer, the door opened and the second Mrs. Auchterlonie entered, with the peculiarly distracted gait of an untrained woman who has known no dancing-master and never moved in drawing-rooms except to serve in them. She was, as has been stated, not a handsome woman, and she had probably looked better as Beenie the housemaid than as Mrs. Auchterlonie of Whiteford. She was a square woman, on whose broad shoulders a strong silk gown was only strong, and neither rich nor splendid. Her arms were short and thick, and her hands, with the marriage-ring conspicuous on one fat finger, were dreadfully in her way. Her blonde head-dress had been charitably subdued by Katie since it came from the milliner's.

It is not easy to say how the young men had intended to conduct a personal interview with Mrs. Auchterlonie, or whether they had contemplated one at all. They had seen her before as often as there were hairs on their heads—had been accustomed to her going in and out of that room waiting upon them. Now, in instinctive manliness, they both rose and made surly bows, to which Mrs. Auchter-

lonie responded with a deep duck of a curtsey, which would have been laughable if it had not been so lowly. Her old feelings as Beenie Tosh the housemaid came back on Mrs. Auchterlonie, and she stood before them with apprehensive deference. "Master Davie and Master Sandy, what will you please to have for a refreshment, and where would you like the tray set?"

The young men looked at each other in a confused baffled way. At the moment Davie stood up he reeled with a sensation of sudden illness, which he had concealed by grasping the back of a chair. "The horse had better be baited, Sandy," he answered, indirectly addressing his brother. "He cannot carry us back to Corehead without a feed." Sandy, highly resenting the small concession, remained doggedly dumb.

Mrs. Auchterlonie, perspiring at every pore, finding she was to have no further reply, took this indifferent reception of her overture as a consent to a meal of some sort whose details were left to her discretion. She considered for a moment, standing awkwardly in the centre of her drawing-room, though Katie rose and placed a chair for her. She retreated hastily, turning at the door: "I'll send the cook to the dining-room. I'll let you know when it is done, and I'll come and help it if you want me; but I'll leave you the now to your cracks."

Down Mrs. Auchterlonie went to the lower regions, to beg the cook (who was not over-obedient or over-courteous to her) to have a tray of all that was best prepared at once for the young gentlemen. Then, shrinking from the inquisitive eyes—which scorned her with the ignorant scorn with which the lower orders overwhelm an equal who has risen to be a superior—Mrs. Auchterlonie retreated, by force of habit or by a feeling of pride, not to her handsome bedroom, but to the remote bare garret where her spare "kist" used to stand. And sitting down on the rickety chair, she rocked herself to and fro, and then put her scored thumb in her mouth, like a child. "What for do the lads gloom at me in that way, and me an honest woman? Oh! I cannot bear it, for all Miss Katie is condescending and tries to endure me. I did not ken what I would have to thole. I wish I could gang back and be a douce servant lass again. I think I would do it, were it not for the master. He would follow me and fetch me back, and that would be the worst disgrace ava." And Mrs. Auchterlonie sobbed heavily.

CHAPTER III.

KATIE was doing her best to calm and soothe her exasperated brothers, and to convince them of what she believed was her duty, though they would not see it. Sandy threatened to resign his berth, mortally offend his father, and ruin himself if she caused him to fail in his errand. Davie, too, was on the verge of gravely quarrelling with her. Both of them assured her solemnly that they would

never come near Whiteford again, and that she would see little more of their faces if she chose to remain under her father's and stepmother's roof. She was torn by conflicting emotions, and had no guide but the single-hearted resolution not to do evil that good might come—not to disobey her father to please her brothers.

She, in despair, left the young men for a moment, to compose herself, and gather fresh strength, and to think over this miserable home-coming of her brothers. When she returned, neither of them was in the drawing-room; and, in a little trepidation lest they should have gone off in their huff without the ceremony of leave-taking, she ran down to the dining-room, and was relieved by finding Davie sitting below his father's picture, to which his strong-marked dogmatic face bore so great a resemblance, with the luncheon-tray before him—not eating, however, but leaning his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand.

"Why aren't you eating, Davie?" asked Katie, softly; "and where is Sandy?"

"I cannot stay any longer here, Katie," he exclaimed, pettishly. "I don't know what has come over me; I'm as sick as a dog, and there is a pulse like a hammer beating in my head. Sandy, too, could not stay in the room with the food. We must be off."

But, to Katie's increasing alarm, Davie, in place of, going off, clutched at the table while he spoke. His face got first white and then scarlet, his eyes looked both hollow and glistening, and drops began to burst out on his forehead.

"Davie, dear, you are ill. What will you try? Brandy? You must not attempt to start again—I mean not for an hour or two. Come to your room and lie down, and sleep it off. I will not allow any one else to come near you; I will sit beside you till you are better. Oh! do be persuaded, Davie."

Katie had never seen Davie droop an eye or bend a leg or arm in her life before; but her proposal was the suggestion of common sense and sisterly regard.

Davie made another effort to be himself again, but felt dizzy than ever, and was forced, sorely against his will, to comply with Katie's entreaty. He was even under the necessity of holding by her slight arm, as he staggered to his room, and threw himself on the bed which he had occupied when a stout unruly boy.

It was really a distressing spectacle to see a powerful young man suddenly smitten and brought down by sickness, and Katie was as much frightened at it as a creature of a cheerful temperament could be. But there were most comical elements in Davie's sickness. He was so exasperated and cankered; he made such dour attempts to resist it and get the better of it. Katie even smiled as she endeavoured, with all her might, to pull off his boots, but was nearly knocked down by his starting up, and kicking off the troublesome auxiliaries. After she had shaken his pillow, and brought him a smelling-bottle, she was bidden

keep her smelling-bottle to herself and go about her business, and leave him to sickness and solitary majesty. Suiting the action to the word, Davie turned his back haughtily, and buried his face, in disgust and nausea and throbbing anguish, in the pillow.

All sense of the ludicrous disappeared when she left the room, and went, burdened by care and regret, to seek Sandy, to see if he could guess what was the matter with Davie, and advise her what to do. Her fears rose to something like terror when she found Sandy sitting, without his hat, on the seat beneath the weeping ash, bent down, half-blind and stupid with equal illness and helplessness. She coaxed and assisted him with still greater difficulty to his room, told Mrs. Auchterlonie of her brothers' strange simultaneous sickness, and sent for the doctor.

Dr. Sutherland arrived, and soon got at the mystery by a few plain questions, which cut to the root of the matter. Had there been any fever in Sandy's ship, or in any other locality where the young men had been? Of course there had. Had the brothers been exposed to it? Of course they had. They had, with iron constitutions and bulldog tendencies, considered that precautions were not in their sphere. They had done their best to develop and mature the seeds of disease, by affording no rest to the soles of their feet, or nourishment to their thirsty throats and craving stomachs; by coming on like madmen, by land and sea, boat and rail, without sleeping, or eating, or shifting their clothes; without giving their ill-used constitutions the shadow of a chance to throw off infection; and now they had broken down.

Without a doubt, that was the explanation. Thus Davie and Sandy were each in for what the doctor called (taking a pinch of snuff) a smart touch of Mediterranean fever; and they need no more think of moving from where their headstrong wills had brought them, for many weeks to come, than of flying in the air, or turning poets or courtiers.

The doctor at once prescribed for the patients, and curled up his shrewd lip at the bare idea of their defiance.

There were great demands on Katie's decision and endurance at this time; demands to make her a stronger and a more sedate woman ever afterwards. She had gathered from the doctor that there was no immediate danger for her brothers, and therefore she did not summon home her father by telegraph, in order to shift the responsibility from her shoulders to his. Indeed, Katie was in some apprehension that her father's coming would only complicate the trouble, and, if Davie and Sandy continued in their present state of mind, lead to more dire hostility, unless her father was so touched by their illness as to bear everything off their hand.

But in the meantime there were Davie and Sandy to nurse in a bad fever, and only one young girl to do it. It was an alarming prospect, even in

the most sanguine view of the case. Dr. Sutherland had thought it right to warn her, even while her lips parted with dismay—

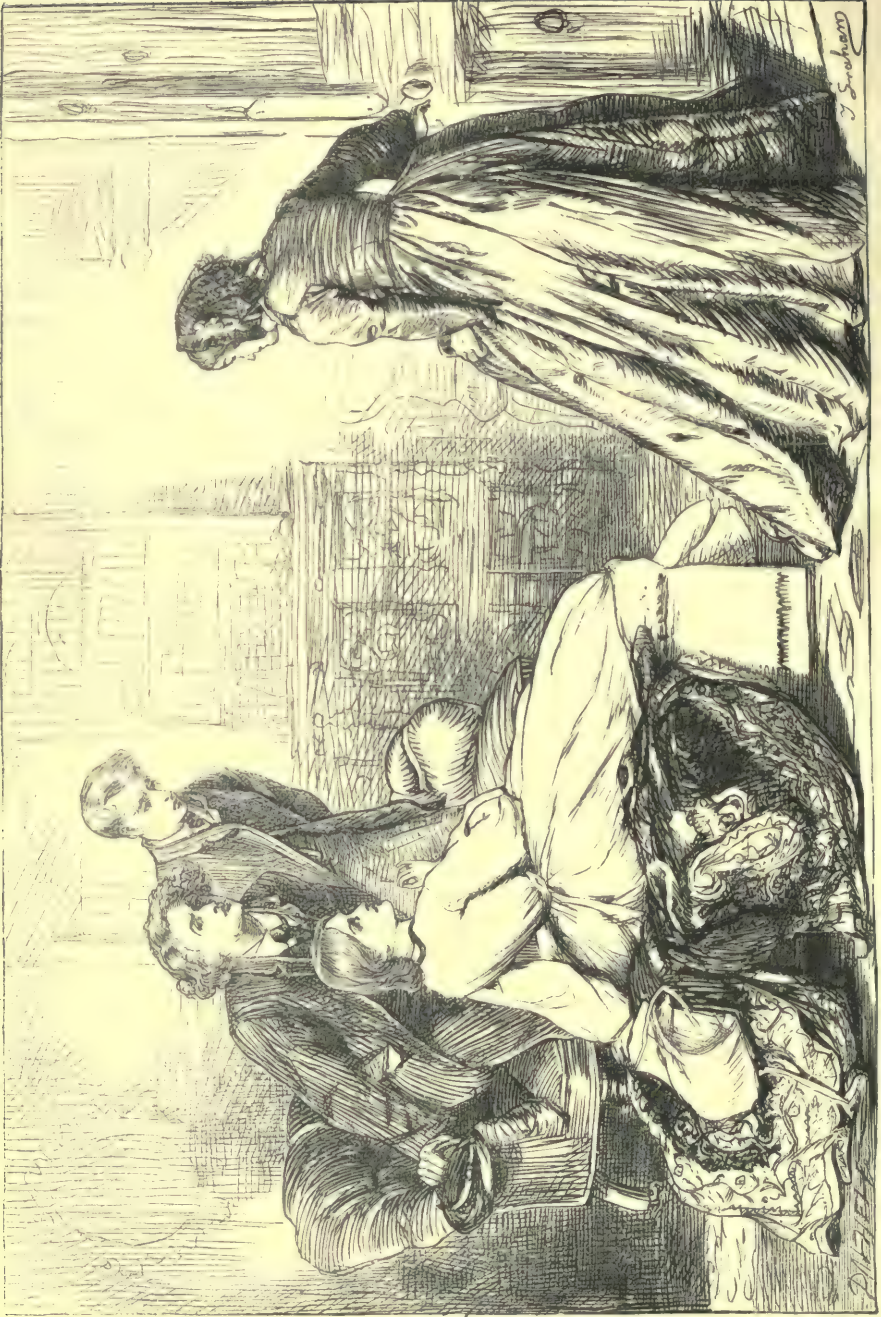
"If there is any raving in either of the patients, Miss Auchterlonie, which is not unlikely, and they threaten to master you, get in the steward or a man-servant from the offices; but of course, don't use restraint till it is necessary, and don't be unduly alarmed. You know nurses are not to be had in a country place, but I may get you one from Edinburgh when you cannot do without her. Yes, I trust your brothers will go on favourably; they have everything but their own unjustifiable rashness in their favour."

That might be all very true, and the doctor might have known them all from their childhood, and—no mean judge as he was—might place confidence in Katie's discretion; but how was Katie to justify that confidence? The extremity of the case supplied some strength, and the fever was not so bad as the doctor apprehended. Davie and Sandy retained their reason, but they were as refractory as reasonable young tyrants dared to be. They were broken by the pangs of severe illness, but their original characters were not crushed out of them. They tossed and tumbled, and not only coveted, but demanded, the most improper solaces that crossed their wayward fancies. They refused to swallow medicine after the first trial, and pulled away leech and blister before they had produced the least result. It is a marvel how childish even wise men can be in pain and weakness. Davie and Sandy were not particularly wise, only vigorous-willed fellows, whose determination was a snare to them at this very moment, by its never suffering their minds to be brought down to a level with their present fortunes.

Katie had it lodged in that little red head of hers what true manliness consisted of. She was sometimes provoked to contradict the rebels, and tell them a good bit of her mind. She reminded them how much more resignedly she, a girl, had behaved under her bad influenza, and went the length of assuring them that the merest button of a child would conduct itself with more propriety than they did. But most frequently Katie bore with her brothers, and fought with them as a mother fights with her foolish bairns.

One afternoon Katie came out of Sandy's room, crying bitterly. "Oh! Mrs. Auchterlonie, Sandy will not swallow a drop of the draught, and the doctor said it was of great importance; and he wants to sit up without his dressing-gown, though he speaks rationally otherwise. I must telegraph for papa."

"Telegraph or not, Miss Katie, as you think fit, but the time has come for me to try my hand on Master Sandy; na, he mauna risk his precious life." And to Katie's amazement, with quiet but unflinching resolution, Mrs. Auchterlonie turned the handle of the door and walked in upon Sandy, with Katie trembling behind her.



"They both rose and made surly bows, to which Mrs. Aucierione responded."

Sandy groaned at the unwelcome apparition.

"Master Sandy, you must do what the doctor tells you, and I must see to it; so dinna risp your teeth at me, like a gude lad," said the despised woman, towering in her size and stoutness over Sandy, lying panting and quivering in his bed, as if she would be able to take him up like a puppy in her work-hardened, capable hands. "But eh! Miss Katie, you have not made the lad comfortable; no wonder he is camsteary. Siccan a bed! I dinna mean to reflect; you are a lady, and you are worn out, poor lamb, but it must be mended. Rax back, Master Sandy; heize your head on my arm. Are you not able? Then let a-be, and I'll manage mysel." And before the querulous revolting Sandy could repulse her, his head was easily and firmly elevated, his pillow was buffeted by the other arm into a state of submission, his very mattress was shaken up into evenness, and the draught was put to his lips, with no choice save to drink, if he would not enter into a contest, for which he felt in every nerve unfit. He was laid down again, with a sense of great relief and repose. A weary grunt was all Sandy's thanks for the benefit conferred. But an important precedent was established, and the foundation of a reign laid.

The fact was, Beenie (at whose exaltation the world, including herself, had wondered) had one special endowment—she had the qualities of a super-excellent nurse. However phlegmatic and stupid in other fields, she was quick and acute here; and the plodding application of her working days came out in unwearied devotion to the young men. Perhaps Mr. Auchterlonie had recognised this gift in his handmaid; perhaps he had looked forward to the time when loveable Katie—not without her lovers—would marry, and he would be alone, sinking into old age and infirmity. Whether Mr. Auchterlonie was foreseeing or no, Mrs. Auchterlonie was the best of nurses. "Admirable!" even dropped from Dr. Sutherland's close lips. And, now that she had undertaken her charge and entered on its offices, Sandy and Davie reluctantly, dumbly as it were, admitted her power. Katie was all very well—a good girl, and would learn; but if they wanted a second's ease, a half an hour's oblivion, Mrs. Auchterlonie must tend them, soothe them, sit guard over them. Tacitly the concession was granted, and sensible, large-hearted Katie showed no jealousy, but suffered herself to sink into a subordinate position, and be eclipsed in the sick-rooms.

Mr. Auchterlonie returned home, made no remark, and never so much as mentioned their step-mother to the lads. He looked in twice a day or so, put his hand to their pulses, commented on the drugs, and occasionally proposed to sit an hour or two with them. He was inwardly frightened—poor, learned, awkward gentleman!—that his offer might be accepted; and this although he was a true father, and would have sacrificed himself for his offspring. A pretty plight Davie and Sandy would have been in left to his care!

But Mrs. Auchterlonie never flinched. The disease assumed a malignant type in the one brother, and the doctor considered himself bound to cause her to keep the almost heart-broken Katie and every other unnecessary attendant out of the darkened dreary room. She was never absent one moment at the crisis. She breathed the tainted air, chafed the infected limbs, met the wistful eye and ear with homely mother smiles and words of cheer, speaking the more directly to the tried forlorn hearts that they were now so childlike.

No sooner had Davie breasted the danger than Sandy sank to the lowest ebb to which human strength can fall and yet rally. For days he lay as one dead, with fallen jaw and sunken lack-lustre eyes, and clammy unearthly cold skin; and still the blunt countrywoman stood at her desperate post, moistening the lips, sponging the skin, cherishing every spark of that incommunicable, irrecoverable life burning low in the socket.

It was not till Sandy had revived to sight and hearing and dim articulation, and was far back from the shores of death, that Katie was puzzled by finding Mrs. Auchterlonie resting on a lobby-chair and crying unrestrainedly, as Katie herself had done on a former occasion, but from a different cause.

"Oh! my dear, never mind me. It is just that your brother Sandy has been so weak I could not spare time and thocht to greet till he was set up again, but now I'll greet my fill while he's sleeping, and be licht and bricht and ready to take care of him again when he waukens. Oh! the fine young lad, who fished, and rode, and hunted, and walked at the plough when the fit was on him, and sailed the high seas—to be no better than an infant. And think of his uniform, that I hung in the press out of sight, and his sword and pistol! Oh! waly for the strong, proud, fiery young chap; but he'll never ken, you'll never, never tell him, Katie, that I fed him and lifted him and held him in my arms as if he had been a wee feckless wean."

CHAPTER IV.

SLOWLY and surely the lads recovered. Davie was able to move into Sandy's room, and Sandy was no longer in need of constant care.

It was a fine September day, and Mrs. Auchterlonie took occasion to impress the fact upon Katie, and recommended her to take "a run" over the fields. A walk for a young person was always "a run," if it were not "a halop" or "a ralyie," with primitive Mrs. Auchterlonie.

Katie was not aware that Sandy heard them till he spoke up, imperiously, in his weakened voice—

"No, Katie, you stay here. Send my mother to take the air among the stooks."

Katie started—Davie stared; Mrs. Auchterlonie raised her big body quickly, and sidled into the shadow of the curtain to feel for her pocket-handkerchief. It was the first time any one of them had styled her by her title of adoption. Davie never employed it, respectful and kind to her as he was

in his gruff way, after he rose from his sick-bed. Katie only applied it now and then, to express special feelings; but the blustering, outrageous sailor never named her by any other term, to her face or behind her back, in private or in public, from that moment.

Sandy had several relapses. When suffering from one of these, and feeling that his time in this world was to be short, he directed Katie where to find the key of his trunk, which had been forwarded to Whiteford, and in what quarter lay the gifts he had brought home for her, his aunts and cousins and general female friends; for Sandy, like many another despot, was munificent. Katie brought them all to him at his request, and spread on the chairs and sofa the treasures of yellow silk, scarlet shawls, fine woven stuffs, representing imperial gardens of plants, and Noah's arks of animals, until Mrs. Auchterlonie screamed in pure delight at the grandeur of the show. Sandy stretched out a bony hand, over which the wristband of his shirt dangled—"a world too wide for the shrunk shank"—and put it on the fleshy, comfortable, corresponding member of Mrs. Auchterlonie—

"Mother," he said, laconically, "choose."

It was difficult to say what Mrs. Auchterlonie could do with that extravagant bravery—the vision of herself in a yellow silk or a scarlet crape was something formidable. But only a callous heart could be unmoved by pride and gratitude, and the innocent design of gratifying Sandy. Therefore she made her broad, solid shoulders a block for sprawling tiger and luxuriantly tufted palm-tree, stepping to the right and left the better to display the drapery and its device. In truth, she would have appeared in the glaring costume before gentle and simple, comforted under her intuitive mis-

givings that it was Sandy's taste. It was Sandy's present, it would please Sandy; and what did it matter what she put on?—what did it signify for her? Katie, to be sure, should have the snowy muslin and the ivory-white, maiden-like, bridal-like silk. These things were far too fine for the like of her—a plain body, although now risen to be Mrs. Auchterlonie.

Sandy was so near entire convalescence, that there was talk of his rejoining his ship when Davie returned to his office.

"But first I am going to church on Sunday," Sandy announced abruptly.

"If you are able, that is right, that is very pretty of you, Sandy, my man," murmured Mrs. Auchterlonie, in fervent admiration; though she would have reckoned it quite scandalous in herself to abstain from a similar acknowledgment on a similar occasion.

There is some good left in this old world, which has seen so much evil and been so much abused in its day. When Sandy Auchterlonie reached the Kirk doors at Whiteford, and under the Kirk-yard trees, drew the dumpy arm of shy, happy Mrs. Auchterlonie within his gallantly, Davie walking before to hold open the pew-door, Katie and her father following after, many a proud heart melted, many a sharp eye glistened.

Many fine churchings one may miss, and suffer no less; but that churching, with its contrast of ruddy, homely, middle-aged health and virtue, and white bleached manhood—that commentary on many a text of simple, practical domestic love and charity, was a sight a Christian minister might well congratulate himself upon, a Christian congregation seek to witness.

SARAH TYTLER.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE HEATHEN WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR AUBERLEN.

If we trace back the history of our race to its most dim and distant commencement, we shall find that it was even then divided into different peoples, each having its own special languages and religions, and that these peoples were not only mutually unintelligible, but even in a state of enmity and warfare. Now, this is no normal condition, but one arguing disorder and disruption. Its worst feature, however, was not the inimical separation of these peoples from each other, but their being separated from the living God, steeped in polygamy and idolatry; so that, according to the language of Scripture, the very word Gentiles signified heathens. For God is the source of all life and all true life-enjoyment; without him the nations, be their external existence ever so ornate and brilliant, are but as sheep without a shepherd, lost children without a home; and God is not only the source of

all creatures, but also their bond of union. It is because humanity severed itself from God that it lost this true point of union, and became itself internally divided. Thus we discover that there must have been some great original cause, some world-embracing catastrophe, in which humanity as such rebelled against God, and was therefore parcelled out into different languages, nations, and religions, so that enmity, opposition, and exclusiveness replaced that beautiful many-sided unity in which the different races were to constitute one great family of God. The people of Israel, who, possessing the true knowledge of God, possessed also the true knowledge of mankind, and retained a correct memory of their primeval state, in their sacred records refer this great historical fact to the building of the tower of Babel. For after the deluge we again find mankind in a state of universal

apostasy; and their disruption into heathen and inimical nations, is the great historical manifestation of their sinful condition.

But amidst all these nations one people stands out before us essentially different from the rest, the people, namely, of Israel. While all others worshipped several, and hence necessarily false gods, we find here the knowledge and the worship of the one true God. How are we to explain this singular fact? Can the Israelites have been by their natural constitution adapted to develop correct religious ideas, as the Greeks were to attain the highest place in art? But the parallel will scarcely hold, for all other nations had some artistic faculties or other, the Greeks only brought them to the greatest perfection; whereas the religion of the Jews differed essentially from heathen religion, in that it was true while they were false; and just as religion is a different thing altogether to art, so the difference in kind between truth and falsehood is quite other than the difference of degree between the imperfect and the perfect in art; and moreover we know that all error, religious error more particularly, is a consequence of sin, and that the Israelites were as little exempt from sin as the other nations of the earth. Therefore the people of Israel could no more have evolved the true religion by their own natural powers, than we can gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.

And this the self-consciousness of the people themselves, as expressed in their sacred records, perfectly confirms. The Jews never claim the honour of having originated their own religion; on the contrary, the Old Testament Scriptures represent them as naturally rebellious to God, and prone to idolatry; as heathenish, in short, in their tendencies, as any other nation. Their knowledge of God, and their religion, both at the first and throughout all stages of its development, is invariably ascribed to Divine Revelation. The assertions in the Old Testament respecting the nature and the origin of the Divine Idea they held, are inextricably connected, and if we acknowledge the truth of the first we cannot without inconsistency reject the latter.

Another point in which the Jews differed from every other nation, was their expectation of a Messiah. As God was the origin of the Old Testament life, Israel having from the first recognised itself to be the people and the kingdom of Jehovah, so the Messiah was its end. While heathen nations and empires decayed and fell without hope of deliverance, in Israel, on the contrary, political decline was attended by an increasingly clear expectation of a high and God-sent Deliverer, who should restore the Divine kingdom to a new and far greater holiness and glory than it had ever known before. This idea, too, was always referred by its enunciators, the prophets, to Divine Revelation, and we have every reason to receive their testimony. For not only is it mere folly to suppose that the announcers of the highest truths of humanity could

be themselves mistaken as to whence these truths came, but it is contrary to the very nature of things that such golden fruit as this should grow on the barren thorn of the sinful human heart. Could this have been, surely the great and noble spirits of other nations, Socrates, Plato, Zoroaster, Confucius, would also have confidently expected salvation, whereas we only hear from their lips, a few dim and obscure yearnings of the kind. It was only as a powerless ideal, that in times of decadence, heathen philosophers and other earnest men, as for instance, Tacitus, held out a higher condition to the enervated race around them; it was only as a vanished epoch, a poetical dream or a political panegyric, that heathen poets ever sang of the golden age. The heathen were without hope, because they were without God in the world (Eph. ii. 12). Amongst the Israelites, on the contrary, this Messianic idea did not appear as a mere yearning or poetical idea; but from the first as a definite, and as centuries rolled on, ever more and more definite prophecy. Now such a prophecy transcends human power. The predictions of even so pious a man as Savonarola were not prophecies, for they remained unfulfilled: whereas we have a fulfilment of this prophecy, which is without a historical parallel: we have, centuries later, Jesus of Nazareth declaring himself to be the promised Messiah, and announcing the dawn of that kingdom of heaven which the prophets foretold.

This leads us to a third peculiarity which distinguishes the Jews from the heathen, I mean the relation of their religion to the Christian, which is represented in both divisions of the Scriptures as connected with the old Covenant (Jer. xxxi. 31; Luke xxii. 20; 2 Cor. iii. 6-14). Christianity recognises in the old dispensation its divinely-ordained preparatory stage; while in heathenism it sees the power and bondage of an alien principle (Acts xxvi. 18; 1 Cor. x. 20). This peculiar connection between the two Testaments, their different stages of revelation being fraught with one and the same spirit, and constituting a marvellous whole, is a witness to the Divine origin of the Jewish (as well as the Christian) religion. And when with conscientious thoroughness of research we examine into the books of the two Testaments, we find, both in their history and their doctrine, a connection extending through centuries, a gradual progress which points to one comprehensive plan, which could by no possibility have had its origin in the mind of short-lived man, but can only be reasonably explained by that Divine causation to which the Bible itself refers all things; and if we proceed further to test this conclusion, by comparing it with our knowledge of other kinds, we shall find, that not only do the Divine revelations intimately agree together, but with the condition and needs of our human nature, with the fundamental relations of the universe, and with the being of God. Incomparable wisdom, holiness, and love breathe on us from the Scripture pages, and perfectly satisfy the demands of con-

science and the search of the intellect after the highest truth. "Nothing has so convinced me," says a very exact and intelligent theological thinker, who has thoroughly studied the whole of Biblical History, I allude to the respected Hess of Zurich;—"nothing has so sincerely convinced me of the truth of Christianity, its revelation, history, and doctrine, as the having found in the sacred records, on one hand, what perfectly satisfies the needs of humanity, both for time and eternity; and, on the other hand, in the Divine provision towards this end, such a connected progress from small to great, from the particular to the universal, as would have been impossible to human invention."

Accordingly, we now find ourselves not only authorised but bound to contrast with the heathen the people of Israel as the people of God, in the undiluted, the Biblical sense of the word. The history of the Israelites is the history of Divine Revelation; that of the heathen the history of humanity left to itself. The former shows us the positive, the latter the negative preparation for Christianity; in other words, it affords us a practical illustration of what humanity without God becomes. To use the pregnant expression of the latest historical commentator on the Old Testament, J. H. Kurz, "In the former, we have salvation prepared for humanity; in the latter, humanity prepared for salvation." And the more closely we examine into both these processes, the more we shall discover in the universal history of the Old World a preparation, and so an argument for Christianity. Let us, then, in the first place, direct our attention to the development of the Divine Revelation to Israel, as we find it recorded in the Bible annals.

Over the whole world sits enthroned the eternal God, who is love. Because of his love he has from eternity determined to reveal and impart himself ever more and more completely to his intelligent creatures, that they, being filled with his own life and glory, may attain to the perfecting of their existence in him, and thus God be all in all. Nor did God relinquish this loving plan upon the entrance of sin into the world; on the contrary, he revealed his love all the more gloriously, as that grace which saves the lost, and brings about the perfecting of the world by the process of redemption; and because of his free and inconceivable mercy, he held fast his thoughts of peace respecting humanity against all heathenish apostasy, and determined to accomplish first the redemption, and finally the perfection, the glorification of the world by means of continuous revelations of himself.

But now what position is this divine revelation to occupy with regard to the false paths into which the nations have wandered? There is to be no fresh deluge to exterminate the ungodly race, this, God—having given, once for all, at the commencement of human history, that fearful example of his judgments—has expressly declared (Gen. viii. 21; ix. 15). Neither was the whole of humanity to be miraculously brought back to the living God, for that

would have been a violent and enforced deliverance, while God, on the contrary, most carefully respects the liberty of man. Thus, He could neither annihilate nor convert the human race as a whole; it only remained, therefore, that at certain points of greatest susceptibility to Divine manifestations, he should begin to work for the deliverance of all. God had to adopt individual expedients to accomplish general salvation; therefore, he set apart,—as formerly, Noah,—the Semitic Abraham, to be the especial recipient of his revelation. Abraham, during the early nomadic period, when national life was in process of formation, was chosen the ancestor of one particular family who were eventually to become a particular nation. While God suffered the heathen to walk in their own ways (Acts xiv. 16), he chose Israel for his own inheritance, and by the historical destiny of that one people, prepared the way for the final purpose of all revelation,—the redemption of the human race. This was done by three great successive stages.

In order to bring about redemption, it was first of all necessary that sin should be recognised in its essential nature of a contradiction to the holy will of God, and consequently to the ideal and the destiny of humanity as well. Now, this could never come to pass unless man felt himself inwardly bound to God, and knew it to be his duty to walk before him and to be perfect (Gen. xvii. 1). It was, therefore, necessary to take out and set apart from the heathen godlessness and worldliness around, a holy section of humanity, in which God might once more reunite the severed bond between himself and his creatures, and thus lead them back to faith. This was done in the patriarchal dispensation under which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob lived. Upon the basis of this dispensation, it now became possible, the family having developed into the people, that, secondly, God's holy will should be revealed in the law, by which came the knowledge of sin (Rom. iii. 20). To this stage succeeded, thirdly, the foretelling of redemption by the prophets, who led from the law to the gospel, from Moses to Christ. The patriarchal dispensation, the law, and the prophets, are thus the three stages of revelation in the Old Testament, which now claim our more close consideration. But before we enter upon them, there are a few obstacles in our way which it were well to remove.

In the Old Testament, as in the Bible generally, we find numerous miracles, and to these the thinking of the present day is peculiarly averse. Now, the question of the possibility of miracles reduces itself to that other question of the existence of a God who created the world, and in whose power it must therefore be to introduce into it new creations. We all have abundant reason, nay, are even constrained by the laws of correct thinking, to believe in such a God; and therefore, the possibility and the existence of miracles may be looked upon as already thus briefly and inferentially proved. In fact that simple declaration by which Gabriel proved to the Virgin Mary the possibility of the

miraculous conception of the Saviour, "With God nothing shall be impossible" (Luke i. 37), is the best argument for the miraculous that severe and profound thought on God's relation to the world can discover. It is in this sense that the noted free-thinker, J. J. Rousseau, declares in his forcible way, that it is blasphemous to deny the possibility of miracles, and that he who does so deserves to be imprisoned. And one of the most acute of our modern thinkers, Richard Rothe, remarks in his *Studien und Kritiken*, "I will candidly confess, that up to this present time I have never been able to understand why the thought of miracles should be repugnant to my reason. This may proceed from my being originally of so thoroughly theistic a nature, which has never detected in itself the slightest tendency or doubt either of a Pantheistic or Atheistic kind." Miracles, indeed, belong to the very nature of divine revelation, and are its necessary phenomena; for revelation consists in God himself acting and speaking directly in humanity, so as to create in it something new which humanity could never have produced out of its own resources, and so to bring back the world to its original ideal of perfection in God. Neither should it any way surprise us, that the miracles recorded in the Old Testament are different in character and more marvellous than those in the New; for, from the sensuous, externally-directed spirit of that olden time, and of the still childish people (see Gal. iv. 1), it was necessary that startling and colossal miracles should be brought to bear, having the more exclusively external character of violent and unusual natural occurrences.

There are, however, other difficulties in the Old Testament which appear more formidable, because they not only threaten to offend our laws of thought, but our venal consciousness; as, for instance, the polygamy of the patriarchs, the command to exterminate the Canaanites, and so forth. Now, in dealing with questions of this kind, it behoves us to be candid and thoughtful enough to judge the past from the spirit of the whole. It is as unfair as it is unscientific to detach particular passages from their context, and to use them as weapons against the Old Testament. Before we venture to accuse it of defective morality, we should remember that those Ten Commandments lie at its very foundation, which have been transplanted into every Christian catechism, learnt by heart by all Christian people, and still form the basis of the morality of the whole civilised world. But though this proves how much of undying divine truth is contained in the Old Covenant, we are still to remember, on the other hand, that it is but the Old Covenant, not the New; only the preparation for, not the perfect revelation itself. Therefore, an unprejudiced and genuinely historical criticism measures the facts of the Old Testament by its own standard, not by that of the New Testament, nor of modern times. It takes up the idea expressed by Lessing, an idea founded on Scripture, that, namely, of a divine education of the

human race. Now, it is perfectly reconcilable with the divine educational wisdom, that certain conditions which, after the work of redemption had been accomplished, fell under moral condemnation, as, for instance, polygamy and slavery, should be still tolerated under the earlier dispensation, just as a judicious teacher or parent will only attempt to wean the children under his care gradually from their faulty ways, proceeding from requirements easily fulfilled to those which require greater efforts of self-control. As to the extermination of the Canaanites, it only exemplifies the universal historical sentence that new and vigorous nations have invariably been called to execute upon the worn out and degenerate; which, for example, the Babylonians and the Romans executed at a later period upon the Jews themselves, the Persians on the Babylonians, the Germans on the Romans. Only in Israel we read that "the Lord laid bare his arm;" in other words, this righteous judgment, which he usually accomplishes by his unseen guidance of the course of historical events, he expressly commanded to his chosen people, who found themselves in presence of a peculiarly degraded, ripe for destruction, and yet ensnaring heathenism. Naturally I cannot here clear up specifically all objections and difficulties that may be found in the Old Testament; it will be enough, in contradistinction to a widely-spread and superficial Rationalism, to lay down what is the truly scientific method of examination, and to indicate to all earnest seekers after truth, that here, too, faith and knowledge are easily reconcilable, nay, are much more than reconcilable merely.

To return. Abraham then is separated by God's command from all connection with his previous circumstances and surroundings, and their heathenish tendency; he is to leave his own family, his own country, and to go into a strange land, that of Canaan, which is henceforth to be the chief scene of the divine manifestations. And that it might be made evident that this emigration of Abraham's was not an isolated or accidental occurrence, but rather the ground and beginning of a series of further manifestations, God attaches a promise to the calling of the father of the faithful (Gen. xii. 1-3, 7); which, at a later period, to enforce its significance, he frequently repeated both to Isaac and Jacob. The nature of that promise is threefold: 1st, The childless Abraham is to become the ancestor of a mighty nation; 2dly, The land of Canaan is to belong to that nation; 3dly, Through Abraham and his seed all generations of the earth are to be blessed. Thus the promise from the very first embraces the whole of the Old and New Testament future, and while the appointed way is seen to begin with the choice of one individual man and one race, the universality of the aim, blessing and salvation for all humanity, is already revealed, and to Abraham personally rich recompense was made in this promise for all that he had sacrificed for God's sake. He was to leave his family indeed, but in return he was in his advanced age to have a family of his own,

may, to become the father of a great nation; he was to forsake his home, but to him and to his posterity a wide and beautiful land was to be given as inheritance. It is thus our God rewards. But this reward was not to be as yet actually possessed by Abraham, he had only the promise of it. Both external circumstances, and the calculations of reason and experience seemed to tend in a quite opposite direction. Abraham's wife is barren, both are old; how then can he expect posterity as the sands of the sea for number? And in Canaan he has only to wander as a stranger all his life long, and can call no portion of the land his but as much as serves for a grave. Thus Abraham was referred only to possessions to come, which had no present existence for him save in the words of the promise. He was not merely called upon to break through natural ties of heirship for God's sake, he had to do something harder still, to trust unconditionally in God and his word, for a compensation contrary to nature and apparently to reason. It was necessary, in order that Abraham should open a new historical period, that of redemption, that he should be entirely removed out of the soil of nature, and thoroughly rooted in God, in his merit and his grace. In other words, he must learn to believe. This requisite belief Abraham possessed, and throughout life, even under the severest tests, he ever rendered a believing obedience. This is that faith of our father Abraham, which the apostles of the New Testament, St. Paul above all, contemplate with the deepest reverence, and which God counted to him for righteousness. The whole narrative is so sublime and yet so full of holy simplicity, that it bears the unmistakable stamp of truth and historical actuality. No later Jew could possibly have invented the history of Abraham, for no other ever reached to his eminence of faith, and even the greatest saints of the Old Testament have only walked in the footsteps of the father of the faithful.

Thus then a living relationship was once more established between the true God and man; resting on God's side upon Promise, on man's upon Faith. God entered into a covenant with Abraham, that is, he solemnly instituted an especial fellowship with him above all other men and people, promising to be his God and the God of his seed in a special sense, even as they were on their side in a special sense to serve him. This covenant of grace is on God's side expressed in the words, "Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward:" on the side of Abraham by the command, "I am the Almighty God; walk thou before me and be perfect;" these sentences being the introduction to the two solemn ratifications of the covenant recorded in Gen. xv. 11; xvii. 1. And as sign of this covenant, God enjoined upon Abraham and his descendants circumcision, which was the first initiation into legal rights. Since faith could not be inherited by natural generation, with the latter there was to be at least connected an external sign that should indicate that Abraham's seed was not to be merely his natural posterity, his children after the flesh; thus

pointing typically to the true and spiritually-begotten seed of Abraham, that is, to Christ. This is the higher and more sacred significance which the rite of circumcision,—used, no doubt, by other nations,—possessed among the people of God. The Old Testament has many forms and customs in common with the heathen, because it spoke to the people in a symbolic language, peculiarly appertaining to that olden time, just as we teach children by pictures; but all these forms will be found to be imbued in the Old Testament with a different and holier spirit and character than belongs to them in the natural religion of the heathen. Promise and faith, covenant and circumcision, are then, we see, the basis of the patriarchal dispensation of the Old Testament.

It was in Egypt that the patriarchal family grew into a people, and it was under Moses, one of the greatest and most gifted men the earth ever bore, that this people as such entered into the light of Revelation. God wooed Israel to be his own inheritance by wonders in Egypt, and in the Red Sea, and in the wilderness. Now in so great a multitude it was evidently impossible to reckon upon the faith and obedience of each individual. Yet all the people were to bear a divine impress; this then could only be done incompletely and externally by that legal method already introduced in circumcision, which would but bring more clearly to light inward deficiencies and offences. Now the life of a people shapes itself necessarily into a constitution and laws of some kind. Therefore by a new creative act of love, God condescends to conform to this groundwork of national existence, reveals himself as the King of Israel, and gives them a church and state constitution, a law whereby natural, social, political, moral, and religious life is so governed as in the very smallest detail to bear the impress of the divine election, and collectively to express the holy divine will. Upon the basis of this law, whose core, namely, the ten commandments, the Divine Being personally delivered in awful majesty, and to the obedience of which the people voluntarily pledged themselves, a covenant was entered into at Sinai between Jehovah and Israel, which we are accustomed in a restricted sense to call the Old Testament. The motto is, "Ye shall be holy, even as I am holy." But no inward sanctification, no holy and living renewal of the whole man, was conferred thereby. The law, although as being the will of God, it must needs be holy, nay spiritual, was yet itself no life-giving spirit; it stands as a mere letter in opposition to the flesh, chastening and restraining it without giving it a new birth, or having power to produce the true righteousness that avails before God. Thus the law does not itself bring salvation; it is only a school-master to bring us to Christ the Saviour.

More narrowly considered, the import of the law was, we shall find, threefold: 1st, It was a barrier whereby the people of God were separated from the wholly heathen nations around them, and kept under strict discipline in service to God. Thus a

consecrated national soil was set apart from the rest of humanity, like a garden enclosed from out the curse-laden ground, for salvation to grow up in. Hence the Old Testament joy of pious men in the law of the Lord, as the distinguishing and gracious gift of God to his people, the most costly possession of Israel, the way of life to the upright, which we find expressed in the Psalms, as, for instance, Ps. xix. and cxix. And since Israel was thereby distinguished from all other nations as a holy people, a theocracy and special inheritance to the Lord (Ex. xix. 5, 6), the law served, in the second place, to convince the people themselves in their own unholiness in contrast to the divine will. The law entered, as St. Paul says (Gal. iii. 19, compared with Rom. v. 20), between the patriarchal promises and their fulfilment in Christ, that the offences might abound, *i. e.*, partly that it should be more fully manifested (as we, for instance, sometimes *throw out* a disease in order to cure it), partly that a full consciousness, an undisguised and humiliating confession of it, should be brought about in the minds of men. Nor is this second purpose of the law inconsistent with the first, as it might at the first blush appear to be. To the great and carnal mass of the people the yoke of the law was often grievous, the barrier tempted to infringement, and the repeated falls into idolatry which marked the history of Israel for centuries, show in them an excess of sinfulness above that of the heathen, for the higher the revelation the greater the apostasy. And therefore the sins of Israel met with denunciation and rebuke, such as we find nowhere else; the calls to repentance, and the threats of judgment by the prophets, stand alone in ancient, nay, in universal literature; never was the truth spoken with such impressive and sacred earnestness to any people and its rulers. Thus the law bore fruit in the conscience of the prophets, and rendered them susceptible of the divine revelation for which they were appointed. Nor was the barrier of the law in vain for the people at large. It impressed upon them a peculiar religious character. We find Israel, after its apostasies and its judgments, again and again returning to its God; and after the Babylonish Captivity, the law was observed with such scrupulous conscientiousness, that the Messiah could grow up and develop in the observance of all Old Testament ordinances. But still more did the life of certain pious Israelites, who were the very essence, so to speak, of the people, prove that the institution of an external holiness, and the revelation of internal unholiness, by one and the same law, were perfectly reconcilable. The more pure these kept themselves from the abominations of the heathen, the more earnestly they endeavoured to keep the commandments of God, the more they discovered that their sanctification was but an external one, which might indeed satisfy the eyes of men, but was incapable of fulfilling the law in the inward parts that God beholds; nay, that the law rather wrought in them all manner of concupiscence (Rom. iv. 2, 11; iii. 28, 29; vii. 7, 8).

Accordingly in the Psalms, which reveal to us the influence of the law upon the spirits of pious Jews, we find a depth and clearness of the sense of sin, which we meet with in no other ancient record. The penitential Psalms are the fruit of the law in the conscience of Old Testament believers, who were thus prepared for the singing of "new songs," in the spirit. And those righteous men and women with whom we meet on the threshold of the New Testament, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the law blameless, Zacharias and Elisabeth, Simeon and Anna, were no self-righteous Pharisees, but the very people who waited for the consolation of Israel, and for redemption at Jerusalem (Luke i. 6, 11, 25, 38); so that it was just in those who most conscientiously observed the law that it produced the deepest knowledge of sin, and the yearning for atonement and redemption. In this sense the law served as the necessary preparation and foundation for the further development of the promises in the prophecies.

But not only so, the law itself offered, if not actual redemption and atonement, at least an external atoning and purifying; and this is its third object, which is much more especially apparent in the priestly and sacrificial rites. These showed, in the external and symbolic manner peculiar to the Old Testament, that only by the expiation of sin by death, only by a free-will and unspotted sacrifice, can fellowship be restored between a holy God and sinful men. Under this aspect of the law, the emblematic presents itself as the prefiguring, the symbolic as the typical, the Old Testament, by its sensuous and visible representations, was the preparation for the spiritual and essential blessings of the New.

And now let us briefly review this threefold purpose of the law! It served to separate the people of Israel from the rest of the nations of the earth, to lead them to a knowledge of sin, and to afford them a type of redemption. The first of these purposes is connected more particularly with the law's political aspect, the second with its moral, the third with its ritualistic. In the first respect the Old Testament dispensation was the circumstantial way to that of the New; the second its necessary condition; the third its type and shadow. And it is in this intimate connection between the Old and the New Covenant, between the law and the gospel, that we discover a sublime plan which constrains every severe and rational thinker to refer it to the love and wisdom of a personal God. The fault of our sceptics is not too much, but too little thought.

We now pass to the third stage of revelation,—the prophetic. It needed a long course of time to establish the people in the condition aimed at by the law. This was only thoroughly done under David and Solomon, whose reigns mark the glorious culminating point of Jewish history, which was itself typical and prophetic, as the Messianic Psalms show, of a still more glorious future. But to that period succeeded one of declension. Even

under Solomon degeneration began and increased in the divided kingdom. The northern portion strengthened itself against the south by apostatizing from the pure worship at Jerusalem, and gave in its adherence to half or wholly idolatrous rites. The kingdom of Judah still indeed possessed the Holy City and the Temple, as well as the consecrated royal house of David, from which several pious monarchs sprung. The evil began therefore here, in the mere externality of religious observances and hypocritical lip service, with which gradually idolatrous tendencies associated themselves. These defections were met by the remonstrances of the prophets, who since the days of Samuel (compare Acts iii. 24) had stood beside the kings as messengers of the Divine King, and exponents of his will. These prophets were men taken out of various classes, whom God had called by special revelations, who were from time to time mightily inspired by his Spirit, and commanded by Him to appear before king and people as bold and incorruptible witnesses of divine truth.

It will be plain from the above, that these prophets had first to enter upon their public career in the apostate kingdom of Israel. It was here, at the time that, under Ahab and Jezebel, the worship of Baal most grossly prevailed, that Elijah and Elisha sought to bring about a reformation in favour of the true God and his law. The immense strength of the apostasy, which threatened to spread from the court through the whole people, required an extraordinary display of Jehovah in his omnipotence and majesty, and hence both these prophets were armed with the same miraculous power exercised by Moses in the presence of the Egyptians. On the other hand, while working thus by *deeds*, their *words* were not of such importance as to lead them to write down the revelations they had received. The written prophecies date from a later period, when Amos and Hosea arose in the north, and Joel, Isaiah, and Micah in the south, and from that time the prophets appear to have lost the power of miracles, while their prophetic insight, the results of which were to be preserved for races yet to come, was increased. But even these later prophets had for their immediate office the personally and verbally testifying before king and people, and calling backsliders to return to God. In Judah, where with much sinful practice a show of holiness was still observed, the prophetic office was more especially to insist upon true conversion and its genuine fruits. "To what purpose is the multitude of your offerings unto me?" cries the Lord, in the first chapter of Isaiah. "Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination to me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity,—the solemn meeting. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Thus it was that the prophets contended

with the people for a better and more spiritual righteousness, as later, Jesus did with the Pharisees (Matt. v. 20). While they recalled men to God's rule of order and duty, they became more and more penetrated not only with the external character, but the inward nature and spirit of the law.

Thus, while prophecy rests upon the basis of the law, it is itself a new, progressive, more and more heart and soul affecting stage of revelation. Thus it forms the transitional epoch between the law and the gospel, the bridge from the Old Testament to the New, and, as we plainly see, the prophets were enabled to get an insight into the new and better covenant and its spiritual character.

Thus we are led to that most prominent, but by no means only and exclusive aspect of prophetic activity—their prophecies properly so-called. These, again, have a twofold aspect of their own; they denounce judgment, and announce salvation. The calls to repentance had, to the great majority of the people, been sounded in vain; the awful words had even been spoken to Isaiah at the time of his calling: "Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy" (Isaiah vi. 10). There was consequently no thorough and enduring improvement of character and condition to be hoped for, and so the unrepented sin became liable to punishment. God, who has united the world's history with the history of redemption, had already prepared the rod of his anger for the rebellious people. The rise of the great Asiatic kingdoms of Assyria and Babylon, and their extension to the west, significantly synchronise with the apostasy of Israel. The more, therefore, the people of God strengthened itself in its idolatrous and ungodly position, the more definitely had the prophets to announce that it would become a prey to the heathen, to which it had assimilated itself, and would be carried away out of the holy land of its ancestors. We know how these threats of judgment were fulfilled in the Assyrian and Babylonian captivity.

But nevertheless the covenant of God with Israel still stood fast; the old promises made at the first to Abraham and renewed to David were not yet fulfilled, and could not possibly fail. God's people and kingdom could not be annihilated, and given over for ever as a prey to those heathen who so presumptuously abused the power lent to them. When, therefore, Israel had been chastened by the heathen, these last were to go themselves into judgment, and then when all flesh should have learned to humble themselves before the Lord of lords, he would establish his kingdom in new, loftier, and eternal glory. Like to the dawn of a brilliant day, the image of the perfected divine kingdom, the Messianic age rose before the prophetic sage from out the stormy night of judgment. That which, beginning even in paradise, had been the light of the whole pre-Christian revelation, although, so long as the Old Testament dispensation was itself advancing, it could only be the

accompanying element of its progressive stages, the Messianic prophecy, namely, now became more and more the principal feature. The old dispensation had now no other office than to point to the new, the no longer shadowy but substantial kingdom of God. The prophets foretold that the Messiah, that is, the anointed King of Israel, was, by an all-sufficient sacrifice, to make satisfaction for the sins of the people. Jehovah was to appear in his own person, and to be the Shepherd and King of humanity. The reign of peace, righteousness, and glory was to spread out of Zion over the whole inhabited world, and even the material creation was to have its share in the revival and redemption, the fulness of power, and blessedness of this truly divine kingdom.

With promises such as these, the Old Testament concludes, and must needs conclude; beyond this it had nothing more to give, for here we have the very ideal of the New verbally present. Our place is appointed us in that dispensation of fulfilment which has itself historical stages, as the preparatory dispensation had. But that which has been up to this present fulfilled in and by Jesus Christ, so eloquently witnesses to the divinity both of the prophecy and the accomplishment, of the Old and the New Testament, that, respecting the gospel as before respecting the law, we can confidently challenge each man only to open wide the eyes of his understanding, and bring to bear his utmost thinking powers, in order to convince himself that the cause of revelation is a good cause. He who thinks rationally must inevitably cease to think rationalistically.

On the part of God, then, as we have seen, everything had been done to prepare for the new dispensation by the old. We might, indeed, have expected that a people in possession of so many and glorious divine testimonies would have adorned itself as a bride for Messiah, the coming bridegroom. But such an expectation would contradict the tenor of all history.

"Many are called, few are chosen;" this is the almost universal axiom. Number and sizes go for nothing in the kingdom of God. Just as in the days of Elijah there were but seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and as in our own time we are wont to distinguish between the visible and the invisible Church of true Christians, so was it amongst the Jews during the period of expectation that intervenes between the close of prophecy and the beginning of the fulfilment. The externally restored nationality that succeeded to the exile, was the husk in which grew the kernel, that little flock of the elect who were being educated by the law and the prophets for a secret life in the fear of God, and the confident waiting for the consolation of Israel. This little flock was the living fruit of the Old Testament dispensation. It is here that, foremost of all, we meet with Mary, the representative, as it were, of believing Israel, who, by her humility and simplicity

of faith, was fitted to become the mother of the Messiah. It is here we find Zacharias and Elisabeth, who were chosen to be the parents of the forerunner of Christ; here, too, were a number of fishermen and other Israelites without guile, whom the Lord afterwards chose to be the witnesses and apostles of his gospel. Such is ever the Divine method; with the least possible show an inward wealth, of which, in this case, it is especially true, that to him who hath shall be given; while, on the side of heathenism, we have the inverted human method, uniting with a high degree of external power and civilisation, inward emptiness and nothingness.

We must now contemplate those matured nations which God left to their own devices. These innumerable multitudes may be divided into three classes, the unhistorical, semi-historical, and historical peoples. The unhistorical are those who in a more or less degree are degraded almost below the level of humanity, and have hardly attained to the faintest beginnings of culture. Such in our day are the millions of Southern and Central Africa, the American Indians, the aborigines of Australia and of the South Sea Islands, and the countless hordes of the north and the interior of Asia. Although not without religious ideas and customs, these people are yet so thoroughly sensual, that, generally speaking, they appear, like the animals, to care only for the immediate wants of the present. They have no clear and connected consciousness of their own past, they know nothing of their own history; whereas it is just this unity of consciousness and memory, through which life is apprehended as a connected whole, that constitutes the nature of a reasonable being or a historical people. Hordes and tribes who possess no history of their own, can, of course, take no part in the history of the world. One can only say that they vegetate on, propagating themselves from century to century, till some mighty divine impulse shall restore in them the human dignity they have nearly lost. But it is a heavy mystery weighing upon our race, an awful thought, which is very seldom pondered deeply enough, that so large a portion of the human race should be given over for ages to such an existence as this.

Among the semi-historical nations should be classed the Hindus, Chinese, and Japanese, as well as the Mexicans and other ancient American civilized peoples. Here there is no want of culture or history. These people reached a rapid and important elevation in the early period of their existence; they possessed the art of writing, a literature, and many other elements of civilisation; they are acquainted with their own past, and more or less clearly conscious of its history. But the remarkable fact here is, that after reaching that first elevation they seem to have come to a perpetual stand-still. Those nations still carefully shut themselves from contact with others, as though retaining something of the old dread that

actuated the builders of Babel: "lest we be scattered abroad over the face of the earth." National egotism is, in its highest degree, stamped upon them all; there is an utter deficiency of that universal human sympathy which draws one nation towards another, and brings about historical events by friendly or inimical contact. Thus we have the wonderful spectacle of a history, begun indeed, but stationary, as it were arrested in its course; and this, too, is a mystery to which, taken up as we are with the great historical nations, we have not as yet given due importance, although these semi-historical nations constitute the largest section of the human race.

But these historical and semi-historical nations dwell far away from us in different quarters of the globe; we find the historical grouped round that specially historical people of Israel; in Northern Africa, Greece, and Italy. If we compare the unhistorical races to a mass of stones and fragments; the half-historical races, with some specimen of ancient elaborate architecture like a pagoda, that endures for centuries in stony repose; the historical people may remind us of a city full of life and movement. What the unhistorical nations could never attain to at all, and the semi-historical only imperfectly, is here brought to its highest perfection. We have here the three principal departments of the natural life of man, Art, Science, and Politics, developed on a grand scale. In the two first Greece, in the last Rome, completed the civilising process that had begun in the East. The remains of Grecian architecture and sculpture that we still possess, are ideals for all time. What Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles accomplished in poetry, Herodotus and Thucydides in history, is so classical in form that later centuries have ever returned to these sources, and ever will return. The Romans are pre-eminently the juridico-political nation. Within, they fixed their code with so much tact, circumspection, and equity, that even at the present day Roman law is of great importance to all civilised nations. Without, they conquered the whole east and west; it seems as if they had appropriated all the secrets of universal dominion from Assyria and Babylon, and Alexandria, in order to excel by far their teachers. In imperial Rome under Augustus, it may be said that we behold the heritage of the common attainments of all historical nations. All that the culture of East and West had during many centuries produced, centred and culminated in the capital of the world. Augustan Rome may be looked upon as the historical result of the collective development of heathen antiquity.

If, however, we contemplate the inward side of this brilliant world of power and civilisation, we shall find therein a profound void and discontent. There is a want of the very heart of human life, a want of faith. The great developing elements of Rome's history of politics and civilisation, necessarily exercised a destructive influence in this direction. The convulsions of disruption most deeply

shook the nations during the last centuries before Christ, and uprooted on many sides national consciousness, that foundation of ancient life, together with the religious element intimately connected with it. Still more influential was the progress of scientific thought, which set gradually extending philosophical and historical convictions in opposition to faith in the popular mythology. The rich world of culture in the period immediately preceding Christ was a goddess world; nevertheless man cannot long live without any religion, and accordingly even then the religious want of his nature showed itself in most varied and often in the strangest manner. Instead of the old lost faith, men sought to construct a new one of one kind or other. The secret teaching of the East was explored; the old mysteries of the Greeks revived; an attempt was made to gather truth out of all possible religions and philosophies; recourse was had to conjuration, astrology, fortune-telling, and secret arts of all kinds.

The most opposite streams, whether pure or impure, were to flow into one great river, from which the thirsting soul was to drink light and life. The world-empire seemed engaged in giving birth to a world-religion. But no new garment was to be woven out of these old heathen rags, and the internal bankruptcy of Paganism—its incapacity to satisfy the deepest needs of humanity, was more and more revealed. We know from the Acts of the Apostles, as well as from the Roman satirists, that there were in the Roman empire many, distinguished women more particularly, who earnestly sought after God, and joined themselves to the Jews, with whom they found a pure worship and a true Scripture. And when Christianity appeared, spite of all persecution, it found in the Roman empire a comparatively favourable reception and rapid extension. Now, then, the religion long pursued after had appeared!

Thus the ages of heathen development show us whereto humanity, left to itself, without God in the world, was able to attain. A great proportion sunk down to a nearly animal condition; another section made a promising start towards the unfolding of their natural energies, but in the midst of its career it stopped short, its strength was paralysed; the semi-historical people became prematurely old and weary, a notable result this of living without God in the world; and even that third portion of Pagan humanity which, by the strenuous exercise of all its powers, strove after and attained the highest development, when it had reached its goal felt itself unhappy. It was without that main life-spring of human wellbeing, *peace*; and it acknowledged that it could not procure itself that peace,—that salvation was of the Jews. Bethlehem, which signifies Bread-house, that least of all the cities of Judah, was the place where proud, yet in the midst of her abundance, hungry Rome, must consent to receive the bread of life.

We are tempted to draw a parallel between these

three stages of Jewish development, which we may designate as Patriarchism, Nationalism, and Universalism, and the three stages which we observe in the national life of Heathenism. The unhistorical people stand essentially on the patriarchal level. But while the family life of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, unfolding in covenant with God, and supported by his promise, joyously expanded and bore within itself the germ of a mighty national life, the corresponding stage of heathen existence either remained within the limitations of family and tribe, or, having lost all ideal standard whatever, sunk to the miserable condition of nomadic hordes. The semi-historical peoples, again, remind us of the Mosaic stage in Israelitish life, when the people of God began to have an independent and national culture of their own, which developed itself in strict separation from the rest of the nations. This union of internal civilisation and exclusion of external influence, is just what we have seen to be characteristic of the Chinese, &c. But these latter remain in this condition, decay in it; they lack the impulse to universalism which pervaded the people of Israel from the first, because they were the people of that God to whom the whole earth belonged (Exodus xix. 5); and knew themselves from their earliest origin appointed to be a blessing to the whole human race (Genesis xii. 3). This impulse towards universalism is the peculiarity of the heathen nations of the third class, namely, the historical. They realised it in the form of a great world-empire, or universal monarchy. But while the nations were in this manner brought out of isolation, they only in point of fact attained to a reciprocal destruction and deprival of national

existence. Thus, every great monarchy in its turn destroyed many smaller states, while, on the other hand, Cyrus overthrew the Babylonians, Alexander the Persians, Rome the Greeks. In the same way Israel, too, lost its national independence when drawn into the great currents of the empire of the world. But to a crushing political universalism it could oppose the new life-giving religious universalism of its prophecies. All the great historical peoples have sunk without a promise, and are buried in the ruins of their former glory; but from Israel, according to the promise, a new divine universal kingdom has arisen out of the ruins of its material political existence; a kingdom that, originally founded in the Spirit, shall hereafter be manifested in external glory. While the people of God lay, like the rest of the nations, as to outward condition, beneath the domination of the world-empire, its existence was not only preserved and spared for a better future, as was the case with no other, but in relation to the inmost and highest life of humanity, the law went forth to the rest of the world out of Zion, and Japhet still dwells in the tents of Shem.

At that period, when a meek and lowly maiden was dwelling at Nazareth, and at Rome a world-swaying Caesar, beneath whose sceptre heathen humanity had reached its fulness of power and civilisation, and at the same time revealed most completely its inward emptiness and poverty, then, on the side of the people of God, and on that of the people of the world, the period of preparation had alike run its course. It is thus we understand the Christmas message,—“In the fulness of time God sent forth his Son.”

THE FIRST BALLOON VOYAGE IN ENGLAND.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S.

In the year 1784, on September 15th, the first aerial journey in England was performed. That is, just seventy-eight years ago the first of such experiences as those of myself and Mr. Coxwell were realised; and a young Italian, Vicenzo Lunardi, secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador, distinguished himself as the first aerial traveller in the English atmosphere.

The history of his undertaking is contained in the pages of a correspondence he addresses to a friend. These letters, in which he unfolds his project, relates his difficulties, and confides his hopes, win for him an interest and sympathy beyond that which attaches to him as a lover of science and an experimentalist. He writes as a foreigner, and delivers his judgment of our national habits and prejudices with a naive precision and freshness which is amusing, and indelibly fixes in our mind the chronology of the time he belongs to.

He first conceives the design of interesting generosity and humanity in the patronage of an experi-

ment of some hazard, and determines to ascend from Chelsea Hospital, “as from the altar of humanity, to ascend the skies.” He writes therefore to Sir George Howard, governor of the Hospital, and wishes to be assured of a place for launching his balloon, to which none but subscribers shall be admitted. The gain over and above the expenses of the undertaking, he proposes shall be divided among the invalids of the Hospital; and the governor, with the approbation of his Majesty King George III., accedes to his request.

He confesses that, not being in affluence, he finds himself placed at some disadvantage.

“In Italy,” he writes, “I should have sought the patronage and generosity of my sovereign, or of some liberal and opulent nobleman, to enable me to sustain the expenses of my present undertaking; here wealth is more equally divided, and by any contrivance that can gratify the curiosity of the people, sums of money are immediately collected

without the anxiety and mortification of petitioning the great. Hence, the innumerable exhibitions always open in London, and which are means of circulation, convenience, information, and utility almost unknown in every other country."

He further writes: "You will not be offended that the Secretary of the Embassy exhibits his balloon, when you know the first artists in the nation, under the immediate patronage of the king, and incorporated with an academy, exhibit their pictures yearly, and that the price of admission is one shilling."

The advertisement appears, and announces the construction of a globe thirty-two feet in diameter. Its purpose is to ascend into the higher regions of the atmosphere, subject to various interesting experiments. It is to drift for miles before the wind, and to range not higher than a gunshot above the earth. His globe is made of the best oiled silk, and is filled with inflammable air (hydrogen gas); it is fitted with a gallery or car, oars, and wings. To guinea subscribers, Signor Lunardi promises admission to Chelsea Hospital gardens on the day of ascending, a chair near the globe, and admission, four different times, to view the construction. The half-guinea subscribers will be admitted likewise to the gardens, and will have seats on benches next the chairs, and will be admitted twice to see the construction of the machine.

To his sanguine expectation the advertisement put forward appears certain to be realised. In the fulness of this expectation he writes: "England is open to all the world, either in war or peace; and a man of talent, whether liberal or mechanic, cannot fail of support and encouragement in proportion to his merit. Here the prodigious resort of strangers has nearly destroyed that indiscriminate species of hospitality which prevails on the Continent. But when once a circumstance in the situation or character of a stranger has attracted the notice of an Englishman, and he has declared himself his protector and friend, it is worth a thousand of the civilities of general hospitality; a reliance may be had on its sincerity, and the friendship is permanent in duration as it is slow in growth."

Sir Joseph Banks lends his name to the subscription. He had at this time a reputation as a botanist collector, and was popularly known as the companion of Captain Cook in one of his voyages round the world. He was also President of the Royal Society.

The subscriptions, however, come in slowly, and Signor Lunardi confesses that his balloon, the largest and the best constructed as to materials and principle, does not excite the curiosity he expected. It is composed of 520 yards of oiled silk, disposed in alternate stripes of blue and red. Its form is spherical, and it is kept suspended and filled with common air, injected into it through tubes of oiled silk, which pass into the sides of the balloon. More than two-thirds are covered with a strong net,

from which depend cords, forming equal sections at its lower part, and uniting at the bottom. These are fastened to the car, or gallery, which, unlike the car of modern times, consists of a platform, surrounded by a railing breast high.

The balloon is furnished with wings and oars; the wings to excite a breeze when the globe is becalmed; the oars to lower it, by a vertical motion, and to save the necessity of parting with the inflammable air. Signor Lunardi aims at being the first not only to visit the English atmosphere, but to check the movement of the balloon, and descend at pleasure, by other means than the valve. In this only he aims at originality, and wishes to depart from the successful track of the French philosophers.

A little later all his anticipations are changed; and he writes in an embittered spirit: "The events of this extraordinary island are as variable as its climate. It was but lately, everything relating to my undertaking wore a favourable and pleasing appearance; but I am at this moment overwhelmed with anxiety, vexation, and despair." This trouble is caused by a ridiculous failure on the part of one Moret, a Frenchman, who had advertised an ascent in competition. To witness Moret's ascent a concourse of 50,000 or 60,000 people assembled in the gardens, and waited from one to four o'clock with patience for the filling and ascension of the balloon. But when it failed, and in spite of every attempt, sunk into the fire which expanded it, the people, imagining the whole affair an imposture, rushed in and tore it to pieces!" and, adds our disconsolate informant, "spread desolation and terror through the whole district."

In consequence of this ridiculous catastrophe, and the riots which ensued, Sir George Howard forbids the ascent from the gardens of Chelsea Hospital; and it appears likely the undertaking must be relinquished. Popular ridicule and sarcasm, aimed at the sincerity of his attempt, stigmatise Signor Lunardi as an impostor and colleague of the unfortunate Moret. Nowhere can he obtain leave to launch his balloon from private grounds; and, sunk in the utmost distress, he again confides in his friend.

"The national prejudice," he says, "of the English against France, is supposed to have its full effect on a subject from which the literati of England expect to derive but little honour. An unsuccessful attempt has been made by a Frenchman, and my name being that of a foreigner, a very excusable ignorance in the people may place me among the adventurers of that nation who are said to have sometimes distinguished themselves here by ingenious impositions."

In his next letter he writes: "I still have hopes, for what philosophers dare not attempt, the ladies easily accomplish. They can smile into acquiescence that uncouth monster, popular prejudice, and they regulate the opinions and manners of a nation at pleasure." He proceeds to intimate that his difficulties, his perseverance, and his unmerited persecu-

tion, have invested him, in the eyes of the fair sex, with an air of heroism, and flattered by their continued interest, in a burst of enthusiasm vows he will make the attempt, even if he ascends from the street.

By dint of exertion and private interest he at length gains permission to ascend from the ground of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Prince of Wales having promised to be present. The alloy to this burst of success is the stipulated payment of 100 guineas in aid of the subscriptions to the family of the late Sir Bernard Turner, on the strength of which he receives permission to ascend.

Signor Lunardi makes no difficulty in promising the subscription, and, as before, is more than satisfied to connect his hazardous adventure with some benevolent purpose. From the tenacity with which he maintains this point, we might imagine he sought the favour of Providence through the benevolent work, the interests of which he endeavours to promote. We will not stay to analyse whether religious or superstitious feeling guides him in this desire.

The morning of the ascent arrives. The Artillery corps have promised to appear under arms for the purpose of preserving order and regularity, and Signor Lunardi is at the climax of excitement. He retires frequently from the ground to record the passing impressions of the moment, and writes to his friend: "The auspicious morning has arrived. I have no apprehension but of the populace, which is here, as it is everywhere, an impetuous, impatient, and cruel tyrant."

At twelve o'clock an immense concourse has assembled, collected into one compressed and impenetrable mass. Our enthusiast retires for a moment into an upper room of the Artillery House. "The view," he writes, "would suggest to a tyrant the idea of a pavement of human heads; but I conceive the risk of going up in my balloon trifling, compared with that of attempting to walk on the living surface I now contemplate. One hundred and fifty thousand countenances all turned in one direction!"

By half-past one o'clock the Prince of Wales has arrived, and the time fixed for the departure of the balloon has become exceeded. The Prince of Wales remains near the apparatus to see it filling, in preference to joining the company in the house. He directs his questions with an intelligent curiosity, and occasionally expresses a wish for the safety of the aeronauts, as if not destitute of doubt. Signor Lunardi is not to ascend alone, but has accepted the offer of a young gentleman of fortune and enterprise to share with him the danger, if not the glory of the adventure.

The incidents of this day, so memorable to Lunardi, and itself an epoch in balloon history, are given with a genuine intensity of delight which places them before us with all the circumstances of time and place as vividly as our own experiences, cut from the pages of the "Times," and witnessed but yesterday by the crowd at Wolverton, or, more

recently still, by a greater crowd at Newcastle. His youth, his self-sacrifice, his embarrassments, so greatly to be increased by the gift of 100 guineas to purchase permission to ascend; the novelty of his enterprise, and the freshness and vigour of these his first impressions, all unite together to distinguish him as a man of new experiences, one of the first possessors, as it were, of a new faculty added to our being; but for the wild enthusiasm, which colours with something more than the egotism of a foreigner his view of the day's proceedings, he calls for our forbearance.

Beyond the desire to depress his balloon at will, and command its descent by an apparatus of his own invention, Signor Lunardi aims at no different construction to that which had been employed in France. He therefore, once launched, sails at ease, and notes, as ourselves have since done, the grandeur of the view, and the varying effects and beauties enclosed within a circular horizon of almost infinite extent. In him, as in later aeronauts, undulating masses of clouds, tinged with the colours of the rainbow, excite breathless admiration. But Mr. Coxwell and myself, bidding farewell to the members of the Committee of the British Association, approving friends, and an amused and admiring crowd, have no parallel experiences with the harassed foreigner, stigmatised as an adventurer and impostor; and who, in the event of failure, sees himself and his machine given over to the outrages and malevolence of the mob. With far less discernment than that possessed by the diplomatist of a foreign embassy, we can read the intellectual progress of three-quarters of a century: no further test is needed than the intelligent interest and sympathy now accorded to scientific enterprise, and the extinction of national jealousies. In Signor Lunardi's case the penalty of success is paid in a fit of sickness, which ensues on the successes of the day. Reaction and fatigue perform their work, and it is more than a week before he can again resume his pen. He lays it down only at the last moment, and among his latest impressions speaks of the prince, who sharing in the doubts and misgivings of others, yet lends, as prince and gentleman, all the support he can to the cause of scientific adventure and improvement. On his recovery, Signor Lunardi finds himself borne along on the current of popular applause, received everywhere with respect and friendship, caressed and rewarded by the prince, and commanded to an audience by the king, who professes a warm interest in his adventures and personal safety.

The narrative re-commences with a dilemma caused by the elaborately slow process of filling the balloon. It is therefore abruptly stopped before the impatience of the multitude is beyond control. But the requisite force intended is not attained, and the voyage must be performed without a companion. Signor Lunardi decides at once to ascend alone. In the confusion of ideas consequent on the incidents and hurry of departure, the instruments

of observation intended for the voyage are likewise left behind. At five minutes after two the last gun is fired, the cords are divided, and the balloon has risen, amid the most unfeigned acclamations and applause. The multitude are more than satisfied, and pass in a moment from incredulity and menace into the most extravagant expressions of approbation and joy.

The balloon ascends to the height of 200 yards, and Signor Lunardi is intent on exhibiting himself to 15,000 people, who had not witnessed his ascent from the ground. In his manœuvres an oar

becomes broken, and falls to the ground; and of his three companions, a pigeon, a dog, and a cat, the bird manages to escape. But the air is rent with acclamations and applause, and Signor Lunardi is triumphant.

The temperature falls from 68° to 61°, and the change is readily perceptible; the globe is rapidly advancing upwards, and the delighted aeronaut, released from apprehension, applies himself to his provision. He refreshes himself with a few glasses of wine and the leg of a chicken; but the bread, and some other edibles, he writes with amusing



Mr. Lunardi ascending from the Artillery Ground, September 15th, 1784.

precision to his friend, have become mixed with the sand, and spoiled.

With the thermometer at 50°, and no personal discomfort pressing upon his attention, he experiences a calm which he describes as inexpressible, and which no situation on earth could give. He writes: "The stillness, extent, and magnificence of the scene rendered it highly awful. My horizon seemed a perfect circle; the terminating line several hundred miles in circumference; this" (he continues) "I conjectured from the view of London, the extreme points of which formed an angle of only a few degrees. It was so reduced on the great scale before me that I can find no simile to convey an idea of it. I could distinguish St. Paul's and

other churches from the houses; I saw the streets as lines, all animated with beings whom I knew to be men and women, but which I should otherwise have had a difficulty in describing. It was an enormous beehive, but the industry of it was suspended. All the moving mass seemed to have no object but myself, and the transition from the suspicion, and perhaps contempt of the preceding hour to the affectionate transport, admiration, and glory of the present moment was not without its effect on my mind. It seemed as if I had left below all the cares and passions that molest mankind. I had not the slightest sense of motion in the machine. I knew not whether it went swiftly or slowly, whether it ascended or descended, whether it was

agitated or tranquil, but by the appearance or disappearance of objects on the earth. The height had not the effect which a much less degree of it has near the earth, that of producing giddiness." He concludes this range of experiences with the remark that there is no sense of effort, difficulty, and restraint during a voyage in the balloon.

Passing from the history of his sensations, he next turns his attention to the view, which he admits he cannot accurately describe. "The gradual diminution of objects, and the masses of light and shade," he observes, "are intelligible in

oblique and common prospects, but here everything wore a new appearance and had a new effect. The face of the country had a mild and permanent verdure to which Italy is a stranger. The variety of cultivation, and the accuracy with which property is divided, give the idea, ever present to the stranger in England, of good civil laws and an equitable administration. The rivulets meandering; the immense district beneath me, spotted with cities, towns, villages, and houses pouring out their inhabitants to hail my appearance! You will," he adds by apology, "allow me some merit in not



The Balloon entangled in a Meadow near Ware.

having been exceedingly intoxicated with my situation."

To prolong his enjoyment of the scene beneath him, he tries the effect of his remaining oar, and thinks he succeeds in keeping the same parallel with the earth for nearly half an hour; but the exercise is fatiguing, and, satisfied with his experiment, he sits down calmly and resumes his pen.

During his excursion he writes three letters, besides making some desultory observations. The first are committed successively to the winds, on the chance of their falling into the hands of his friends, and relieving their anxiety on his account.

While he writes the balloon has been ascending rapidly. Of this he is warned by the decreasing

temperature, which falls to 32°. The balloon, at first but partially inflated, acknowledges the difference of height, and assumes the form of an oblong spheroid, the shortest diameter of which is in a line with the aeronaut. On its first ascension it held the form of an inverted cone, wanting very nearly one-third of its full complement of gas. There is no valve, and he can only open the neck of the balloon, on the chance that the strong rarefaction might force out some of the inflammable air. The vapour around its neck is frozen. Reminded by this test of temperature that he is at his highest elevation, he looks again at the earth, which appears like a boundless plain, whose surface has variegated shades, but on which no object can be accurately distinguished.

At half-past three o'clock he descends in a cornfield on the common of South Mimms, where he lands the cat, the poor animal having suffered greatly from cold. His descent, he thinks, is effected by the action of his single oar working vertically. The people about come forward to assist at his disembarkation, but he wishes to obtain a second triumph; he throws out the remainder of his ballast and provisions, and bidding them stand clear, ascends again in their view. A second time he sits down to write, but his ascension is so rapid, that, before half a page is written, the thermometer has descended to 29°, and the balloon is fringed with icicles. This is the highest elevation he attains, and his letter finished, he fastens it with a corkscrew to his handkerchief and throws it down. He also (contrary to the modern usage of Mr. Coxwell, who is a strict disciplinarian), and forgetful of the impetus they would attain in falling, throws down the plates, knives and forks, the little sand that remained, and an empty bottle, which takes some time in disappearing. "The earth," he writes, "appears as before, like an extensive plain, but the same variegated surface; but the objects rather less distinguishable. The clouds to the eastward rolled beneath me in masses scarcely larger than the waves of the ocean. I therefore did not mistake them for the sea. Contrasted with the effects of the sun on the earth and water beneath, they gave a grandeur to the whole scene which fancy cannot describe."

At twenty minutes past four he descends in a capacious meadow, near Ware, in Hertfordshire. Some labourers are at work in the field, but they refused to come forward to his assistance. At length a young girl advances to take the cords which he has thrown out, and Signor Lunardi records with indignation, that on her calling to the men, they even denied to her request, what they had refused to his. A crowd presently assembles, and he recognises General Smith, who has followed him from town on horseback, and who assists him in securing the balloon. It is made captive, and the inflammable air is let out by an incision, but it nearly poisons the neighbourhood by emitting a most offensive stench. The apparatus is then confided to the care of a Mr. Hollingsworth, and is some time after exhibited at the great room of the Pantheon, one of the largest then in London, and now the Pantheon Bazaar. The party adjourned to the Bull Inn at Ware, and Signor Lunardi is introduced to William Baker, Esq., M.P. for Hertford. This gentleman conducts our hero to his seat at Bayford Bury, and wins his admiration, for the frank and generous hospitality with which he receives him. The first aerial voyage made in England, therefore, terminates as favourably as those of the last season, and contains throughout the germ of the same experiences which myself and Mr. Coxwell have further extended and improved.

On his recovery from the illness which ensues from over-wrought excitement, Signor Lunardi finds him-

self the lion of the season, and he records with naïve delight that his Majesty, in council with his ministers, broke up the conference to look at him in passing, and, attended by Mr. Pitt, viewed him through a telescope while he remained in sight. The eager populace are anxious to make him amends, and he is offered the houses and scaffolding near for his own use, if he chooses to exhibit again. "My fame," he writes, "has not been sparingly diffused by the newspapers (which in England are the barometers of public opinion; often erroneous, as other instruments are in their particular information, but yielding the best that can be obtained). You will imagine the importance of these vehicles of knowledge when you learn that in London alone there are printed no less than a hundred and sixty thousand papers weekly, which, by a stamp on each paper, and a duty on advertisements, bring into the treasury of the nation upwards of eighty thousand pounds a year. They are to the English Constitution what the Censors were to those of ancient Rome. Ministers of State are checked and kept in awe by them, and they freely, and often judiciously, expose the pretensions of those who would harass government merely to be taken into its service."

Signor Lunardi makes his appearance at Court, and is presented at the drawing-room, which is very crowded, it being the anniversary of the King's coronation. The Prince of Wales is there, and laughingly congratulates him on being still alive. He also sends his equerry to say that on the day of his ascension he observed him to borrow of M. Aubert a watch describing seconds of time, and that His Royal Highness has ordered his watchmaker to take from Signor Lunardi directions for such a one as shall be useful another time.

We should serve no purpose by following further his enthusiastic and incidental narrative of every minute detail, and we will take leave of him at the time when he is fully occupied with the exhibition of his balloon at the Pantheon. "It is difficult," he writes to his friend, "to imagine anything more pleasing than the solicitude which multitudes of beautiful women express concerning the dangers that are past, and the heroism of others who wish to accompany me in my second tour."

We should not omit to add that one of the letters is picked up by a gentleman, while out shooting, and conveyed to the author. The letter alludes briefly to that which is written more at length in the narrative from which we have copied.

Modern experiment has confirmed this almost obsolete account of an adventure, of which the remembrance obtains, in every child's history or diary of events, as the fact of a "first balloon ascent in England in the reign of George III." It is interesting to observe that its leading features are the same as those of later days, excepting in regard to the external circumstances under which it was undertaken; and here the main parallel is the interest it commanded from the Prince of Wales, afterwards

Prince Regent and George IV., and the interest which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales lately evinced in Mr. Coxwell's balloon waiting to ascend from the gardens in the Crystal Palace. The intellectual spirit of the times can dispense with

His Royal Highness as guardian of the peace in the event of failure; but now, as seventy-eight years ago, scientific enterprise is equally honoured by any degree of interest or approbation that may be conferred.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THE Parish Schoolmaster of the past belonged to a class of men and to an institution peculiar to Scotland. Between him and the Parish clergyman there was a close alliance formed by many links. The homes and incomes of both, though of very unequal value, were secured by Act of Parliament, and provided by the heritors of the Parish. Both held their appointments for life, and could be deprived of them only for heresy or immorality, and that by the same kind of formal "libel," and trial before the same ecclesiastical court. Both were members of the same church, and had to subscribe the same confession of faith; both might have attended the same university, nay, passed through the same curriculum of eight years of preparatory study.

The Schoolmaster was thus a sort of prebendary or minor canon in the Parish cathedral—a teaching presbyter and coadjutor to his preaching brother. In many cases "the master" was possessed of very considerable scholarship and culture, and was invariably required to be able to prepare young men for the Scotch universities, by instructing them in the elements of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. He was by education more fitted than any of his own rank in the Parish to associate with the minister. Besides, he was mostly always an elder of the kirk, and the clerk of the kirk session; and, in addition to all these ties, the school was generally in close proximity to the church and manse. The master thus became the minister's right hand and confidential adviser, and the worthies often met. If the minister was a bachelor—a melancholy spectacle too often seen!—the Schoolmaster more than any other neighbour cheered him in his loneliness. He knew all the peculiarities of his diocesan, and knew especially when he might "step up to the Manse for a chat" without being thought intrusive. If, for example, it was Monday—the minister's Sunday of rest—and if the day was wet, the roads muddy, the trees dripping, and the hens miserable, seeking shelter under carts in the farmyard, he knew well that ere evening came, the minister would be glad to hear his rap break the stillness of the Manse. Then seated together in the small study before a cheerful fire, they would discuss many delicate questions affecting the manners or morals of the flock, and talk about the ongoings of the Parish, its births,

marriages, and deaths; its poor, sick, dying sufferers; the state of the crops, and the prospects of good or bad "Fiars prices," and the prospects of good or bad stipends, which they regulated; the chances of repairs or additions being obtained for Manse, church, or school; preachers and preachings; Church and State politics—both being out-and-out Tories; knotty theological points connected with Calvinism or Arminianism; with all the minor and more evanescent controversies of the hour. Or, if the evening was fine, they would walk in the garden to examine the flowers, or more probably the vegetables, and *dander* over the glebe to inspect the latest improvements, when the master was sure to hear bitter complaints of the laziness of "the minister's man" John, whom he had been threatening to turn off for years, but who accepted the threats with as great ease of mind as he did his work. Before parting, they partook, perhaps, of a humble supper of eggs and toasted cheese, soft as thick cream, washed down by one glass of Edinburgh ale, or, to be perfectly honest, one tumbler of whisky toddy, when old Jenny was told to be sure that the water was boiling.

A schoolmaster who had received licence to preach, and who consequently might be presented to a parish, if he could get one, belonged to the aristocracy of his profession. Not that he lived in a better house than his unlicensed and less educated brother, or received higher emoluments, or wore garments less glittering and japanned from polished old age. But the man in the pulpit was taller than the man in the school, addressed larger pupils, and had larger prospects.

Among those schoolmasters who were also preachers, it was possible, I dare say, to find a specimen of the Dominie Sampson class, with peculiarities and eccentricities which could easily account for his failure as a preacher, and his equally remarkable want of success as a teacher. There were also a few, perhaps, who had soured tempers, and were often crabbed and cross in school and out of it. But don't be too severe on the poor Dominie! He had missed a church from want of a patron, and, it must be acknowledged, from want of the gift of preaching, which he bitterly termed "the gift of the gab." In college he had taken the first rank in his classes: and no wonder, then, if he is a little mortified in seeing an old acquaintance who had been a no-

torious dunce obtain a good living through some of those subtle and influential agencies, and "pow'r o' speech i' the poopit," neither of which he could command, and who—oleaginous on the tiends—slowly jogged along the smooth road of life on a punchy, sleek horse, troubled chiefly about the great number of his children and the small number of his "chalders;" it is no wonder, I say, that he is mortified at this, compelled, poor fellow, to whip his way, tawse in hand, through the mud of A B C and Syntax, Shorter Catechism, and long division, on a pittance of some sixty pounds a year. Nay, as it often happened, the master had a sore at his heart which few knew about. For when he was a tutor long ago in the family of a small Laird, he fell in love with the Laird's daughter Mary, whose mind he had first wakened into thought, and first led into the land of poetry. She was to have married him, but not until he got a Parish, for the Laird would not permit his fair star to move in any orbit beneath that of the Manse circle. And long and often had the parish been expected, but just when the presentation seemed to be within his nervous grasp, it had vanished through some unexpected mishap, and with its departure hope became more deferred, and the heart more sick, until Mary at last married, and changed all things to her old lover. She had not the pluck to stand by the master when the Laird of Blackmoss was pressing for her hand. And then the black curly hairs of the master turned to grey as the dream of his life vanished, and he awoke to the reality of a heart that can never love another, and to a school with its A B C and Syntax. But somehow the dream comes back in its tenderness as he strokes the hair of some fair girl in the class and looks into her eyes; or it comes back in its bitterness, and a fire begins to burn at his heart, which very possibly passes off like a shock of electricity along his right arm, and down the black tawse, finally discharging itself with a flash and a roar into some lazy mass of agricultural flesh who happens to have a vulgar look like the Laird of Blackmoss, and an unprepared lesson!

It often happened that those who were uncommonly bad preachers, were, nevertheless, admirable teachers, especially if they had found suitable wives, and were softened by the amenities of domestic life; above all when they had boys of their own to "drill." The Parish school then became a school of no mean order. The glory of the old Scotch teacher of this stamp, was to *ground* his pupils thoroughly in the elements of Greek and Latin. He hated all shams, and placed little value on what was acquired without labour. To master details, to stamp grammar rules and prosody rules, thoroughly understood, upon the minds of his pupils as with a peu of iron; to move slowly, but accurately through a classic, this was his delight; not his work only, but his recreation, the outlet for his tastes and energies. He had no long-spun theories about edu-

cation, nor ever tried his hand at adjusting the fine mechanism of boys' motives. "Do your duty and learn thoroughly, or be well licked," "Obedience, work, and no humbug," were the axioms which expressed his views. When he found the boys honest at their work, he rejoiced in his own. And if he discovered one who seemed bitten with the love of Virgil or Homer; if he discovered in his voice or look, by question or answer, that he "promised to be a good classic," the Dominic had a tendency to make that boy a pet. On the annual examination by the Presbytery, with what a pleased smile did he contemplate his favourite in the hands of some competent and sympathising examiner! And once a year on such a day the Dominic might so far forget his stern and iron rule as to chuck the boy under the chin, or clap him fondly on the back.

I like to call those old teaching preachers to remembrance. Take them all in all they were a singular body of men; their humble homes, and poor salaries, and hard work, presenting a remarkable contrast to their manners, abilities, and literary culture. Scotland owes to them a debt of gratitude that never can be repaid; and many a successful minister, lawyer, and physician, is able to recall some one of those old teachers as his earliest and best friend, who first kindled in him the love of learning, and helped him in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

In cities the Schoolmaster may be nobody, lost in the great crowd of professional and commercial life, unless that august personage the Government Inspector appears in the school, and links its master and pupil teachers to the august and mysterious Privy Council located in the official limbo of Downing Street. But in a country Parish, most of all in a Highland Parish, to which we must now return, the Schoolmaster or "Master" occupied a most important position.

The Schoolmaster of "the Parish" half a century ago was a strong built man, with such a face, crowned by such a head, that taking face and head together, one felt that he was an out-and-out *man*. A Celt he evidently was, full of emotion, that could be roused to vehemence, but mild, modest, subdued, and firm,—a granite boulder covered with green moss, and hanging with flower, heather, and graceful fern. He had been three years at Glasgow University, attending the Greek, Latin, and logic classes. How he, the son of a *very* small farmer, had supported himself is not easily explained. His fees, which probably amounted to 6*l.*, were the heaviest item in his outlay. The lodgings occupied by him were in the High Street, and he lived nearer the stars than men of greater ambition in Glasgow. His landlady, overlooking these peculiar privileges, charged but 4*s.* or 5*s.* a-week for everything, including coals, gas, cooking, and attendance. He had brought a supply of potatoes, salt herrings, sausages, and salt fish from the Highlands, and a ham which seemed immortal from the day it was

boiled. It was wonderful how the student with a few pounds eked out his fare, with the luxuries of weak coffee and wheaten bread for breakfast, and chop or mince-meat for dinner. And thus he managed, with a weekly sum which an unskilled labourer would consider wretched wages, to educate himself for three years at the University. He eventually became the schoolmaster, elder, session clerk, precentor, postmaster, and catechist of "the Parish," offices sufficient perhaps to stamp him as incompetent by the Privy Council Committee acting under "a Minute," but nevertheless capable of being all duly discharged by "the Master."

The school of course was his first duty, and there he diligently taught some fifty or sixty scholars in male and female petticoats for five days in the week, imparting knowledge of the "usual branches," and also instructing two or three pupils, including his own sons, in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. I am obliged to confess that neither the teacher nor the children had the slightest knowledge of physiology, chemistry, or even household economy. It is difficult to know, in these days of light, how they got on without it: for the houses were all constructed on principles opposed in every respect to the laws of health as we at present understand them, and the cooking was confined chiefly to potatoes and porridge. But whether it was the Highland air which they breathed, or the rain which daily washed them, or the absence of doctors, the children who ought to have died by rule did not, but were singularly robust and remarkably happy. In spite of bare feet and uncovered heads they seldom had colds, or, if they had, as Charles Lamb says, "they took them kindly."

His most important work next to the school was catechising. By this is meant, teaching the "Shorter Catechism" of the church to the adult parishioners. The custom was at certain seasons of the year, when the people were not busy at farm-work, to assemble them in different hamlets throughout the Parish: if the weather was wet, in a barn; if fine, on the green hill side, and there by question and answer, with explanatory remarks, to indoctrinate them into the great truths of religion. Many of the people in the more distant valleys, where even the small "side schools" could not penetrate, were unable to read, but they had ears to hear, and hearts to feel, and through these channels they were instructed. These meetings were generally on Saturdays when the school was closed. But on all days of the week the sick, who were near enough to be visited,—that is, within ten miles or so,—had the benefit of the master's teaching and prayers.

The Schoolmaster, I have said, was also postmaster. But then the mail was but weekly, and by no means a heavy one. It contained only a few letters for the sheriff or the minister, and half-a-dozen to be delivered as opportunity offered to outlying districts in the Parish, and these, with three or

four newspapers a week old, did not occupy much of his time. The post, moreover, was never in a hurry. "Post haste" was unknown in those parts: the "Poste restante" being much more common. The "runner" was a sedate walker, and never lost sight of his feelings as a man in his ambition as a post. Nor was the master's situation as Precentor a position like that of organist in Westminster or St. Paul's. His music was select, and confined to three or four tunes. These he modulated to suit his voice and taste, which were peculiar and difficult to describe. But the people understood both, and followed him on Sundays as far as their own peculiar voices and tastes would permit: and thus his musical calling did not at all interfere with his week-day profession.

It is impossible to describe the many wants which he supplied and the blessings which he conferred. There were few marriages of any parochial importance at which he was not an honoured guest. In times of sickness, sorrow, or death, he was sure to be present with his subdued manner, tender sympathy, and Christian counsel. If any one wanted advice on a matter which did not seem of sufficient gravity to consult about at the Manse, "the Master" was called in. If a trustee was wanted, by a dying man, who would deal kindly and honestly with his widow and children, the master was sure to be nominated. He knew every one in the Parish, and all their belongings, as minutely as a man on the turf knows the horses and their pedigree. He was a true friend of the inmates of the Manse, and the minister trusted him as he did no other man. When the minister was dying the Schoolmaster watched him by night, and tended him as an old disciple would have done one of the prophets, and left him not until with prayer he closed his eyes.

His emoluments for all this labour were not extravagant. Let us calculate. He had £15 as schoolmaster; £5 in school fees; £7 as postmaster; £1 as session clerk; £1 as leader of church psalmody; £5 as catechist; £34 in all, with house and garden. He had indeed a small farm, or bit of ground with two or three cows, a few sheep, and a few acres for potatoes and oats or barley, but for all this he paid rent. So the emoluments were not large. The house was a thatched cottage with what the Scotch call a "butt and ben;" the "butt" being half kitchen, half bed-room, with a peat fire on the floor, the "ben" having also a bed, but being dignified by a grate. Between them was a small bed-closet separated from the passage by a wicker partition. All the floors were clay. Above was a garret or loft reached by a ladder, and containing amidst a dim light, a series of beds and shakes-down like a barrack. In this home father, mother, and a family of four sons and three daughters were accommodated. The girls learned at home,—in addition to "the three r's" learned at school,—to sew and spin, card wool, and sing songs; while the boys, after preparing their

Virgil or arithmetic sums for next day, went in the evening to fish, to work in the garden, or on the farm, to drive home the cattle, to cut peats for fuel or stack them, to reap ferns and hose them for bedding the cattle in winter, or make "composts" for the fields, and procure moss and other unmentionable etceteras.

When darkness came they gathered round the fire, while some made baskets, repaired the horses' harness or their own shoes, or made fishing lines and "busked" hooks; others would discourse sweet music from the trumpet, and all in their turn tell stories to pass the time pleasantly. The grinding of meal for porridge or *fuarag* was a common occupation. This *fuarag* was a mixture made up of meal freshly ground from corn that had been well toasted and dried before the fire, and then whipped up with thick cream,—a dainty dish to set before a king! The difficulty in making it good was the getting of corn freshly toasted and meal freshly ground. It was prepared by means of a quern which at that time was in almost every house. The quern consisted of two round flat stones, of about a foot in diameter, and an inch or so thick, corresponding to the grinding stones in a mill. The lower stone was fixed, and the upper being fitted into it by a circular groove, was made to revolve rapidly upon it, while the corn was poured through a hole in the upper stone to be ground between the two. It was worked thus. A clean white sheet was spread over the bed in the kitchen. The mill was placed in the centre. One end of a stick was then inserted into a hole in the upper stone to turn it round, while the other end of the stick, to give it a purchase and keep it steady, was fixed in the twist of a rope, stretched diagonally from one bedpost to another. The miller sat in the bed, with a leg on each side of the quern, and seizing the stick, rapidly turned the stone, while the parched corn was poured in. When ground it was taken away and cleaned of all husks. The dry new meal being whipped up with rich cream the *fuarag* was ready, and then—lucky the boy who got it! I cannot forget the mill or its product, having had the privilege of often sharing in the labours of the one, and enjoying the luxury of the other.

Our Schoolmaster could not indeed give entertainments worthy of a great educational institute, nor did he live in the indulgence of any delicacies greater than the one I have dwelt upon, if, indeed, there was any greater then in existence. There was for breakfast the never-failing porridge and milk—and such milk!—with oat cakes and barley scones for those who preferred them, or liked them as a top-dressing. On Sundays, there were tea and eggs. The dinner never wanted noble potatoes, with their white powdery waistcoats, revealing themselves under the brown jackets. At that time they had not fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf," but retained all their pristine youth and loveliness as when they rejoiced the heart of some Peruvian

Inca in the land of their nativity. With such dainties, whether served up "each like a star that dwelt apart," or mashed with milk, or a little fresh butter, into a homogeneous mass, what signified the accompaniments? Who will inquire anxiously about them? There may have been sometimes salt herring, sometimes other kinds of sea-fish—lythe, rock-cod, mackerel, or saithe, but oftener the unapproachable milk alone! At times a fat hen, and bit of pork, or blackfaced mutton, would mar the simplicity of the dinner. When these came, in Providence, they were appreciated. But whatever the food, all who partook of it ate it heartily, digested it with amazing rapidity, and never were the worse, but always the better for it. No one had headaches, or ever heard of medicine except in sermons; and all this is more than can be said of most feasts, from those of the excellent Lord Mayor of London downwards, in all of which the potatoes and milk are shamefully ignored, while salt herring and potatoes—the most savoury of dishes—and even *fuarag*, are utterly forgotten.

Handless people, who buy everything they require, can have no idea how the Schoolmaster and his family managed to get clothes; yet they always were clothed, and comfortably, too. There was wool afforded by their own few sheep, or cheaply obtained from their neighbours, and the mother and daughters employed themselves during the long winter nights in carding and spinning it. Then Callum the weaver took in hand to weave it into tartans, of any known Celtic pattern: and Peter the tailor undertook to shape it into comely garments for father or son; while the female tailors at home had no difficulty in arranging suitable garments out of their own portion of the wool. As for shoes, a hide or two of leather was purchased, and John the shoemaker, like Peter the tailor, would come to the house and live there, and tell his stories, and pour out the country news, and rejoice in the potatoes, and look balmy over the *fuarag*. Peter the tailor, when he went, left beautiful suits of clothes behind him; John the shoemaker completed the adornment by most substantial shoes—wanting polish probably, and graceful shapes, but nevertheless strong and victorious in every battle with mud and water, and possessing powerful thongs and shining tackets. And thus the family were clothed—if we except the kilts of the younger boys, which necessarily left Nature, with becoming confidence in her powers, to a large portion of the work about the limbs. The master's suit of black was also an exception. When that suit was purchased was a point not easily determined. It was generally understood to have been obtained when the Schoolmaster went on his first and last journey to see George IV. in Edinburgh. The suit was folded in his large green chest behind the door, and was only visible once a year at the communion, or when some great occasion, such as a marriage or a funeral, called it forth into sunlight. The tartan coat and home-made woollen trousers were at such times

exchanged for black broadcloth, and the black silk neckcloth for a white cravat; and then the Schoolmaster, with his grave countenance and grey whiskers, and bald head, might pass for a professor of theology or the bishop of a diocese.

The worthy Schoolmaster is long since dead. He died, as he had lived, in peace with God and man. The official residence has been changed to another part of the Parish, and when I last saw the once happy and contented home of the good man, with whom I had spent many happy days, the garden was obliterated, the footpaths covered with grass, and the desolation of many years was over it. Verily, the place that once knew him knew him no more.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE EMIGRANT SHIP.*

RETURNING from Iona on the loveliest summer evening which I ever beheld, we reached a safe and sheltered bay at the north end of the Island of Mull. I never saw a harbour so well defended from the violence of winds and waves. A long narrow island encircled it seawards, spreading its friendly wings over every vessel that comes to seek its covert from the storms of ocean, or to await under its shelter for favourable weather to double the great headland beyond. On the right hand where we entered, the land rises up steep and abrupt from the shore. We sailed so close to the rocks, that the branches of the trees were bending over us. The fragrance of the birch was wafted on the breeze of summer, and a thousand little birds, with their sweet notes, were singing to us from amid the branches, bidding us welcome as we glided smoothly and gently past them. A glorious view presented itself to me wherever I turned my eye. I saw the lofty mountains of Ardnamurchan clothed in green to their very summits; Suanard, with its beautifully outlined hills and knolls; the coast of Morven stretching away from us, rejoicing in the warmth of the summer evening.

When we neared the anchorage there was nothing to be seen but masts of ships, with their flags floating lazily in the gentle breeze—nor to be heard, except the sound of oars, and the murmur of brooks and streams, which, falling over many a rock, were pouring into the wide bay, now opening up before us. From side to side of the shore, on the one hand, there runs a street of white houses; and immediately behind them there rises up a steep and high bank, where the hazel, the rowan, and the ash grow luxuriantly, and so very close to the houses that the branches seem to bend over their tops. At the summit of this lofty bank the other portion of the small town is seen between you and the sky, presenting a view striking for its beauty and singularity.

The bay, however, presented the most interesting sight. There were in it scores of vessels of different sizes; many a small boat with its painted green

oars; the gay *birliam* with its snow-white sails, and the war-ship with its lofty masts and royal flag. But in the midst of them all I marked one ship which was to me of surpassing interest. Many little boats were pressing towards her, and I noticed that she was preparing to unmoor. There was one man in our boat who had joined us at the back of Mull, and who had not during the whole day once raised his head, but who now was scanning this great ship with the keenest anxiety.

“Do you know,” I asked, “what this ship is?”

“Alas!” said he, “’tis I who do know her. Grieved am I to say that there are too many of my acquaintances in her. In her are my brothers, and many of my dearest friends, departing on a long, mournful voyage for North America. And sad is it that I have not what would enable me to accompany them.”

We pulled towards the vessel; for I confess I felt strongly desirous of seeing these warm-hearted men who, on this very day, were to bid a last farewell to the Highlands, in search of a country where they might find a permanent home for themselves and their families. It is impossible to convey to any one who was not present, a true idea of the scene which presented itself on going on board. Never will it fade from my memory. They were here, young and old—from the infant to the patriarch. It was most overwhelming to witness the deep grief, the trouble of spirit, the anguish and brokenness of heart which deeply furrowed the countenances of the greater number of these men, here assembled from many an island and distant portion of the Hebrides.

I was, above all, struck with the appearance of one man, aged and blind, who was sitting apart, with three or four young boys clustered around him, each striving which could press most closely to his breast. His old arms were stretched over them; his head was bent towards them; his grey locks and their brown curly hair mingling, while his tears, in a heavy shower, were falling on them. Sitting at his feet was a respectably dressed woman, sobbing in the anguish of bitter grief; and I understood that a man who was walking backwards and forwards, with short steps and folded hands, was her husband. His eye was restless and unsettled, and his troubled countenance told that his mind was far from peace. I drew near to the old man, and in gentle language asked him if he, in the evening of his days, was about to leave his native land.

“Is it I, going over the ocean?” said he. “No! On no journey will I go, until the great journey begins which awaits us all; and when that comes, who will bear my head to the burial? You are gone; you are gone; to-day I am left alone, blind and aged, without brother, or son, or support. To-day is the day of my desolation, God forgive me! thou Mary, my only child, with my fair and lovely grandchildren, art about to leave me! I will return to-night to the old glen:

* From the Gaelic of the late Rev. Dr. Macleod, of St. Columba's, Glasgow.

but it is a strange hand that will lead me. You, my beloved children, will not come out to meet the old man. I will no more hear the prattle of your tongues by the river-side, and no more shall I cry, as I used to do, though I saw not the danger, 'Keep back from the stream!' When I hear the barking of the dogs, no more will my heart leap upwards, saying, 'My children are coming.' Who now will guide me to the shelter of the rock, or read to me the holy book? And to-morrow night, when the sun sinks in the west, where will you be, children of my love? or who will raise the evening hymn with me?"

"Oh, father," said his daughter, creeping close to him, "do not break my heart!"

"Art thou here, Mary?" said he. "Where is thy hand? Come nearer to me. My delight of all the women in the world. Sweet to me is thy voice. Thou art parting with me. I do not blame thee, neither do I complain. Thou hast my full sanction. Thou hast the blessing of thy God. As was thy mother before thee, be thou dutiful. As for me, I will not long stand. To-day I am stripped of my lovely branches, and light is the breeze which will lay low my old head. But while I live, God will uphold me! He was ever with me in every trial, and He will not now forsake me. Blind though I be, yet blessed be His name! He enables me to see at His own right hand my best Friend, and in His countenance I can see gentleness and love. At this very moment He gives me strength. His promises come home to my heart. Other trees may wither; but the 'Tree of Life' fades not. Are you all near me? Listen," said he, "we are now about to part. You are going to a land far away; and probably before you reach it I shall be in the lofty land where the sun ever shines, and where, I trust, we shall all meet again; and where there shall be no partings, nor removals. No. Remember the God of your fathers, and fall not away from any one good habit which you have learned. Evening and morning, bend the knee. Evening and morning, raise the hymn, as we were wont to do. And you, my little children, who were as eyes and as a staff unto me—you, who I thought would place the sod over me—must I part with you? God be my helper!"

I could not remain longer. The little boat which was to bear the old man to the shore had come to the side of the ship. Those who were waiting on him informed him of this. I fled; I could not witness the miserable separation.

In another part of the vessel there was a company of men, whom I understood from their dress and language to belong to the Northern Islands. They were keenly and anxiously watching a boat which was coming round the point, urged alike by sails and oars. Whenever they saw her making for the ship, they shouted out: "It is he himself! Blessings on his head!" There was one person among them who seemed more influential than the others. When he observed this boat, he went to the captain of the

ship, and I observed that the sailors who were aloft among the masts and spars were ordered to descend, and that the preparations for immediate sailing were suspended. The boat approached. An aged, noble-looking man who was sitting in the stern rose up, and, although his head was white as the snow, he ascended the side of the ship with a firm vigorous step, dispensing with any assistance. The captain saluted him with the utmost respect. He looked around him, and quickly noticing the beloved group who had been watching for him, he walked towards them. "God be with you!" he said to them, as they all rose up, bonnet in hand, to do him reverence. He sat down among them. For a while he leaned his head on the staff which was in his hand, and I observed that great tears were rolling down his face—one of the most pleasant faces I had ever looked on. They all grouped around him, and some of the children sat at his feet. There was something in the appearance of this patriarchal man which could not fail to draw one towards him. Such goodness and gentleness surrounded him that the most timid would be encouraged to approach him; and, at the same time, such lofty command in his eye and brow as would cause the boldest to quail before him.

"You have come," said they, "according to your promise; you never neglected us in the day of our need. To-night we are to become wanderers over the face of the ocean, and before the sun will rise over those hills we shall be for ever out of their sight. We are objects of pity to-day—day of our ruin!"

"Let me not hear such language," said the minister. "Be manly; this is not the time for you to yield. Place your confidence in God: for it is not without his knowledge that you go on this journey. It is through His providence that all things are brought to pass: but you speak as if you were to travel beyond the bounds of the kingdom of the Almighty, and to go whither His Fatherly care could not extend unto you. Alas! is this all your faith?"

"That is all true," answered they; "but the sea—the great wide ocean?"

"The sea!" said he "why should it cast down or disquiet you? Is not God present on the great ocean as on the land; under the guidance of His wisdom, and the protection of His power, are you not as safe on the wide ocean as you ever were in the most sheltered glen? Does not the God who made the ocean go forth on its proud waves? Not one of them will rise against you without His knowledge. It is He who stills the raging of the sea. He goeth forth over the ocean in the chariots of the wind as surely as He is in the heavens above. Oh, ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?"

"We are leaving our native land," said they.

"You are indeed leaving the place of your birth," he replied, "the island where you were nourished and reared. You are certainly going on a long journey, and it need not be concealed that there are

hardships awaiting you, but these do not come unexpectedly on you: you may be prepared to meet them. And as to leaving our country, the children of men have no permanent hold of any country under the sun. We are all strangers and pilgrims, and it is not in this world that God gives any of us that home from which there is no departure."

"That is undoubtedly true," said they; "but we go as 'sheep without a shepherd.' Without a guide to consult in our perplexities. Oh, if you had been going with us!"

"Silence!" said he. "Let me not hear such language. Are you going farther from God than you were before? Is it not the same Lord that opened your eyelids to day and raised you from the slumber of the night, who rules on the other side of the world? Who stood by Abraham when he left his country and his kindred? Who showed himself to Jacob when he left his father's house, and slept in the open field? Be ashamed of yourselves for your want of trust. Did you say you were as 'sheep without a shepherd'? Is there any, even the youngest of your children, who cannot repeat these words: 'The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want'? Has not the Great Shepherd of the sheep said: 'Fear not; for I am with thee. Be not dismayed: for I am thy God'? Has He not said: 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee'? There are not, perhaps, houses of worship so accessible to you where you are going, as they were in your native land; nor are ministers of religion so numerous. But remember you the day of the Lord. Assemble yourselves under the shelter of the rock, or under the shade of the tree. Raise up together the songs of Zion, remembering that the gracious presence of God is not confined to any one place; that, by those who sincerely seek him in the name of Christ, He is to be found on the peak of the highest mountain, in the strath of the deepest glen, or in the innermost shade of the forest, as well as in the midst of the great city, or in the most costly temple ever reared by man's hands. You are all able to read the holy word. Had it been otherwise, heavy indeed would be my heart, and very sad the parting. I know you have some Bibles with you: but you will to-day accept from me, each a new Bible, one that is easily carried and handled; and you will not value them the less that your names are written in them by the hand which sprinkled the water of baptism on the most of you—which has often since been raised up to Heaven in prayers

for you, and which will continue to be raised for you with good hope through Christ until death shall disable it. And you, my little children, the precious lambs of my flock, now about to leave me, I have brought for you also some slight memorials of my great love to you. May God bless you!"

"Oh," said they, "how thankful are we that we have seen you once more, and that we have again heard your voice!"

The people of the ship were now generally gathering round this group, and even the sailors, though some of them did not understand his language, perceived that it was in matters pertaining to the Soul he was engaged. There was so much earnestness, warmth, and kindness in his appearance and voice, that they stood reverently still; and I saw several of them hiding the tears which rolled down those cheeks that had been hardened by many a storm.

The reverend man uncovered his head, and stood up. Every one perceived his purpose. Some knelt down, and those who stood cast their eyes downwards, when in a clear strong voice he said, "Let us pray for the blessing of God." Hard indeed would be the heart which would not melt, and little to be envied the spirit which would not become solemnised, while the earnest, warm-hearted prayer was being offered up by this good man, who was himself raised above the world. Many a poor faint-hearted one was encouraged. His words fell like the dew of the evening, and the weak, drooping branches were strengthened and refreshed.

While they were on their knees, I heard heavy sighings and sobbings, which they strove hard to smother. But when they rose up I saw through the mist of the bitter tears which they were now wiping off, the signs of fresh hope beaming from their eyes. He opened the Book of Psalms, and the most mournful, the most affecting in every way, yet at the same time the most joyful sacred song which I ever heard was raised by them all. The solemn sound reached every ship and boat in the harbour. Every oar rested. There was perfect silence; a holy calm as they sang a part of the 42nd Psalm.

"O! why art thou cast down, my soul?"

Why, thus with grief oppress'd?

Art thou disquieted in me?

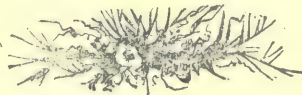
In God still hope and rest:

For yet I know I shall him praise

Who graciously to me

The health is of my countenance,

Yea, mine own God is he."



REST: AN ODE.

"Give us, O, give us rest!"

BENEATH the hill
The lake lies still ;
A single cloudlet, sailing to the west,
Moves in the boundless blue,
Moves in that mirror too,
With motion most like rest.

Beside the stream
The blue flowers dream ;
On banks grass-muffled, mute
To tread of any foot,
The trees stand back, that so
Their murmurs may be low ;
Leaning together, by one whisper stirred,
To drown the voice of that audacious bird.

The great sea lies,
By tender skies
Embraced, till, lowering his foamy crest,
Up to the shore he slips,
A murmur on his lips,
As he too prayed for rest.
"Give us, O, give us rest !"

In vain,
Nature, upon her child,
With her fair face hath smiled !
She cannot ease his pain :
She has no balm
That throbbing heart to calm,
Or drive thought's hurrying crowd from that dis-
tracted brain :

The mournful mother rocks him on her breast,
She cannot give him rest.

For rest
Have all men laboured, all the centuries round :
O quest !
By all men followed and by none yet found :
The task-like spell, by wicked wizard bound,
Grows with the labour ; with the boon the need ;
The distance seems to lengthen with the speed ;
The goal still to recede.

The camel kneels,
With mute appeals
In her mild eyes, against the crushing load ;
At the sharp-pricking goad,
The ox, with mighty strain,
Lowers his broad front in menace vain,
His strong, fierce neck is tugging at the yoke ;
And quivering to the stroke,
Upon his mission speeds the fiery horse, [course.
Nor spares his generous life to close the headlong

Nature at length,
As fain that man should rest,
Gives up her deeper secrets to his prayer ;
To his behest
Her mighty forces shall obedience yield,

Her empire he shall share,
Yea ! he shall wield
All her resistless strength ;
Even that which heaved the mountains, and which
moves
The starry wheels in their unerring grooves.

With grind and groan,
With clank and moan,
Their task the prisoned forces ply ;—
The great wheels fly
As if they wove the web of fate ;
And to and fro, amid the roar,
Squalid creatures pace the floor ;
Slaves of those iron wheels are they,
Bound their impulse to obey,
And upon their bidding wait ;
While to their service dumb,
Not only men are given,
But childish troops are driven,
And women come,
Till every heart with weariness is numb.

Still nature grants
Fresh creatures of her power man's needs to serve.
Lo ! a fierce creature pants
To do his bidding and his burdens bear ;
And its keen nerve
Hath the tamed lightning in his service spent,
As laden with his message forth it went,
Nor moved the midnight air.

But faster beat
The hearts to whom that message comes.
"Haste ! make the task complete ;
Haste ! let the rousing drums
Gather strong men to do the work of war !"
And wide and far,
As speeds the message, hands their labour ply
Faster ; the forge upon the midnight sky
Sends up a steadier glare,
While instruments of death shriek bodings of despair.

Now he shall rest !
The mighty mother takes him to her breast.
O mockery ! this is not the rest he craves—
This dread, this utter stillness is the grave's.

What voice doth dare
Say "I will" to the Universal prayer?
Above the din,
The strife and sin,
Of toiling centuries, sounds the bidding blest !
"Come, I will give you rest."

(Not to lay down your burdens, but to bear !
'Tis but to learn the yoke of love to wear.)
And weariest of the weary, as was meet,
Walking those centuries with bleeding feet,
Obeyed, and found that Rest unutterably sweet.

THE CONSCRIPTION IN FRANCE.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

THE French are emphatically a military nation. Their warlike tendencies crop up luxuriantly even in childhood; the very children in the streets play at soldiers, draw themselves up in opposing ranks, and repeat on the Boulevards of Paris the great battles of the Empire. They long for the time when they shall be able to lay aside their mimic muskets, and to take an active part in those wars in which France is almost always engaged: they look forward to the conscription without alarm: they submit to it with cheerful alacrity. Of course there are exceptions, and occasional attempts to evade it, but we are describing the feeling generally prevalent throughout the country.

The French army, including marines and colonial forces, amounts to about 650,000 men, or nearly three times the number of regular troops of all arms in the British service. Mere figures cannot give any conception of such a vast array of armed men. The English traveller who has witnessed a review of some twenty thousand men on the Champ de Mars, or at Châlons, is not likely ever to forget that magnificent spectacle; but what would his feelings be if he saw thirty times this number of men drawn up before him in warlike array, a vast multitude differing in origin, in dress, and in arms, the Cent Gardes glittering in gold, the Spahis in their white bernouses, the Turcos with their tawny skins, the Zouaves with their tiger-like step, the Foreign Legion composed of the outcasts of all nations, the Chasseurs d'Afrique baked by the sun, and borne on the horses of the desert, and the all but countless thousands of active little conscripts from almost every village in France! To describe such an army would require the pen of a poet or of the historian who tells us of the vast host which Xerxes collected for the conquest of Greece.

The question naturally suggests itself, how has this wonderful army been raised? Almost entirely by conscription, but not altogether. Those Spahis, Turcos, Zouaves, and Foreign Legionaries, have adopted the profession of arms of their own accord; influenced, doubtless, by those different motives which draw thousands of our British youths every year into the net of the recruiting sergeant. Many, also, tempted by the hope of a pension, or by the £92 which the wealthy conscript, unwilling to serve, is bound to pay for a substitute, have been induced to re-enlist, after completing the usual period of service. But, after all, voluntary enlistment has done but little in bringing this mighty armament together: it may have its thousands, but conscription has its tens of thousands. The present Emperor has done everything in his power to encourage re-enlistment, which before 1848 was almost unknown in the French army. Any civilian possessed of the requisite moral and

physical qualities was formerly accepted as a *remplaçant* or substitute for a conscript unwilling to serve; but by the recent regulations, no one is accepted unless he be an old soldier, who has nearly completed the regular period of service. Many of the latter class are ready to accept the large sum which the conscript has to pay, and to continue in the army for the full period of twenty-five years, when they are entitled to a pension of 16% a year. Few remain so long without attaining the rank of non-commissioned officers, and the period of service is generally shortened, as one year's campaigning is reckoned as equal to two years of actual service. Hence war is always popular among all ranks in the French army, as it confers certain advantages on the private as well as the officer. The latter is inspired with the hope of promotion; the former looks forward to the enjoyment of his pension after a comparatively brief period of service.

Every young man, not otherwise disqualified, who has completed his twenty-first year within the preceding twelve months, has his name enrolled in the *Liste du Tirage*, or conscription list of the canton to which he belongs. The contingent required for recruiting the ranks of the army is fixed annually by imperial decree. It varies according to the exigencies of the times and the prospects of peace or war, but it may be stated at an average that in peace the proportion is one soldier to every ninety-three of the population; in war one out of every fifty-nine. When the amount of the annual contingent has been fixed, the supply of conscripts from each canton is regulated by the number of names inscribed in the *Liste du Tirage*, and the burden of the conscription is thus borne by the whole community. Eugène, the son of *M. le Marquis*, is as liable to serve on completing his twenty-first year, as François, the son of his *laboureur*, on attaining the same age. And why should it not be so? Has not Eugène as much at stake as François? Is not the defence of fatherland a sacred duty equally incumbent on all? "Ah! but how shocking it would be to have my boy serving among those nasty low soldiers!" we hear some indignant British matron exclaim, alarmed at the idea of the conscription becoming one of our institutions. "Well, madam, you have your remedy as *Madame la Marquise* has hers: if our army should ever be organised after the model of the French, a consummation which we are sure you do not at all devoutly wish for, you may do as the mother of Eugène does,—you may send your darling boy to St. Cyr or to the *École Polytechnique*, and then he will take his rank in due time as an officer; or you may pay your 92*l.* into the *Caisse de la Dotation de l'Armée*, in which case he will be exempted from service." It is not to be

supposed, however, that all the conscripts whose names are inscribed in the *Liste du Tirage*, will be compelled to serve. More than half the number are always exempted on different grounds. We find, for example, that in one year the number of names inscribed amounted to upwards of 300,000, while the contingent was fixed at 140,000. The number mentioned in the contingent is always higher than that actually required, as a certain allowance has to be made for necessary deductions. In this particular year, the total number of new recruits available for actual service amounted only to 105,388, instead of 140,000. It is interesting to examine the different grounds on which more than 200,000 men, in the very prime and vigour of their manhood, obtained exemption from the toils of military duty. Napoleon III. has not the same passion for gigantic soldiers as Frederick William of Prussia. He knows that the soul of a hero may be encased in the body of a Zaccheus. He knows, moreover, that 600,000 tall men could not be collected from a race who have degenerated physically in consequence of the wars of the Empire. He has, therefore, wisely fixed the standard height for regiments of the line at five feet one inch. No less than 18,000 conscripts were rejected because they fell short of this height; and we can conceive the mortification of some, and the joy of others, on finding that their diminutive stature reduced them to the status of civilians. About 40,000 were exempted on account of family circumstances, by which we are to understand that they were the principal support of their parents or others, who, without them, would be dependent on the public for support. More than 60,000 were rejected as physically unfit for service; and it is somewhat singular that this number is almost identical with the proportion of rejections among British recruits at the primary inspections. It must be borne in mind, however, that the minimum height of a British recruit is five feet four inches, and that the active nimble fellows of five feet one inch who are deemed eligible for service in France, would be at once rejected in this country. We can conceive the smile of contempt which Sergeant Kite or Corporal Pike would bestow upon an aspirant after military honours who stood five feet one inch in his stockings; and yet some of our greatest heroes have been the most diminutive of men, as if Nature wished to compensate them in this way for her niggardly supply of matter. Be that as it may, it is clear that we islanders are physically a finer race than our neighbours across the Channel, who have never recovered from the fearful drain which the first Napoleon made on the life-blood of the nation. On the other hand, the French classification of those physically unfit for service, comprises many who would never dream of presenting themselves to the recruiting sergeant in this country. The French youth of twenty-one years of age may be lame or blind, deaf or dumb—nay, he may be labouring under all the infirmities

that flesh is heir to; notwithstanding all this, his name will assuredly be inserted in the *Liste du Tirage*, and he will have to pass a medical examination before he is finally rejected. Some insight into the difference of physical organization among the two nations may be obtained from the comparison of the number of rejections for the same diseases among the recruits. We find that the English have rather better teeth than the French,—perhaps, because in childhood they do not eat quite so many *bonbons*. In the French army, the rejections for loss of teeth amount to ten per 1000; in the English, to 9.52; but, to counterbalance this, we find that for one French recruit rejected for varicose veins, there are three English. As regards hernia, we have decidedly the advantage: the proportion is 19.23 among the French to 11.79 among the English. But we need not enter further into details which have more interest to the medical practitioner than the general reader.

It sometimes happens that certain cantons are not able to supply the number of conscripts assigned to them, and that there is thus a deficiency in the contingent fixed by the imperial decree. It occasionally happens, also, that Jeannot, whose name figures in the *Liste du Tirage*, is desperately in love with Jeannette, and more anxious to distinguish himself in the ranks of Hymen than of Mars. The law has anticipated such a state of affairs, and enacted that if Jeannot fail to appear when the lots are drawn, the mayor of his parish is to act for him, and if a bad number is produced from the urn, and he is still absent at the end of six months, he is pronounced refractory (*insoumis*). This is a serious matter for poor Jeannot. Sooner or later he is almost sure to be caught and tried by court-martial, when, unless he can prove extenuating circumstances, or a case of *force majeure*, i.e., of unavoidable necessity, he is liable to be imprisoned for two years, and has to complete the usual period of military service when he leaves the prison. Notwithstanding this severe penalty, there are usually about 2000 youths who absent themselves when the lots are drawn, and are therefore declared refractory.

The *Tirage* or drawing of the lots requires some little explanation. The mayor of each parish sends in a list of the names of the young men who will have attained their majority within twelve months before the contingent fixed by the state is required. The number of names entered on these lists is always greater than the number of soldiers required by the state. The contingent may be fixed at 100,000 men, and the names entered on the lists may amount to 150,000, in which case every third man has a chance of escape. A parish, for example, which has 150 names inscribed in the *Liste du Tirage* has to furnish 100 men, on a certain fixed day. It may be months or even a whole year before they are required for actual service. All the youths liable to serve have to appear in the presence of the Préfet and Sous-Préfet, and to decide their fate

with their own hands. A hundred and fifty lots are placed in an urn, and each youth has to draw one. The hundred who draw the highest numbers are enrolled for service; the fifty who draw the lowest have escaped from the ordeal, and return in peace to their vineyards and their fields. Certain classes are exempted from military service. The eldest sons of widows dependent on their children for support, priests, students for holy orders, and the members of monastic bodies, are entitled *dispensés* and rank as non-combatant. It occasionally happens that a youth who has drawn a good number is anxious to serve, while another who has drawn a bad one is equally anxious to remain at home. Such a state of feeling has been taken cognizance of by the state, which, of course, would rather have a willing than an unwilling conscript. The two conscripts, if they live in the same canton and belong to the same class, are permitted to exchange tickets: this arrangement is called "substitution," and a few hundreds profit by it every year. A conscript who has drawn a bad number may also be exempted from service if he can find one of his relations to take his place, but the *remplacant*, if a civilian, must be under thirty years of age, or under thirty-five if he has already served. If he has no relative or friend willing to act as his substitute, he has to pay £92 of smart money into the *Caisse de la Dotation de l'Armée*, and the state undertakes to find some one to supply his place. This fund is employed for the purpose of paying extra-bounties to soldiers who have already served, so as to induce them to re-enlist. The following classes are eligible as substitutes:—volunteers of four years' service; conscripts within a year of completing their time, and others under thirty-five years of age who have served seven years, and thus become entitled to their discharge. These substitutes have many advantages over the ordinary conscripts: they receive £40 on first joining, the same sum on completing their seven years' service, and 1*d.* a day of additional pay. The reader will not be surprised to learn that there are every year about 20,000 men who are persuaded by these inducements to re-enlist, and these old soldiers are unquestionably the best men in the French army.

The *Tirage* touches many a heart in the vine-clad cottages of France. It is the great event of the year. *M. le Curé* is always there, and Jeannette is seldom absent. You may know her by her blanched face and trembling lip as Jeannot approaches the fated urn. You may know, if she weeps, that seven years and a day must pass wearily away before she can welcome him back, if he ever return at all: you may know, if she dances round him like a Bacchante, and waves her arms wildly in the air with joy, that he has drawn a good number, and *M. le Curé* will soon do the rest. And that old lady with the high-peaked cap and the ruddy, wrinkled, good-humoured face is Jeannot's mother. She is a widow, and her eldest son, an idle good-for-nothing fellow, is in virtue of his seniority exempt

from service. Jeannot is her staff, her hope, her all, and her demonstrations of joy or sorrow, as the case may be, are as *prononcés* as those of poor Jeannette, for who will till her hereditary patch of land, and tend her tender vines, if Jeannot is taken away? And the good *curé* is standing by, ready to weep with those who weep, to rejoice with those who rejoice. Ah! there are more sad hearts than merry ones before all the numbers have been drawn from the urn of fate. You see that young mother with a baby in her arms: she speaks words of comfort and of hope to the young man at her side; she elbows her way through the crowd and approaches the urn. She coaxes her first-born to insert his hand and to draw out a number; when the hand reappears, no less than three are found sticking between the chubby fingers. With many a smile and fond caress, she prevails on him to drop two into their former place, and to hand the other to *M. le Maire*, who examines it with grave official dignity. Hurrah! it is the very lowest number: husband and wife embrace one another, and of course there are *mille baisers* and still more numerous benedictions for the lucky little rogue who has saved them. And look at that other young man who approaches the urn. He has no wife or child or *chère amie*, but he has an aged mother and an only sister to support. If he is drawn he knows that his profligate elder brother will do nothing for them; his mother must starve; and Lisette—what will become of poor little Lisette, the pet of the household, the light of her old mother's eyes? No wonder that he makes the sign of the cross and offers up a silent prayer as he advances from the crowd. A few foolish youths begin to titter at this display of piety, but the Préfet sternly reproves them for their levity, and tells them that no one need be ashamed to pray at this the most solemn crisis of his life. The young devotee escapes, and others, thinking there may be something in it after all, begin awkwardly to cross their fingers and to mutter scraps of the *Pater Noster*. Those who draw first are not always the most fortunate; we know of two cases where they got the very worst numbers in the urn. If we may judge by the following incident, scenes less pathetic are occasionally witnessed in the Federal States of America, where the drafting is done by a wheel instead of an urn. The other day, at Philadelphia, an Irishman was seen watching every revolution of the wheel with breathless interest. All at once he exclaimed: "Wherl it round! wherl it round! can't yer?"

"What is the matter?" said the Provost-Marshal.

"Oh, be jabers, turn it round a dozen of times, for that man you drawed last is my next door neighbour."

Irish bulls seem to thrive as well in America as in Erin.

In a previous paper we showed how the English recruit is demoralised, by remaining several weeks at the station where he is enlisted, before joining

the depot or headquarters of his regiment. They manage matters differently in France. The conscripts have to join their regiments at once, and are allowed a franc a day for travelling expenses. Bands of them are often to be met with in rural districts, marching merrily along to the garrison town, where Corporal Piou-piou is to initiate them into the mysteries of their new profession. Each conscript, on joining his regiment, has to pay his footing by expending a franc or two in treating the company to which he is assigned; but there is no debauchery or drunkenness as in the case of the English recruit. In truth, Jeannot has no money to spend, unless his friends have given him a few francs before leaving. He receives a free kit, but no bounty money; for though he is credited with a certain sum, he is not allowed to touch it at first. The Emperor says to him, in so many words, "I know, Jeannot, that you are a very foolish fellow; if I give you money, you will expend it on brandy and *vin ordinaire*. But I will do something better; I will put forty francs to your credit; the balance, after your under-clothing is paid for, shall be yours, and you shall have a free kit. A slight deduction will be made from your pay till this balance is raised to the primary amount of forty francs, at which figure it must remain as a reserve fund. When you have served seven years, this sum will be handed over to you; and, no doubt, it will be useful when you begin your *ménage* with Jeannette." Whether Jeannot likes this arrangement or otherwise matters little: he is never consulted, and has no choice but to submit. This reserve fund is known as "*la masse individuelle*," and its fixed amount is kept up by crediting Jeannot with a certain sum, which is called "*la prime journalière*;" and, in the line, is exactly two sous or 1*d.* a-day. There is a balancing of accounts at the end of every three months, when he receives whatever surplus there may be in his favour. That surplus is not usually very great, as certain deductions have to be made for keeping his kit and clothes in order during the quarter. Whatever the amount may be, he does not receive it all at once; it is spread over the ensuing quarter at a certain fixed rate, and rarely exceeds 1*d.* a day. Every recruit in our Foot Guards has 5½*d.* a day, which he may dispose of in any way he chooses; add another farthing to this sum, and it represents the daily pay of a French soldier of the line. If the British recruit had only 1*d.* a-day of pocket-money, like poor Jeannot, and the balance of 4¾*d.* were placed to his credit and allowed to accumulate till his ten years' service had expired, he would find himself the happy possessor of 67*l.*, or of even a still higher amount, if he received interest for his savings. As matters stand at present, his higher rate of pay does him more harm than good; and he has no *masse individuelle* to fall back upon when he leaves the army. The beer-house has been his bank, and a ruined constitution the result of his economy. We do not suppose that Jean Crapaud is at all a better fellow than John Bull; if he had

6*d.* a-day of pocket-money, he would spend it quite as readily; but, having only two little sous, he is obliged to be moderate in all his desires and indulgences. One son supplies his *brûle-gueule*, or cutty-pipe, with very indifferent tobacco; while the other, allowed to accumulate, procures him an occasional glass of still more indifferent wine. Though his pay is less by one-half than that of a British soldier, he is, on the whole, a cheerful, happy little fellow, ready to amuse and to be amused—a living representation of that careless philosophy which says—

"Why trouble ourselves about riches,
Or mind such vain passing joys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Go right merrily through the world, brave boys."

What though he has only two meals a-day, and rations inferior in quality and quantity to those of our men? He knows how to make the most of everything, and can extract from the stringy beef served out to him from the commissariat a *potage* so savoury that you or I, my friend, would be glad to have it at table. All have to cook by turns; and the greatest favourite in a company is the man who makes the best soup. Nor is cooking the only accomplishment of a French soldier. In addition to drill, he is taught to practise every kind of gymnastics: to run, to leap, to fence, to swim: in a word, to do all that can be done with the human body. If he aspires to promotion, he does not strive to ingratiate himself with his pay-sergeant, as an ambitious recruit would do in this country; he masters all the details of his profession, and when a vacancy occurs among the corporals of his company, he appears before his examiners, assured that the best man will carry the day. It is hard work for a soldier to attain this very humble rank in the French army; but, with his feet once on the ladder, there is no saying how high he may climb. It will be his own fault if the modest *galons de laine* be not soon exchanged for the *galons d'or*; and then come the glittering epaulettes, or *que sais-je?* the bâton of a field marshal. There may be many embryo Murats and Massenas in the French army, and every soldier may aspire to the highest rank. The British soldier, however highly educated or well-conducted he may be, knows that he must limit his ambition to the hope of becoming the sergeant-major or quartermaster of his battalion, while the French soldier learns from the history of his country that with his sword he can carve his way to fame and fortune. In this fact, and in the difference of its constitution, through all classes being fairly represented in it, may be found the secret of the superiority of the French army. It is the love of promotion that sustains the heart of the oft-reluctant conscript, as he turns away from the humble cottage of his birth and all that he holds dear; it reconciles him to all the hardships of the lot that has been forced upon him; it fires his soul with the not ignoble ambition of doing some deed which may call forth the approval of his general,

and procure for himself a name in history ; it leads him to look forward to the time when he shall return, with waving plume and glittering epaulettes, to claim Lisette as his bride. What though these hopes be never realised ? They are as much realised as the day-dreams which you and I indulged in our early youth—foolish dreams, perhaps, but sweet at the moment, and sweet in the remembrance. And thus France bears with the conscription, because the conscription is the only path to glory. The burden

may be a heavy one ; but it falls equally upon all. There is no injustice, and no ground for complaint. It may not be adapted to this country ; but it is not without its advantages. Our voluntary enlistment gives us soldiers who desert at the rate of eleven thousand every year : conscription draws into the ranks of the French army the very *élite* of the rural population, and reconciles them to their fate by inspiring them with the hope of promotion and future renown.

ON DIVINE EXPEDIENCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORNING CLOUDS."

WE are not so gracious to children when they question our wisdom and kindness, as our Father in heaven has been to us. It is true that our mode of action can seldom be so directly contrary to their expectations as the dealings of the Lord are to ours ; because, between creature and creature, there can be no such difference of thought as there must be between the mind of man and the divine mind. And it is true also that, because of our own short-sighted ignorance and imperfect wisdom, we cannot positively assure children that our conduct towards them is always right and for their good. Yet if they doubt it, we check their mistrust, either with gentle re-assuring smiles, or with the hasty rebuke of vexation ; we express surprise that they should fancy themselves in any degree able to judge.

But while thus silencing the misgivings of the young, how often do we speak of something that has occurred to ourselves as very unfortunate ; how often do we bitterly regret some supposed damage or certain privation ; as if we well knew what was evil, and what good for ourselves. And even when we say of any afflicting stroke of Providence, that the ways of the Most High are inscrutable, it is almost with the air of an apology for our own falling short of wisdom, which cannot quite explain these mysterious ways ; and it is clear that we have at first scrutinized them as if it was possible that we could explain them. This is not strange, seeing that in a multitude of cases some of the beneficent results of God's dealings with us are obvious, but it is nevertheless an absurd error, seeing that "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts."

As reasonably might one little child say to another with a look of patient regret, "See, this ugly black bit of coal is the only thing I can reach because of the fireguard ; my father will not let me touch those beautiful pieces which glow so brightly in the grate, and now he takes this dull lump away only because it makes my hand dirty !"

The mournful complaints of many a sincere Christian are not much wiser than this. But

observe how tenderly they have been anticipated and answered by God ; how throughout Holy Writ the Almighty has addressed His words to man with entreaty for His confidence ; how He has from age to age besought man to believe that He is "merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."

And man has believed this so long as he has felt unquestionable proofs of divine mercy, and enjoyed all the good things which it has provided for him ; now and then too he has been enabled to feel an unaltered assurance when these good things seemed for ever blasted : but for the most part the Lord has seen cause for the accusation, "Thou thinkest that I am such a one as thyself."

Human love can weary of patience,—can overlook need,—can despise an ungrateful heart, and spurn its cold and feeble attempts at reconciliation ; and this accounts for our readiness to cry out in times of distress, "My strength and my hope is perished from the living God." But we never so cry out, or so feel, without giving direct denial to the most solemn asseverations of our Creator.

"Is he a man that he should repent?" is the question asked, as if there was in heaven deep amazement at our incurable folly. "Is my arm waxed short?" "Is anything too hard for me?" "Am I a God at hand, and not afar off?"

As if He would again and again reiterate that His power comprehends every resource ; and when He makes mention of His love, has the human heart *any* chord which the expression of that love leaves untouched ? any need which His infinite compassion has not humbled itself to supply ? Nay, we know not any. The widow, the fatherless, the oppressed, the captives, those who mourn for a mother, and those who are bereaved of their children, or betrayed by treacherous friends,—all these for generations past have known and testified that He drew near in the day that they called upon Him, and said "Fear not ;"—that they trusted in Him, and were holpen ;—that He healed those who were broken in heart, and gave them medicine to heal their sickness.

And that it must be so is evident whenever we

consider from whence is derived the love of husband and father and mother, and every other stream of purest love that refreshes our earthly existence.

If we find ineffable sweetness in the little rill that wells out through a nature infected with the roots of bitterness, what must that be which is found in the parent-source of all? They only fully know, to whom the Lord has shown it by cutting them off from all indirect channels of delight, and bringing them into His sanctuary. Nevertheless, so great is our deadness to these truths, that even the expostulations of God Himself hardly avail to persuade us of His loving-kindness, when it has brought us into darkness and not into light. And though, so to speak, He appeals for His justification (do not the angels hear and wonder?) to a certain future when we are to see that He has not done without cause all that He has done in this present, as if sympathising with the mistrust of the blind—yet still do orphans and widows, and poor and afflicted people ask doubtfully when troubles come thick upon them, “Has God forgotten to be gracious?”

Let us then dwell for a little while on the full sense of that word expediency, and see what comfort it will afford. It is not seeking from reason a substitute, but a confirmation of faith.

With regard to human transactions, expediency has a bad name: shortsighted and often very selfish devices are attributed to the man who habitually puts motives of expediency foremost; and perhaps it stands in about the same relation to right as prudence does to wisdom.

But in the counsels of God omniscient expediency must mean perfect rightness and perfect wisdom. “It is expedient for you that I go away,” said our Lord to His sorrowful disciples, at a time when, to them, His absence must have appeared an incomprehensible loss.

“It is expedient for you.” That gracious Master in His divine gentleness would not only announce His will and His destination, but He gave His poor servants a reason for them. To every disciple now He still grants the same persuasive argument; telling us by His written Word for what purpose we are chastened, to what end we are being guided by sore afflictions and many a thwarting opposition; for what object we are to deny ourselves and bear the heavy cross.

But if, when smitten with sudden woe, we can say “It is expedient,” because the greatness of the burden laid upon us seems to be a pledge of some great future benefit, there are seasons of less manifest trial, when faith finds it hard to assent.

Can it be expedient that the soul should be daily exposed to the danger of contemptible sin, by the circumstances to which we are inevitably brought,—by the sour tempers that disturb our peace, or the undesired companionship of those who stimulate vanity, or increase our worst propensities? Can He whom we incessantly ask not to lead us into temptation be indeed the Physician of souls who prescribes for us such painful and humiliating exercise?

If our position be not self-chosen, there can be, in such a case, no manner of doubt that it is expedient: and He is near who is able to keep us from falling even there; who can with the temptation make also a way to escape; but who may not make this way easy, because it may be very needful for us to know the corruption of our own hearts; to learn by rueful experience that the righteousness to which they had apparently attained, was more the effect of security from temptation than of conquest over it.

And besides, unless we know something firsthand of the “contradiction of sinners” (or, yet more trying, the contradiction of saints, tending to excite ill-feeling against their principles, as well as against themselves), something of the bottomless evil of the imagination of the heart, and the fatal tendency of what is the natural plague of our own heart, how should we ever bear with the infirmities of fellow-Christians suffering acutely from the same plague?

For such humbling experience we may one day be giving God thanks, even in this world, for it is by the instrumentality of those who have been “sick of the same grief” that remedies are most likely to be sent.

“Is it expedient,” asks the almost despairing heart of one who has just lost the friend or relation that seemed a heaven-sent guide;—“Can it be well for me to lose my strongest incentive to holy effort, my best adviser in all spiritual difficulties; the one whose absence from earth leaves me to fall back, unhelped, to old neglects, and ever-new perplexities?”

Poor heart, address that piteous question to Christ our advocate: you will find that He has already given it answer. He has said, “Call no man your master on earth, for one is your master, even Christ,” and, “He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,” and, “Learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”

If now you go to Him with every difficulty and show Him all your trouble, surely you will find that your separation from a human counsellor was in very truth expedient for you.

It is when suffering keen disappointment that this is perhaps hardest to feel: such disappointment as is our lot when, after a long slow struggle—only supported by the strength of our hope—we are suddenly dashed to the bottom of its steep ascent, and find that all our endeavours have been wasted fruitlessly, and all the prophecies of the heart have been deceitful.

Those cruel words “in vain!” seem to belie every assertion of expediency. A mistake seems so necessarily unproductive of profit. We may for our *credo* say “It is all well,” but the tenor of our feelings usually is, “I fully believe in the wisdom and mercy of God, but surely He might have secured my eternal good by means less afflicting than this!”

Could we at such times enter into controversy

with God, might He not challenge our wisdom in so thinking, and say, "Bring forth your strong reasons; let them bring them forth, and show us what shall happen,—let them show the former things what they be, that we may consider them, or declare us things to come." (Isaiah, xli. 21, 22.) For until we know all the things to come, we cannot possibly imagine how necessary that discipline may be which now seems cruelly causeless. We may all remember the time when, as children, we passionately desired to be released from the obligation of learning those hard lessons, of which then we could never see the use. Had our parents yielded to the ignorant wishes of childhood, and consented to our own scheme of happiness, what chance should we have of it now?

At this present time, to us the hour is coming, but to Omniscience it now is, when we shall unspeakably desire other blessings than the blessing of earthly success,—other treasures, and quite a different sort of joy, from those for which we now toil and ask in vain. Love cannot grant the lesser good if it is to be at the expense of one infinitely greater.

No one by anticipation can conceive the feelings that will be produced by a hitherto unknown condition. God knows all; both what we now feel, and shall feel in every coming change; and in His mercy He deals with us according to all our future exigencies.

Never does this mercy appear less evident than in states of protracted disease either of mind or body, when such a confusion of wretchedness and wrong exists, that the bewildered mind is only sure of this, that it suffers. Then does the light of heaven seem as completely extinguished as the hopes and the happiness of earth; and faith is strong indeed if in that deadly gloom we do not think, "God has forgotten."

Alas! how many of the saints have groaned under this worst infliction;—from this God spared not His own Son. For a time (we know not how long that intensity of anguish may have seemed in sensation) Jesus felt deserted, and cried out that His God had forsaken Him. Dare we suspect the same in our seasons of spiritual destitution? Was there any time when we may be more sure that the Lord looked upon His affliction, than at that hour when He made His soul a sacrifice for sin, and poured out His soul to death?

Let His feeblest servants thankfully accept the inevitable deduction: when they are utterly unable to look up to their Father, blind and dumb, seemingly at the point of spiritual death, He hears most attentively the cry of the poor destitute soul, and in His own good time He will deliver.

Great is the long-suffering of the Lord. He hears all the lamentations of man, and knows how bitter are the woes from which they arise, and yet He will not nullify their saving influence by instant relief. Every feeling heart knows what we suffer when obliged to leave an animal in painful duration, and

to it we cannot explain our reasons: but shall we behave with the impatience of beasts? we, whose understanding the Lord has opened?

In a thousand utterances of divine pity He has certified His everlasting love, and entreated us to rely upon it: the God of gods petitions for our trust,—can we deny the request?

He urges us not to judge according to appearance; and this not only by Scripture, but by the wordless emphasis of fact. The luxuriant tree that must be pruned to insure its future productiveness; the ripe wheat that must be buried underground; the yearly destruction of every vegetable tissue by frost, or biting wind, or wet decay, all serve as arguments to patience under present affliction.

Between God and us there is this blessed covenant, that when we give up our will, He guarantees to us all the benefits of His omnipotence and perfect wisdom. When we have surrendered the one, we may confidently look for the other.

And resignation, however unconditional, does not require us to contradict experience, and to think that black is white, or an unwholesome state of things not unwholesome for present life. By no means; all that resignation says is, "For present good these circumstances may be poisonous and destructive, for eternal welfare they are supremely expedient." At the same time we are never taught to surrender our volition and choice before our Master calls for the sacrifice. The Turks and all other fatalists do this; and, with their will, give up the active exertion which ardent wishes prompt,—acting as if God was not a Father, pleased with the innocent efforts of His children, but only the arbitrary mover of a vast irresponsible machine.

"Trust in the Lord, and be doing good," is our happy rule: all the good we can, by wisdom, prudence, and skill, as well as by charity. But when this is being done, and still grievous sorrow has to be endured, let not our faith reel. It has been truly said, "Im Reiche der Poesie der Satz gilt, was der Dichter liebt, lässt er leiden" (In the realms of poetry the proposition holds good, that whatever the poet loves, he allows to suffer).

In the kingdom of heaven it is notoriously true that "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." But let us thankfully accept every detail of His chastisement, for "God, who is the author of all our tragedies, hath written out for us, and appointed us all the parts we are to play."* He is also an attentive spectator of our performance in those tragedies, however obscure the arena on which they take place. Shall we not offer to Him, then, the noble spectacle of patience?

Far be it from us to entertain so stupid a thought as that He who enjoins love and mercy as essential to holy life, could in the least trifle fall short of the most tender mercy towards His children. Neglect and forsaking is to Him impossible, until Love is able to be loveless. To think otherwise is the

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

madness of a mind that uses reason to oppose reason's own verdict; and if reason had not been deranged in man's nature by sin, we should, in the deepest sorrows, find an immoveable consolation, and say from the heart, whatever grief befalls, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Though knowing of the innumerable past deliverances He has wrought for us, and remembering our forgotten gratitude, He might say, "Ye are my witnesses;" we are too often anything but that, and are asking one another, anxiously, "Is the Lord among us in these troubles, or not?"

You who are tempted to question this,—who groan and sigh, being burdened,—be assured that when the purposes of God are answered, in the

detachment of your hearts from vain and hurtful things,—when you are at last aware that the beginnings of meekness, and patience, and true holiness are formed in you, and that thus your heaven is begun—you will be more thankful for disappointment, and loss, and denials of hope, with all their lingering pain, than you could be now for any sudden flush of joy; for you will then feel that the treasures so won, the things which are not seen, are eternal. Nor will you, millenniums hence, have ceased learning why that amazing anguish, which has proved a preparation for unutterable joy, was judged to be expedient for your blinded soul by Him who inhabiteth eternity. You will look back upon time, and at last confess that "He doeth all things well."

LITERARY WORK.

IN every literary work there are two elements—there is the thought, or the thing to be said, there is the expression, or the manner of saying the thing. This latter element, especially when it takes any characteristic shape, we are accustomed to denominate style. And in every work of art, the style is even of more importance than the thought. It is the artistic part, it is that through which the artist's personality becomes visible. The main body of the poem, or the novel, or the essay, consists necessarily of ideas which the writer did not originate, which he found ready made to his hand, which have in one shape or the other been used before, and his merit consists in the new forms into which he is able to work up the old material. He calls in the worn coin of thought, melts it down in secret crucibles, and re-issues it bearing a fresh superscription and a new value. Thought is mine, yours, everybody's, but the artist lays hold of our thoughts, and works with them as a sculptor works with his clays. The world does not need new thoughts so much as it needs that old thoughts be re-cast. The artist is not required to create his own materials. If a man makes bricks he is provided with clay; if a man paints a portrait, he is allowed sifter, canvas, and pigments. To make a fine modern statue, there is a great melting down of old bronzes. Absolute novelty of idea—in a poem, for instance—is felt as a disturbance, because it is devoid of the sweetness of acquaintanceship and association. Absolute novelty, even if it could be procured, the reader does not care about: what delights him is the setting of a familiar thought in a new light, the discovery of subtle links and relationships existing between things with which he is acquainted, but which he was in the habit of considering disconnected and remote. Approach from a new point a mountain with which you are familiar, and it has all the charm of strangeness, and this delight of strangeness is felt all the more keenly from its unexpectedness, and from the mixture in

it of the present and the past. The pleasure lives in the mingling of the old recognition and the new surprise. I live—I love—I am happy—I am wretched—I was once young—I must die, are extremely simple and commonplace ideas, which no one can claim as exclusive property, yet out of these have flowed all the poetry the world knows, and all that it ever will know. The "still sad music of humanity" is simple enough, and may be apprehended by any peasant, and all that poets have to do is to execute variations upon it, to unwind its subtle sweetnesses, to pursue and carry out its suggestions; and the important matter is with what amount of skill these variations, unwindings, and pursuings have been accomplished. The thought is only a part of the poem or the essay, and the commonest part. What in a work of art is really valuable is the art. The statue that is only worth the weight of its metal is a very poor statue indeed. Take an English classic—*The Castle of Indolence*, or *The Vicar of Wakefield*, for instance: strip it of music, colour, epigram, wit, analyse the residuum of naked ideas, and you will find nothing very important nor yet very original. The ideas which make up these works have been gathered from far and near, and were as much the property of a hundred contemporary persons, as they were the property of Goldsmith and Thomson. *Paradise Lost* proves nothing—except that Milton was one of the greatest poets the world ever saw. And all this does not in the least detract from the merit of the poet or the novelist. The matter does not so much lie in the idea, as in the use made of the idea. Music sleeps in the strings of the harp, no doubt, but the skilful harper's hand has to come before it can be awakened. The architect is nothing without the services of the quarryman, bricklayer, and plasterer; the general is nothing unless the recruiting sergeant be preliminary. Yet we admire the great musician more than the artificer who built the instrument. We do not place Sir Christopher Wren and a hodman on the

same level; the recruiting sergeant is gathered quietly to his fathers, whoever they may happen to be, while Wellington's war horse snorts in bronze in every one of the British cities, and his fame fills an ear in our history as the sound of the billow Fingal's cave in Staffa.

A literary work of art is neither a mathematical demonstration, nor a Pinnock's Guide to Knowledge, nor an argument. It is not designed to prove anything, nor yet to disseminate information useless or useful. If harshly questioned it frequently can give no very satisfactory reason for its existence. It is something above and beyond mere use, like the colour and breath of a flower, or the burning breast of a humming-bird. Incidentally it may subserve purposes tangible enough, but its primary office is to please; at all events, if it fail in *that*, it fails in everything. If it cannot delight, its existence is an impertinence for which no apology can be accepted, and the world gives it the cold shoulder. And here it is that the supreme importance of style becomes visible. We see at once the superlative value of conciseness, neat or cunning turns of sentence, colour, cadence, the glitter of fancy and epigram; we see at once what room there is for the play of all the weapons of rhetoric,—only in the using of the weapons we must take lessons from nature, and not from the rhetorician. For the lunge that rids you of your adversary is the inspiration of the moment, never the remembered lesson of the fencing-master. In literature, the *how* a thing is said is of more importance than the thing itself. A thought, no more than a human being, is independent of this. Thought, if left to itself, will dissipate and die. Style preserves it as balsams preserve Pharaoh. Fine phrases are, after all, the most valuable things. Epigrams are our most unquestionable antiques. 'Out of the *débris* of the early world we have raked a few poetical images, and they are as fresh now as on the day on which they were first uttered. The enamel of style is the only thing that can defy the work of time. In virtue of his style Homer lives just as Addison and Jeremy Taylor live in virtue of theirs.

To define the charm of style is as difficult as to define the charm of beauty or of fine manners. It is not one thing, it is the result of a hundred things. Every thing a man has is concerned in it. It is the amalgam and issue of all his faculties, and it bears the same relation to these that light bears to the sun, or the perfume to the flower. And apart from its value as an embalmer and preserver of thought, it has this other value, that it is a secret window through which we can look in on the writer. A man may work with ideas which he has not originated, which do not in any special way belong to himself; but his style—in which is included his way of approaching a subject, and his method of treating it—is always personal and characteristic. We decipher a man by his style, find out secrets about him, as if we overheard his soliloquies, and had the run of his diaries, just as in conversation, and in

the ordinary business of life, we draw our impressions, not so much from what a man says, as from the manner, and the tone of voice in which the thing is said. The cunning reader draws conclusions from emphasis, takes note of the half perceptible sneer, makes humour stand and deliver its secret, and estimates what bitterness it has taken to congeal into sharpness the icy spear of wit. After this fashion, in every book the writer's biography may more or less clearly be read. For a man needs not to speak directly about himself to be personally communicative. And in truth it is in the amount of this kind of personal revelation that the final value of a book resides. We read books, not so much for what they say, as for what they suggest. A great writer's characters are not nearly so interesting as the great writer himself, and we take to them on account of their paternity, as we take to the children of our friends. There are books we read over and over again, and all the while we are striving to catch a glimpse of the author between the lines. The characters of the great writer take us back constantly to the great writer, as the sunbeam constantly takes us back to the sun. And by this relationship to something greater than themselves they are dignified, as an ambassador, in whatever country he may be placed, wears the dignity of the sovereign of whom, for the time being, he is the representative. If you desire information respecting the sovereign, it is to the ambassador you must apply. Don Quixote is not so great as Cervantes; Hamlet is not so great as Shakespeare; Satan is not so great as Milton, but through the characters we have named we learn more about the writers than we do from their professed biographies. Biography frequently can show us little more than the table a man sat at, the bed he slept on. In mere biographical value and pertinence, Lockhart's *Life of Burns* is not comparable for a moment with the poems of Burns; and the reason why Mr. Carlyle's essay on that poet stands almost alone in our literature as a masterpiece of full and correct delineation, is the way in which he makes this line or the other a transparent window of insight, through which he obtains the closest glimpses of his subject. It is only the books which contain this unconscious personal reference—and this comes out not so much in what is said as in the manner of saying—that are worth much, or that can permanently interest.

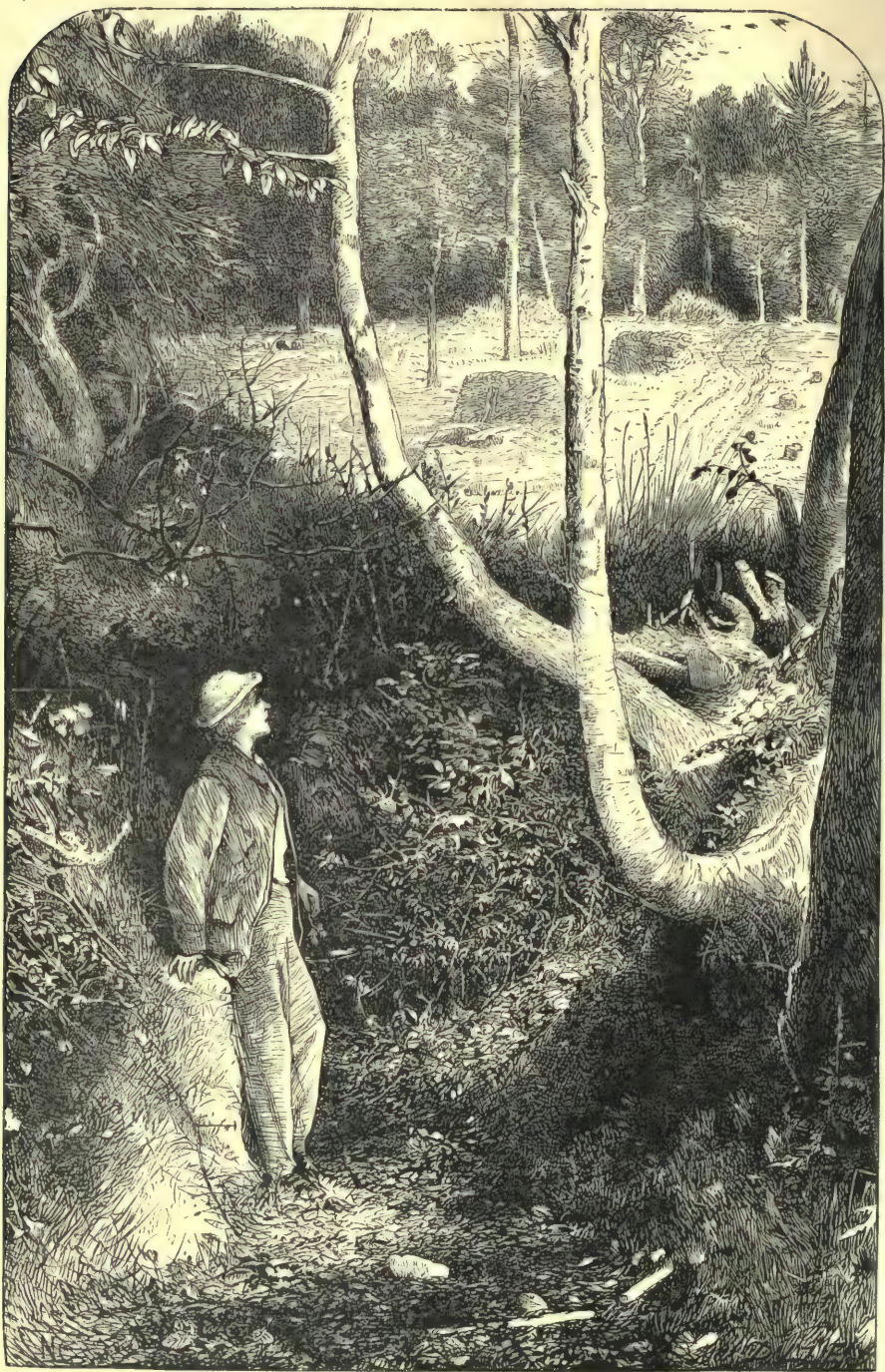
Take up an essay of Montaigne's; you are startled by no remarkable breadth or weight of idea, but you are constantly encountering sentences through which you can look in on the author as through a stereoscopic slide. You take up an essay of Charles Lamb's, and in the quaint setting of his thoughts—like a piquant face in a Quaker bonnet—you are continually renewing and improving your acquaintance with the shiest, most delicate, and in some respects the noblest and purest of modern spirits. People never weary reading Montaigne and Lamb, for while the thoughts they express have sufficient

merit as thoughts, they are at the same time biographies in brief. They may have written finely or foolishly, seriously or with levity, but they have always written with a certain personal flavour. Take up, on the other hand, one or other of the novels which have recently acquired a prodigious popularity, and while you find the central secret hidden away in the cunningest manner under fold on fold of incident, you find nothing else in the least worthy of regard, and a single perusal disposes of all the interest which can arise from the unravelling of the plot. These—in their own way extremely clever and exciting works—possess no reflection, no landscape, no commentary on what is going on, and they are entirely innocent of the personal revelation of which we have been speaking. The characters themselves are the merest films and shadows, and the books in which we make their acquaintance seem written by people who have never been in love, who have never stood by a friend's death-bed, who have never seen the sun rise or set—who have no biography in short. Rising from them you have been enabled to form no idea of the writer's personality, you have been introduced to no experience with which you can compare your own. You have only had your curiosity piqued for an unconscionable length of time; and when at the close of the third volume the murder is out, you no more think of reading the book over again, than, reaching London by the night train from the north, you dream of returning for the mere purpose of undergoing your journey a second time. You have found out the secret, as you have come to London. The carriage has been the instrument in the one case, the three volumes in the other, and your purposes with both have been entirely served. It is by their styles that writers are recognised, just as it is by their gait, their bearing, their tones of voice, and their numberless individual peculiarities that you recognise men in the street or in the drawing-room. Every sentence of the great writer is like an autograph. There is no chance of mistaking Milton's large utterance, or Jeremy Taylor's images, or Sir Thomas Browne's quaintness, or Charles Lamb's cunning turns of sentence. These are as distinct and individual as the features of their faces or their signatures. If Milton had endorsed a bill with half-a-dozen blank verse lines it would be as good as his name, and would be accepted as good evidence in court. If Lamb had never gathered up his essays into those charming volumes, he could be tracked easily by the critical eye through all the magazines of his time. The identity of these men can never be mistaken. Every printed page of theirs is like a coat of arms, every trivial note on ordinary business like the impression of a signet ring.

As a whole, our literature, and especially our periodical literature, is not distinguished at this moment by style in any rich and characteristic way.

Such writing is commonplace, just as a man's countenance is commonplace which has no marked and prominent feature, which has no individuality of expression, and which does not differ in any material degree from the countenances of his fellows. There is a certain weekly Review which is much read, much admired, and much feared. The writing is extremely clever, but the odd thing is that the writing is of equal cleverness, and of the same kind of cleverness. Each number is level like a grassy lawn, yet each number must be the production of at least twenty able quills. Have these twenty writers identical tempers, identical brains, and identical experiences? Or is the editor a sort of grass roller, which keeps everything smooth and level? There is a certain weekly journal conducted by a master of fiction, which seems to be entirely written by the editor; certain portions when the editor is at his best, other portions when his eyes were weary. Methinks there be six Richmonds in the field—one Richmond* agile and an able swordsman; five, who have received fencing lessons from the master, who put continually in practice his method of carte and tierce, but who lack his stamina and dash. Such writing is comparatively valueless, because it lacks individuality, and does not spring from any peculiar personality. It is clever, of course; but the cleverness is acquired rather than native. All the defects of our present literature may be summed up in a word—want of style. And the reason is not far to seek. Literature has become a profession. Books are written too hastily, and to serve a purpose too immediate. In the days of the old masters of style, the writer adorned his thoughts for the mere love of adorning his thoughts: in the present state of things, it is hardly to be expected that he should put himself to any considerable trouble on that score. The market of the old writer was in posterity; the market of the present writer is in the next street. The Gothic cathedral—whose front from base to pinnacle is a floral burst and laughter of stone—was not built by estimate. The Gothic cathedral could wait a century or so for a congregation. Before our present churches are finished, the congregation is eager to enter and take their seats, to criticise the interior decorations, and to hear what the preacher has got to say. And yet in this world there is no such thing as entire and absolute loss. We cannot write so supremely now as did the old men, but this we can say for ourselves, that while they served ten we serve a thousand; that while they ornamented sandals for nobles we make boots and shoes for the multitude; and that it is better for every man to have his beer in the pot, than that in the midst of need there should be spread at intervals a royal feast with kings for guests and golden vessels on the table. There are no dishes of peacocks' brains now, but there are wholesome wheaten loaves for all.

ALEXANDER SMITH.



AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

I SAW the forests fade,
The air was still and grey,
And o'er my soul dismayed
A heavy sadness lay.

Rough Autumn's hand now shed
Leaves o'er the silent way ;
The joy of Summer fled
Become the Winter's prey.

The sun's life-breathing glance
Forsakes this dying hour ;
The streams no longer dance,
Bound by the frost's chill power.

Sudden there sweetly rung,
To me a song so new !
The transit bird it sung,
As southward fast it flew.

Like strokes that cause a spring,
The song sunk in me deep ;
Each note lost joy to bring,
And cause my heart to leap.

It told of joy forgot,
Pointed to distant heaven ;
Sang, "Soul, forget it not,
To thee, too, wings are given."

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

X.—NATURE A WITNESS AGAINST THE SINNER.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

It often seems to us as if Nature preserved a strange indifference to the evil of which she is the constant witness. Her smiles and frowns are distributed impartially on the righteous and the wicked. She lends the aid of her laws to the vilest crimes as readily as to the holiest deeds. Her most bounteous gifts are bestowed on sinner and saint alike. Her sweetest influences are shed not more frequently on the path of purity and goodness than on that of ungodliness and vice. When some great crime has been committed, or when, as sometimes happens in the history of nations, society has become deeply corrupted, the restraints of morality and religion have been thrown off, and all purity and reverence lost in shameless licentiousness and impiety, the thoughtful observer has been tempted to exclaim, "Why sleeps the avenging justice of God—why do the heavens thus look on in calmness and silence, and the tranquil earth smile in beauty—while such deeds are being done? Strange, if all this fair material order be the work of infinite goodness and righteousness, that no lightning-bolt leaps forth on the impious head, or that the solid earth does not yawn beneath their feet and engulf the perpetrator of such iniquity!" But Nature yields no response to such feelings. The outraged conscience looks in vain for any indication of sympathy from her moveless face, the cry for vengeance on oppression and wrong fails for one instant to disturb her awful apathy. She seems to take no note of what is done. The moment after crime the whole aspect and order of the visible world is just as it was before. The wronger of innocence retiring from the scene of his guilt, the murderer reeking with the blood of his

victim, finds the material world as if unconscious of the deed. The summer sun is smiling, and the birds are singing, and the flowers are blooming still upon his path. The earth covers the slain, and the soft grass creeps gently over him, as if Nature would fain obliterate every trace of crime. Where a moment ago the hapless vessel sank, and the shrieks of the pirate's victims rose wildly to heaven, the returning waters come again, and the spot soon retains not one ripple to mark and register the wickedness of men. And all over the world in which we live we are constantly treading on ground that has been desecrated by human vices and crimes. Generation after generation has come and gone, each with its innumerable untold moral histories wrought out amidst the very scenes which now surround us. Yet the earth betrays no consciousness of the past. The hills and plains, the woods and meadows and streams, retain no records of the strange and terrible deeds they have witnessed. No echo of the innumerable impurities and blasphemies with which it has been burdened is borne to our ears on the silent air. No reflection of the sins and crimes it has beheld is mirrored on the bright and calm expanse of heaven.

Yet notwithstanding this apparent insensibility of Nature to the evil deeds of which it has been the theatre, the Scriptures frequently speak of it as if it were indeed no unwitting witness of the moral history of man. In the prophetic writings especially the Divine Being is often represented as appealing to the material world for a testimony against His intelligent creation. The lower elements and orders of Nature are summoned into court, so to

speak, to bear witness to the sins and crimes of which they have been cognisant. "He shall call," it is said, "to the heaven from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people." (Psalm 1. 4.) Again, in the opening words of the prophecy of Isaiah we read, "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth; Thave nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me!" And we have the same idea in many such passages as these: "Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel." (Micah vi. 1.) "Gather unto me all the elders of your tribes, that I may speak these words in their ears, and call heaven and earth to record against them." (*Deut.* xxxi. 28.)

What then, let us ask, is the import of this appeal? How shall we understand this conception? In what way may we conceive of Nature as endowed with a power of moral testimony, and the very inanimate world as rendered capable of bearing witness against erring and sinful man? The idea, of course, is a highly poetical one; but the profoundest truths, lessons of most sober practical wisdom, are often couched in an imaginative form. What then is the meaning of this personifying of Nature, this invocation of the heavens and earth, as if possessed of the power of moral observation? How can we conceive of the material world as becoming a witness against man? I shall endeavour to suggest one or two of many considerations on which we might conceive such an appeal to be grounded.

I. The material world may be summoned to bear witness against man, *as containing the scenes of his crimes*. Nature keeps a silent record of the sins of men in the associations connected with the places where those sins were committed. The silent power of witness-bearing that lurks in the very scenes and objects of material Nature, is one the force of which has not seldom been felt by guilty man. Bring the sinner to the scene of his past misdeeds, and he will sometimes feel as if the very inanimate objects around him were endowed with a voice of reproachful reminiscence. For moral feelings and actions have, as we know, a strange power to fasten themselves to the scenes in which they have been called forth. A sanctity gathers, to the eye of every thoughtful observer, around the great or good man's home. The spot where some noble or heroic deed has been done is thenceforth sacred ground to all who can appreciate or sympathise with it; and, on the other hand, a horror broods over the scene of great crimes, and the spectator has felt his flesh creep and his blood run cold as he stood in the chamber or on the very spot where some horrid act of ruthlessness and infamy has been committed. And, if such be the power of local association over the mere spectator, much more potent must its influence be over the actors themselves. We all, perhaps, feel that there are places in this world which, hallowed by this invisible charm, are capable of rousing in us

emotions which nowhere else we feel. It is no mere sentimentality, when we revisit the old home, the scene of many a happy hour in days bygone, when we enter the room or tread the garden walk or woodland path where, with dear friends now passed away from us, we often and often took sweet counsel, and where there comes upon us with a rush of tender recollections the irrepressible wish,

"O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

It is no mere sentimentality that compels us to feel how impossible it is to repair to such spots as these without a throbbing pulse and a moistened eye. And, on the other hand, there may be places in this world on which some of us never wish to look again, because we could not revisit them without feeling as if the very walls of the room, or the silent hills and woods around us were looking on us with a stern, watchful eye of reproach, or as if an accusing voice were there summoning up before us, with humiliation and remorse, the shameful or guilty deed to which these scenes were once witness. On this principle, too, there is a certain grim propriety in the sentence that sometimes condemns the malefactor to be executed on the very spot where his crime was committed, that so he may face death with all the horror of recollection adding poignancy to his doom. Thus, from the operation of this principle, we may conceive the whole visible earth and heavens to become by degrees fraught with reminiscences, stamped with associations of blessing or cursing to mortal men, because of the holy or sinful deeds which they have witnessed. Nay, more than this, Nature is not only a treasure-house of moral associations, it has been maintained as beyond question that in consequence of a certain physical law, Nature becomes a receptacle of indelible material impressions from human actions, good or bad, and therefore, that these impressions will constitute, so long as Nature lasts, an imperishable register of goodness or of guilt. "The mechanical philosophy," it has been said, "assures us that, on the principle of the equality of action and reaction, no motion impressed by human agency on Nature is ever obliterated, no sound which has once been uttered is or can be lost. The vibrations of the air which that utterance set in motion, continue in their effect to operate still, so that every sound or sentiment may be recoverable in the most distant ages. No deed has ever been performed without leaving behind, in some part of the material universe, an indestructible witness of its perpetration. Had any one of all these words never been spoken, had any one of all these deeds never been done, certain impressions would have been wanting, which the material elements now contain. So that they constitute at this moment, to an eye capable of reading them, a minute and faithful record of all the eventful past." They present to the eye of Omniscience a vast book of remembrance,

from whose unerring pages He can read forth the moral history of the human race and of each individual man who has ever lived. And surely it is no fanciful or extravagant conception to suppose that a day may come when all this vast repository of moral impressions shall be unsealed. On the great day of account, when before the eye of Infinite Justice the guilty soul shall stand trembling and aghast, may it not well be that there and then not only Conscience within, but Nature without, shall be called to bear witness against man, and that the very material elements shall at last render up that record which they contain of his moral history? Might we not conceive the silent air around the sinner becoming vocal, and ringing in his horrified ears the echo of all the vain, or impure, or blasphemous words he has spoken; and the light of heaven reproducing, as in a mirror on the very face of the sky before him, the reflection of this or the other deed of iniquity and wrong which he would fain blot out from his sight and his memory for ever; and all Nature, from her every region, in heaven above and earth beneath, rendering up again as it were the buried spectres of his sins? If any such process of material resurrection of the traces of bygone guilt be possible, would there not be contained in it a terrible explanation of that witness-bearing of Nature against sinful man of which the Scriptures speak?

II. Another way in which we may conceive of Nature as bearing witness against man is, by its *fulfilling, in contrast with man, the end of its existence.* The heavens and earth, by showing forth the glory of their Creator, bear a silent but impressive testimony against those of God's intelligent creatures who glorify Him not.

It is a very simple and obvious principle, that the worth of a thing is to be measured by the degree in which it answers the end of its existence. To possess many admirable qualities, to be useful in promoting many other and inferior ends, does not save from condemnation that which, for the special end for which it was made, has proved a failure. A watch, to take a simple illustration, is constructed to indicate time. That end answered, you may desire that the watch you purchase should be elegant in form, of tasteful design and workmanship; but the first consideration is that it keep time accurately, and no elegance of shape or structure can compensate for inaccuracy or defective workmanship. And, suppose the watch you have bought be ever so beautiful in form and structure, yet if you discover that it is continually going wrong, and cannot be trusted, would you be content to retain it? No; it might satisfy a child, whose eye is caught by the mere glitter of the bauble; but pretty though it be—good, in other words, as a toy—you condemn it, you throw it aside as worthless, you pronounce it a failure, because it answers not *the* end for which it was made. So, again, to take another case, you plant fruit-trees in your garden, or rear vines in your

conservatory, with much care and cost, in order that you may gather from them the fruit in due season. Would you be satisfied, when the time for fruit-bearing came, if the vine only bore leaves, or the tree, at best, beautifully tinted blossoms? What would it matter that the plant pleased the eye, that it hung in festoons of exquisite gracefulness, that it filled the air with fragrance? All *that* would be well enough in plants or flowers which you cultivate only for their beauty; but the sole end you had in view in all the pains and expense you have been at with *this* plant is, not that it should look fine or smell sweet, but that it should bear fruit; and if fruit you do not get, you regard all your labour as thrown away, and you condemn the tree as a failure, because it answers not the purpose of its existence.

And now consider how it stands between God and the creatures of His hand. The one great end for which all creatures exist is, as both reason and Scripture assure us, to serve and glorify God. Each creature, according to its nature, is intended to fulfil this end—matter and material organisations in a lower way, spirits, and spiritual, intelligent beings, in a higher and nobler way. By their admirable structure and arrangements, by their infinite variety and harmony, by the perfect adaptation of means to ends, by the constant and undeviating regularity and order which they exhibit in all their movements and processes and phenomena, the heavens and earth, and all orders of being in God's lower creation, yield an unconscious tribute of glory to their Creator. But man is capable of yielding to God a higher homage. The great Father of all desired, if we may so speak, a nobler obedience than that which is given unconsciously and involuntarily. He longed for minds that could know Him, and hearts that could love Him, for beings who could yield to Him, not blind submission, but free and filial obedience. The glory of service rendered, not in mindless, passionless subjection to material force, but in intelligent recognition of the wisdom and justice of the law, and in loving devotion to Him who enacts it. This was, with reverence be it said, a glory which Nature could not yield to Him, and yet which God sought to gain; and so He created man, a rational, loving, active, responsible being, endowed with a nature made in His own image, and capable of communion with His own infinite Mind. He gave to man powers capable of rising above all that is finite and temporal. A subtle mind, a restless heart, thoughts that wander through eternity, affections that nothing earthly can satisfy, aspirations that soar above the range of earthly ambition, a spirit capable of finding satisfaction and rest only in God Himself. In one word, the great, the supreme end of man's being, that for which he was called into existence, and which gives to his existence its chief meaning and worth is, that he might "love the Lord his God with all his heart, and soul, and strength, and mind."

Taking this, then, as the criterion of man's worth

or worthlessness, let us ask whether in all cases we find him answering the end of his being. The question is not whether we are living fair and reputable lives, whether we are possessed of many qualities that attract admiration and esteem, whether we are clever, amiable, accomplished, whether no exception can be taken to us in our earthly and social relations. All this may be, all these inferior uses we may subserve, and yet the great and all-important end be left unanswered. The touchstone of our being is, Are we living for God? Do we feel that it is our daily thought how to please Him, our chief desire and delight to win His approval? Do we desire His favour more than all earthly good, and dread His frown more than all earthly ill? Can we declare that there is nothing that lies nearer to our hearts than to do the will of the All-Good, and that if put to the test, there is nothing we hold dear which we would not sacrifice—money, honour, ease, power, the very ties of love and home—at the call of duty to God? Alas! what answer can many of us make to such questions as these? With all our good qualities, our talents, attainments, social virtues, with much in us that is capable of winning the esteem and admiration of our fellow men, is it not so that multitudes—perhaps the great majority—are living without the shadow or semblance of devotion to God? How many minds busy with a thousand studies, enquiries, contemplations, are never visited by one thought of Him for whom alone the power of thought exists! How many hearts, soft and gentle and loving, glowing with tender feelings or burning with impassioned desires, the seat of a thousand eager, restless, ardent emotions and affections, are blank of all love to Him for whom the very capacity to love was given! How many lives, blameless perhaps to human observation, are spent so that it would cause no real diminution of enjoyment if there existed no God at all! And if this be so, what is it but to pronounce that, measured by the true standard of human excellence, such lives are a failure? What matter that they escape the censure of the world, that they possess even all that can win the world's admiration. Outward grace and beauty, intellectual ability, social attractiveness, integrity, natural amiability—these are all qualities that adorn and ennoble man's life, but they are not the quality for which life was given, and they cannot atone for the lack of it. Let an earthly father behold his child adorned with all such excellences, would he be satisfied if yet he knew that that child's heart was cold and hard to him? And can it be otherwise with the Father of spirits. He constructed with exquisite skill the mechanism of man's being, that it might ever go true to him—keep time and harmony with the movements of the sun of Truth and Love: of what avail the external grace and symmetry of the machine, if as to this its main use and purpose it is made in vain? He created man's nature as a "noble vine, wholly a right seed," that it might

bring forth the fruit of holy love and purity, and devotion to His will; what matter that it puts forth the clustering leaves and fair blossoms of a mere social virtue, if year after year as the vintage time returns He comes, the great Lord of the Vineyard, and finds upon it no fruit? Surely all such surface excellences will not save it from condemnation as a failure, inasmuch as it has not answered the great end of its existence.

Now it is this thought which the Scriptures suggest when they represent the Almighty Creator as summoning the lower orders of being to bear witness against man. For His glory were both Nature and man created. Nature answers that end; man, alas! but too often does not. To show forth the glory of His power and wisdom and goodness, the heavens and earth were made; and there is not one star that shines, nor one flower that blooms, that is not rendering up its unconscious tribute of glory to Him who made it. Earth and sea and skies, mountain and forest and stream, the round ocean and the living air, the stormy wind and the swelling tide, nay, every ray of light, every whisper of the vagrant breeze, every rippling wave upon the measureless surface of the sea—all material agents, from the mightiest to the most minute—blend with unconscious utterance in the universal anthem of creation—Glory! glory in the highest to Him who made us all! And when amidst a world thus resonant with His praise, God looks down on the cold, unloving heart and godless life of man, need we wonder that He appeals to these His lower creatures, for a witness against him? "O can it be"—may we not almost hear the great Father exclaim?—"can it be that thou, my child, art silent whilst even inanimate Nature is vocal with my praise? I look to the heavens for glory, and they give it, for 'the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork.' I look to the earth for glory, and it gives it, for 'the whole earth is full of my glory.' I look to man, the child of my love, made in mine image, redeemed by the blood of my dear Son, for glory, and he gives it not. 'Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me!'"

III. The heavens and earth may be appealed to by the Divine Judge as *affording proof of the unerring certainty and strictness of His laws*. The order of God's government in the natural world is a type of the order of His moral government. As there is no arbitrariness, no uncertainty, no deviation, by one slightest exception, from the fixed and uniform operation of law in the material world, so, we are taught, there will be no exception to the uniformity and exactitude of those higher laws to which all moral beings are subjected. Against all, therefore, who transgress or are disposed to tamper with the strictness of moral laws—an appeal lies to those natural laws the strictness and uniformity of which no man can dispute, and which all men know it to be madness to tamper with.

In so far as their operation is known, the laws of material nature regulate the conduct of men. All men believe, and act as if they believed, that the sun will continue to rise and set, and the seasons in regular sequence to return; that the seed sown in the earth will produce fruit after its kind, that the tides will continue to ebb and flow, that water will drown, and fire burn, and food sustain, and poison destroy life, according to laws which admit of no infringement, of no alteration, of no exception. To act as if the laws of vegetation, of light, heat, electricity, mechanical and chemical combination and solution might perhaps in one case not be so strict as usual, would be the act of a madman. A revolt against the law of gravitation is not conceivable within the bounds of sanity. No man ever imagines that if he built a house with walls off the plumb, gravitation might for once make an exception to its uniformity, and the fabric be preserved from ruin. No engineer constructs his steam-boiler of slighter thickness than his calculations tell him will be necessary to resist a given pressure, in the insane hope that possibly in this instance the thin plates may not burst, and the dreadful catastrophe may be averted. In short, wherever Nature's laws are known, we act, all of us, on the belief in their constancy and invariableness. No temptation ever shakes our conviction that, down to the minutest shade of exactitude, they will infallibly in given circumstances work out fixed results.

But do all men believe, or act as if they believed, that the moral laws by which the universe is regulated are characterised by the same unvarying certainty? Do all men act on the conviction that it is as likely that a stone should fall *upwards*, as that a sin should go unpunished, that the sun should to-morrow or on some future day rise in the West, as that the favour of God should ever shine upon a soul that has lived in selfishness and sin? Does the conduct of all sane persons prove that they deem it as incredible that the human frame should be sustained without food, or that harvests should be gathered where no seed has been sown, or that tares should yield wheat, or that flowers should bloom on ice, or on hard and soilless rock, as that without a holy life here it is possible to attain to eternal happiness hereafter? It is quite clear that no such conviction of the uniformity and inexorableness of moral laws, and of the certainty of their results, has lodged itself in the minds of many. The sequence between cause and effect which all men believe, and on the belief in which all men act in the natural world, they show that they regard as much less infallible in the moral: and whilst they plough, and sow, and reap, prepare food, build houses, sail in ships, observe in science, construct in art, on the principle that material sequences will never, by the faintest appreciable variation, be altered,—yet they speak and act, live careless, easy, irreligious lives, gratify their passions, resist the demands of duty, and in short, in a thousand ways on the obvious persuasion that there is no such

inevitable certainty in the sequence between holiness and happiness, between sin, and misery, and death.

Now the appeal to Nature, of which I have spoken, may be said to be grounded on the supposition that there is no difference in point of certainty betwixt moral and physical laws. When it is said, for instance, that the Almighty "shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people," may we not interpret this invocation as implying that the results of moral acts are as inevitable as those which depend on material causes? Heaven and earth, the whole order of physical nature, may be called to witness that God's moral laws shall not with impunity be transgressed; that selfishness or goodness, sensuality or purity, malice or benignity, pride or humility, ungodliness or piety, shall work out results as sure and invariable as those which obtain in every experiment of the chemist, in every process of the husbandman.

It is true, indeed, that moral laws do not work with the same rapidity as material laws. In many cases the consequences of physical acts—acts of obedience or disobedience to natural laws—are all but immediate. Thrust your hand into the fire, and the smart of burning, which is the penalty of the reckless act, comes in a moment. Fling yourself from the toppling cliff, and on the maimed limb, or crushed and lifeless body, gravitation instantly avenges the transgression. Inhale the deadly vapour, or swallow one grain of the poisonous acid, and with incalculable rapidity the fatal result succeeds. Sow bad seed, or on ill-cultivated ground, and a few revolving weeks bring on the inevitable consequences. If the sequence of cause and effect were equally rapid in the moral world, unbelief would in this case be equally impossible. Disobedience to moral laws would be as inconsistent with sanity as disobedience to natural laws. If every act of sin were followed by an immediate penalty,—if, for instance, the hand that had just committed the ruthless act were instantly stricken palsied by the side—if the tongue of the blasphemer were struck dumb the moment after the impious word had crossed the lip—if the eye that had just darted the angry or lascivious glance, glazed over on the spot with incurable blindness—if dishonesty stole the hue of health from the cheek, and premature age blanched instantaneously the traitor's head—if the remorse that sometimes attends a course of guilt, instead of coming after a long interval or settling down on the spirit at the close of life in gradually darkening, deepening horror, were the immediate and universal consequence of sin—if, in short, moral penalties trode on the heels of transgression swift as material results on their causes,—then would disbelief and disobedience be as much precluded in the one case as in the other.

But this distinction does not affect the appeal before us. The difference is only a difference in

time. Nemesis, though slow, is not less sure of coming. Moral retribution ripens gradually but not less certainly than the seed which the sower casts into the earth. The virus of evil may operate only after a longer interval, but the deadly result is as inevitable as when the poison works in the veins. The descent to ruin may not be so rapidly accomplished as when the wild leap is taken over the fatal brink; but there is a moral gravitation that hurries the impenitent soul to a destruction which is as inevitable, though longer delayed:—nay, even more inevitable. For material laws, though never changed, are not, like moral laws, essentially unchangeable. Gravitation may cease to act, but justice and righteousness and truth shall endure for ever. The material system in which we live may one day be subverted, but not the will of Omnipotence could change the essence of a moral act. "The world may pass away, but he that doeth the will of the Father abideth for ever." Therefore does all nature respond to the summons when called to bear witness by its uniform and changeless order to an order that is more constant still. And every circling orb fulfilling its appointed course, and every returning season that revisits the earth, and every swelling tide and rushing stream, and every ray of light, and every springing blade, and every falling stone,—nay, every vagary of each wandering wind, and every capricious motion of each vapoury cloud that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away, all in the constancy of their obedience to inexorable laws respond with one consent to the summons when, in testimony of the unchangeable fixedness of the order of His moral government, the Judge of all the world "shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people."

To the principle on which we have been insisting, the invariable and uniform operation of moral laws, an objection may be urged, to which, in conclusion, I shall offer a brief reply. If this principle be true, where, it may be asked, is there any place for the redemption that is in Christ Jesus? Every moral act, it is averred, shall infallibly work out its retributive effects; how, then, can it be maintained that Christ redeems us from the consequences of transgression? If no sinful act can go unpunished, can it be any longer averred that Christ saves us from sin and from all its fatal results? Must we not give up either our belief in the unchangeableness of moral law, or our faith in Christ?

I answer, No; we are reduced to no such alternative. The law that connects sin and punishment, transgression of moral law and its penal consequences, is not abrogated though every sinner who believes in Jesus Christ shall be saved. For it

must be considered that it does not imply the abrogation or suspension of one law, when another and higher law interferes with or modifies its results. By the law of gravitation a stone falls to the ground; but that law is not abrogated, or altered, or infringed, when the interposition of my hand prevents the stone from falling. It is only that the lower law is modified by the higher law of muscular action; nor, again, is there any subversion of the laws of winds and tides, according to which a boat would be swept down by the rushing stream, or by the force of the wind, if the power of steam introduced into the vessel enable it to beat up steadily against wind and tide. In this case it is, as in the former, only a higher law that is modifying the operation of a lower, and the result is the combined effect of both. Or, once more, the chemical laws of nature acting on a lifeless body would disintegrate and decompose it; it does not imply the subversion of these when the principle of life knits together indissolubly flesh and bone, and sinew and muscle. Here, again, the two laws are both acting, are alike constant and invariable, yet the lower is modified by the higher.

In like manner the moral laws according to which unrepented sin inevitably issues in wretchedness and ruin, are not subverted, when he that repents and believes in Christ is saved from all the effects of sin. It is only that the lower law of moral retribution is modified by the higher law of love and mercy and purifying power in the Redeemer of the world. There is proclaimed through Him pardon to the guiltiest, purity to the vilest, peace to the wretchedest, eternal life to those who are dead in trespasses and sins. Accept the interposition of His outstretched hand who is omnipotent to save, and the gravitation of sin will be arrested, and the soul that is being borne down with ever-accelerated velocity to perdition will be stopped on its fatal career. Open your heart to the mighty internal force of his love and grace, and though the winds of passion, the strong tides of evil habit, the overmastering current of temptation, be beating you down, by the help of that divine energy you will beat them back. Receive the vital spark of heavenly life into your soul, and though moral corruption have set in, and the whole moral nature, rendered foul and loathsome by the ravages of sin, seems beyond the possibility of recovery, that divine power will restore it. He who stood by Lazarus' grave of old, hastes ever at the cry for help to stand by the deeper, darker grave of moral decay; and still as ever there is restoring virtue in the Voice which declared "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."





THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

XI.—THE PARABLE OF THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

MATTHEW xviii. 21—25.

THE boy who, catching a poor fluttering insect, impales it, and then with curious and eager eyes watches it spin round and round, may not be of a cruel disposition. It is right by instruction, or by the rod even, to teach children kindness to the meanest thing that lives, still this barbarous and apparently cruel act may be entirely due to ignorance. The child does not know the pain it inflicts; and may just illustrate in the nursery what is so often illustrated by older people in the world, how, in miseries unrelieved, feelings wounded, and the poor neglected, more ill is done for want of thought than for want of heart. The nursery however presents a scene where, as through a rent in that veil of innocence which throws its sweetest charms over infancy, we see the bad passions of our nature. Proud and pleased as it takes its first steps across the floor to the mother, kneeling with radiant smiles and open arms to receive it, the infant totters, and falls with a lurch against chair or table. In such a case it is easier to stanch its wound than calm its anger. And yet, though the remedy is worse than the disease, that may be done. Revenge, says one, is sweet. There is nothing smells so sweet, said Louis XII., as the dead body of an enemy; and blowing up a spark she should have quenched, the foolish nurse or mother pretends, by beating chair or table, to avenge the wrong. The device succeeds—though it be, after a fashion, casting out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils, and by another voice than his who spake peace to the storm of Galilee, calming the passions of that little bosom. Alas, her success in soothing anger by gratifying the passion for revenge, proves not so much the nurse's skill, as that forgiveness is not a virtue that belongs to our fallen nature.

To say that we forgive, is easy. But when engaged as a peacemaker, how have I seen the manner give the lie to the speech, and in the clouded brow, and sullen look, and reluctant advance, and cold hand of this scene, the strongest contrast to that where his father, seeing the prodigal afar off, runs to meet him, and rushes into his arms to kiss him? It is the forgiveness of the heart which God links to the forgiveness of the heavens—that which recalls Calvary, with Jesus bending eyes of pity on his murderers,—not the death-bed of an old highland chief in the days when clans met clans in deadly feud. It is told that the minister urged him to make his peace with men as well as with

God, declaring that he could not expect to be forgiven unless he forgave. The word at length passed his reluctant lips; but, as if that dying chamber had been a stage, and the dying man an actor, who, having played his part, doffs his theatrical attire to resume his real character, so soon as it was spoken, he turned on his son to say, that he left him a father's curse if he forgave them!

Foreign to nature, forgiveness is difficult even to grace,—so difficult, that he who suffers a wrong and feels no impulse to retaliate, recalls one without aught of malice, endures cruel wounds which heal without festering into corrupt, acrid humours, has, if such grace there be on earth, reached its highest pinnacle; and presents the finest image of Him, who, when reviled, reviled not again, and when his mangled form lay stretched on the cross, raised his meek eyes to pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" This grace, be it observed, is not incompatible with a deep sense of our wrongs. The apathy which feels a blow no more than a stone does, an insult no more than the cold corpse which, spit upon, lifts no hand to wipe off the stain, a wound no more than the air which the arrow cleaves, or the water which kisses the prow and closes its arms around the keel that tears its bosom, does not constitute a forgiving temper. They forgive most who feel the deepest indignation at ingratitude, and on whom injuries inflict the keenest pain. On them as, in forgiving wrong, and returning good for evil, achieving the greatest victory over self, the wise man pronounces his high eulogium, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

So foreign is this grace to humanity, that we are unable not only to practise but even fully to understand it—as is shown by the question which formed the occasion of this parable. Although the law of vengeance, as expressed by the proverb, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," was the rule in Heathendom, God's ancient people had some notion of the duty of forgiveness. The dyer's hands are stained by the colours of his trade, and the very clothes of one who works among spices steal some of their fragrant perfume: so their familiarity with those Scriptures where God's forgiveness is so eagerly sought and highly extolled, inspired the Jews, to some extent, with a forgiving spirit. They held forgiveness to be a duty, binding up to the third offence; but beyond that limit, let the wrong-

doer beware ; outside that charmed circle, man had a right to say, with God, Vengeance is mine, I will repay. Now, Simon Peter had not lived these months or years with Jesus without catching something of his Master's gentle, placable, forgiving spirit. The leaven had begun to work ; and his heart, swelling with something of Jesus's love, found the narrow limits of Jewish forgiveness too contracted for it. Though imperfect as the vision of him who, with sight but partially restored, saw men as trees walking, he had caught a glimpse of the truth : and came to Jesus, saying, Lord, "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Seven times?" Hail to the dawn! The night is past, and the sky shows the first bright streaks of morning. "Seven times?" Simon has stepped out in advance of the men of his age and nation ; and our Lord seizes the opportunity to lead him onward and upward to higher ground—to make him better acquainted with Christian mercy, fairest of all the graces. "Not," is his reply, "seven times, but seventy times seven"—seventy multiplied by seven. A big number : and yet we would fall far short of the lofty mark if we suppose, that forgiveness is to be confined to the limit of four hundred and ninety insults, wrongs, or robberies. Here, as elsewhere, a definite is employed to express an indefinite number : so that by this expression Jesus taught Peter, and teaches us, that mercy, like the regions of space, has no limit ; and that as these stretch away before the traveller who looks out from the farthest star, so the loftiest intellect and largest heart can descry no bounds to mercy. Like our Father in heaven, we are to forgive without stint—forgiving as we expect to be forgiven. And for the purpose of illustrating and of enforcing this truth, our Lord tells the parable of the Unmerciful Servant.

THE MASTER'S TREATMENT OF HIS SERVANT.

He was reckoned with.—As the story runs, the King enters on an inquiry into the way his servants have discharged their trust—an incident, since the King here represents God, which reminds us that He with whom we have to do, will ere long reckon with every man—saying, "Give an account of thy stewardship : thou shalt be no longer steward." God will reckon with us : first, when Death, grim officer of justice, comes to seize man by the throat, and, as he drags him away into the presence of the Judge, seems to say, Pay that thou owest ;—and, secondly, when the Archangel, sounding his loud trumpet at the gates of Death, shall call us from our graves to see the throne set, the books opened, the world wrapped in flames, and God descending in majesty to judgment. But it is neither the hour of death nor the day of judgment which is meant here. Alas ! for us, if we are not reckoned with till then. It is too late then—too late to ask for patience ; too late to hope for pardon ; too late for repentance and return. The door is shut.

"In the cold grave to which we haste
There are no acts of pardon past,
But fixed the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns."

It is to the reckoning which God holds with men in time, through His Word, and by the agencies of His Spirit and their consciences, that this parable refers. The King reckons with us, "his servants," when he brings us to a sense of our guilt ; sets our sins in dread array before us ; impresses us with feelings of contrition, and alarms us with fears of judgment ; and by rebukes, corrections, and convictions, pleads with us to flee to Jesus. The bar here is one at which, some time or other, we all have stood ; and where, without regard to rank or office, kings, and priests, and purest women, as well as the lowest criminals, have been tried. This court holds its sittings within our bosoms—the presiding judge, God's vicegerent, is conscience—the law is the statutes of Heaven—and each man, turning king's evidence, bears witness against himself. And though in a sense man himself here constitutes the whole court,—being at once prosecutor, witness, judge, and jury, and the trial is conducted under circumstances not favourable to an impartial decision,—yet in every case the verdict is, and must be, guilty. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that we have all sinned times and ways without number. Whose conscience does not condemn him as a debtor to the law of God ? Who boasts, my hands are clean, my heart is pure ? The one redeeming feature in that Sanhedrim of sanctimonious hypocrites where Jesus stands facing the guilty woman, is that, when he says "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at her," a sense of guilt paralyses every arm—they retreat, and she goes scatheless. To say that we have not sinned, is, in fact, to sin in saying it ; for we make God a liar, and our mouth proves us perverse. We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

He owed an immense debt.—This is expressed by the very number here—ten thousand, or a myriad, being the highest in the Greek notation. Nor does the debt look less when narrowly examined—being such indeed as could have only been contracted by one who, representing his sovereign in some wealthy province of an Eastern empire, had squandered in boundless extravagance revenues that should have swelled the public treasury. In Roman talents this debt amounts to five millions of our money ; and if we reckon by the Jewish talent, and calculate the amount in gold, and not in silver, it rises to a sum equal almost to the whole revenue of the British empire—the servant stands indebted to his master more than seventy millions sterling.

A most enormous sum ! but on that account the better fitted to set before a money seeking, making, loving world, in a way suited to its understanding, our enormous guilt in the sight of God. Such is the sum of our transgressions ; and representing our debt to the divine law, these figures leave us no

hope of being able to pay it—laying on each man a load of guilt enough to sink not one, but ten thousand souls into perdition. That we are guilty, and, as debtors to a broken law, are sinners to the extent represented here, is a conclusion so humbling to our pride and alarming to our fears, that we may be unwilling to admit it. Yet better people than we, God's noblest saints, have spoken of the number and guilt of their sins in terms as strong. The man of whom, not partial friends, but God himself said, "there is none like him on the earth, a perfect and an upright man," on seeing his own image in the mirror which God held before his face, started back with horror; and seeming viler in his own eyes than he appeared to his friends when they found him covered with ashes, and his body one loathsome sore, Job exclaimed, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." To the same effect is Ezra's confession when, rending his mantle, that man of the highest piety and patriotism threw himself on the ground to cry, "Oh my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God, for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is gone up unto the heavens;" and David's harp sounds forth the same mournful notes, when touching its strings with trembling hand, "the man after God's own heart" lifts his weeping eyes to Heaven, saying, "O Lord, for thine own name's sake, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great!"

He was bound to pay.—Therefore, seeing "he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made." This first, as selling a man for debt, and secondly, as involving an innocent family in ruin, looks a hard sentence. It is not necessarily approved of here, and I am not called to justify it; yet, I may remark by way of explanation, that in some countries creditors were allowed to recover their claims by the sale of their debtors. Nor need we hold up our hands in horror at this, seeing, not only that it appears right to compel a man who has obtained another's property by fraud or wasted it by extravagance, to work till he has liquidated the debt, but that once on a time, and not so long ago, in this our own country, debtors were occasionally doomed to a fate more severe. The law allowed their creditors to throw them into jail—not fraudulent debtors only, but those also who under the loss of their fortunes had preserved their integrity—and there, amid the scum and off-scourings of society, through malice of enemies or lack of friends, whilst wife and children were left to starve, the unhappy debtor was left to rot. No jail-delivery for him, till a messenger from a higher court—Death—came to set the captive free.

Before considering the bearing of this part of the parable, it may be well to advert to the fact, that this law appears, though under certain important modifications, in the Mosaic code; and that, with such perversion of Holy Scripture as the Devil employed in the Temptation of the Wilderness, men—

and, sad to say, even ministers of the Gospel—have used it to defend slavery, and gloss over its abominable crimes. Nature occasionally produces strange monsters—creatures that only excite emotions of terror or disgust, and which, by a merciful law of Providence, rarely prolong their life, and never propagate their species. But in the spectacle of free men, and especially of Christian ministers, standing forth before an astonished world to justify slavery as a divine institution—in a people called Christian, holding that God made one race of human beings to be, like dogs and horses, the servants of another, and, while proposing to erect an empire on the foundations of slavery, with unblushing effrontery and unparalleled blasphemy applying to a system which the Christian world rejects, the sacred words spoken of our dying Lord, "the stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner"—in this what age has produced anything so monstrous as our own? Nothing so cruel to man or insulting to his Maker is found in all history; and, done by men with Bibles in their hands, but without a blush on their cheeks, this offers a most remarkable and terrible illustration of the Saviour's words, If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness? The whole tone of God's blessed word, its spirit of grace and love, its golden rule, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise," are as irreconcilable with slavery as with robbery, or adultery, or murder, or any one of all the crimes of which this system has ever proved the cruel patron and the prolific parent. None—not Satan himself—has more wickedly perverted the word of God than those who attempt to make Jewish servitude an excuse and a defence for modern slavery. So far, for example, as the case in hand is concerned, the debtor who was sold to meet the demands of his creditor had a *right*, by the laws of Moses, to kind and brotherly treatment during the whole period of servitude; and whether the debt was paid out or not, freedom came with the seventh year. In the larger number of cases the bondage was thus no longer than an apprenticeship; and in those few cases where it lasted till the return of the year of jubilee, at the first blast of the trumpet the bondsman went free—"Then," said God, "shall he depart from thee, he and his children with him, and shall return unto the family and possession of his fathers." To pretend that such laws lend any countenance to American slavery, is to insult man's understanding and profane God's word.

Proceeding now to apply the parable, let it be observed that the servant takes no objection to the sentence. He does not challenge its justice: he only proposes to suspend its execution. Drowning men catch at straws. So did he, when, distracted with sudden terror, he cast himself at his master's feet to say—as if ten thousand talents, the revenue of a kingdom, had been but ten thousand pence—Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee

all! Did he know what he was saying? One can hardly believe it. And yet in undertaking such an impossible task, he was the veritable type of many a sinner. Promising to God never more to commit the sin of which their conscience accuses them, henceforth to keep their hands clean and their hearts pure, they, as it were, undertake, without having one penny, to pay ten thousand talents. So they also do who propose to reconcile themselves to God, and wipe out the guilt of their past sins, by living henceforth lives of blameless obedience. Have patience with me, they say, and then I will pay thee all. Now, suppose that they who have always fallen will fall no more, and that henceforth they will succeed in conquering the temptations which have always conquered them, what then? Keeping out of debt does not liquidate obligations already contracted. What merchant to whom I stand indebted would grant me a discharge on my undertaking hereafter to buy with ready money? To vary the illustration, fancy a man found guilty of murder, on being asked to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, standing up, and, as a good reason why he should not be hanged, gravely promising to commit no more murders, never more to shed human blood. Some might laugh; none would listen to so absurd a plea. Such, however, is the way in which some sinners propose to pay old debts: it never satisfied man, and cannot satisfy God.

Still, incalculably great though the debt be, there is a way of paying all. It is not by works of righteousness that we have done. He who consents to be a debtor to the grace, will cease to be a debtor to the law, of God. Going to prison for us, to bondage for us, to death for us, Jesus, by rendering in his life a perfect obedience to the law, and in his sufferings a perfect satisfaction to the justice of his Father, has paid all. The benefits of his suretyship are ours if we believe. Trembling at the bar, overwhelmed by proofs of guilt, condemned, crushed,—guilty one lift your head, look up, behold

“Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands.
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears;
He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood.
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.”

He was forgiven.—In those old historic straits which join the Mediterranean to the broad Atlantic, there is an upper current from the ocean flowing into the sea, and an under and saltier current from the sea which flows out to the ocean; and in like manner the human bosom may, at one and the same time, be moved by the counter-currents of opposing passions—mercy and vengeance; anger and pity; what prompts to punish, and what to pardon. And as in yonder straits all merely floating things, from ships of war to seaweeds, are borne onward of the upper stream, so the fate of one whose crimes excite our anger, but whose

misery moves our pity, depends on which of these two passions gets the upper hand—obtains the mastery over us.

Such a case was his whose story forms the groundwork of this parable. His unfaithfulness, and the enormous loss it entailed on a kind and confiding master, called for punishment, and left him no claim to forgiveness. On the other hand, there he was, a miserable wretch—by one sudden turn of Fortune’s wheel thrown from its top into the dust, where, as with every bone broken, he lies writhing, crushed by the tremendous fall; none so poor now as do him reverence; by one step he has descended from a proud position to stand, with a wife and children whom his crimes have hurried into ruin, in the auction mart—nothing before him and them but the miseries of life-long slavery. His heart is wrung with grief; he stands appalled at the prospect; from his fate, pale with terror, and a picture of despair, he shrinks back to throw himself at his master’s feet, and implore his pity. “Have patience with me,” he cries, “and I will pay thee all.” Looking down on this form of abject misery, his master is moved with compassion—“Mercy rejoiceth against judgment.” He who asked but patience receives pardon. He who sought but time to toil and save to pay his debts, has them all forgiven. Seeking more than he deserved, he obtains more than he desired. His least fears are disappointed, and his greatest hopes surpassed. Without doing a turn to pay a penny of the sum, the debt of ten thousand talents is at once and entirely cancelled.

Behold a picture of the munificent mercy which God is ready to extend to us—even to the chief of sinners! Intoxicated with “the cup of devils,” many are insensible to their misery; having even “no bonds in their death,” they are like that degraded wretch who, stupefied with drink, lies prostrate in the gutter, and, while his family blush with shame and strangers look on with pity, feels neither cold, nor hunger, nor disgrace. But what costs many a gay and thoughtless one no care, moved God to compassion, and brought his Son to the rescue. To save us from sin, and from that hell where they seek for death but cannot find it, and only find after unnumbered ages that their torments are beginning, Jesus interposed, saying, I will save them—suspend the sentence—I come to do thy will, O my God,—deliver from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom—have patience with them, and I will pay thee all!

He paid it. Making atonement for sin, “he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.” The debt was paid on Calvary to the uttermost farthing; and now God only awakens our convictions and alarms our consciences, reckoning with us, that he may bring sinners to acknowledge their guilt, and so prepare them to receive his mercy. Sins are not pardoned till they are acknowledged.

If Justice wears a stern aspect ; if we think it hard that she will not pass by the smallest sin, that she holds him who offends in one point to be guilty of all, that, like a rough and stern officer, she takes us by the throat, saying, Pay what thou owest, there is Divine love here—"a bright light in the clouds." In dealing with us thus God seeks to bring us to a sense of our sins, that we may flee to the Saviour ; breaks down that he may bind up ; wounds that he may heal ; kills that he may make alive. The upbraidings of conscience, an awful sense of guilt, David's horror when he cried, "The terrors of death compassed me about, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me," are the harbingers of forgiveness. It is as in nature, where lightnings flashing through the horrid gloom, and thunders which rend the skies, are preludes of the rain that descends in copious showers on the parched and thirsty ground. Or it is as on that night of old, when a frail and lonely bark, watched by the Saviour's eye, was battling for life in a headwind on the sea of Galilee—Jesus comes in the tempests that agitate the soul. Wrapt in the dark mantle of the night, he advances over the stormy billows ; and, ere long, filling the troubled heart with a holy calm, his voice is heard, saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

THE SERVANT'S TREATMENT OF HIS FELLOW-SERVANT.

Of the four men lately hanged at Kirkdale, two had seen a man executed for murder but a few weeks before they committed the very same crime. Without sufficiently considering that ardent spirits, —maddened by which both imbrued their hands in blood,—while they weaken the reason, strengthen the passions, and, acting on these as on fire, make them burn with a fiercer heat, people are shocked at such an instance of human depravity. Such a case certainly and awfully illustrates God's question : "Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more"—for, unless checked by the restraints of grace or of providence, correction but exasperates our corruptions, and, producing no other effect on them than fire on clay, hardens rather than softens the heart. The crime of these felons who, swung from the gallows, turn slowly round and round in the wind—a ghastly spectacle, was shocking ; yet this servant presents a specimen of humanity in some respects still more detestable. Kindness seems only to have made him more cruel, and generous treatment more selfish ; nor do the love and mercy of his lord appear to have produced any other effect on him than the heat of the tropics on poisonous plants and venomous reptiles,—imparting to juices and fangs a deadlier virus. In proof of this, look at his treatment of his fellow-servant !

It is extremely harsh.—If we have civil rights we should use them civilly—refuse even a beggar with courtesy—be kind to all—bear ourselves to the meanest without forgetting that he is a brother, a

fellow-creature, one who, though less favoured by fortune, may carry on his shoulders a better head, and within his bosom a kinder heart, than ours. But this ingrate could not have treated the poor man worse had he been, not his fellow-servant, but his slave ; not a debtor, but a robber ; not, as probably he was, a man whose infirm health, or numerous family, or unexpected misfortune, had involved him in debt, but one more extravagant in his habits and faithless to his trust than himself. All of a sudden, like a police-officer who lights on some criminal for whom he has been hunting the streets, and haunts and hiding-places of vice, he catches his debtor by the throat, with the peremptory demand, "Pay me that thou owest."

It is most unmerciful.—Though unable to pay the debt, his fellow-servant is too honest to deny it ; nor, under feelings of irritation, natural to one treated with such insolence and severity, does he tell this man to keep off hands, and remember, that though he is his creditor, he is not his master,—but a servant as well as he, nor a man so good. Without even attempting to excuse himself, and show how innocently perhaps he fell into debt, the poor man casts himself entirely on his compassion. Though the other, as a servant, was his equal, he stoops to prostrate himself before him as his superior ; and, crouching at his feet, makes the same pitiful appeal, that but a few minutes before his creditor himself had made, crying, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all !"

Regarding the generous and entire forgiveness of the king which is set forth in the first act of this parable, as illustrating the manner in which God deals with men, in the answer of this servant to his fellow what an illustration have we of David's wisdom when, required to choose between the pestilence in God's hand and the sword in man's, he said : "Let us fall now into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are great, and not into the hands of man." There is heat locked up in polar ice, and sparks of fire may be struck from the coldest, hardest flint—but there's no pity in this man's bosom. So bad is human nature capable of becoming ; no heart more merciless to man than man's ! There was no pity to be expected here—do men gather grapes of thorns ? This haughty and heartless upstart could not have incurred such an enormous debt without having passed many years in the indulgence of vice ; and all debauches are selfish—a life of vice resembling those petrifying wells which turn into stone whatever is immersed in them, fairest flowers or finest fruit. The ravages of the worst diseases which vice engenders in the body present a loathsome, but yet a feeble image of the wreck it works on the noblest features of the soul. No wonder, therefore, that this man's heart was not touched by the pitiful appeal—that the only reply to it was, a prison. "He would not," says the story, "but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt."

The circumstances of the unmerciful servant greatly

aggravated his guilt.—Good men remember kindnesses, and forget injuries. Doing the reverse, bad men remember injuries, and forget kindnesses—in their hearts, the first are graven on a rock, and the second written in sand. But this merciless servant had not even time to forget the mercy which he himself had received; hardly recovered from his terror, his heart was still beating, as, when the storm is past, the waves continue for a while to roll, thundering on the beach. He had just left the house; he found his fellow-servant at the door; so that when he seized him by the throat, demanding payment and refusing mercy, the whole scene of his own forgiveness must have been fresh on his mind—lying there, though not like the dews that sparkle on every leaf, and bless the flowers they bathe. Himself loved, he should have loved; pitied, he should have pitied; having obtained mercy, he should have shown it. Nor was that all. In ten thousand talents, he had been forgiven much; yet in a hundred pence he refused to forgive little. What was the debt this servant owed him to the enormous debts which he had owed his master? As nothing. And by this the parable teaches us that the debts man owes to us are as nothing to those we owe to God,—that the greatest sins man commits against man are as nothing to those we have committed against God. These are motes, but these beams; those have their type in the gnat, these in the camel; those are a mole-hill, these a towering mountain, as Ezra says, “grown up unto the heavens;” these are one hundred pence, but these, represented by ten thousand talents, are what it needed the blood of Jesus to pay, and the mercy of God to pardon.

THE RESULT.

When some ruffian man beats a woman, or a grown lad a weeping child, without waiting to inquire into the merits of the quarrel we cry, shame! and even the lowest mob wins our esteem, and lights up its rags with some touch of glory by its promptitude in espousing the side of the weak, against the strong; and thus in feelings of indignation at ingratitude, oppression, inhumanity, cruelty, our nature, when fallen into the greatest ruin, still shows some vestiges of the image of God. Under the influence of such a noble anger the other servants, when they saw this poor man seized by the throat and dragged away to prison, went straight to their master and told him of the outrage. They could not right the wrong, he could; nor were they mistaken in believing that he would. He summons the culprit to his presence. His brow grows dark,—the court is awed into silence—as in nature before a burst of thunder, the gloom grows deeper and deeper; and so soon as the culprit appears, his Lord's pent-up indignation launches itself forth on his head, like a thunderbolt, in these words, “O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt because thou desiredst me; shouldst thou not also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant

even as I had pity on thee?” The pardon is instantly cancelled. He is handed over to punishment; and, opening to receive one who parts with hope at its door, the prison closes on him for ever—in other words till, accomplishing an impossibility, he pays the uttermost farthing. And there we leave him, the captive of a prison—the symbol of that place “where their worm shall not die, and neither shall their fire be quenched.”

It has been said that no figure walks on all its four feet—in other words, applies in all respects to that which it is employed to illustrate. Christ, for instance, is a Rock; but a rock is dead, while he liveth for evermore—is a lamb; but a lamb is without reason, while he with a true body has a reasonable soul—is a lion; but a lion is savage and blood-thirsty, while he, the express image of God's person, is “very pitiful and of tender mercy.” Now this remark applies especially to our Lord's parables, from which, were we to forget that many things in the story form but its surroundings and drapery, we would draw notions the most absurd and doctrines the most unsound. That the king here might illustrate the lesson, With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again, it was necessary to cancel the pardon—crushing this merciless wretch under the load of his original debt. But to infer from that part of the story that such as God has pardoned may notwithstanding be lost, were contrary to his Word and utterly destructive of the believer's peace.

There is enough here as elsewhere to warn us that unless, living a life of faith in Jesus Christ, the branch abide in the vine, it cannot bring forth fruit, and shall be cast into the fire; that the perseverance of the saints, is inconsistent with their perseverance in sin—being in fact perseverance, not in a course of sin, but in a state of grace. But, type of the sinner who leaves God, this man, as the story runs, “went out.” Temptation met him at the door, and he fell, and by his fall teaches us that our safety lies in living near to God, on his bosom—nestled like an infant in the embraces of a mother's arms. Nor, though people may fancy they are pardoned who are not, is the safety of Christ's pardoned ones less secure. By convictions which are mistaken for conversions, and a reformation of the conduct which seems a renewing of the heart, Satan may beguile men, saying, Peace, when there is none to be found; yet our Lord's words shall stand true, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you: let not your hearts be troubled, neither be ye afraid.” Did he ascend to heaven to prepare mansions for those who might never occupy them? If pardons once past are acts which may be repealed, how could he say of his people, “They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand: my Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hands”? How can angels rejoice when a sinner is converted, if his salvation still

hangs in dread suspense, and neither man nor angel can tell but that the bark which, with head turned to the harbour, comes bravely through the roaring sea, may, notwithstanding, strike on the treacherous bar, and be scattered in broken fragments on the beach? Thank God, the covenant is well ordered in all things and sure—"the gifts and calling of God are without repentance."

THE LESSON.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," is a clause in the Lord's prayer, which has in words its best comment in this parable, as it had a very striking one in fact in an event which I happened to witness,—and where the sentence "so likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother, their trespasses," was, so far as the judgment of the unseen world is ever anticipated in this, fearfully fulfilled. Between a mother and her daughter there had sprung up a serious quarrel. One house could not hold them. At length filial affection triumphed over pride; and swelling like a dammed up stream till it burst its barriers, nature resumed her course in the daughter's heart. She sought reconciliation. She repaired to her early home. No welcome met her at the door. She humbled herself to her mother, on bended knees imploring her forgiveness. She appealed to the bosom that had nursed her; but might as well have knocked on a coffin—there was no response. Nor, though imploring her by the mercies of God and entreating her to forgive as she desired to be forgiven, could I, called in as a peacemaker, bend that stubborn, iron will. By-and-bye, to this lonely home came another visitor. Death, who would not be denied admittance, arrived—summoning her to a bar where they shall have judgment without mercy who have shown no mercy. Called to her dying bed on a night dark, and starless, and stormy, I found the scene within darker than that without. On the floor of the dim and dreary chamber stood a group of pale, trembling, terror-stricken attendants. Death had his victim by the throat; and, with the coldest, cruellest hand of the two, despair had her by the heart. The Bible was there, the offers of mercy there, but no hope—there was no delirium, but the deepest darkness—and, after setting her sins and the Saviour before her, holding up the cross and Christ crucified to her dying eye, I shall never forget, on bending down to ask if she had any hope, the shadow of a hope, the expression of that face. The candle, set

in a corner of the bed, shone full on her pallid, sunken, bloodless countenance, and her answer was to throw on me such a look as painters give to the faces of the damned—gnashing her teeth the while. I would not, in any case, claim the prerogative of the judge, nor attempt to raise the curtain which conceals the future; yet no wonder, as I left the scene with shaken nerves, that voices amid the shrieks and howlings of the tempest seemed to sound out these awful words, "There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

Teaching us not to make quarrels, but make them up, to be as ready to forgive others as God is to forgive us, and like him, though the offended, to make overtures of peace to the offender, this parable admits of a wider application. In attempting to heal the wounds and redress the wrongs of humanity, let us learn, from the servants who went and told their king, to tell God of the evils we cannot cure; and let those also who, given up to selfishness, are not touched by the miseries of others, learn that in other things as well as in matters of forgiveness, as they mete, it shall be meted to them. It sounds out this warning, Be pitiless and go unpitied—neglect man's wrongs, and have your own neglected—close your heart to the appeals of misery, and find God's heart closed against you—shut your door in the face of the wretched, and have heaven's shut sternly in your own—live in your selfishness, and die in your sins—be deaf to the wails of earth, and wail in hell—be a curse to man, and be accursed of God! Whether it be bane or blessing which we diffuse around us, let us rest assured that there is a mysterious tide circling in the government of God as shall, here or hereafter, bring back to us the bread which we have cast upon the waters. It shall return. As men sow, they shall reap. By an infallible decree, they shall have judgment without mercy who have shown no mercy; while those who, Christ-like, go about doing good, forgiving such as wrong them, helping such as need, pitying such as suffer, seeking to save others from sin as well as succour them in sorrow, shall, Christ-like also, on leaving the world, go to the Father. Blessed are the merciful, says our Lord, for they shall obtain mercy. Renewed in his image and born again of his Spirit, they are children of God—and so the poet sings:

"But deep this truth impress'd my mind,
Of all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind,
That most resembles God."



A PLEA FOR THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

No. III.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I MUST begin my present paper with two explanations.

The first explanation relates to a mistake of mine in a matter of fact. In my last paper I cited Numbers xii. 2, as a passage where the adverb "only" preceded its verb, whereas by the common rule it ought to have followed it. "Hath the Lord only spoken by Moses?" In thus citing it, I fell into a trap which I ought to have been careful, and generally am careful, to avoid. The words stand thus in that most useful, but most inaccurate book, "Cruden's Concordance," where the citations are often made from memory, and sometimes indeed in a paraphrase more or less free. In the text of the English version the words stand, "Hath the Lord spoken only by Moses?" *i. e.*, in accordance with the ordinary rule. This may serve to teach us how necessary it is for a writer never to cite without reference to the original source of the citation.

My second explanation will be a very short one, and will lead on to the subject-matter of my essay. In speaking of the words "honor" and "favor," spelt without the *u* in the final syllable, I quoted Archdeacon Hare's remark, that "he hoped they would henceforth be confined to the cards of the great vulgar." But my Censor has found them thus spelt in an edition of my own poems, and, in his exultation at that discovery, he observes that something is said in the preface to that edition about some of those poems having been published in America, but does not apprehend how this circumstance accounts for my having retained the transatlantic spelling. I think, if he had noticed what is really said in the preface, his mind would have been satisfied on this point. What I there state is this: "an edition was printed a few years since in America, a portion of which has been brought over to England, and forms the nucleus of the present edition. This will suffice to account for a few specimens of transatlantic orthography, for which the author must not be accounted responsible." It will be observed that I distinctly disclaim any sanction of these mis-spellings, on the ground of that portion of the volume having been "*printed*,"—not, as my Censor quotes it, "*published*," in America, and beyond my own control.

Having given these explanations, which seemed to be necessary, I will not trouble my readers with any more matters of personal controversy. Abundance of material for the present paper has been furnished both by my own observation and by correspondents, and I will at once enter on its treatment, and confine myself to it.

In speaking of words ending in "our," we described them as mostly having come to us from the Latin in "or," through the French in "eur." It

has been observed that this is not the case with some words involved in the "or" and "our" question. One of these is "*neighbour*." This has come from the German "*nachbar*;" and it is therefore urged, that an exception should be made in its case to the ending with *our*, and it should be written "*neighbor*." I am afraid the answer must be, that English custom has ruled the practice the other way, and has decided the matter for us. We do not follow rule in spelling the other words, but custom. We write *senator*, *orator*, *governor*, in spite of the French *senateur*, *orateur*, *gouverneur*. If we once begin reforming our spelling on rule, we ought to be consistent, and to carry our principles throughout. It is only the maintenance of our national custom and usage for which a reasonable man can plead. We have no Academy to settle such things for us: and as long as *neighbour* is universally spelt in England with a *u*, I fear we must be content to conform, even though it appear to have been first so spelt by those who forgot its derivation. It is when custom is various, and some rule is needed to decide which is right, that I have advocated the application of rules, in order to that decision. In the case of another word thus variously spelt, *control*, the rule is plain, and general usage conforms to it. *Control* never acquired any right to be spelt with a "*u*." It comes from the French *controle*, *i. e.*, *contre-rolé*: and the original meaning is still found in the name "*Controller*," when applied to finance: *i. e.*, an officer whose duty it is to keep a counter-roll, or check on the accounts of others. It seems also clear, from this account of the word, that it ought not to be spelt *comptroller*, as it frequently is, but *controller*.

With regard to one word of the class under consideration, *tenor*, it has been alleged that it bears different senses, according as we spell it with or without the final *u*: *tenour* signifying the character, or complexion, or drift of a course of action or speaking; and *tenor* signifying the part in music. But I can find no such distinction observed, either by writers, or by the compilers of our dictionaries. Some dictionaries give *tenor* for both, some *tenour*; and with regard to usage, the distinction attempted to be set up is certainly not observed. Sir Philip Sydney, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Waterland, Locke, all use *tenor* in the sense of the constant mode, or manner of continuity, as may be seen in the dictionaries. The distinction is observed in French, but never appears to have been made a point of in English: and the word thus remains in the same predicament as the rest of those in this class—subject to be varied this way or that, according to prevailing usage.

Sometimes our acknowledged English custom in

spelling seems to defy all rule. How does it stand, for instance, with those words ending in *-ent* and *-ant*, derived from the participles of Latin verbs? Some of these follow rule, others depart from it. The first conjugation of Latin verbs, forming its participle in *-ans*, genitive *-antis*, gives rise to a set of derivatives in our language which keep constant to the termination *-ant*. We have *abundant*, *reluctant*, *exuberant*, *remonstrant*, *recusant*, *recalcitrant*, and the rest. But in the case of the second, third, and fourth Latin conjugations, forming their participles in *-ens*, genitive *-entis*, the derivatives have not kept steady to the original type. In the greater number of cases, they follow it: in some, usage varies; in a few, they have rejected the primitive form, and have adopted the *-ant*. We always write *different* and *diference*; indeed the derivative *differential* seems to fix these forms on us, as *transcendental* fixes *transcendent*. *Dependent* and *dependant* seem to be written indifferently. But *defendant* and *attendant* are universal. In some cases, the rules of pronunciation have kept the *-ent* unvaried. Take, for instance, those derivatives from Latin verbs ending in *-esco*,—*crescent*, *quiescent*, *acquiescence*, *arborescent*: and such words as *detergent*, *emergency*. In all these, the substitution of a *f* for *e* would change the soft sound of the preceding consonant into a hard one: we should be obliged to say *crescant*, *detergant*, &c.

A sentence in my first paper gave great offence to the supporters of phonetic spelling. I had imagined that this endeavour to substitute irrational for rational spelling had entirely failed, and died away; and I expressed myself accordingly. It appears that it is still going on, and that the "Phonetic Journal," its organ, has attained a circulation of 1000: no very large figure, certainly, considering the number of years during which the movement has existed. I have stated the fact as I was requested to do: but I cannot change my opinion either as to the character or as to the prospects of the movement. Its character may be in some measure illustrated by the view which its promoters seem to take of the facts of etymology. Enclosed in a letter of remonstrance to me was a copy of a reprint by them of Dean Swift's burlesque, in which he facetiously proves that the Greek and Latin tongues were derived from the English, making out that *Andromache* was *Andrew Mackay*, and the like. Here is a rich specimen. "Alexander the Great was very fond of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard he was come to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under-officers, 'All eggs under the grate,' which, repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think it was that prince's real name, and they therefore gave him no other: and posterity has been ever since under the same delusion." Now it is one thing to write or to enjoy a joke, and another to use it with a view to an ulterior purpose. It is natural that those who are obliterating the traces of the historical formation of the language, should

endeavour to cast ridicule on etymologists; but it is not easy to say why they should have republished Swift's squib, if, as they profess, their system tends to preserve the history of the language, and not to efface it. And as to the future, I cannot bring myself to believe that the system will ever prevail generally among English writers. It is perfectly allowable to devise every means by which a shorthand writer, whose object is to note down with all speed what he hears, may be enabled to abridge his work. Let him by all means set at nought conventional spelling, and use what symbols he finds most convenient for the sounds expressed by combined letters. But our object is not expeditious writing only, nor is it easy spelling, nor uniformity in expressing the same sounds. We employ, in writing, an instrument which has been adapted to our use by nearly sixty centuries; which bears on it the marks of many a conflict of thought and belief; whose very uncertainties and anomalies are records of our intercourse with other nations, and of the agglomeration of our mingled English people. You may gain, with no great trouble, uniformity of spelling and pronunciation according to spelling; but you will do it at the sacrifice of far more than the gain is worth. A smooth front of stucco may be a comely thing for those that like it, but very few sensible men will like it, if they know that in laying it on, we are proposing to obliterate the roughnesses, and mixture of styles, and traces of architectural transition, from the venerable front of an ancient cathedral. I have fulfilled my promise to my phonetic correspondent, and announced that my former statement was not correct. I can only say I am sorry for it, and express a hope that it may not be long before the result then anticipated is fully accomplished.*

Ought the district over which a bishop has ecclesiastical jurisdiction to be spelt *diocese*, or *diocess*? The latter form is found in some of our older writers, and is by some retained in our own days. The "Times" newspaper seems pertinaciously to adhere to it. I have observed in letters inserted and extracts given, the spelling is even altered to this form. But there is really no justification for it. It seems to have come from the Norman-French *diocisse*; but the derivation of the word, as well as the usage of the great majority of English writers, fix the spelling the other way. The word is derived from the Greek "*diokēsis*," with the "eta" or long *e* in the last syllable but one; and ought no more to be spelt *diocess*, than *cheese* ought to be spelt *chess*.

Very nearly related to questions concerning spelling are those which affect the way of writing words with regard to contraction, the position of

* Since writing the above I am informed by a phonetic correspondent, that there is serious division in the camp of the reformers of spelling: the gentleman who is regarded by one party as the apostle of the reform, being looked on by the other as the great obstacle in its way!

the apostrophe, the writing of the plural of compound names, &c.

We will begin with the last-mentioned of these. Which of these two is right—the *Misses Brown*, or the *Miss Browns*? For the former it may be said, that *Brown* is the name of the whole species, and that the young ladies, being individuals of that species, are *Misses*; for the latter, that each of the young ladies being *Miss-Brown*, the whole taken together, or any two or more, are *Miss-Browns*. So that either way is justifiable. Usage is all but universal in favour of the latter in conversation. We say we met the *Miss Browns*, not the *Misses Brown*. But we can hardly justify this, our colloquial practice, if we bring in *Mrs. Brown*, and say we met *Mrs. and the Miss Browns*. For, by enumerating thus first the individuals, and then the species, we bind ourselves to the former way of spelling. The sentence, as I have last given it, is inaccurate; because it really says that we met *Mrs. and the Miss Browns*; i. e., one *Mrs.* and one *celebrated Miss*, rejoicing in the name of, not *Brown*, but *Browns*. If we had wished to keep to the ordinary colloquial usage in this case also, we ought to have said that we met *Mrs. Brown and the Miss Browns*.

A dispute was referred to me by the compositors of a certain journal, as to whether we ought to write *Messrs. Jacksons works* with the apostrophe before the final "s" in *Jacksons*, or after it: in other words—for it comes to the same—whether, in speaking of the firm, we ought to say *Messrs. Jackson*, or *Messrs. Jacksons*. You will observe, that this question has in fact already been answered, in our consideration of the last. By using the plural appellative *Messieurs*, we have already adopted the "*Misses Brown*" form. Each member of the firm is *Mr. Jackson*: we may regard the whole firm, if we will, as made up of *Mr. Jacksons*. But in speaking of the firm as a whole, we use the other form, and say the *Messrs. Jackson*. It is plain that we have no right to mix both forms together, and to say the *Messrs. Jacksons*, with both names in the plural. So that, the practice of the commercial world having bound us to speak of the *Messrs. Jackson*, when we speak of *Messrs. Jacksons works*, the apostrophe or sign of the genitive case ought to come before the final s (*Messrs. Jackson's works*), and not after it (*Messrs. Jacksons' works*). The example by which the other side in the dispute defended their view, was ingeniously chosen, but did not apply. They urged that in writing "*nine months imprisonment*," the apostrophe is put, not before, but after, the final s in *months*. Certainly: because we cannot say, and never do say, *nine month*: whereas we can and do always say, *Messrs. Jackson*.

We are led on by our last paragraph to say something about this same apostrophe itself. First, what is it? what does it mean? When I speak of "*the senator*" in one sentence, and of "*the senator's son*" in another, what has happened to the word

senator in becoming *senator's*, with the apostrophe? The question was at one time answered by saying that "*the senator's son*" was an abbreviation of "*the senator his son*." And you may remember that the prayer for all conditions of men in our Common Prayer Book ends with the words "*for Christ his sake*." But more attention showed that this was an erroneous view of the matter. It failed to account for all feminine genitives: "*your wife's father*" cannot be "*your wife his father*:" and for all plural genitives; "*the children's bread*" cannot be "*the children his bread*." More attention showed that the s preceded by the apostrophe is an abbreviation of the added syllable "*is*," marking the possessive or genitive case. Thus "*the senator's son*" in English answers to *senatoris filius* in Latin.

But if the *senator's son*, with an apostrophe between the r and s, signifies *the son of the senator*, how am I to express in a similar form *the sons of the senators*? in other words, what becomes of the apostrophe when we want to make a possessive case in the plural? We have no inflexion, as in *senatorum filii*, by which it can be expressed. Can we use the final *-is* to mark the possessive in the plural as we do in the singular? It would seem to a Latin scholar absurd so to do, yet we do it: we have already cited *the children's bread*. But most of our plural nouns end in s; and to them we do not superadd another s with the apostrophe, but indicate its omission by simply putting the apostrophe after the plural noun. We say "*the senators' sons*:" "*the senators' sons' wives*:" "*the senators' sons' wives' fathers*." I mention this, not to inform any one of so well known a practice, but because it gives rise to a few cases in which there is some difficulty. The reason of the usage may be, that we may avoid the occurrence of the two sibilant letters together. This seems likely, because we extend it to other words ending in s, or in a sound like s, though they may not be plural. Thus we say, "*for thy goodness' sake*," meaning, *for the sake of thy goodness*: in which case the word "*goodness*" ought plainly to be written with the apostrophe after it. Thus, too, we should say "*for patience' sake*," meaning *for the sake of patience*; and, again, we ought to put the apostrophe after "*patience*."

But we are not consistent in this. If we were speaking of a person named *Patience*, we should say "*Patience's father is here*:" and we form the possessive cases of *James*, and *Thomas*, and *Charles*, not by the mere apostrophe, but by the apostrophe with the s. "*Thomas is Charles's son*: *James is Thomas's son*; therefore *Charles is James's grandfather*."

I mentioned in my first paper the mistake frequently seen of writing the s of the plural with an apostrophe before it, as "*Pip's and gig's to let*." But a correspondent reminds me that at one time this used to be, among literary men, the usual way of writing the plural. In the "*Spectator*," Addison writes "*Purcell's opera's*" with an apostrophe before the "s." And we find "*the making of grotto's*"

mentioned as a favourite employment of ladies in that day.

Occasionally this apostrophe before the "s" in plurals is adopted to avoid an awkward, incongruous appearance: as in another instance from the "Spectator," given by my correspondent, where Addison speaks of the way in which some people use "their *who's* and their *whiches*." Certainly "*whos*" would be an awkward-looking word, and so would "*whoos*." It would seem as if we were compelled to admit the intruder in these cases: for without it how should we ever be able to express in writing that people drop their *h's*, or omit to dot their *i's* and cross their *t's*? But if we do, we must carefully bar the gate again, and refuse to tolerate his presence in any plurals where he is not absolutely required.

There seems to be a liability to error in the formation of some plurals themselves. The words "*attorney*" and "*money*" are often made into "*attornies*" and "*monies*" in the plural. This is of course wrong: we might as well turn the singular "*key*" into a plural " *kies*." And this is not a case of rule against usage: for all our better and more careful writers use the right plurals, viz., "*attorneys*" and "*moneys*."

I have observed, on the part of our advertising post-house keepers, a strange reluctance to give the proper plural of *fly*, used to denote a vehicle. Where we do not see *fly's*, we commonly find "*flies*" instead, and very rarely indeed "*flies*," the obvious and only legitimate plural: the reason apparently being that there is a fear of a ludicrous meaning being suggested by the word. But if we do not think of the insect when we see "*fly*" in the singular, why should the plural form necessarily raise the thought in our minds?

I have but little to say in the present paper on the subject of pronunciation.

There is a very offensive vulgarity, most common in the midland counties, but found more or less almost everywhere: giving what should be the sound of the *u* in certain words as if it were *oo*: calling "*duty*," *dooty*; "*Tuesday*," *Toosday*; reading to us that the clouds drop down the *doo*; exhorting us "*dooty* to do the *dooties* that are *doo* from us;" asking to be allowed to see the "*noos-paper*." And this is not from incapacity to utter the sound, for though many of these people call "*new*," *noo*, no one ever yet called "*few*" *foo*; but it arises from defective education, or from gross carelessness.

There are two words, the pronunciation of the former of which can easily be settled, whereas that of the latter seems to defy all settlement.

How are we to call the Christian poet who spells his name *C-o-u-p-e-r*? He himself has decided this for us. He makes his name rhyme to *trooper*. We must therefore call him *Coo-per*, not *Cow-per*; seeing that a man's own usage is undeniably the rule for the pronunciation of his own name.

The other word also brings into question the

"*coo*" and "*cow*," but without any such chance of a settlement. It is the agreeable but somewhat indigestible gourd spelt *c-u-c-u-m-b-e-r*. Is it to be *coo-cumber*? *cow-cumber*? or *kew-cumber*? The point is one warmly debated: so warmly in certain circles, that when I had a house full of pupils, we were driven to legislation on it, merely to keep the peace of the household. Whenever the unfortunate word occurred at table, which was almost every day during the summer months, a fierce fray invariably set in. At last we abated the nuisance by enacting, that in future the debatable first syllable should be dropped, and the article be called for under the undebatable name of "*cumber*." Perhaps, of the three, the strongest claim might be set up for *kew*, or *Q-cumber*: seeing that the Latin name, *cucumis*, can hardly by English lips be otherwise pronounced.

I now come to that which must form the principal part of my paper,—some notes on the usage of words and construction of sentences. And let me premise, in order to prevent mistakes, that my object in these papers is not to lay down nor to exemplify mere rules of grammar,—though of course the consideration of such rules must often come before us,—but to illustrate the usages and tendencies of our common language, as matter of fact, by the discussion of questions arising out of doubtful words and phrases. One of the most interesting subjects connected with a language is its tendencies,—the currents, so to speak, which set in for or against certain modes of speech or thought. These are to be discovered in all languages, and in none more notably than our own. We are a mixed race, and our tongue everywhere bears traces of the fact. We have gone through more crises of religious and political strife than most nations, and thought and speech have ever been freer in England than in other countries. From these, and from other circumstances, the English language has become more idiomatic than most others; and the tendency is still going on among us to set aside accurate grammatical construction, and to speak rather according to idiom than according to rule. Let me explain myself: and to this end let me say something about that which is known as the *idiom* of a language, as distinguished from strictness of grammatical construction. This word "*idiom*" is derived from the Greek, and properly signifies a thing or habit peculiar to one person or set of persons, and forming an exception to general rules. Our usage of the term has confined this its meaning in English to matters of language. When we speak of an idiom, we mean some saying, or some way of speaking, peculiar to some one language or family of languages, which can only be accounted for by the peculiar tendency, or habit of thought, of those who use it. When we say that a phrase is *idiomatical*, we mean that it bears this character.

Now let us see to what this amounts. Such expressions, if judged by strict rules, will commonly fail to satisfy them. In so far as they are idiomatical,

they are departures from the beaten track of that grammatical construction, or that logical analogy, which is common to all languages. For the rules of grammar and of logic, being dependent not on local usage, but on the constitution of the human mind, are common to all nations. And when any nation sets up, so to speak, for itself, and indulges in the peculiarities which we call idioms, it takes a course which these general rules do not justify.

Let us show this by some examples. It is the habit of modern European nations to avoid the second person singular in addressing individuals. Some languages use the second person plural instead: some, the third person. The English, French, and others say "you" for "thou:" the Germans, and those cognate to them, say "they" for "thou." These are the idioms or idiomatic usages of those languages respectively. Every one speaking any of those languages must use the idiomatic expression, or he would render himself ridiculous. But if we judge such expressions by strict rules, they cannot be defended. It cannot be correct to address one person as if he were many: it cannot be correct to look at and address one person as if he were not present, and, being absent, were more than one. We all know this: notwithstanding we do not criticise and carp at every such usage, but simply acquiesce in it as being the common custom.

Let us take another instance. Some languages are more elliptical than others: that is, the habits of thought of some nations will bear the omission of certain members of a sentence better than the habits of thought of other nations. In English we should say, "At the Equinox the sun rises at six and sets at six." But if we were speaking in French, we should say, "At the Equinox, the sun rises at six hours of the morning, and sets at six hours of the evening." Now here there is no doubt that the Frenchman has the advantage in fulness and propriety of expression. Any one disposed to cavil at our English sentence, and to treat it as you have seen some of my sentences treated, might say, "rises at six and sets at six! Six what? Six miles, or six minutes, or six occasions?" But we do not in practice thus cavil, because we are in the enjoyment of common sense, and we are prepared, in the daily use of our language, to omit that which the thought would naturally supply.

One more example. In English, our common mode of salutation to one another is, "How d'ye do?" Now of course we all understand, that in this phrase we use the verb "do" in a neuter sense: in the same sense which it bears in the reply of the disciples concerning Lazarus: "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." But suppose a person were to insist on this usage being carried throughout our converse, and to make it an objection to the question "How d'ye do?" that one cannot say in the same sense, "I went to see A, or B, and he did well." We should at once reply, if we thought on the matter, that while the verb admits of being thus used in certain tenses,

and in certain connexions, it does not admit of being thus used in certain other tenses, and in certain other connexions; and that the account to be given of this is, that the English people will have it so: it is an idiom, or arbitrary usage, of their language.

The capricious character of idiomatic usage is admirably illustrated by this very example. For though it is admissible to say, "I went to see A, or B, and he was doing well," the words would not carry the sense that I was able to say to him "How d'ye do?" and he to reply, "Very well, thank you;" but would convey the impression that he had lately met with an accident, and was going on favourably.

Some idiomatic expressions seem to defy any attempt to give a satisfactory account of them. Take the phrase "*methinks*." It is believed to have arisen from a strange impersonal use of the verb, and the transposition of the pronoun, which should come after it. We have the similar phrase, "*me-seems*," which can more easily be resolved: viz., into "*it seems to me*." That this is the account to be given of both appears plain, seeing in both cases we find in use the other and more formal third person, "*me-thinketh*" and "*me-seemeth*." But what an expression to come under the ferule of the strict grammarian!

I may now proceed to make use of these remarks to clear up some misunderstandings respecting a matter treated in my first paper, and to carry what was there said somewhat further. When I treated of such expressions as "*It is me*," "*I knew it to be him*," and the like, I was not maintaining that they were grammatically correct. They may or may not be. It is in most of these cases not easy to decide, however ready persons may be with strong assertions and hard words on the subject. But this was not my point. All I said amounted to this: I urged that they have well-nigh become idiomatic, and I attempted to account for the fact by certain tendencies in the popular mind.

It may astonish some of my critics and correspondents to hear, that Dr. Latham, in his admirable book on the English language, has gone thoroughly into the expression "*it is me*," and justified it, not on idiomatic grounds only, but on grammatical also. He has shown that "*me*" is not the objective case of "*I*," which latter is indeclinable; but is an independent personal pronoun by itself, and is as much nominative as accusative. "We ought not," he says, "to be required to say '*it is I*,' in English, any more than '*c'est je*' in French." Both languages have retained the ancient form of the personal pronoun: the English, in this and some other commonly used phrases; the French, far more generally. You must say "*c'est moi*" in French; you may say "*it is I*," or "*it is me*" in English.

I might also have adduced, in favour of the tendency to avoid joining the pronoun of the first person with a proposition in the third person, that when the Greeks, Latins, Germans, Italians, and

Spaniards, want to say "*it is I,*" they alter the form of the proposition and say, "*I am it,*" or "*I am.*" The outcry raised by some of my critics and correspondents might have been spared if they had taken the pains to observe, that I was not defending an ungrammatical sentence, but merely stating the fact that the tendency to make it idiomatic was very general, and endeavouring to account for that tendency by referring it to a well-known habit of thought.

Let another thing also be remembered. We must distinguish between the English which we speak, and that which we write. Many expressions are not only tolerated but required in conversation, which are not usually put on paper. Thus, for instance, every one says "*can't*" for *cannot*, "*won't*" for *will not*, "*isn't*" for *is not*, in conversation; but we seldom see these contractions in books, except where a conversation is related. This is a difference which the foreigner is generally slow in apprehending. He says "*I will not,*" "*I cannot,*" "*I must not,*" "*I shall not,*" "*I am,*" "*they are,*" and often may be detected by his precision in these matters, even after he has mastered the pronunciation and construction of our language. This difference between our spoken and our written language should always be borne in mind when we are treating of expressions commonly found in colloquial English. Many, perhaps, in judging of them, bring them to the test of the stricter rule of written composition, to which they are not fairly amenable.

Let me further illustrate the tendency of nations by another usage not so nearly become idiomatical, and certainly not to be recommended, but still almost inevitable, and sometimes found in the talk of us all. I mean the expression "*these*" or "*those kind of things.*" Of course we all see that this is incorrect and indefensible. We ought to say "*this kind of things,*" "*that kind of things.*" Now, seeing that we all know this, and yet are all sometimes betrayed into the inaccuracy, it becomes an interesting inquiry, as it was in the other case, why this should be so. And here my readers must excuse me if I go to a dead language for my illustration—not, mind, for my reason: the reason will be found in the laws of thought: but it will be best illustrated by citing the usage of that language in which, more than in any other, the laws of thought have found their expression.

In the Greek language there is an idiomatic usage called *attraction*. It may be thus described. If an important noun in a sentence is in a certain case, say the genitive or dative, a relative pronoun referring to it is put in the same case, though by the construction of the sentence it ought to be in another. Thus, if I consented to put into Greek the sentence, "*I gave it to the man whom I saw,*" the relative pronoun "*whom*" would not be in the accusative case, as it ought to be, governed by the verb "*saw,*" but in the same case as "*man,*" viz., dative, and the sentence would be roughly represented, as far as

the mere form of it is concerned, by the English, "*I gave it to the man to whom I saw.*"

Now, in the inaccurate way of speaking, of which I treat, it is evident that this same tendency to draw the less important word into similarity to the more important one, is supposed to prevail over grammatical exactness. We are speaking of "*things*" in the plural. Our pronoun, "*this,*" really has reference to "*kind,*" not to "*things;*" but the fact of "*things*" being plural, gives a plural complexion to the whole, and we are tempted to put "*this*" into the plural. That this is the account to be given of the inaccuracy, appears still more plainly from the fact that not unfrequently we find a rival attraction prevails, and the clause takes a *singular* complexion from the other substantive, "*kind.*" We often hear people say "*this kind of thing,*" "*that sort of thing.*" It must be confessed that the phrases, "*this kind of things,*" "*that sort of things,*" have a very awkward sound; and it may be one of those cases where, ultimately, the inaccuracy will be adopted into the language.

One word on "*this*" and "*that,*" as we pass onward. "*This*" and "*these*" refer to persons and things present, or under immediate consideration; "*that*" and "*those*" to persons and things not present nor under immediate consideration; or if either of these, one degree further removed than the others of which are used "*this*" and "*these.*" We find this rule sometimes curiously violated in conversation and in writing. I have a Scottish friend who always designates the book which he has in his hand as "*that book;*" the portfolio of drawings which he is turning over as "*those drawings.*" We have this usage in England, but it carries another meaning. If I have a book in my hand, and say "*that book will make a great sensation,*" I mean to remove my own and my hearer's attention from the particular volume, or even the present consideration of its contents, and to describe it in its general, and as it were historical, effect on the world. The oddest departure from the common usage of "*this*" and "*that,*" which I remember to have observed, was in a notice which I repeatedly saw this summer posted on houses in Devonshire, "*Those houses to let,*" "*That house for sale.*"

Confusion sometimes arises in our language from the treble meaning of "*that,*" which, with us, is a demonstrative pronoun, a relative pronoun, and a conjunction. It is possible to use six "*thats*" consecutively in the same sentence. Take the sentence, "He said, that the meaning which the report which that man told him had been thought to mean, was more than had been intended." Here I have already "*that,*" conjunction; and I may express "*the meaning*" by "*that,*" demonstrative pronoun; "*which*" by "*that,*" relative pronoun; "*the report*" by "*that,*" demonstrative pronoun; "*which*" again by "*that,*" relative pronoun; and then I end with "*that man,*" "*that*" being, in this last case, again a demonstrative pronoun. So that I get the foregoing sentence, with, as I said, six

"*that*" occurring consecutively:—"He said, *that that that that that* man told him had been thought to mean, was more than had been intended."

From this threefold import of the word, it sometimes is not apprehended which of its meanings it bears in a given sentence. Ps. xc. 4, in the prayer-book version runs thus—"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that is past, as a watch in the night." Here, of course, *that* is the demonstrative pronoun, and refers to "*yesterday*," which has just been spoken of, and it ought, in reading, to have a certain emphasis laid on it. But not unfrequently we hear it read in the responses of the congregation, as if it were the conjunction: "Seeing that is past as a watch in the night." I remember having some trouble in curing our choristers at Canterbury of singing it thus.

What are we to think of the very common expressions, "*this much*," "*that much*?" We continually hear and read, "This much I know," "Of that much I am certain," and the like. It might be supposed at first sight that this way of speaking was indefensible. "*Much*" is an adjective of quantity, and requires, in order to define it, not a pronoun, but an adverb. We may say *very much*, *pretty much* (where "*pretty*") is used in its colloquial adverbial sense of *tolerably*, *moderately*), *as much*, *so much*, or *thus much*; but from such a view it would appear that we must not say "*this much*," or "*that much*." Still may not another view be taken? High, deep, long, broad, are adjectives of measure; but we may say *a foot high*, *a yard long*, *an ell broad*. And if we choose to designate with the hand, or otherwise, the measure of a foot, yard, or ell, we may substitute the demonstrative pronoun for the substantive, and say with precisely the same construction of the sentence, "*this high*," "*this long*," "*that broad*." Now how is this with "*much*?" If I may use *this* and *that* to point out the extent of length, height, and breadth which I want to indicate, why not also to point out the extent of *quantity* which I want to indicate? When I say "*Of this much I am certain*," I indicate by the pronoun *this*, something which I am about to state, and which is the extent of my certainty. When I say "*That much I knew before*," I indicate by the pronoun "*that*" the piece of intelligence which my friend supposed to be new to me. But, it may be replied, I might have said, "*Of this I am certain*," "*That I knew before*." True; but then I should express nothing as to the extent of my certainty or previous knowledge. I believe both expressions to be correct; not so elegant perhaps as "*Thus much*," but at the same time more fitted for colloquial use.

There is one use of *that* which is quite indefensible, and, indeed, is not found except as a provincialism. I mention it, because some might suppose that what I have said might be cited in defence of it likewise. I mean, when it is used as a qualifying word with adjectives not denoting extent, and when itself must be explained by "*to that extent*."

I have heard in the midland and eastern counties, "I was *that ill*, that I could not go to work:" "He was *that drunk*, that he didn't know what he was about."

It will be well to attempt some explanation of the usages of "*who*" and "*which*," especially in our older writers. It may, perhaps, serve to clear up a matter which may have perplexed some, and to show that there is reason and meaning where all has appeared confusion and caprice. The common modern distinction between these two forms of the relative pronoun is, that "*who*" is used of persons, "*which*" of things. And this, if borne in mind, will guide us safely throughout. It may be well to notice that what I am about to say does not apply to colloquial English; indeed, hardly to modern English at all: for this reason, that now we do not commonly use either the one or the other of these pronouns, but make the more convenient one, "*that*," do duty for both. We do not say, "the man *who* met me," nor "the cattle *which* I saw grazing," but "the man *that* met me," "the cattle *that* I saw." We must take care, however, to remember that *which* was not always accounted the neuter of *who*, nor is it so in grammar. Dr. Latham says: "To follow the ordinary grammarians, and to call *which* the neuter of *who*, is a blunder. It is no neuter at all, but a compound word." It is made up of *who* and *like*: and this he shows by tracing it through the various Gothic and German forms, till we come to the Scottish *whilk* and the English *which*.

Both *who* and *which* are in our older writers used of persons. When this is so, is there any distinction in meaning, and if so, what is it?

I think we shall find that the composition of the word *which*, out of *who* and *like*, will in some measure guide us to the answer, and I think, without presuming to say that every case may be thus explained, that the general account of the two ways is this: "*who*" merely identifies, whereas "*which*" classifies. Let us quote in illustration one of the most important and well-known instances. If, in the solemn address, "Our Father *which* art in heaven," "*who*" had been used instead, then we should have been taught to express only the fact that HE, whom we address as our Father, dwelleth in heaven. But as the sentence is now written, as I understand it, we are taught to express the fact that the relation of Father in which He stands to us is not an earthly but a heavenly one; that whereas there is a fatherhood which is on earth, His is a fatherhood which is in heaven. And herein I believe that our translators have best followed the mind of Him who gave us the prayer. The bare construction of the clause in the original does not determine for us whether the relative pronoun applies to the person only of Him whom we address, or to His title of Father. But from our Lord's own use so frequently of the term "your heavenly Father," I think they were right in fixing the reference to the relationship, rather than to the person only.

One word with regard to the colloquial contractions which I have mentioned. We occasionally hear some made use of, which cannot be defended. For instance, "*I ain't certain*," "*I ain't going*." This latter, in the past tenses, degenerates still further into the mere vulgarism, "*I warn't going*." This last is heard *only* as a vulgarism: but the other two are not infrequently used by educated persons. The main objection to them is, that they are proscribed by usage; but exception may also be taken to them on their own account. A contraction must surely retain some trace of the resolved form from which it is abbreviated. What then is "*ain't*?" It can hardly represent "*am not*." What "*arn't*" is contracted from is very plain; it once was "*are not*," which, of course, cannot be constructed with the first person singular. The only legitimate colloquial contraction of "*I am not*," is "*I'm not*." "*I'm not going*;" "*I'm not quite sure*."

The same way of contracting is used in the case of "*are not*." It is usually contracted by attaching the verb to the personal pronoun, not by combining it with the negative particle. We say, "*You're not in time*," not "*you arn't*." "*They're not coming*," not "*they arn't*," or "*ain't*."

A few remarks may be made on the use in English of feminine substantives. Certain names of occupations and offices seem to require them, and others to forbid them. We say *emperor* and *empress*; but we do not, in the same sense, say *governor* and *governess*. In this latter case the feminine form has acquired a meaning of its own, and refuses to part with it. I remember, during the first weeks of our present Queen's reign, hearing a clergyman pray for "*Alexandrina*, our most gracious Queen and *governess*." Very many, indeed most names of occupations and offices, are common to both sexes; and it savours of pedantry to attempt, by adding the feminine termination, to attempt to make a difference. The description "*pilgrim*," for instance, may include both men and women; yet I saw the other day advertised, "*The Wanderings of a pilgrimness*," &c. "*Porter*" is another of these words. When we are told to apply to the porter, we are not surprised to see "her that keeps the gate" answer to our knock. But in many public establishments we see the "*portress*" announced as the person to whom we are to apply. I expect we shall soon see "*groceress* and *tea-dealeress*, and licensed *vendress* of stamps." A rule regarding the classification of both sexes together is sometimes forgotten. When both are spoken of under one head, the masculine appellation is used. Thus, though some of the European rulers may be females, when spoken of altogether, they may be correctly classified under the denomination "*kings*." It has been pointed out that Lord Bacon does this even in the case of two: "Ferdinand and Isabella, kings of Spain." This would hardly be said now; and in ordinary language, we should perhaps rather choose to call the European rulers *sovereigns*. But this is no

reason why the rule should be forgotten, nor why sentences, when it is observed, should be charged with incorrectness, or altered to suit modern ears. A correspondent writes that his clergyman, in the following sentence in the prayer for the Queen, in the Communion service, "We are taught that the hearts of kings are in Thy rule and governance," alters the word *kings* into *sovereigns*.

A correspondent writes: "Many, especially I think ladies, say, 'He is not as tall as his brother.' Am I not right in saying that after a negative 'so' should be used—'He is not so tall as his brother'?" Such certainly appears to be the usage of our language, however difficult it may be to account for it. We say, "one way of speaking is as good as the other;" but when we deny this proposition, we are obliged to say, "one way of speaking is not so good as the other." *So* cannot be used in the affirmative proposition, nor *as* in the negative. Change the form of the sentence into one less usual and still allowable, the one way of speaking is equally good with the other, and the same adverb will serve for both affirmative and negative: "the one is equally good with the other;" "the one is not equally good with the other."

A question has been asked about the expressions "*I had rather*," "*I had as soon*," or "*as lief*." What is the "*had*" in these sentences? Is it really part of the verb "*have*" at all? If it is, how do we explain it? We cannot use "*to have rather*" in any other tense: it is no recognised phrase in our language. And therefore it has been suggested, that the expression "*I had rather*" has originated with erroneous filling up of the abbreviated *I'd rather*, which is short not for *I had rather*, but *I would rather*. "*I would rather be*" is good English, because "*I would be*" is good English; but "*I had rather be*" is not good English, because "*I had be*" is not good English.

I am now going to speak of a combination of words which is so completely naturalised, that it would be vain to protest against it, or even to attempt to disuse it one's self. I mean, the joining together of a present and a past participle, as we do when we say "*The letter was being written*," "*The dinner is being cooked*." Such combinations were, I believe, not used by our best and most careful writers, until a comparatively recent date. The old and correct way of expressing what is meant by these phrases was, "*The letter was in writing*," or "*was writing*;" "*The dinner was cooking*:" the verbs being used in a neuter sense. The objection to "*being written*" for "*in the process of writing*," is this,—that "*written*" is a past participle, indicating a finished act. When I say "*I have written a letter*," I mean I have by me, or have as my act accomplished, a letter written. So that "*being written*" properly means, existing in a state of completion. "*My letter being written, I put it in the post*." But, strictly speaking, we cannot use the combination to signify an *incomplete* action. Still, as I have said, the inaccuracy has crept into the

language, and is now found everywhere, in speech and in writing. The only thing we can do in such a case is to avoid it, where it can be avoided without violation of idiom, or giving harshness to the sentence.

Complaint is made of the growing practice of using the word "*replace*," to signify just the opposite of its real meaning. "Lord Derby went out of office, and was *replaced* by Lord Palmerston." This, as now used, conveys the meaning, *was succeeded by* Lord Palmerston. But put the sentence before our grandfathers, and they would have understood it to mean that Lord Derby went out of office, and Lord Palmerston *put him in again*; he was *replaced* by Lord Palmerston. I need not say that the usage is borrowed from that of the French "*remplacer*." But there is this difference, that the French verb does not mean to *replace*, in our sense, nor has it in its derivation anything to do with "*replace*," but is "*remplir la place*," "*to fill the place*," and thus has for its proper meaning that which it is now attempted to give the English word *replace*. Lord Derby went out of office, and was *remplacé*, i. e., *his place was filled*, by Lord Palmerston; but he was not *replaced*, i. e., *put back again*, by his rival.

The "*enclosure*" of a letter, what is it? Is it that which *encloses* the letter, viz., the envelope? or is it something *enclosed in* the letter, as a dried flower, or a lock of hair? or is it something *enclosed with* the letter, as another letter of the same size, or a map or plan of a larger size?

Strictly speaking, I suppose the noun is an abstract one, signifying *the act of enclosing*, as *exposure* means *the act of exposing*. In this sense we might say "the *enclosure* of letters in envelopes, before the penny postage was established, incurred the payment of double postage." Then, when we pass from the abstract to the concrete use of the word, i. e., use it to signify not the act of enclosing, but something which is the instrument, or object, or result of that act, the question arises, ought it to signify the thing *enclosing*, or the thing *enclosed*? There are examples both ways. *Cincture* is properly the act of girding. A *cincture* is the thing which girds, not the thing which is girded. But on the other hand, a *fissure* is the rift produced by cleaving, not the thing which cleaves it. There seems no reason why *enclosure* may not be used in both senses, that which encloses, and that which is enclosed. We may say of sheep in a fold, "the flock was all within the enclosure," meaning, within the hurdles surrounding the square; or we may say that "the flock occupied the whole of the enclosure," meaning the whole of the square enclosed. In the case in question, usage seems to have fixed the meaning in the latter of these two senses, viz., the thing enclosed. An envelope is not said to be the enclosure of the letter, but the letter is said to be the enclosure of the envelope. If I write to the Committee of Council on Education, I receive printed directions as to our correspondence, the first of

which is, "Every letter *containing enclosures* should enumerate them specially." Clearly, however, in strict propriety the word ought to apply to matter enclosed *in*, and not merely *with*, the letter. But when this is departed from, when we write on a sheet of note paper, and speak of a drawing three times its size as *the enclosed*, or the *enclosure of this letter*, we may say that we are using the word *letter* in its wider sense, as meaning the envelope as it is received unopened from the post.

It is a curious symptom of our having forgotten the usages of the best age of English, that several correspondents should have objected to my having written "*I take it*," signifying, "such is my opinion." For it is constantly found, from Shakspeare onwards, in this sense; and the sense is amply justified by other cognate usages of the verb *to take*: such as, *to take it well or ill*, *to take it in good part*, *to take a man for his brother*, and the like. The fact of such an objection having been made, shows the necessity for upholding our plain nervous colloquial English against the inroads of modern fine language. It would be a loss instead of a gain if "*I take it*," were to be superseded by "*I apprehend*;" or, as we should be sure to have it pronounced, "*I happyrend*."

The very simple and intelligible word "*centre*" comes in for a good deal of maltreatment in our days. *Centre* is from the Greek word "*kentron*," meaning merely a *point*: the point of a needle, or of a sting, or of anything else: and hence used in geometry to denote that point round which a circle or any other symmetrical curve is drawn. And in accordance with this its original meaning, ought its use always to be: a *centre* should always designate a *point*, never a line, nor, except as presently defined, a middle space. But we see this often departed from. "A gangway will be left down the centre of the room," is a clear case of such departure. I do not of course mean to advocate absolute strictness in this or in any other usage. Accuracy is one thing, punctiliousness is another. The one should be always observed, the other always avoided. While I should take care not to say that I walked up and down the centre of the lawn, I should not object to say that there is a large bed of geraniums in the centre, although strictly speaking the centre of the lawn is in the bed, not the bed in the centre.

And in the figurative use of this word, and of all words, intelligent common sense, rather than punctiliousness, ought to be our guide. *Centre*, and its adjective, *central*, are often used in speaking of objects of thought, as well as of sight. Let it be borne in mind, when this is done, that these words apply only to a principal object round which others group themselves, and not to one which happens to be pre-eminent amongst others. To say that some conspicuous person in an assembly was *the centre of attraction*, is perfectly correct; but to say that some subject of conversation, merely because it happened to occupy more of the time than other subjects, was

the *central topic* of the evening, is incorrect and unmeaning.

The next thing I shall mention, not for its own sake, but as a specimen of the kind of criticism which I am often meeting with, and instructive to those who wish to be critics of other men's language. I have said that Dr. Donne preaches so and so. My correspondent takes exception to this, and tells me that Dr. Donne has been dead some two hundred years, and therefore I ought to say Dr. Donne *preached*, and not *preaches*. This may seem mere trifling, but it is worth while to notice, that we speak thus in the present tense of writings permanently placed on record. Their authors, being dead, yet speak to us. It would be affected and unusual to speak otherwise of things cited from books. If we use the past tense at all, it is not the indefinite, but the perfect, which also conveys the idea of a living and acting even now. I should say, "Dr. Donne *has explained* this text thus or thus;" not, "Dr. Donne *explained* this text thus or thus." This latter sentence would bear a different meaning. If I say, "Livy *tells* us," or "Livy *has told* us," I imply that the book containing the incident is now extant. But if I say, "Livy *told* us so and so," I should naturally be taken to mean in one of the books of his history which have been lost. You may say of a sick man yet living, "He has lost much strength during the past week." But the moment he is dead, you can no longer thus speak: you must say, "He lost much strength during the past week." If I say, "I have seen Wales twice," I carry the period during which my assertion is true through my whole life down to the present time. If I say, "I saw Wales twice," my words simply refer to the fact, and the period to which they refer is understood to have terminated; I mean in my youth, or when I was in Cheshire, or the like. Sometimes the difference between the two tenses may convey an interesting moral distinction. If I say, "My father left me an injunction to do this or that," I leave the way open to say, but now circumstances have changed, and I find another course more advisable: if I say, "My father has left me an injunction to do this or that," I imply that I am at this moment obeying, and mean to obey, that injunction. The perfect tense is in fact a present, relating to the effect, at the present time, of some act done in the past.

An important difference in meaning is sometimes made by the wrong or careless use of one of these tenses for the other. An instance of this occurs in the English version of the Bible in the beginning of Acts xix. There we read, in the original, that St. Paul finding certain disciples at Ephesus, asked them, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed—when ye first became believers?" To this they answered, "We did not so much as hear whether there were any Holy Ghost." On which St. Paul asked them, "Unto what then were ye baptized?" They replied, "Unto the baptism of John." Then he explained to them that John's

baptism, being only a baptism of repentance, did not bring with it the gift of the Holy Ghost. In this account, all is clear. But the English version, by an unfortunate mistake, has rendered the narrative unintelligible. It has made St. Paul ask the converts, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" So far, indeed, all would be clear; for they certainly had not, though this does not represent what was said by the Apostle. But it is their answer which obscures the history. "We have not so much as heard," they are made to say, "whether there be any Holy Ghost." Strange, indeed, that these disciples, who had probably been for years in the Church, should by that time, and up to the time when St. Paul spoke, never have heard of the existence of the Holy Spirit. Render the words accurately, and all is clear.

I am reminded by this of a very curious and choice bit of criticism sent me in a newspaper the other day. The writer is dealing with my former essays, and he says: "There seems, to our mind, something small, not to say ludicrous and absurd, about the notion of a dignitary of the Church of England constituting himself the censor and reporter of small slips of pronunciation, such as Sophœnetus for Sophœnētus, and the like. We should think none the worse of a man for tripping once, or even twice, in those long Pauline lists of salutations. Not to trip at all would, except in the case of practised and familiar scholars, suggest to us the notion that rather more pains and time had been bestowed upon the matter than it deserved." Where this critic found the name *Sophœnetus* among the Pauline salutations, I am at a loss to say: at all events, it shows that he practised his own advice, and had not bestowed more time nor pains on the matter than it deserved. But it is his doctrine, that in knowledge of the proprieties of these minute points in Scripture, inaccuracy is better than accuracy, that I would especially hold up for reprobation. Very little time and pains are really required in the matter. Every clergyman is, or ought to be, familiar with his Greek Testament: two minutes' reference to that will show him how every one of these names ought to be pronounced; or if he is in the practice of regular reading in the original, he will not want even this two minutes' reference. And those who cannot refer to the original will be kept right without any pains at all, if the clergy are right; for they will simply follow their leaders. Surely this doctrine of the writer in the "Nonconformist" cannot represent the general opinion among those bodies, who have of late years been making such remarkable advance in the accurate study of the original text of the Scriptures, and have by the results of the training in some of their admirable colleges, done so much for the credit of biblical scholarship in England. For my own part I was disposed to put together this critique and a letter which I received from a friend, saying that he had heard a person, not a clergyman, read Arctūrus and Orion and the Pleiades. I could not help imagining

that I had here discovered my critic "tripping twice or even more" in what I dare say he believes to be some more of these "Pauline salutations."

The really serious aspect of the matter comes before us, when we hear what my friend adds, that the man thus reading proceeded to *expound the chapter*. An error in pronunciation may be in an ordinary person, a trifle; but when a *teacher* makes it, it is no longer a trifle: and for this reason, that a teacher is bound to be acquainted with the real meaning of that which he expounds, and enforces; with the context of the passages, and with the spirit and force of the sacred Word, as the Spirit has given it to us. And when we find a teacher ignorant of even outward matters of common information respecting the text, we are not led to hope much for his power of rightly dividing the word of truth. That it may please Him who is the fountain of wisdom, to make exceptions, and to endow even ignorant men with insight into the meaning of His Word, no one would deny; still, it is not our business to take such exceptions for granted, but rather to take for granted His ordinary course of proceeding, and on our part to provide for its success as we best may. He who feels this will not think correctness, even in the lists of Pauline salutations, a trifling matter.

I must say something on the question of adjectives used as adverbs: or rather of the allowable forms of qualifying verbs. The common rule, believed in and universally applied by the ordinary teachers of grammar, is, that we must always qualify a verb by the adverbial form, and never by the adjectival. According to these teachers, such expressions as the following are wrong, "The string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake *plain*."

"The moon shines *bright*."

"How *sweet* the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

"Breathe *soft*, ye winds, ye waters gently flow."

These, we are told, ought to have been written with "*plainly*," "*brightly*," "*sweetly*," and "*softly*." But this is a case where the English language and the common grammarians are at variance. The sentences which I have quoted are but a few out of countless instances in our best writers, and in their most chaste and beautiful passages, in which this usage occurs. On examining into it, we find that it is very much matter of arbitrary custom. Some adjectives will bear being thus used: others will not. Most of those which can be so used seem to be of one syllable; *plain*, *soft*, *sweet*, *right*, *wrong*, and the like. In all these cases it may be more precise and accurate to say *plainly*, *softly*, *sweetly*, *rightly*, *wrongly*, &c., but we certainly can, and our best writers certainly do, use these and other monosyllabic adjectives as adverbs. But as far as my memory serves me, in no case do they thus use adjectives of more than one syllable. We may say, "*He spoke plain*:" but we cannot say "*He spoke simple*," or "*He spoke delightful*." We may say, "*The moon shines bright*," but we cannot say "*The moon shines brilliant*." What may be

the reason for this, I do not pretend to say; I only state what seems to be the fact.

What has been said hitherto applies to the positive degree of comparison only; when we pass beyond that to the comparative and superlative, another consideration comes in. All adverbs do not admit of degrees of comparison. That some do, is acknowledged. *Oftener*, *oftenest*, *seldom*, *veriest*, seem to be good English words. But these exceptions are rare. We cannot say *simplier*, *brighlier*, *plainlier*. And in consequence, when we want to express comparative and superlative degrees of qualification of a verb, we commonly have recourse to one of two other constructions: we either take the resolved comparative and superlative, *more plainly*, *most plainly*, or we take the comparative and superlative of the corresponding adjective. Thus, for instance, we have "*well*" as the adverb of good: we cannot say "*weller*" and "*wellest*": we do not say "*more well*" and "*most well*": but we go back to the adjective and we say, for our comparative and superlative adverbs, *better* and *best*. So, too, whereas we may in the positive degree say either "*the moon shines bright*," or "*the moon shines brightly*," we should say in the comparative and superlative not, "*the sun shines more brightly*," and "*the fire shines most brightly*," but, "*the sun shines brighter*," and "*the fire shines brightest*." Take another example. I wrote in my first essay: "If with your inferiors, speak *no coarser* than usual; if with your superiors, *no finer*." My language was characterized as being ungrammatical, because we cannot say "*to speak coarser*." True: but, as we have seen, what cannot be done in the positive, must be done in the other degrees of comparison: and my sentence was strictly correct, and according to usage. In this case, too, there was no choice open between the two forms, the resolved and the adjective comparative. Had I written, "*Speak no more coarsely*," "*speak no more finely*," the phrase would have been ambiguous, owing to the term *no more* being capable of meaning *never again*.

A question arises as to the proper construction of certain nouns bearing the plural form. The first which I shall notice is "*means*." "Those pieces of hypocrisy were, with them, *means* to an end." That piece of hypocrisy was, with him, *a*—what?—*a mean* to an end? No,—this is not English, though it may be correct in grammatical construction. That piece of hypocrisy was, with him, *a means* to an end. This is how we speak. And we say, "the best *means* of accomplishing your end *is*," if we are going to speak of one mode of action only: not, "the best *mean is*," nor "the best *means are*," unless we mean to enumerate more than one.

Very similar is our way of dealing with "*news*." If we are about to mention one fact only, we say, "*the latest news is*," not "*are*." In this case indeed the use of the plural verb at all is unusual, even if several things are to be mentioned. If we pick one out of several, we sometimes say, "*The latest piece of news is*."

There is another word which I was not aware had become one of this class, till I perceived on the London walls an undoubted proof that it had. I mean, *mews*. I should have been inclined to say, "South Portman Mews are on the left as you go up Orchard Street." But clearly this is not the way of speaking most intelligible to the coachmen and grooms of London, for at the entrance of every one of the London mews (I am using my own plural), I see that Sir Richard Mayne has posted a notice for the regulation of the "*mewses*" of the metropolis. Besides the incongruity of its poetic associations, this word "*mewses*" is a very queer monster. Fancy ordering "*two Daily Mewses*," by way of two copies of the "*Daily News*." Still, we must allow Sir Richard Mayne thus much indulgence, as to confess that his word is not altogether without precedent. A *summons* is another of these plural words become singular; and we have long ago become accustomed to read that "*summonses* were served on all the offenders."

Since my last paper was written, I have culled a few choice specimens of ambiguous sentences, which may serve by way of conclusion to amuse my readers. The following is, from a daily paper:—"The most interesting news from Italy is that of the trial of the thieves who robbed the bank of Messrs. Parodi at Genoa, on May 1, 1862, in open daylight, which commenced at Genoa on the 5th." In a letter addressed to another paper, this sentence occurs: "I with my family reside in the parish of Stockton, which consists of my wife and daughters."

Now both these sentences are instructive to us. We may see from them how such ambiguity really arises: viz., by the occurrence, between the antecedent and its pronoun, of another word which by its means suggests to the mind of the hearer a connection with the following clause. In both these sentences this is the case. *Daylight* is said to commence at a certain time, as well as a trial: a parish is said to consist of certain persons, as well as a family. Hence the ambiguity: and not, as is often maintained, from the mere form of the sentence. Any one so disposed may cull sentences out of any English writer, not even excepting Lord Macaulay, and show that they may be understood in a certain number of hundred, or thousand, different ways. But the simple answer is, that nobody ever will so understand them: and there are often reasons why the apparently ambiguous form should be preferred to the strictly perspicuous one, as being more forcible, putting the emphatic word or clause in the proper place, or even as avoiding stiffness and awkwardness of sound. Let your style be idiomatic, simple, natural: aim at satisfying the common sense of those who read and hear, and then, though any one who is so minded may pick holes in every third sentence, you will have written better English than one who suffers the rules of the ordinary grammarians to cramp the expression of his thoughts.

The following note has been sent me, received after a tithe dinner in Devonshire: "Mr. T. presents his compliments to Mr. H., and I have got a hat that is not his, and if he have got a hat that is not yours, no doubt they are the expectant ones." It would defy any analysis to detect the source of confusion here. Perhaps "*he*" and "*his*" refer to some third person, not the Mr. H. who is addressed. But I fear we must look for the clue in the notice, "after a tithe dinner." Evidently, the effects of the banquet had not passed away.

Here is another specimen, in this case an extract from a criticism of Mr. Fechter's "*Hamlet*," in a daily paper: "His whole system consists in playing the character upside down. He does not ignore tradition, but employs it so far that it enables him to do precisely the reverse. Dress, gait, action, everything, like his pronunciation, are alike unintelligible." This is indeed a delightful specimen of confusion, and obscurity, and bad English. What is precisely the reverse, which his employment of tradition enables him to do? The reverse of what? Is it the reverse of ignoring tradition? Does the critic mean, that he employs tradition so far that it enables him not to ignore it? Surely this is not the meaning. After feeling about in the dark some time, we arrive at a sort of suspicion, that the meaning must be, that Mr. Fechter employs tradition so far, that it furnishes him with the means of flying in the face of tradition—of contradicting the whole scope and tenor of tradition—of doing, in fact, precisely the reverse of that which an actor would do who scrupulously followed tradition. Bad as this sentence is, it might be matched ten times over any day on the table of a reading room.

And just let me notice one defence which has been deliberately set up for English of this kind. It has been said that one who sits in his study writing at leisure may very well find time to look about him and weigh the structure of his sentences; but that the contributors of articles to the daily press are obliged to write always in a hurry, and have no such opportunities of consideration. Now this plea either fails in its object of excusing the practice complained of, or it proves too much. It fails if it does not assign sufficient cause for the phenomenon: if, as I believe, it is not mere haste which causes a man to write such English as this, but deficiency in his power of putting thoughts into words, it proves too much, if it really does sufficiently excuse the writers: for if such writing is the inevitable result of the hasty publication of these critiques, why is not more time given for their production, and why are not more pains bestowed on them? For surely it is an evil for a people to be daily accustomed to read English expressed thus obscurely and ungrammatically: it tends to confuse thought, and to deprive language of its proper force, and by this means to degrade us as a nation in the rank of thinkers and speakers.

OLIVER SHAND'S PARTNER.

BY H. K.

"It is a pity, Oliver, you did not wait till next month, for I have a thought of going into partnership then," said old Oliver Shand, to his nephew, young Oliver, on the occasion of the latter's visit to the sea-port of Helmsfield.

Old Oliver was a ship-broker, long established, wealthy, and a bachelor, with few relations. Young Oliver was a barrister, and in very good practice.

The men resembled each other curiously, but did not agree the better in consequence. This might have arisen from their both being natives of the cold sea-port. At all events they were both long, lean, dry men, with something enduring in their bare muscles. They were bare-faced too, and altogether as stiff, sarcastic men as ever were seen.

"You are going to take a partner, Uncle Oliver:—well, I think you are right, you will be the better of one," commented young Oliver; coolly adding within himself, "the close old dog, could he not have consulted me? cannot he come to particulars now?—as if I cared, as if I would interfere with his comfort or pleasure."

"Yes, I am certainly thinking of a partner," repeated old Oliver softly (that is, softly for him). But hugging himself privately, he thought, "He won't ask who—he is in a huff; there would be a pretty blaze if he were apprised of the terms of the articles. Not that I care to hide them if he choose to put a question, but I'm not going to thrust them down his throat and be twitted with folly. He won't walk over me. I have managed my own affairs and I will manage them to the end, and make what alterations in them I see fit, strictly for my pleasure and convenience. *My* pleasure and convenience, without saying, by your leave, Master Oliver, though the fellow shall have his share when I am done with the goods, partner or no partner."

The two men were always at this by-play—honest, disagreeable, grumpy men as they were, both of them.

"Uncle Oliver thinks I'm looking after his money. I'll make my attentions scarce. As to interfering with his concerns, by pumping him or spying upon him, I would scorn to do it," meditated the one.

Considered the other, "Ay, Mr. Oliver expects his own out of my property. So sure is he of it he does not care to court me. He has no more interest in me or in the ships, than if I were an old stranger beggar."

If there had not been something good in the men apart from this jealousy and self-consciousness, some real regard for each other, which they acknowledged to themselves, beneath their formality and their gruffness, they would have flown off at a

tangent and never come near each other again. As it was they had never quarrelled. They kept up a grim correspondence, and young Oliver visited old Oliver during the long vacation, and saw that his kinsman was in the body. He was short and restrained to old Oliver, as old Oliver was short and restrained to him; and generally spent an uncomfortable, unsatisfactory week or fortnight with him before returning to his files of papers and leading speeches. They were a pair of kinsmen who were not selfish, and not hypocritical, but refractory and defiant to each other in their kindred blood and kindred kindness.

Young Oliver was a married man, but he had never yet brought his young wife or baby children to see their elderly relation, lest people should say he used them as instruments to flatter and fawn on his wealthy bachelor uncle. He was strong in himself and his power to provide for his own household.

Old Oliver would not beg for the introduction; he was not curious about his heirs, neither did he mean to imply that his nephew Oliver's family were his heirs, though no doubt Oliver should have his portion of the old fortune.

Thus the uncle and nephew stalked home past the old cross, and into one of the grey massive undecorated houses, and sat in the handsome, precise dull room which young Oliver had never deigned to brighten with another presence. They ate their excellent matter of fact dinner, drank their good routine wine, exchanging occasional curt and crusty sentences, for they were made of too unyielding material to come into contact without rubs and scratches and fractures.

However old Oliver reverted again to his proposed partnership. "It is a pity, Oliver," he harped, "you had not waited till next month and witnessed my deed of partnership."

"Does the fellow fancy I grudge him a partner," reflected young Oliver restively, "I am sure he is welcome to him, though the stranger should eat up all the profits. I am glad to say, I can fight my own battles, I am not a novel hero, or briefless barrister."

Under this persuasion, young Oliver suddenly made a proposal, with ten times the affability he would otherwise have displayed. "If you are disappointed, Uncle, that I have not timed my visit better by inspiration, or spiritual affinity, for you know you never dropped me a hint on the subject, I can come back again a month hence. I am going to my wife's brother-in-law, who has taken a house in Rosemount this season; I can return by Helmsfield and send my family home before me in the steamer."

"Let 'em wait with you, Oliver," the old gentle-

man said succinctly, fingering at his necktie, "I have sufficient accommodation, and I should like them to be present also on the occasion."

"A fitting occasion for Anne and the children's presence, and fitting persons Anne and the youngsters to mix in a mercantile transaction. The old man must be slipping into his dotage, or going crazed about his partnership:" and Oliver stared a little. But as it struck him, if he did return to Helmsfield it would be more becoming and agreeable, and more in accordance with his wife's feelings, to permit her to visit his uncle, he stretched a point and submitted, saying carelessly, "Very well, sir, if they will not put you about, my family may stay for a few days."

"What he deserves," calculated the old man, as alert as ever he was in his life, and chuckling to himself; "good enough for them, I warrant, any day. But he won't ask me, proud puppy! set up because he has grown a London man and lays down the law! He will get a surprise, a cold bath, I dare say: no business of his, either, after the supercilious way he has treated me; but he will have his portion. Oliver shall have his portion, and a tolerably handsome portion when all is done, as well as his cousins—those sneaking Burtons, who are not fit to clean his shoes—I am glad they are a good bit off in blood and in right."

The uncle and nephew, according to their wont, said no more on the agreement between them, and parted on the simple understanding that young Oliver was to resign a great deal of grouse shooting, and a little deer stalking, and bring the live moveable part of his household to Helmsfield, to show his superior dignity and unconcern when his uncle Oliver entered into terms of partnership with an individual or individuals unknown.

Young Oliver the barrister, his wife, twin babies, and couple of servants, set out for Helmsfield. The barrister's wife was a warm-hearted, good-tempered, contented, lively woman. She was girl-like yet in her cloak and hat, with her flaxen hair in profuse plaits. Her eyes were blue—not the sleepy blue, but the steel or rather the sapphire blue, and were the quickest as well as the kindest imaginable. She had merry, mobile dimples, and altogether she was a very fair young matron, a very bright young matron, a dear loving joyous woman, shrewd but guileless, who made everybody with whom she came in contact better and gladder. Her husband might snap and snarl at her at his will; she never minded him; she was fully persuaded that he was an excellent fellow in the main, only unlucky in his manner, and that was his misfortune, poor fellow, and no affair of other people's. So industrious was he, so constant, so considerate to her, so careful of the babies, she was well convinced that he loved her and his children with all his heart, and that he would have laid down his life for them if need were. As it was, he toiled and slaved to keep them in comfort; in short he was the best of men. If this faith did not go

far to sweeten the morose man who inspired it, and make him the best of men, it is hard to say what would have done it.

There was no difficulty about introducing Anne to uncle Oliver. It would have been better for all parties if she had been introduced to him from the first, and spent a portion of every summer at the seaport since she took young Oliver in hand and shone upon him like a perpetual sun-beam.

Uncle Oliver was at the coach station, before the spacious hotel, on the evening of their arrival. Young Oliver distinguished the old make of hat, the check necktie, and the swallow-tailed coat, which were quite the thing when uncle Oliver was in his prime. He pointed out to his wife a figure well advanced in the vale of years, a tall man slightly stooping with the burden of time, a face by no means inexpressive or of a common type, and a long head thatched with dry worsted brown hair which declined to turn grey, and might as well have been a wig for any sympathy between it and its owner.

Oliver junior was rather astonished to find the old gentleman waiting for them. Courtesy and attention were things out of his way, though he was a somewhat liberal man, under a churlish exterior—a man to be respected if not liked. It must have been this partnership that was so working with him. It began to look a serious matter when it was so altering the old man's habits. And yet young Oliver had not made any inquiry about it, important as it might be to his prospects. Dour as a door nail and with a certain rude nobility, he would not take steps to obtain from other sources the information his uncle had not vouchsafed, and which he would not solicit from him.

Having come to the coach office, uncle Oliver did not behave in any astounding fashion. He did not embrace Anne (young Oliver's wife) or hug Nolly and Norry. He shook hands with the first, took no notice of the last, but asked young Oliver what he wanted done with the luggage. Here was a cab, they might have two, half-a-dozen if they chose, or here were a couple of porters from the yard if the men's services would be preferred.

Uncle Oliver never suffered himself to be driven, so that Anne saw no more of him until she reached one of those solid houses, so stately in their plainness, about Union Crescent. Oliver, her Oliver, had never told her that uncle Oliver had been improving it, but the hall was fresh painted. She smelt it yet, and she was sure the drawing-room, with its fresh carpet of sheaves of the lily of the valley and its low rosewood chairs and tiny oval foot-stools, had been furnished quite recently; but of course her Oliver never noticed these things.

Old Oliver came in with Anne's husband, and hoped she would make herself comfortable. He bade her ring for whatever she wanted, and he himself ordered tea for the travellers, since, in consideration of his clock-work four o'clock dinner,

they had dined on the road. He was clearly anxious to be hospitable, but to entertain strangers was a hard duty to him. Anne thought disinterestedly how much more agreeable it would have been, and how much better for the old gentleman, if he had married a well-disposed wife, to take half his burdens off his shoulders, thirty years before. Thirty years before and uncle Oliver would have been the age of his nephew Oliver, that is, five-and-thirty—the years of discretion for a man in matrimony as in everything else.

Anne did her best to relieve uncle Oliver by pouring out the tea. She was hungry and thirsty, and cheery and chatty, and interested in her husband's native town, and delighted with uncle Oliver's handsome, comfortable house.

Uncle Oliver listened to the last praise with a flicker of his well-opened eyelids, and this, as she very well knew, invariably betokened lurking gratification in young Oliver. Then he rose and excused himself, and said in a short, abstracted manner, that he must leave her. He should like to take his nephew Oliver, if he had no objection, to introduce him to—hem—his future partner.

"Oh! never mind me, uncle Oliver," Anne said, heartily, "don't let me be in your way; you two gentlemen go about your business, I have plenty to do,—I have my clothes to unpack, and I have to order Nolly and Norry to be put to bed; I hope we will see more of each other to-morrow evening, or at least during the next week."

But uncle Oliver muttered he was engaged to-morrow evening, and he had to go from home for part of the week, but no doubt they would get better acquainted; and she must ring the bell if she wanted anything.

"Just you, Oliver, over again," Anne remarked archly, from the tea-tray to her husband, while uncle Oliver was putting on his great coat in the lobby. "A great deal more in him than he lets out, and all the more precious, Noll, on that account. It is a little odd of him to go from home when we are here, but perhaps it is business, and you never mind any visitor when business comes in the way; or perhaps it is that we may make ourselves fully at home and get accustomed to the house without him, and see all your old acquaintances without any restraint. Any way I am sure I shall like Helmsfield very much. I say, Noll, you may well hope that I should like uncle Oliver, for otherwise I would never have liked you, sir."

Uncle Oliver walked deliberately with his nephew in the September dusk towards Anchor-street and into a little square. The old man was growing heated and excited. "Oliver," he said, "you don't think fit to ask me anything about my partner,—yet it is fit that I should have company and support, if it were only that I am breaking up, or shall be breaking up soon."

Stout Oliver, the barrister, was the least thing in the world touched by this appeal. It was the first

time he had heard his uncle confess a weakness or look forward to a solace. Judging from himself, poor old uncle Oliver must have felt his needs keenly before he came to this pass. But he only answered: "I declare I have not the least objection, uncle; it would be entirely out of my sphere to object, and I am even pleased if you have found a person to meet your requirements. I have thought it well that I should know him in good time. It is no business of mine, you know, uncle, who he is,—that is your look out. You have always conducted your business without my counsel, and quite right too. Indeed, my opinion would be next to worthless, as I am a barrister, and you are a ship-broker, and I take it our ideas would not square. I have been away from Helmsfield for the last dozen years too, and I begin now not to know even the ship-owners and merchants by name. I suppose this partner of yours is some fellow in your own line, able to take the active part of your concern. He may be some lad you have taken an interest in, and reared, and promoted, and who is already familiar with your corner of the docks as manager or clerk. I only hope he may suit, for your sake, but I repeat it is no business of mine."

"It is no business of yours," echoed uncle Oliver, driven to a sardonic grin by his nephew's haughty reassurance of liberty; "but it is not a man, but a woman, that is in question."

Young Oliver stopped, as if he had been shot, and the truth flashed upon him. "You don't mean to say you are going to be married?" he cried out.

"I do mean to say it," acknowledged old Oliver, with a good deal of shame, but the utmost obstinacy. "It has been kept quiet, but you might have heard it if you had put yourself to the trouble to ask a question. I am sixty-five, and she is fifty; but though she were only seventeen there is no law that could interfere when we two are agreed. I have known her all her life; but if I had only known her since yesterday, what is that to anybody but myself? She has tried the experiment before, and managed her husband's house and reared her children without a voice doing anything but lip-lard her; but though she were an ignorant fool of an old maid who had been kept out of the world in a drawing-room for half-a-century, as a girl is stowed away in a school-room until the ware is wanted, it is my venture, and nobody need interfere."

Oliver was very much put out by the old man's trick, but he had time to recover himself during his uncle's unusually long speech. It would not do for him to make a rout about his wealthy uncle's marriage, even although it was to a widow, and a widow with children. That proceeding would be foreign to all his notions and actions.

"Oh! of course, uncle, I won't interfere,—no fear of that;" in a moment he forced himself to the customary congratulations, delivered very ungraciously. "I wish you joy, if there is any joy going, only it is a pity you had not been a little

more explicit beforehand, that my wife and I might have been ready with our good wishes, and come provided with the ordinary stock of finery."

"No finery wanted," the old man growled; "the thing is to be done quietly to-morrow afternoon." And his whole manner expressed very plainly that young Oliver need not attend if he did not wish it; it was not yet too late to take his wife home; and he need not go now to see Mrs. Rose even, if he were not inclined.

Oliver did not complain that he had been entrapped upon the back of his own loud profession of indifference, and forced either to countenance the old man's folly or to make a public exposure and laughing-stock of his unwarrantable disapproval. "You forget," he said again, ironically, "it is no business of mine. It seems you have given me and my wife an invitation, such as it was, to your marriage, and to stand on ceremony at this hour would argue a right to object, to which we don't pretend."

So young Oliver entered the bride elect's house with his uncle, feeling as if he were walking on stinging-nettles. He was so disturbed in his mind that he scarcely saw where he was going. It was one of the smaller of those grey houses so much alike in Helmsfield. They were shown into a room where a comely middle-aged woman, a good deal more confused than uncle Oliver, and some half-grown young people, two lads and a girl, were waiting to receive them. Young Oliver neither saw nor cared to see anything more than that there was no evidence of wretchedness about the place. The family appeared respectable, and the woman—the widow—was like her kind. After she had got them seated, she began to recover herself and prattle in a placid simple style. No great show of design here. It must have been uncle Oliver, the old dog, who walked wilfully into this net.

If Anne had been there she would have noticed a thousand things more than that obtuse, irate man did. She would have seen that the house was very plain, but was not shabby, as must have been the case, had it not been the house of a good manager and a motherly heart; that Mrs. Rose was not stylish, or refined, or clever, but that she was certainly kind, a lover of flowers and birds, living and dead, and of her boy Jack's natural history specimens, and her boy Cathcart's drawings and models, and her girl Chatty's embroidery. And looking at the elderly couple talking together in so matter-of-fact a tone, and looking at each other covertly and awkwardly in their regard, Anne would have surmised that in this house, hard and dry uncle Oliver was seen under a different light from that which shone upon him in his own or any other dwelling.

Young Oliver recognised nothing of all this, as he sat brooding over his uncle's ridiculous behaviour, and the extreme provocation of becoming a party to it. Not that Oliver the barrister's manner was specially offensive. He was a man, and a gentleman,

though not a pliant one, and he looked upon his entrance into that house as a pledge to be on tolerable behaviour in it. He was not more rigid and self-concentrated then than he was in general.

It was a welcome relief to young Oliver's feelings, however, to get away, to return to his own room, unbosom himself to his sympathetic wife, and give vent to his indignation against the offenders.

Even Anne, with her inveterate inclination to look at the brightest side of everything—an inclination so irrepressible that it would often have looked like affectation in a less open, sincere, charitable woman—stood aghast and was largely aggrieved. Uncle Oliver's marrying was like cheating Nolly and Norry. She had been glancing about the house and thinking how her boys would come into a handsome inheritance, and not require to quit England to go out as sheep farmers to Australia, or as engineers to India. To marry a widow with children too, when his nephew Oliver had not only a baby, but twin babies, and the best judges assured her, there were not two finer little fellows of eleven months in the kingdom! Even their papa could scarcely carry them one on each arm now, and twins were such a pretty sight! It was a great shame in old uncle Oliver not to be engrossed with these boys, his natural descendants, and not forget everything for them. And to think: Anne had not a gown with her fit for a wedding, and not a day to prepare one, making her look like a fright, and Oliver like a ninny. She had a great mind to excuse herself from being present, though she was staying in the bridegroom's house.

But as young Oliver continued to rage, Anne began to look less glum and even contradicted him with, "Not so bad as that," "Oh! fie, Oliver," and "After all, we must make the best of it." Anne, though she was as sweet as honeysuckle in her flaxen plaits, was not insipid or phlegmatic, or subservient to any one. She was a true frank woman, with a mind and principles of her own. She had always been fearless of her husband; she had contradicted him flatly the first night she saw him; and this had possibly been one of her attractions to him. And while she admired him and obeyed him in all wifely duty, she had continued to contradict him flatly every time she thought him in the wrong to this day. She would do it to the last, and a vast deal better it was for Oliver.

Now while Oliver was inveighing rather savagely about his uncle, making him out to be a malicious rascal in his stratagem, and Mrs. Rose a mercenary, truckling creature of a widow, with pauper children, Anne, being very sensitive to an injustice and very generous to all injured persons, cut him short at once: "I'll tell you what, Noll, you will make me believe you cared very much for uncle Oliver's money if you come so near to slandering him and Mrs. Rose." She had peace, for Oliver was silent, in towering dudgeon.

She had galled him, touched him on the quick.

He had cared for uncle Oliver's money. He felt that now in his bitter disappointment; and if he had not intentionally deceived others, he had deceived himself. It was a blow to his pride, for he had plumed himself on his independence, while in truth he had been looking forward confidently to his succession to uncle Oliver's cheques and shipping. This was what most other men would have done in his circumstances; but he had counted himself superior in this respect to other men. It might not have been altogether for himself. He was conscious of that, when a chill came over his indignation as he reflected what would become of bouncing Nolly and Norry, and their mother, if he happened to be taken away from them prematurely. For all that it was an intense humiliation to young Oliver's exaggerated manliness that he had coveted another man's gains, and calculated on the profit of his kinsmanship and favour. He had esteemed himself a self-sufficient, thoroughly-equipped man, who feared no amount of work in his profession, and could always rely, since he had surmounted the first hard start, on obtaining his wages. Yet all the time he had been resting on prospects which were at the will of another,—looking to old Oliver to be backed and propped.

It may have been a singular thing for a purely worldly man to do, but it is true that young Oliver forgot the money-loss in the wound to his self-esteem. He was so goaded and lashed by the thought that he had allowed a crafty mask to blind his feelings alike from himself and his neighbours, that he went at once to the other extreme, and began to take a really tolerant view of old Oliver's dereliction. He now thought that his uncle had merely done what he had a good right to do, and if he had been somewhat secret about it in the first place, he had in the second place brought the principal members of the family to witness its consummation.

Young Oliver tossed and tumbled, eating and digesting his humble pie, till, to divert his mind, he was glad to turn to remembering how the widow had looked, and speculating what sort of woman she would be. His being a lawyer helped him here, but he could not arrive at any more distinct conception though he laboured hard at it (to withdraw his attention from sorer subjects) than that she struck him as being like his wife's mother, about whom he did not imagine he had any particular associations, since he had rather meant to be a son-in-law of iron. Still the recollection of his mother-in-law blended with his impressions of Mrs. Rose, and would not be separated from them.

When Anne rose next morning, she had certainly made up her quick mind, and was bent on announcing her resolution.

"I am determined to make the best of it, Noll, and really I think we are raising a mountain out of a mole-hill. I'll tell you what, I'm not going to lend myself to the fancy that we have been injured, or work myself into a fit of sulkiness

and fury. No one has done us wrong. What is it? Uncle Oliver is going to marry; the best thing any man can do, soon or late. He will now have a suitable companion, and an interested nurse when he needs one, and we will be freed from care on his account. No doubt the widow must be a horrid creature," continued Anne, making a wry face, "though I have not had time to hear that she has compromised herself in any other way than by consenting to marry him. She could not help another man marrying her, and then dying and leaving her and her family not very well off. I dare say if they had been in affluent circumstances she would not have changed her state a second time. Women are so selfish, arn't they, Noll, and fickle and false through their selfishness? But a family of any kind will wake up uncle Oliver's silent house. I heard the echoes of my footsteps here last night long before it was dark. As it is to be a quiet wedding, I believe my purple silk will do very well."

Oliver said not a word, and Anne turned quickly and looked into the grim face.

"It is not that I am not sorry for you, dear, since it is such a blow to you," she added, administering another blow by way of recovering him, "but you have taken such good care of us all, that I have no dread about your providing for the future. Why, Noll, you could support half a dozen households by the might of your brains, and your unwearied arm. I think I prefer to depend upon them: do you hear that, Noll? And if difficulties do beset us, we will only fare the harder. Surely that need not cost us a sigh beforehand, or at the time either. Two young, healthy, able, attached persons, with Nolly and Norry—we are passing rich. I should be horribly ashamed to think otherwise, for a single moment. As for Nolly and Norry, I am persuaded now it is the very best thing that could have happened to them, this loss of uncle Oliver's inheritance. I have heard times without number, there is not a greater misfortune for young men than to have a fortune made for them, and elegant shoes to step into without any exertion of their own. So, Noll, you take care, and not make your fortune too quickly, or leave a pair of shoes behind you that won't pinch, and gape, and want cobbling, and blacking here and there, for Nolly and Norry."

Not a word from young Oliver except a gruff snort; but his wife understood him, and she would have told you that that was Oliver coming round.

Down-stairs into the dining-room tripped Anne, the sensible, affectionate peacemaker. There sat uncle Oliver on his wedding morning—that morning that looked so great to his imagination thirty years ago. There was no change on his room, no change on his work-a-day coat or his usual habit of reading his newspapers.

Anne went straight up to him to say good morning, and to express in tone and look what her husband would not have accomplished in a hundred years.



"Am I right, Oliver?"

"I wish you much joy, uncle Oliver: but why did you not tell me what you told Oliver last night? Don't you know that men are dreadfully stupid in these things?—and I would have liked to have been ready for my new aunt; but I will do my best, and I am convinced we will all get on nicely together."

Little words easily spoken, little words never to be forgotten.

Uncle Oliver stared, and half dropped his newspaper, and got out a "I—I beg your pardon, thank you, my dear."

It would have cost Anne little effort to kiss the gaunt poker of an old man, he was so like her husband. She had often kissed that other gaunt poker (like a sweet-pea twining round a rugged stick), and the operation had not created resentment or been without its effect. But she refrained. She would leave that ceremony to Mrs. Rose.

Anne made tea to the two rueful looking men, and let them talk in their own pugnacious, wrangling style. At the close of the breakfast she resumed the charge. A man to be married that day at half past three, in time for the second last train south, and not to speak about it, was preposterous and not to be endured! "Uncle Oliver, I understand you want the wedding to be very quiet," she observed, in an off-hand way, as if she were at a wedding every day of the week. Old Oliver made a restless gesture, as if he were disposed to bolt at the last moment, and young Oliver snuffed the air.

"And it is not to be till after three," continued Anne easily, as if it were a dinner. This was a piece of delicate and exquisite art on Anne's part, for of course women in their hearts and mostly on their tongues, make a thousand times the fuss about a wedding that men do. "I should like, if you think it would be agreeable to her, to call for Mrs. Rose this morning, as I have to be out buying some things at any rate."

This was rather cruel towards old Oliver, friendly as Anne seemed to consider it. To-morrow he was to have a Mrs. Shand, for whose dispositions he was to be held answerable thenceforth to the end of their joint lives, but that he was to take time by the forelock and speak up for Mrs. Rose's humour to-day!

"As you like, my dear," he dismissed the subject impatiently enough. But at that instant a scream sounded faintly from Nolly and Norry in the distant bed-room (transformed into a nursery), and he continued hastily: "I hope you ring the bell, ma'am, if you want anything. I trust the children are all right."

"Perfectly, uncle Oliver," Anne nodded; "they are two wild, reckless young fellows, who thrive and tease their nurses everywhere. Yes, I ring, thank you, and I fetch in addition." Anne checked herself, for an inspiration was coming upon her, and she was about to perform a brilliant *coup d'état* which might be likened in skill to some of the feats of a certain Imperial gentleman.

"I say, Oliver," she faced round upon her husband

with consummate saucy candour and daring, "you may come with me if you like, as you have nothing to do, and are like a fish out of water in consequence. If you don't care for a walk you can stay at home; I have a good tongue in my head, and I can do very well in your native place without you, Noll."

To Anne's astonishment and self-congratulation, Oliver was disposed to comply, crustily and sheepishly. He was tired of his own thoughts, and he was not going to have it said that he was full of jaundice and wrath at his uncle's marriage. He would go abroad and bow coolly to his acquaintances, and allude calmly to the event of the day, and put a stop to the laugh which he was aware was going the round of Helmsfield at his expense.

Anne was so accommodating and sympathetic in her nature that she was getting interested and gleeful about uncle Oliver's marriage. Young Oliver suffered her to lead him into a jeweller's shop. She selected a gold bracelet,—chaste, sober, rich; and she told him: "You know, Noll dear, it is the thing for a woman of her age—a grasping harpy without question," looking him full in the face, "from a poor, ill-used, imposed-upon couple of our means. If we had been great folks, old man, it must have been diamonds I suppose, and how you would have set your teeth and grudged it, you Jew!"

Anne either was, or made believe to be, delighted with Mrs. Rose's house when they found it. They had some difficulty about this, for Oliver had not even brought away its number. Of course it was out of sorts to-day, but Anne could see with half an eye that it was an unpretending pleasant home. Mrs. Rose herself was so gratified at seeing Anne and her husband this morning, there was so much spiritual affinity (shall we say?) between the women, that she was a different person from what she had been the night before. Still she appeared the same placid motherly woman Oliver the lawyer had taken her for, as she begged the two strangers coming out of the stinging wind to sit closer to the fire, and to throw off their wraps, lest they should suffer going out to the cold again.

Poor bride of a second and mature experience! When she came to think of herself, it was yet not of herself that she thought, but of the children—those half-affronted, half-comprehending, children—who were nevertheless firm in their allegiance to their mother. The half-grown lads, glooming and reddening, drew near to stand at her beck, and the pale, precocious, thoughtful girl (such as comely simple mothers often have), started out of her stillness to take what was in her mother's hand, and serve her and bow before her.

Mrs. Rose was eager that the children should impress their new connections favourably, and was desirous to impart the information that Jack had the prospect of going abroad as a doctor in a whale ship until he was old enough to take his degree,

which would be in two sessions; and Cathcart was to pass up to his uncle in London this very autumn to study as an artist, and even Chatty spoke of following her brother to keep his house whenever Cathcart had a house to keep. Mrs. Rose's voice broke down a little in the middle of her self-assertion. She had never whispered, not even to the children, how she would not have dared to indulge these schemes in their behalf had it not been for her old friend Mr. Shand, that friend to whom she bore a soft penitence since she had slighted him long ago for another, and a less sterling man.

Mrs. Oliver knew none of these facts but she could penetrate them. She could see that Mrs. Rose was gentle and trembling, and the children on the defensive, poor things. She was afraid they would think her Oliver detestable (till they knew him better), like their step-father elect. She at least could afford the luxury of being affable and kind.

The children were not to come to their new home till their mother had returned from her second marriage tour, but Anne looked at them, and promptly borrowed Charlotte. "The boys can look after themselves, I dare say," she said, "so can my husband here, but I want a young lady to walk about with me, and take me to the shops, and tall me the gossip. Please come, Miss Chatty."

Chatty, shy, sensitive, suspicious, gazed in Anne's face, trusted her on the spot, laughed, and consented.

Anne admired the embroidery and the objects of natural history, but when she came to the sketches, she burst out enthusiastically "your son will be a painter, Mrs. Rose. Oliver, how proud you and I would be if Nolly or Norry grew up to draw like that."

Not only the mother's eyes brightened, but Cathcart started forward, the praise was so genial, so unsophisticated, so evidently sincere. "You are flattering me, Mrs. Shand," he said, though he did not think it flattery, looking admiringly at the fair dimpled face of the young matron; "but I will think you in earnest if you let me try your likeness."

"My wife is a vain goose," put in Oliver; "that was just what she wanted."

"It is not true. I was only photographed once, and it was at his request—there, traitor! But only think, Noll, what it would be to get the boys taken now, and have their likenesses after they are men, if they are spared, dear boys."

"What would be the use of it?" protested blunt, matter-of-fact Oliver. "They will no more be like what they are now, than full-grown frogs are like sprawling tadpoles."

What was the bracelet to this family, though it had been diamonds, in comparison with these familiar, jesting words, with their subtle compliment, from the cynic Oliver?

"Mrs. Rose is a good, kind woman," Anne assured Oliver, when they were in the street again. "Do you know what person she reminds me of? I declare—of my mother. You need not find fault, for I cannot criticise her after that. Did you really think so, too, Noll? Well, that was wonderful. I think Uncle Oliver has done very well, exceedingly well—yes, I do. The children are a fine family, and Uncle Oliver may have reason to be proud of that Cathcart."

Anne mentioned the resemblance she had detected to Uncle Oliver at luncheon. It was an easier matter now to touch on Mrs. Rose, for the clock was running off its minutes, and the old man was almost standing face to face with his marriage.

A third time that day, and it was something ominous, Uncle Oliver addressed Anne as my dear. "I am glad you think so, my dear," he said to her, with alarming submission. But perhaps it was because it was his marriage-day, and a great deal of licence is allowed to a man on his marriage-day. Again a third or fourth time he urged, "And if you want anything, Mrs. Oliver, be sure you ring for it," so emphatically, that he might have been intending to subjoin, "and rather than you should not have it, I will get it for you myself."

It was a sober, humdrum marriage; so humdrum that the principals, aware of its total want of interest to the public at large, huddled it over in a corner. Nobody present but the priest, the nephew, Oliver, and his wife, and another widow to serve as bridesmaid to the mother and bride in her lavender-like second mourning for her first husband. Uncle Oliver forgot to provide himself with the trifle of a best man, and had to call on one of the reluctant lads to do the duty.

Uncle Oliver took young Oliver aside before he set out with his douce partner on his douce journey. "Oliver, I always meant you to succeed to a fair portion of my property."

"Do as you please," exclaimed young Oliver, more testily than ever. "I tell you it is not my business how you dispose of your fortune. I cannot dictate to you in that respect."

"Hold your tongue, man," said his uncle, imperiously; "who is asking you to dictate? What I want to say is this: I would like now to leave an equal share to your wife. Of course, I shall do something for my sister's children;" and Uncle Oliver, gaunt poker as he was, manifestly thrilled at the words as if they touched his nerves in the spirit of a far-away dream. "But," he continued, "I can do all that. I should like also to leave a small legacy a-piece to your boys, because their mother would like it. Am I right, Oliver?"

The articles of partnership being now signed and sealed, the partners drove away, amid no loud manifestations of mirth, it is true, but amid a good deal of very tender and very sympathetic joy.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO THE JEWS.

THE Jews are at once the most ancient and the most extraordinary people on the face of the earth. Their history may be traced back without any admixture of fable for nearly forty centuries; and throughout that long course of ages their ancestral blood has remained unmingled. The other famous nations of antiquity have long ago disappeared, and now survive only on the page of the historian. But the Jews are still an extant people. And in spite of the denationalising influences to which they have been exposed during many centuries of exile and dispersion, they still retain in their physiognomy the indelible features of their ancestors, and abide as unchanged in their distinctive qualities and habits as the mountains which are round about their own loved Jerusalem.

This singular people have not been in the world for four thousand years in vain. Long before their existence as a nation, it was foretold to their great progenitor that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed; and subsequent history, both ancient and modern, shows how completely the prediction has been fulfilled, not only in our blessed Lord who "took on him the seed of Abraham," but in the ordinary descendants of the patriarch. The Jews have been from the first, are still, and will continue to be, a blessing to the nations.

At first sight, one might suppose that the Jews were unfavourably circumstanced for a world-wide mission, placed, as they long were, under a theocratic government which devolved on them the exclusive custody of the true religion, and debarred them from intercommunion with the idolatrous nations around. But in point of fact, the theocratic institute, so far from being exclusive and sectarian, was singularly elastic and expansive. Instead of being prohibited from admitting Gentiles to their religious privileges, the Jews were enjoined and encouraged to keep the door open for "the stranger." At the very beginning of their national existence, it was enacted by Moses, that the stranger who might wish to keep the passover should be allowed to "come near and keep it," and be "as one who was born in the land." And at the dedication of the temple, when the theocracy reached its culmination, the same liberal principle was solemnly reiterated in the inaugural prayer of King Solomon. "Moreover, concerning a stranger that is not of thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for thy name's sake, when he shall come and pray towards this house; hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for, that all people of the earth may know thy name, to fear thee, as do thy people Israel." It is true that at a later day the Jews became the sworn enemies of the rest of mankind, calling them Gentile "dogs," and sullenly refusing even to eat with them; nor is it denied that even apostles of

Jesus were for a time so much under the influence of this morose and sectarian spirit, that they believed it to be "an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation." But the relation towards the Gentile world in which the theocratic institute really placed the Jews, was one, not of antagonism, but of sympathy; and the office which it assigned them as custodiers of the true riches was not that of misers and monopolists, but that of stewards and almoners. It was indeed necessary that they should be debarred from intermingling with idolaters; for otherwise they would have been unable to conserve and transmit incorrupt and unimpaired, that sacred deposit of religious truth, with which, for the benefit of all mankind, they had been entrusted. But it was only while their Gentile neighbours remained idolaters, that they were so debarred. The moment idolatry was forsaken they were enjoined to welcome those neighbours to fellowship, and even allowed to intermarry with them. The once idolatrous Ruth had only to say to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee, for thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," in order, though a woman of Moab, to become "a mother in Israel"—nay, an ancestress of the Messiah Himself. In truth, the position of the Jews as a separate and peculiar people was scarcely at all different from that of the Christian believer who, though forbidden to join with a wicked world in its sins, is yet allowed to hold as much intercourse with it as may enable him to Christianise and otherwise benefit it.

In proceeding to enumerate the chief benefits which the Gentiles owe, under God, to the Jews, I may fitly begin with that inestimable one—the Old Testament Scriptures. In a certain sense, the New Testament also is a gift from the Jews; for the Gospel was originally published by Jewish tongues and Jewish pens. But the Old Testament is an exclusive product of the Jewish soil. Its sacred books were all, with the doubtful exception of the Book of Job, composed by Jewish authors, and transmitted by Jewish custodiers; and its most prominent subjects, moreover, are the institutions and fortunes of the Jews. No other national literature is so exclusively the growth of one people and one country as the Scriptures of the Old Testament.

And what an immense boon has the Old Testament been to the world! Think of its value simply as a contribution to history. But for it, we should have been ignorant of the origin of the world, of the creation of man, of the true cause of "the natural shocks that flesh is heir to." But for it, the history of the fall, of the antediluvians, of the flood, of the original descent and distribution of the nations—nay, of the fortunes of our race for the first two thousand years, would have been to us an absolute

blank, or only a phantasmagoria of myths and legends.

Think, too, of its value as a contribution to legislation. The Mosaic books contain the oldest code of laws in the world. And while it is certain that subsequent legislators have been indebted to them for many of their wisest enactments, as well as for the very idea of written law, it is highly probable that from them also has been derived the theory of a constitutional monarchy. This much at least is certain, that in no other ancient writings is that form of government described. The conception which even the intellectual Greeks had of a king was that of an irresponsible ruler who possessed the right to dispose at his pleasure of the lives and properties of his subjects. The theory of a constitutional king, who should govern, not according to his own personal will, but only according to the laws and within the limits prescribed by the constitution, first meets us in the Book of Deuteronomy, and was first realised under the government of David.

Think, again, of the value of the Old Testament as a gallery of biographical portraits. Is it possible to overrate the benefit which, as a mere study of human nature, mankind have derived from the lives of Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, Nehemiah? Take from us the ideas and associations which these names suggest, and you rob us of half our knowledge of man's true character and nature. All uninspired biography is so one-sided, so rose-coloured, so untrue to real human life, that *it* at any rate would furnish but a miserable substitute for those old portraits of actual men—men of like passions with ourselves.

Still more valuable is the Old Testament as a revelation of the Unity, the Supremacy, and especially the Providence of God. As regards this last point indeed it may be doubted if even the New Testament would have sufficed for our instruction and guidance, apart from the Old. It is only in the recorded dealings of God with the Hebrew people that we see the veil withdrawn, which conceals the secret workings of Providence. Other historians confine themselves to a narration of sublunary events and their proximate causes. But the writers of the Old Testament, not content with showing us what is transacted on this side the cloud, convey us beyond it to the highest heaven, and exhibit the Unseen Governor directing and controlling all agents and all events. In the sacred history, as in the classic epos, there is always a supernatural machinery. The reader is made to behold, like Elisha's servant, not merely the horses and chariots of Syria in the valley, but the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire.

Nor let us forget the benefit which the Old Testament has conferred by its devotional books. Think how many human hearts the Psalms of David have soothed and exalted. Think how often their mingled music and devotion have gone up to heaven alike from the solitary worshipper and from

the assembled congregation—from the rafters of the turf-built cot and from the arches of the solemn cathedral. While thousands of literary works of far higher pretensions have perished, leaving not even their names behind, these poems, written thirty centuries ago among the green hills of Judea, still give a voice to devotion throughout the length and breadth of Christendom; yielding to childhood its lisping praise, to manhood its loftiest prayer, to the mourner his choicest solace, to the dying believer his latest accents. And doubtless in the ages yet to run—let the human mind put forth what new powers it may, these holy psalms will continue to furnish the language in which piety shall clothe its heavenward aspirations.

It is not, however, by means of the Old Testament Scriptures alone, that the Jews have been a blessing to the nations. They have been a blessing *personally* and *directly*. As the exclusive depositaries of the true religion, they have all along possessed the means of making God's way known on earth. And, to appreciate their services as propagators of the truth, we have only to take a retrospective glance at their history in its two grand periods—the period before Christ, and the period since Christ.

Even while they were only the bondsmen of Pharaoh, they occupied a position far from unfavourable to their appointed function of blessing the nations. For four hundred years, they had their abode in a land which is universally admitted to have been the fountain-head of ancient civilisation. And it may be safely inferred, alike from the legends of classical mythology, and from the ancient names of the twelve constellations in the zodiac, which singularly resemble the description of the sons of Jacob as given by that patriarch in his dying benediction and prophecy, that the stream of wisdom and science which subsequently flowed forth from Egypt upon the Mediterranean nations, received not a few of its more salutary properties from the theology and traditions of the Hebrew shepherds of Goshen.

In their passage through the wilderness, they were brought into communication with many of the native tribes, as the Amorites, the Edomites, the Moabites, the Midianites. And since we are expressly told that the terror of Jehovah's name and mighty acts preceded them wherever they went, we may warrantably conclude that their intercourse with those tribes of the desert did much to abate the prevalent idolatry; and that many besides Jethro, priest of Midian, were persuaded to join in their sacrifices, and confess that "Jehovah was greater than all Gods." Nor is the fact without significance, that during the period of their sojourn in the wilderness, that most valuable of all arts, alphabetical writing, had its origin. It is certain that symbols to denote the elementary sounds of language were then unknown in Egypt; and it is equally certain that they were first carried to Greece, at a period not long subsequent to this, by

the Phœnicians who were the neighbours of the Jews. Assume that the Phœnicians derived their knowledge from the Jews; and how probable is the conjecture, that alphabetic writing had its cradle on Sinai, and was born into the world when Moses brought down the two tables of stone from the Mount.

On entering the Promised Land, the religious impression made by the Jews upon the Canaanitish nations was great and salutary. Of this we have decisive evidence in the conduct of the Gibeonites, who, from dread of Jehovah's name and judgments, cast themselves on the mercy of the invaders, and purchased exemption from the doom of extermination by adopting the Mosaic religion and laws. The miracles, too, which signalled the first stages of the conquest were evidently designed to inspire the fore-doomed inhabitants of the land with a new religious awe; as was also the long respite of seven years accorded them for repentance. Nor need we hesitate to believe that Rahab the harlot was but one of very many Canaanites who were brought by means of the Hebrew conquest and invasion to believe and confess that "the Lord, the God of Israel, was God in heaven above and in earth beneath."

During the reigns of David and Solomon, facilities for blessing the nations were greatly enlarged. Both these princes had commercial relations, not only with Phœnicia, Egypt, and Arabia, but also with countries beyond the sea—with Tarshish and Ophir—the West and East Indies of that early time. Such widespread intercourse cannot but have served to extend that divine knowledge which was peculiar to the Jews. The queen who came from the south to hear the wisdom of Solomon must have carried back with her some portions of his heavenly lore. The kings of Tarshish and the isles, who brought presents, must have received gifts in return of higher value than their gold or rubies. Nor is this mere conjecture. It is a well ascertained fact that Abyssinia, the Sheba of the Old Testament, has possessed a comparatively pure theology from a period which national tradition carries back to the age of Solomon. Nay, were there nothing else to mark the reigns of David and Solomon than the commencement of that close intercourse which so long subsisted between the Jews and the Phœnicians, there would be enough to justify the assertion that these reigns were rich in spiritual benefits to countries far beyond the frontier of Palestine. The Phœnicians were then, and for a long period afterwards, the chief maritime people in the world; and being, moreover, a people of considerable literary culture, they were enabled, during their visits to the ports of the Mediterranean for purposes of traffic, to convey to the Greeks and other Western nations, not only the letters of the alphabet and the art of writing, but also many Oriental ideas and opinions previously unknown in the West. Is it supposable that among the ideas and opinions thus conveyed to Europe there were

no Jewish ones,—no ideas derived from the Jewish religion and polity? Recollect how closely the Phœnicians were connected with the Jews, both geographically and commercially. Recollect that they were dependent on "the Jews' country" for supplies of the staff of life; that their language did not differ farther from the Hebrew than Portuguese from Spanish; and that they were, moreover, in the practice of sending large bodies of their artisans to instruct and assist the Jews in architecture and carpentry. Thus circumstanced, how could the Phœnicians have been unacquainted with the moral and theological tenets of Judaism? And if acquainted with them, how could they have failed to impart the knowledge of at least some of them to the various countries to which their commercial pursuits conducted them? We sometimes come upon passages in the writings of the Heathen sages of Greece, which amaze us by their ethical sublimity and wisdom; and to such passages infidels delight to point as evidence of man's ability to discover religious and moral truth independently of a divine revelation. But we may safely hold that the real source of such passages, and indeed of all that is good and true in the moral writings of Pagan antiquity, is to be found in those Jewish ideas and opinions which the Phœnician mariners and merchants, so early as the days of David and Solomon, began to diffuse and circulate—thereby scattering on the tops of the mountains that handful of corn, the fruit whereof was to shake like Lebanon.

After the partition of the kingdom, the Jews had additional seals of their ministry—as witness the notable instance of Naaman, the Syrian general. But their largest harvest of Heathen converts was reserved for the period when they were thrown into association with the four great monarchies which successively ruled the East.

With the Babylonian monarchy they were connected by the bond of a seventy years' captivity. And, by God's merciful overruling, that captivity, though humiliating to their national pride, proved the means, not only of weaning themselves from idol worship, but of reforming the religious usages of their captors. Their jealousy for the honour of the one living and true God struck the Babylonians with awe. Their self-denial in temptation and constancy in suffering won the admiration of the luxurious court and city. Though they often sat down and wept when they remembered Zion, and hanged their harps upon the willows, yet it was not always in mockery that "they that carried them away captive," said to them, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." Nebuchadnezzar, the king, was so impressed with the sublimity of their creed and the splendour of their virtues, that he publicly interdicted "every people and nation and language" within his dominions from speaking anything amiss against the God of the Hebrews.

With the Persian Empire, which rose on the ruins of Babylon, their connection was yet closer.

It had been foretold by Isaiah a hundred years before, that Cyrus would overturn the Babylonian power and bid the captive Jews go free; and the event corresponded. Not only did that great monarch empower such of the Jews as wished it to return to their own land, but he elevated many of them to places of trust and authority in his own immediate dominions: and embracing himself the belief of the true God, he encouraged his subjects to do the same. Several of his successors followed his example. One of them, Ahasuerus, had a Jewess for his queen, and a Jew for his prime minister. And for several ages after, as ancient history attests, Persia professed a purer theology than the surrounding Asiatic countries.

When the Persian Empire fell in its turn before the Macedonian, the Jews entered upon a yet wider field of usefulness. Taking advantage of the liberal policy of Alexander the Great, they speedily settled in large numbers, as teachers or as traders, in all the chief cities of the empire; thus multiplying the centres whence the true light might stream forth into the surrounding darkness. In Egypt, in particular, they soon became, through successive emigrations, a great and prosperous colony. There, foregoing their national unapproachableness, they associated freely with the native inhabitants. There they built a temple, accessible to Gentile as well as Jewish worshippers, in which the whole routine of divine service was performed in the same manner as at Jerusalem. And there, too, with the full sanction and approval of the reigning princes, they executed that celebrated Greek translation of their own Scriptures—the Septuagint—which perhaps did more than all other causes combined, to prepare the world for the advent of the Saviour.

Nor was the last and greatest of the four empires unbenefited by the Jews. Whence sprung that general expectation of a great Deliverer which prevailed throughout the Roman dominions about the time of our Lord's birth? Whence, but from the previous wide diffusion of the Jewish Scriptures? Tacitus, the most accurate of the Roman historians, speaks expressly of this expectation as drawn from the sacred books of the Hebrew priests; and no scholar can read the contemporary Latin poems—such as the “*Pollio*” of Virgil—which foretell and celebrate the coming Prince, without being struck with palpable marks of plagiarism from the Septuagint. It was thus through the leavening influence of Jewish literature and Jewish opinion, that the mind of the Empire became filled with the presentiment of a new and better era. And if, then, the world was now ripe for the epiphany of “the Desire of all nations”—if the train was already laid all around the Mediterranean, which the first preachers of the cross had only to ignite, in order to set on fire and consume the gigantic fabric of classical Paganism—let not the Jews be denied the praise and honour of thus “preparing the way of the Lord.”

Blessed be the God of Israel for making His chosen

people so helpful to the nations of antiquity! On a first view, the Heathen world prior to the advent of Christ seems a very valley of the shadow of death. But the gloom, as we have seen, was neither universal nor uninterrupted. The lamp of truth, which burned so bright in Canaan, and went with the Jews in all their dispersions, threw its healing rays frequently and far into the darkness. And thousands upon thousands, we may thankfully believe, who were born to the dark heritage of idolatry, were taught by its light to turn from dumb idols to the living God, and emboldened to breathe out their last sigh in the hope of a blessed immortality.

In now turning to the benefits which the Jews have conferred on mankind during the Christian era, I must not pass unnoticed that small but important portion of the nation, which St. Paul styles “the remnant according to the election of grace.” For to that “remnant” we are indebted for the very choicest of our religious advantages. That “remnant” formed the original stem of the Christian Church—Jesus himself being the root. By that “remnant” the Gospel was originally preached, and the New Testament written. And through fellowship with that “remnant” have the Gentiles acquired their spiritual privileges. We sometimes hear indeed of the Gentile Church as distinguished from the Jewish. But it ought to be remembered that the Christian Church was at first composed exclusively of Jews, and that the Gentiles who have since been admitted into it, have been admitted, not as a separate and independent body, but simply as an addition to the original Jewish remnant. “Fellow-citizens with the (Jewish) saints”—“Fellow-heirs, and of the same body,” these are the phrases by which the believing Gentiles are described in the Apostolical writings. Nor is it other, therefore, than an abuse of language to speak of the Gentile and the Jewish believers as forming different Churches. It is as “grafted in among” the Jewish “remnant,” that we Gentiles have come to “partake of the root and fatness of the olive-tree.” And hence in counting up the long roll of Jewish benefits, we should never forget that to a portion of that people we owe, under God, the inestimable blessing of Christianity and the Christian Church.

But what of the great bulk of the nation—the unbelieving Jews? Have *they* also been our benefactors? Certainly, no service to the Christian world was to be expected at their hands. Nay, their very survival as a people after that terrible destruction of Jerusalem which followed and avenged their rejection of Christ, was a marvel. “Never,” as has been eloquently said, “was vessel dashed upon the rock into smaller fragments than the Jewish nation in that tremendous overthrow. Their heaven-built polity went to pieces; their holy temple was ruined from topmost tower to foundation-stone; a million of their best lives were sacrificed;

and all whom the sword spared were sold into hopeless captivity." One might have thought that so profound a calamity would have made a "full end" of the people. But no. Prophecy had sealed them for a further mission to the world: and events ere long showed that they had yet a long career of usefulness to run.

It would be interesting, did space permit, to narrate how speedily the scattered fragments of the wreck were collected, and reconstructed into two great communities—the one at Tiberias in Palestine, and the other on the eastern bank of the Euphrates. Nor would it be less interesting to trace the subsequent fortunes of these modern Jews—their alternate patronage and oppression by the Roman emperors—their persecutions by Mahomet and their prosperity under his successors—their rise to almost fabulous wealth and power in France and Spain during the Moorish dominion—their depression and sufferings during the Crusades—and their singularly varied fortunes ever since in all quarters of the globe. But waiving historical details it may suffice to indicate in general terms the chief benefits of which the unbelieving Jews have been the source or the occasion.

One very notable thing is the vast influence which, owing to their peculiar bent and aptitude for traffic and accumulation, they have all along exercised on the world's material and industrial progress. Strange as *their* possession of great wealth may appear, considering how often they have been peeled and spoliated, it is undeniable that they have been in every land of their dispersion the pioneers of trade and commerce, and in many lands the chief capitalists and financiers. At this hour Jewish bankers form the money-barometers of the world.

For music no less than money the modern world is largely indebted to the Jews. Famous from the earliest times for their taste and skill in that fascinating art, they have been in later times, too, its most successful cultivators. And at the present day many of our greatest composers and performers belong to the Hebrew race.

As educationists, also, the Jews have set the rest of mankind a beneficial example. The rule prescribed by Moses that parents should count it a sacred duty to instruct their children in the national history and laws, seems to have been more or less followed on to the fall of Jerusalem. But it is only since the final dispersion of the people that their educational institutions have attracted the notice, and commanded the imitation of other nations. It was under the Rabbins that the system of tuition was matured, which connected the school with the synagogue. And there can be no doubt that Christendom has borrowed from the Rabbins the principle and system of combined secular and religious instruction. The Church of Rome, in particular, owes those Jewish teachers a heavy debt; for the far-famed schools of the Jesuits are almost an exact copy of the schools of old Rabbinitism. And, singular to say—if a digressive remark may be allowed—even Popery itself, considered as a great politico-

religious institute claiming universal sway over its adherents, is a wholesale plagiarism from the system established and long exercised by the Rabbinical oligarchy. The Pope of Rome, in claiming implicit faith and obedience from his spiritual subjects, in co-ordinating tradition with Scripture, and even in assuming the title of "His Holiness," only does what the Rabbinical Patriarch of Tiberias did centuries before him.

But the grand distinctive benefit conferred by the unbelieving Jews yet remains:—They have been for eighteen centuries a standing witness to the truth of the Gospel; certifying all men how just were His claims to faith and obedience, who declared that, for their sin in rejecting Him, they should "be led away captive into all nations," and their beloved "Jerusalem trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." It is true, the Jews themselves have no idea that they are witnesses on the side of a religion which they contemptuously reject. They mean not to give evidence in its favour. Nay, such an office, if named to them, they would repudiate with all a Hebrew's bitter scorn. Yet this is their office not the less. And most effectively do they perform it. If there is an evidence of the truth of our religion which makes up to the men of this latter age for the cessation and want of the miracles of the first age, it is the existing condition of the Jewish people. Can any mere natural causes account for such a peculiar condition as theirs? Is there any other instance on record of a people retaining its nationality, age after age, notwithstanding the entire rupture of all the ties of a common country and a national government? Is there any other instance of a people continuing for centuries in a state of dispersion, without being absorbed in the surrounding races? Look at our own island. Though conquered and colonised by a succession of distinct races—Celts, Saxons, Danes, Normans—yet its inhabitants have long since lost nearly all traces of their separate descent, and become the one undivided people of Britain. Look at the city of London. It is only a few hundred years since a colony of Frenchmen established themselves in its suburb of Spitalfields; and yet these immigrants are now undistinguishable, except by their French names, from the native population of London. Why is it so diametrically the reverse in the case of the Jews? Nor is it only when cursorily surveyed that the case of the Jews seems anomalous. The longer you ponder it, the anomaly appears the more striking. For what sort of a life is it that the Jews lead in the lands of their dispersion? Is it a life which tends to keep them isolated? Is it a roaming, vagrant, gipsy-like life on the outskirts of society? Quite the contrary. It is a life of close and active communication with other men; it is a life of sleepless traffic and industry in the heart of crowded cities; it is a life of busy and incessant money-making—the very life of all others most fitted to obliterate original distinctions of race and lineage. And yet they mix

thus closely and constantly with other men, without ever amalgamating. They crowd and jostle in the world's thoroughfare of toil and traffic, without ever crossing that boundary, broad and deep, which their ancestral blood and ancient religious usages draw around them. Even their adherence to these ancient usages is itself an anomaly; for they have now no legitimate grounds for retaining them. Their religion wants its indispensable aids of temple and sacrifice; yet they adhere to it with changeless pertinacity. Their hope of restoration to their own land has no ground of support in the prophecies, as interpreted by cautious expositors; yet they cling to that hope after long centuries of "hope deferred." And these strange contrarities—seclusion in the midst of society, addiction to temple-worship in the absence of a temple, hope of national restoration without any ostensible ground of hope—are not things of to-day or of yesterday merely, but hereditary and unchanging characteristics of the people;—attending and distinguishing them in every clime, under every form of government, when they live together and when they live apart, in the crowded capitals of Europe and in the lonely isles of the Indian sea. Has such a phenomenon any parallel in history? Unbelievers ask us for a sign from Heaven to attest our religion—a sensible miracle which would leave no room for disbelief. We bid them look at the Jews; we point them to that standing miracle; and we make bold to tell them

that if they believe not on its sure and striking testimony, "neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Great and manifold, then, are the services which, during their long and eventful career, God's ancient people have rendered to the rest of mankind. Ought these services to remain unacknowledged and unrepaired? If we Gentiles are *such* debtors to the Jews—if to them we owe, under God, our religious knowledge, our helps of grace, our prophets, our apostles, our Church—yea, our blessed Redeemer Himself, what can be more incumbent on us than to repay the debt *in kind*, by sending them the Gospel of salvation? Too long has it been the habit of Christians to despise the Jew, to deny him the honour due to "all men," to aggravate the hardships of his lot by pointing at him the finger of scorn. Too long have the Churches of Christendom expended their missionary zeal almost exclusively on their Gentile brethren; emulating that selfish and morose exclusiveness of which the Jews at the beginning of the Gospel set so odious an example. But surely if any branch of the human family has a prior claim to our sympathy and help, it is God's ancient people—the people whose poverty has made us rich, whose religion differs from our own only as the cold grey dawn from the perfect day, and whose unexampled sorrows enhance their title to our Christian commiseration.

J. M'ULLOCH.

RECONCILED.

I.—NOONDAY.

Two angry men—in heat they sever,
And one goes home by a harvest field:—
"Hope's nought," quoth he, "and vain endeavour;
"I said and say it, I will not yield!

"As for this wrong, no art can mend it,
The bond is shiver'd that held us twain;
Old friends we be, but law must end it,
Whether for loss or whether for gain.

"Yon stream is small—its water shallow;
But winning is sweet, but right is fine;
And shoal of trout, or bed of sallow—
Though Law be costly—I'll prove them mine.

"His strawberry cow slipped loose her tether,
And trod the best of my barley down;
His little lasses at play together
Pluck'd the poppies my boys had grown.

"What then?—Why nought! *She* lack'd of reason;
And *they*—my little ones match them well:—
But *this*—Nay all things have their season,
And 'tis my season to curb and quell."

II.—SUNSET.

So saith he, when noontide fervours flout him,
So thinks, when the West is amber and red,
When he smells the hop-vines sweet about him,
And the clouds are rosy overhead.

While slender and tall the hop-poles going
Straight to the West in their leafy lines,
Portion it out into chambers, glowing,
And bask in red day as the sun declines.

Between the leaves in his latticed arbour
He sees the sky, as they flutter and turn,
While moor'd like boats in a golden harbour
The fleets of feathery cloudlets burn.

Withdrawn in the shade, he thinketh over
Harsh thoughts, the fruit-laden trees among,
Till pheasants call their young to cover,
And cushats coo them a nursery song.

And flocks of ducks forsake their sedges,
Wending home to the wide barn-door,
And loaded wains between the hedges
Slowly creep to his threshing floor—



RECONCILED.



Slowly creep. And his tired senses,
Float him over the magic stream,
To a world where Fancy recompenses
Vengeful thoughts, with a troubled dream!

III.—THE DREAM.

WHAT'S this? a wood—What's that? one calleth,
Calleth and cryeth in mortal dread—
He hears men strive—then somewhat falleth!—
“Help me, neighbour—I'm hard bestead.”

The dream is strong—the voice he knoweth—
But when he would run, his feet are fast,
And death lies beyond, and no man goeth
To help, and he says the time is past.

His feet are held, and he shakes all over,—
Nay—they are free—he has found the place—
Green boughs are gather'd—what is't they cover?—
“I pray you, look on the dead man's face;

“I dare not look—he wrong'd me never,—
Men say we differ'd—they speak amiss—
This man and I were neighbours ever,
I would have ventured my life for his!

“But, Sir, my feet were fast with tangles,—
Aye! words—but they were not sharp, I trow,
Though parish feuds and vestry wrangles—
O pitiful sight—I see thee now!—

“If we fell out, 'twas but foul weather,
After long shining! O bitter cup,—
What—dead?—why, man, we play'd together—
Art dead—ere a friend can make it up?”

IV.—THE WAKING.

OVER his head the chafer hummeth,
Under his feet shut daisies bend:
Waken man! the enemy cometh,
Thy neighbour, counted so long a friend.

He cannot waken—and firm, and steady,
The enemy comes with lowering brow;
He looks for war, his heart is ready,
His thoughts are bitter—he will not bow.

He fronts the seat,—the dream is flinging
A spell that his footsteps may not break,—
But one in the garden of hops is singing—
The dreamer hears it, and starts awake.

V.—LOVERS.

WALKING apart, she thinks none listen,
And now she carols, and now she stops;
While the Evening Star begins to glisten
Between the lines of blossoming hops.

Sweetest Mercy! your mother taught you
All uses and cares that to maids belong,—
Apt scholar to read and to sew, she thought you,
But she did not teach you that tender song!

A crash of boughs!—one through them breaking!
Mercy is startled, and fain would fly,
But e'en as she turns, her steps o'ertaking,
He pleads with her—“Mercy, it is but I!”

“Mercy!” he touches her hand unbidden—
“The air is balmy, I pray you stay—
Mercy?” Her downcast eyes are hidden,
And never a word she has to say.

Till closer drawn, her prison'd fingers
He takes to his lips with a yearning strong;
And she murmurs low, that late she lingers,
Her mother will want her, and think her long.

“Good mother is she, then honour duly
The lightest wish in her heart that stirs;
But there is a bond yet dearer truly,
And there is a love that passeth hers.

“Mercy, Mercy!” Her heart attendeth,
And the blush on her maiden brow is sweet;
She lifts her face when his own he bendeth,
And the lips of the youth and the maiden meet.

VI.—FATHERS.

MOVE through the bowering hops, O lovers,—
Wander down to the golden West,—
But two stand mute in the shade that covers
Your love and youth from their souls opprest.

A little shame on their spirits stealing,—
A little pride that is loth to sue,—
A little struggle with soften'd feeling,—
And a world of fatherly care for you.

One says: “To this same running water,
May be, Neighbour, your claim is best.”
And one: “My son has kiss'd your daughter,
Let the matters between us—rest.”

JEAN INGELOW.



ON SOCIAL INDEPENDENCE.

WE all assent to the truth of the maxim that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Lord Brougham attributes the origin of this proverb to George Whitfield, in addressing the colliers at Kingsdown, near Bristol, and adduces it as a proof of Whitfield's sagacity and knowledge of human nature. He saw that the men of black visage and grimy features who stood before him, would never take a single step toward godliness until they passed over the threshold of cleanliness. The value of this maxim is acknowledged by us at the present day, even more than it was in the time of Whitfield. The legislature, the clergy, patriots, philanthropists, and politicians have set their seal to its importance by adopting measures for the promotion of personal and domestic cleanliness, by instituting baths and wash-houses, by attention to sanitary regulations, by requiring that common lodging-houses shall be provided with a due supply of the primary requisites of comfortable and healthy existence—light, air, and water.

Cleanliness, however, is only one out of many qualities which may be called the precursors of godliness. It is one only out of many auxiliaries to the highest interests of morality and religion. It is only one class in the community which has ever been remarkably deficient in this virtuous habit, viz., the class of those who work with their hands. Besides these there are other classes; those who work with their head, those who work with hands and head, and those who work not at all, either with hands or with head. To all these classes we may say that "Social Independence is next to Godliness."

Now, I will not speak of the mischief which arises from indiscriminate almsgiving; of the pauperism, the waste, the want which is created by ill-considered and impolitic benevolence. I know that the poor will never cease out of the land; that it is an essential part of Christian duty habitually to consider the poor, to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again. I envy not the feelings of the man who can boast that he has never been deceived by an artfully concocted tale of woe, or who systematically ascribes all temporal distress to improvidence, extravagance, idleness, and like crimes; but I am convinced there are those who may say, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have" I cheerfully impart. I propose, then, to discuss the facilities which Savings Banks, in connection with Life Assurance, offer for the promotion of Social Independence—to the poor that they may emerge from their poverty—to the rich that they may keep far from the folly of trusting in uncertain riches.

My model of Social Independence shall be the Apostle who has told us that, "Godliness is profitable unto all things." He could appeal to those who,

for the space of three years, had been the objects of his unwearied labours, exhortations, and prayers, "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities and to them that were with me." "Ye remember our labour and travail; labouring night and day because we would not be chargeable unto any of you." "In all things I have kept myself from being burdensome, and so will I keep myself." Elsewhere he tells us of the principle from which he acted, but the full meaning of the passage is not clearly expressed in our version. He gratefully acknowledges the kind attentions of the Christians at Philippi; he assures them that their contribution was an odour of sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God; but he tells them plainly that it was not the amount of the gift, or the personal relief which he prized; the thing he supremely valued was the fruit and recompense which would abound to their account; for he makes the memorable remark, "Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learnt to be independent in the circumstances in which I am;" independent, self-sufficing, self-relying, and self-supplying.*

Many attempts have been made to encourage the Social Independence of those who work with their hands. Witness the establishment of clothing, coal, shoe-clubs; of funds for provision in sickness, of burial and benefit societies, of building societies, of co-operative stores; of Manchester Unity, Odd Fellows, Foresters, and Druids. But the distinction between the humblest of these, a penny bank, for instance, and the largest assurance office, is in name only, not in reality. The patrons and promoters of all, be they lay or clerical, whatever their designation may be—managers, directors, actuaries, secretaries, or clerks—are engaged in inculcating the great duty of Social Independence. They are all great moral instructors, generating habits of thrift, economy, industry, prudence, and forethought; they are useful alike to the child, the youth, the man, in teaching thoughtfulness for others; they all assist us to bear our own burdens, while they teach, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." They preach the necessity of self-denial and frugality; they point to

* The word in the original of Philip. iv. 11, is, *αὐτάρκειαν*, 1 Tim. vi. 6, *αὐτάρκειαν*. The nearest words in English are "self-sufficient," "self-sufficiency." But as these are generally used in a bad sense, the words "independent," "independence," may be more appropriate, though they do not convey the sense of personal exertion implied in *αὐτός*. The same compound occurs in 2 Cor. ix. 8, "self-supply of every kind." In 1 Tim. vi. 3, the word is *ἀνεπιβουλεύετα*, "with these we will make do." The Apostle (says Bishop Ellicott, in 1 Tim. vi. 6) associates *αὐτάρκειαν* with *σωτηρίαν*, and gives the mere ethical truth a higher religious significance.

the temporal recompense of reward which attends self-restraint. Under their guidance and direction all classes may solve the great problem of Social Independence, and learn, in the circumstances in which God has placed them, to be self-sufficing, self-relying, and self-supplying.

But, apart from this Christian feeling of honourable competency, and apart from the use of those means which are within our reach; who are so abjectly helpless, who so absolutely dependent on others for personal comfort, peace and happiness, as those who work neither with hands nor head, and are ignorantly assumed to be independent? Your millionaire has often very few genuine friends, and has often none of those internal resources which may enable a Lancashire spinner to say, "I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need."

As I am not writing for the upper ten thousand, I will leave the case of those who work not at all, commending to their consideration the remark of the Duke: "I wish I could clean my own boots; I hate to see a number of idle men about me." With this connect the professional testimony of an eminent conveyancer, who has sketched the history of a landed estate of £10,000 a-year; and shows that under the usual system of charging it with portions for the younger children, it will, in the course of three generations, be more than half eaten up with mortgages, and will probably be sold. He then draws the contrasted picture of three tenants for life insuring their lives to the same amount for the benefit of daughters and younger sons. The result is that though each of them must submit to a personal sacrifice, all but the first derive advantage in respect of actual income, whilst the inheritance is descending unimpaired.

But, it will be asked, how can the plan already suggested be an effectual means of promoting Social Independence when so many savings banks, benefit societies, and assurance offices have issued in disastrous failures, when funds have been squandered in reckless expenditure or misappropriated in other ways, so as to bring the whole system into discredit? The cause generally assigned for these frauds is the dishonesty of a few who live by their wits. These schemes, however, would not have met even with partial success, but for the ignorance of the first principles of financial success which prevails in the public at large, among the educated classes or those who are entitled to this conventional appellation, no less than among the uneducated. It is unnecessary to dwell on the frauds which have been perpetrated in connection with savings banks at Dublin, Tralee, Rochdale, Brighton, Reading, Bilston, or to speak of the high reputation in which the defaulters were held for honour and integrity, for their patronage of scientific and charitable objects; let us look at the assent and consent given to various schemes by some who occupy the highest station in our land, by noblemen and senators, by bankers and merchants, by ministers of State, and

ministers of religion. If we bear this in mind we shall not be surprised at any amount of ignorance or carelessness among those who have enjoyed limited advantages.

The opening of three thousand Post Office savings banks under the immediate management and responsibility of the Government may be reasonably looked to as furnishing an effectual safeguard against the malversations and defalcations which have attended these valuable institutions. We should be glad to render the upper ten thousand amenable to the verdict passed by the select committee of the House of Commons in 1853 on life assurance. They refer to flagrant frauds which consist of an open violation of all law, "such as it would be difficult for any legislature to prevent, so long as private persons exercise so little precaution in the conduct of their own affairs." They speak of great abuses more akin to swindling than regular trade. Who aid and abet these great abuses? Who give their names, or, rather, whose names are used as patrons, presidents, directors, honorary directors, trustees, of these flagrant frauds? Cast your eye over any insurance almanack published since 1853, and see how many members of both Houses of Parliament are printed in connection with schemes which have existed only to oppress the needy, to plunder the fatherless and the widow. We may well say to the collective wisdom of the nation, "Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? Thou that preachest a man should not steal: dost thou steal?" It would be a novel sight during the heat of a contested election to see placards, "Vote for the Bank of Deposit"; but this would only be a righteous retribution on many senators, and on many aspirants to senatorial honours, for the sanction they have given to schemes of heartless deception. Public persons as well as private persons might thus be taught a wholesome lesson, on the necessity of exercising precaution in the conduct of their own affairs.

The part which these upper ten thousand take in these heartless deceptions is very subordinate, but is very effective. They take care of the remnant of the spoil. The persecuting Saul took no active part in encompassing the death of Stephen, but he kept the raiment of them that slew him. If every trustee would apply his arithmetic to ascertain the financial position of the office with which his name is connected, an immediate and happy revolution would be effected in some thirty life assurance schemes.

As to ministers of religion, it is deeply humiliating and painful to reflect that not less than 300 availed themselves in one year of the insidious offers made by a Samaritan Loan and Discount Office. The directors and shareholders of this body proposed by some legerdemain to work a costly agency which would promote the pecuniary welfare of the poorer clergy, and yet secure to the promoters a profitable return on their own investments. If Mr. Manager

had advertised a way of proving that eight florins were equal to nine half-crowns, and that both were of the same value as a sovereign, it may be presumed that no sane person would have been caught in the snare. All these frauds and failures may be accounted for by want of attention to the elementary principles of financial success, by the suspension of good sense, and by casting arithmetic to the winds.

As a review of the past presents so many savings banks and assurance offices which have 'made shipwreck, it might seem to a superficial observer impossible to reach the port of Social Independence by them. This would be a very hasty conclusion, as if a man were to assert that there was no coin in the land, of lawful currency and sterling value, because he had been frequently imposed upon by base and adulterated counterfeits. How few have made independent inquiries, how few have exercised diligent search as to the practicability or efficient management of these institutions. As in former occasions, so in the present, fraudulent schemes may well sharpen the invention of the thrifty. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. The 300 offices which have vanished into air during the last twenty-five years, being conducted on false and deceptive principles, are a tribute to the thirty sound and stable offices founded on a sure basis and conducted so as to last in perpetuity.

When I speak of thirty, I am aware also that there is a second thirty worthy of general confidence; some of the first thirty I shall mention, but as I designedly omit all in the success of which I am personally interested, the reader may consider them not as the *best* which might be brought forward, but only as the *second best*.

I have spoken of the ignorance which prevails on the subject of life assurance as a matter of great surprise. Can any reason be assigned for this ignorance? My answer is this: "Few intelligent persons have turned their attention to the subject, except so far as concerns the merits and success of their own office; and the very few who have considered the financial condition of twenty or thirty offices, are not at liberty to state the result of their investigations."

There is a large number of genuine philanthropists in the present day who are ready for every good word and work. They can talk of penny banks, of model lodging-houses, of baths and wash-houses, of sanitary regulations, everywhere, and on all occasions. But they cannot speak of life assurance without seeming to recommend their own office to the disparagement of rival institutions. It is said that there are sixteen offices of which the proprietors receive on an average the annual return of forty per cent. on their shares. If any proprietor in a mixed assembly gave the results of his experience, and descanted on the undoubted merits of life assurance, some malicious auditor might turn all his statements to ridicule, by representing that whereas he now received forty per cent., he would

have no objection to receive fifty. Under such circumstances, men of gentlemanly feeling and delicate propriety must be silent, however eligible the office may be, and however pure their motives in introducing it to public attention. Others there are who may reasonably be excused if they decline to expose the defects and the mistakes of the unsuccessful offices with which they have been connected. However great may be their desire to prevent other men from becoming dupes, they are under no obligation to call general attention to old matters which they would gladly have buried in oblivion.

Neither can we expect to receive full information from actuaries. These are the professional advocates and advisers of the offices they represent. Like solicitors, they are bound not to admit anything to the prejudice of their clients. It would be unprofessional for a barrister to speak freely of the different solicitors who retain his advocacy. Even so it is unfair to expect that actuaries should give the public the benefit of their professional knowledge. There are actuaries who make it their honourable boast that they have been connected with none but prosperous offices. These deem it advisable to know nothing of offices which are unworthy of public confidence. The business of other actuaries lies principally with offices which are not of the prosperous class. Frequently they give advice to directors which is not adopted. The only way open to them is to retire. But by every tie of duty, of honour, and interest they are bound over to secrecy.

Many of the reasons already alleged apply to the conductors of the periodical press, who may naturally plead that it is their business to give information, and that it is for private persons to judge what is suitable to their peculiar case.

As then but little help can be expected from the members of the fourth estate, from those who have made this branch of science their professional study, and from intelligent philanthropists, such as the members of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, it is especially necessary for all who would be preserved from the snare of the swindler to obtain for themselves an accurate acquaintance with the elementary principles of life assurance.

The primary requisite in a well-conducted office is unreserved publicity. Many offices avoid publicity. They take their stand on the prestige of their high and honourable character, on the integrity with which they have fulfilled all their engagements, on their undoubted wealth and prosperity. The grounds on which some offices use this plea cannot well be assailed; other offices love to work in the dark, that they may conceal the real state of their finances from a confiding and an unsuspecting public.

Assurance offices have been well called our Bankers for Posterity. The Legislature has required the Bank of England to make weekly returns

of its issues, and other banks in the metropolis and country districts to make monthly or quarterly returns, binding all alike with stringent restrictions not to abuse or exceed the powers with which they are intrusted. It cannot be supposed that the Legislature had any doubt whatever of the integrity and good faith of the directors of the Bank of England and similar establishments when they imposed upon them these conditions of publicity ; but, looking to the magnitude of the interests confided to them, it was deemed advisable that a distinct statement of their financial proceedings should be required of them weekly, monthly, and quarterly. What reasons, then, can our Bankers for Posterity adduce for refusing to comply with the spirit of an enactment which the Legislature has passed with the object of preventing great abuses and flagrant frauds ? Until a satisfactory answer can be given to this question, I would recommend every good citizen to mark the offices which defeat or evade the intentions of the Legislature respecting publicity, and to avoid them.

Again, we shall do well to avoid those offices which give only a partial account of their condition. Thus we may meet with Mammoth offices which advertise — “Accumulated fund, three millions. Income, one thousand pounds a day. New business at the rate of five hundred thousand a year. Bonus largest ever known. Funds paid to deceased members, about two millions.”

Now, in this prodigious announcement there is everything stated to entrap the unwary, but nothing to prove the stability of the office, or to distinguish it from a gigantic sham. Of what satisfaction is it to us to know that Mammoth has paid to survivors two millions ? We may suppose that it had promised to pay these sums, and we may hope that it is not so unusual for an office to fulfil its engagements as to claim credit for discharging its debts. “The largest bonus ever known.” But was Mammoth justified in declaring this bonus ? We are told that it has three millions ; but what are the liabilities ? The sums assured, with the unparalleled additions made by way of bonus—do they amount to ten millions, or twenty millions ? If they amount to the larger sum, it is probable that Mammoth is insolvent in spite of its three millions. “But then look at the amount of new business last year—five hundred thousand pounds. Was there ever the like ?” In what way is this large business gained ? Has the zeal of the agents been stimulated by the payment of ten per cent. commission on every annual premium, or by a composition allowance of the whole of the premium for the first year ? Commission has been granted on such terms that every additional policy has sunk the office deeper in irreticvable ruin. This new business—is it all genuine business ? How much of it is composed of reassurances ? A policy for 10,000*l.* can be inflated to three times that amount by a judicious arrangement between offices which work together. The policy is first effected for 10,000*l.* in A, of which

8000*l.* is reassured in B ; then 6000*l.* in C, which reassures 4000*l.* in D ; while E takes to itself 2000*l.* of the original policy. Thus, five offices may issue policies to the amount of a million when the aggregate of new business in them all is really less than half a million. By a similar process of dividing and subdividing, a policy to the amount of 20,000*l.* may be distributed among ten confederate offices so as to represent 110,000*l.* of new business.

Next we meet with an advertisement of an office of humbler pretensions, especially intended for industrial assurances. The Minnow states realised fund 180,000*l.*, sums assured 1,500,000*l.* From these two facts we can draw an approximate inference as to the solvency of the office, although there are other particulars with which we should be glad to be acquainted, especially the expenses of management, and the average age of the assured. From the small amount of business it is probable that Minnow has been recently founded ; but such are the tricks of the insurance world, that offices of modern date have been so changed by the wand of the enchantress, as to bear upon their front the influence, the weight, the experience and reputation of half a century. As Minnow does not mention its age, we will try its solvency on three different assumptions of financial condition, and though we have known industrial offices to spend 20,000*l.* a year, we will assume that Minnow spends only 5000*l.* a year.

The average age of the assured may be 40, 45, 50, 55. Hence the expectation of life will be 27, 24, 21, 17. I must request my readers, those of them at least who have considered that calculations applicable to life assurance are quite beyond them, to bear in mind the difference between the amount of *l.* for a number of years at three per cent., and the amount of *l.* per annum for the same period. It is all the difference between depositing *l.* in the savings banks without making further additions, and the depositing *l.* for several successive years.

Amount of £1	for	£1 per Annum.
2-2213	27 years	40-7096
2-0328	24 ”	34-4265
1-8603	21 ”	28-6765
1-6528	17 ”	21-7616

The realised fund of Minnow is now 180,000*l.* What will this amount to at the end of 27, 24, 21, 17 years, three per cent. compound interest.

27 years	£180,000 × 2-2213 =	£399,834
24 ”	× 2-0328 =	365,904
21 ”	× 1-8603 =	334,854
17 ”	× 1-6528 =	297,504

The premium income may be 2½ or 3 per cent. on the sum assured. If the Minnow be a young office, and the average age of entrance be 35, the probable premium is 2½, which upon 1,500,000*l.* amounts to 37,500*l.* But as the expenses of management are 5000*l.* a year, the premium which is available for the assurance fund is only 32,500*l.*

Now £32,500 × 40.7096	=	£1,323,062
Add the amount of £180,000 for	}	=
27 years		
		£1,722,896

Minnow has a surplus of £222,896.

But if the expectation of life be 24 years, taking the expenses at 5000%, and the premium income 2½ per cent. on the sum assured.

£32,500 × 34.4265 =	£1,118,881
Amount of £180,000 =	365,904
	£1,484,785

The deficiency in this case is rather more than 15,000%. It is perfectly clear that the deficiency must be still greater if the average age of the assured is 50, and the expectation of life is 21 years. But how will it be if the premium is 3 per cent., while the expenser are 5000%? The available premium in this case is 40,000%.

£40,000 × 28.6765 =	£1,147,060
Amount of £180,000	334,854
	£1,481,914

Even in this case there is a deficiency of nearly 20,000%. Yet many offices like Minnow stand for a series of years, and go on with a fair show of prosperity. How are we to account for this?

It will be observed that we have taken the rate of interest at 3 per cent., while we readily admit that, looking to the experience of many offices, the sum of 3*l.* 15*s.*, or even 4 per cent. has been realised. But we have as a compensation for this taken the expenses at a much lower rate than usually prevails even in small offices. There is one source of profit upon which some actuaries rely, which we must put wholly out of the question, viz., that which springs from lapsed or forfeited policies. Even the profit which an office makes upon surrendered policies is artificial rather than real. It produces a temporary gain for the current year or period, but is injurious to the future interests of the office, and strikes at the root of Social Independence. Every lapsed or surrendered policy is the means of deterring future insurers. The injury which is done to the cause of life assurance by the inability of a few to keep up their payments is incalculable.

To look with satisfaction on the profits which may accrue to the more fortunate members of an office, from the disasters of the unfortunate, is at variance with all sound fiscal policy, as it is opposed to all charity whether human or divine.

In the hypothetical offices we have suggested, it appears, that Mammoth gives no details whatever by which we can form an estimate of its solvency; Minnow, on the other hand, states its realised assets at 16 per cent. of the sum assured. Now there are many offices of this class in which the assets are from 12 to 15 per cent. of the liabilities. If they have been in existence only for 12 or 15 years, if the business steadily increases without

the stimulus of liberal commissions, the expense of management continuing to be moderate, this per-centage will gradually improve; but as a general rule, I would recommend no office as having passed the diseases incident to infancy and childhood until the assets are 20 per cent. of its liabilities, and if they amount to 25 per cent., so much the better.

With reference to these two hypothetical offices, I would say that the Minnow is more satisfactory to me than the Mammoth on another ground. The Mammoth is, like the "Great Eastern," a huge unmanageable vessel, which has no port sufficiently capacious to receive it, which can find no secure anchorage in the event of a storm or distress of weather. The Minnow may be said to be a light crazy craft, which can be upset by any squall, especially if it carries a press of canvass; but the captain, the crew, the passengers of the Minnow, with all their effects, can be secured by a life-boat, and safely harboured without any material loss of property, so that all may have reason to congratulate themselves on being transferred to another vessel which is more adapted to breast the billows of the surging ocean. Or, to drop the language of metaphor, the Minnow can be amalgamated without serious loss more easily than the Mammoth.

Publicity must be insisted on as the essential requisite, that we may ascertain the offices which can be considered secure, economical, and eligible.

Among those which are secure, I would direct attention to the Equitable, London Life, Scottish Widows', Scottish Amicable, Law Life, Rock, Provident (of 1806), Guardian, Hand in Hand, Norwich Union, Metropolitan, National Provident, Eagle, Atlas, Economic. All these have assets varying from 20 to 50 per cent. of the sums assured; besides these there are fifteen others of the same financial stability. If then there are as many as thirty stable offices, how lamentable it is that any who wish to maintain an honourable independence should entrust their savings to offices which may be likened to a bag full of holes. All of these offices issue from time to time balance-sheets by which every one may satisfy himself of their financial prosperity. I have no pecuniary interest, that I am aware of, in the success of any one of them, and have no reason to commend them to public attention, except as valuable agencies for enabling individuals to provide for the future. Their solvency may be shown in this way. Some have their assets 50 per cent. of the liabilities. Let us suppose the age of the assured to be 55, and the premiums payable only 1½ per cent.

The expectation of life is 17 years in this case.

50 × 1.6528 =	82.64
1.5 × 21.7616 =	32.64
	115.28

These offices are in a position to pay 115*l.* for every 100*l.* assured with them; and as not one

of them charges a premium so low as 1½ per cent., we see that they can afford to give large bonuses.

In other offices the assets are 40 per cent. Let us suppose the average age to be 50, and the premium to be 2 per cent.

Expectation of life is 21 years.

40 × 1.8603 =	74.4
2 × 28.6765 =	57.353
	131.753

These offices are in a position to pay 181*l.* for every 100*l.* they originally engaged to pay.

Take now the offices in which the assets are 30 per cent. Suppose the average age to be 45, and the premium to be 2½ per cent.

Expectation of life is 24 years.

30 × 2.0328 =	60.984
2.5 × 34.4265 =	86.066
	147.050

These offices are in a position to pay 147*l.* for every 100*l.* assured.

If we pursue the same calculation for the offices which had 20 per cent., we shall find that, supposing the average age is 40, and the premium is 3 per cent., they can pay 166*l.* for every 100*l.* But I very much doubt whether there is any office in which the average age is as low as 40, or in which the expectation of life can be correctly assumed to be as great as 27 years.

It will be said that I have deducted nothing for expenses; but as in practice there are no premiums so low, the reader may add ½ per cent. for expenses to all but the last case, and this will provide a sufficient margin for all contingencies.

But I would observe, that in all these fifteen offices the expenses are already provided for out of the accumulated assets, so that the gross premiums accumulate first to meet the payment of the sum assured, then to provide an additional sum which will be appropriated as bonus.

Some of these have large sums reserved from former divisions of profits, the interest upon which alone is sufficient to meet all expenses of management. I enter not into the abstract question how far these accumulations have arisen with justice and equity to the assured in days that are past, but I see clearly that these accumulations render it highly probable that every pound paid in the way of premium will be invested to the benefit of the assurer, without any deduction whatever. There are many offices which have one million invested at 4 per cent.; 3 per cent. of this is required to meet their present engagements, the remaining 1 per cent., which produces 10,000*l.* per annum, is virtually so much spare cash to pay the expense of management.

Security is the first requisite; economy the second. How will these offices stand the test of economy? They are not all of them conducted with that economy which I consider desirable. Some pay large dividends to proprietors, and liberal

commission to agents: these expenses are quite unnecessary, and might be entirely saved. In respect of economy no offices can compete with the Mutual Associations, which give no commission. These rely for support on that limited portion of the public which has the good sense and discernment to buy in the best market. Of the proprietary offices I have named, one adopts the honest plan of allowing the assurer who pays the premium on his own policy to receive the commission for himself. Another habitually advertises its balance sheet. Its expenditure, including commissions and dividends, is less than 9 per cent. on its income. An office like this is quite as beneficial to the assurer as some Mutual Offices, and is more economical than many which issue professedly industrial policies.

If, then, life assurance be thus secure and economical as we have represented it, why is it not more generally adopted? What else is required to render it eligible to the industrial as well as to the professional and mercantile classes? The great objection is that it provides no fund for relief in sickness.

Now if our artisans and mechanics will make provision in no other way, it is highly desirable that they should use our ordinary benefit societies, rather than be under no influence for the exercise of judicious foresight and wholesome frugality. I speak of ordinary benefit societies; not of those which are founded under the patronage and with the pecuniary assistance of many employers of labour, such as exist in large manufactories, in the different railway companies, and in establishments like the "Times" newspaper office.

The chief attraction to ordinary benefit societies is the opportunity afforded for social intercourse, the delight of an annual festival, and the charm which free citizens find in managing their own affairs in their own way. Well would it be if they would calculate the price at which they purchase these advantages. Any healthy person at the age of twenty-five can assure his life for 100*l.* for 2*l.* per annum. If an artisan or mechanic wishes to provide 10*l.* or 20*l.* for funeral expenses, he may reasonably be called on to pay a higher rate of premium. At 3 per cent., the annual payment of six shillings ought to secure 10*l.* in case of death. But the price asked in benefit societies is 10*s.* and even 12*s.* The time of sickness for healthy persons between the ages of 15 and 45 is one week in the year. Where 12*s.* is the sickness allowance, the usual monthly payment is 1*s.* 8*d.* 1*l.* is paid with the prospect of receiving 12*s.* For this there is secured also the assistance of a medical man. But there remains the undoubted fact, which the reader may establish by examining the balance-sheet of any such society in his own neighbourhood, that four shillings in every pound, or 20 per cent. of all the monthly premiums, is absorbed in the expenses of management. It has indeed been ascertained by an analysis of the accounts of some life offices in London, that the annual working expenses

vary from 20 to 50 per cent on the premiums; but these are offices formed to last for 7, 14, or 21 years, while of the offices which are formed to last in perpetuity, the deduction from the premium might be estimated as low as 2 per cent. I cannot consider any system of provision to be eligible which is extravagant and insecure. But my great objection to benefit societies is of another kind; viz., that they are not favourable to Social Independence.

In all these societies the prudent pay for the folly and extravagance of the imprudent; the man of easy conscience receives far more from the funds of the society than he is entitled to; the man of scrupulous conscience, of high and honourable feeling, receives far less. The medical attendant who has to certify to the sickness of a member can never satisfactorily distinguish between those who would represent themselves as worse than they really are, and those who wish to appear better than they are; between those who apply for relief on any occasion which can be brought within the legal interpretation of the rules, and those who affix a moral interpretation according to their own sense of the rule of right. In every society there will be a few who care not what others think of them, provided they can get relief; and a few who, from knowing that they are liable to be suspected, make no application until further postponement is impossible, though the delay aggravates the nature and duration of their sickness. Then there is the nice distinction between full-pay and half-pay; the prohibition from earning anything, the restriction from taking a walk except under prescribed regulations, and even from attending a place of worship; the liability to be visited by an inspector to see that the rules are duly observed; all these form a social bondage, the more intolerable, as the honourable workman may be painfully aware that there are some members for whom these inquisitorial regulations and vexatious restrictions must necessarily be maintained.

If, however, our industrial classes have no higher notions of social independence than the rules of their club allow, let them adhere to their present plan until they are satisfied they can change it for a better. My own opinion is, that among those who work with their hands, there are quite as many who can exercise self-control, as among those who work not at all. To these my specific would be, keep 10% in the savings' bank as a provision for three months' sickness; go on adding to your deposits, and when these have reached 20% you then have enough wherewith to maintain a policy in a life office for 100%; if your health is good, employment brisk, and prospects bright, and your age is from 30 to 35, you may be able to spare even 5% a year for life assurance and effect a policy for 200%.

I cannot but think that if the economical advantages and social independence of this plan were brought before the industrial classes, many of them would recognise its eligibility, and give it a decided

preference. It may be said that attempts of this kind have been made, and have failed. But I never heard of an attempt in which there was not an evident intention, or an ill-concealed desire, to obtain an accession of business to some particular office; and in one case, where a proprietary office was suggested as the one to be preferred, a large and important meeting of influential persons was entirely broken up by the very pertinent question, What are the present liabilities of the office?

But the real difficulty to the working of this plan is this, that the best offices, those offices in which the assurer gets the most in return for his money, do not like to issue policies to the amount of 100%, especially to our hand-workers, who from the unfavourable influence of unhealthy abodes, from exposure to weather, from the dangers incident to their calling, have not the same prospect of length of days as the professional or mercantile classes. The assurer for 10,000% is really a better life than the assurer for 100%. The former, if anything seriously affects his health, has generally the power of suspending his usual duties for a season, he can remove his residence to a healthier locality, he can spend a winter abroad, and renovate his constitution so as to prolong his life for 7 or 10 years, when the assurer for 100% must continue his daily task. It may thus be proved to demonstration that no office in which the policies average only 150% can possibly succeed at the same rates of premium as other offices in which the policies average a much larger sum.

I would hope that our thriving and flourishing offices will still be conducted on the same principles, upon which they were founded and under which they have attained their prosperity, viz., the principle of mutual benevolence. The advocates of proprietary offices will sometimes point to mutual offices, and assert that their large accumulated funds have sprung from injustice to a portion of the assurers. The fact is, that the founders of our most successful offices, both in the past and present century, were perfectly willing to receive nineteen shillings in the pound for themselves, in order to secure twenty-one shillings in the pound for their posterity. If their successors are actuated by a like spirit, they will anxiously consider whether they cannot invite the accession of the sons of toil without entailing any appreciable loss on their present clients.

One of the most recent institutions for bettering the condition of the working classes in London is the establishment of a friendly society for cabmen. By the means of this fostering agency, some who were mere drivers may become owners of the cab, horse, harness, and all appurtenances. The improvement in their external bearing, in their manner, speech, and tone, indicates the happy change which has taken place in their financial condition. If Cabby has a mind to grow rich, he will get a second horse, a second cab: more horses, more cabs. What

the result will be who shall tell? He may die a wealthy man, or he may be reduced to the condition from which he has lately emerged.

I would not encourage his desire, or any one's desire, to grow rich; but I would have him aim at becoming independent. I wonder now whether next Wednesday morning as Cabby drives a gentleman to the Equitable, if he made bold to enter in and ask for a form of application, whether he would be given to understand, "No cabmen admitted here." If he is a young man of the age of twenty-five, he could not do better than apply at the Equitable, though the price is high; but if his age is fifty, he can do quite as well elsewhere. Let him not be discouraged; his object is to buy a certain article in the best market. Let him call at the Eagle, he may find friends there; or he can look in at the Economic. If he is travelling to the east, he can inquire at the Metropolitan or the National Provident; or if westward, let him ask at the Provident in Regent Street, whether the directors have matured and carried into effect the patriotic and benevolent plans which Mr. Barber Beaumont designed fifty years ago for the introduction of life assurance among the working classes.

The great impediment, I fear, lies in the reluctance of directors to issue policies within the compass of the sons of toil; but those who out of 30s. a week can save half-a-crown, or single men and youths of eighteen who out of 20s. a week can save 5s., might break through this impediment by depositing money in the savings bank with the view of effecting an assurance to the amount of 100*l.*, for which all offices *profess* to issue life policies. The Scottish Amicable offers peculiar facilities for those who feel the difficulty of keeping up their premiums year by year. In this office, on the minimum premium scale, a paid-up policy of 100*l.* is granted at lower terms than in any office which has come under my notice—*viz.*, for 3*l.* at the age of thirty, for 3*l.* at the age of forty, and 4*l.* at the age of fifty. In this, too, as in the Scottish Widows', there is gratifying evidence that the practice of life assurance is taking root in the lower strata of society. The average value of a policy in the Scottish Widows' was at first 1000*l.*, then 720*l.*, 670*l.*, and recently 650*l.* In the Scottish Amicable the average value is 460*l.*, and in more recent years the new policies have averaged 420*l.* One of the lessons which the industrial classes will learn from insuring their lives is the necessity of taking care of their own health. The proposal of our hypothetical cabman may be declined on the ground that he does not take the same care of himself as he does of his horse.

I have dwelt at greater length on the advantages of life assurance to the industrial classes from feeling that this mode of promoting their Social Independence is auxiliary and supplementary to other methods which are in happy and successful operation. But even among those who adopt this system there are several popular errors which tend to impede its progress.

One of these errors is, that the assurer derives no benefit from his money; that all use of it is foregone during his lifetime. But, now, is this really the case? Is money valued by us as an end or as a means? Shall we say that we prize it for its own sake or for what it will produce? Do we seek for wealth or for welfare? If a young man under thirty knows by revelation that he will certainly reach the age of threescore and ten; that he can invest his money securely, though at moderate interest (for good interest means bad security); if he is sure that nothing will induce him or compel him to change his purpose, then, if wealth is his object—if he considers the accumulation of money the end of his being and existence—then he is wise in his generation in eschewing life assurance.

But if welfare is our object rather than wealth—if we cherish the spirit of Social Independence as a precursor of godliness—if we cultivate that charity which begins at home and provides the means to give to him that needeth—the beneficial results of life assurance are such that I am reminded of the words of Holy Writ, "Length of days and long life and peace shall they add to thee."

As to the pecuniary return, let it now be conceded that those who live pay for those who die. Those who are spared to reach seventy or eighty years furnish the fund to defray the policies of those who are removed at the age of thirty or forty. But are we to judge of this matter by the pecuniary return only? If so, those who live to an advanced period of life are subjects of commiseration. This is to assume that we value money for its own sake, and not as a means for obtaining necessities, requisites, conveniences, advantages. The investment of money in a policy brings with it even upon the payment of a single premium a comfort, a satisfaction which no other investment can produce; the highest possible reward in a freedom from anxiety with regard to the future. The father can rejoice in the consciousness that some provision is made, that should death come upon him prematurely he will not leave his widow and orphans penniless. He thus gains a serenity of mind and a self-possession which leaves him free calmly to devise, and firmly to attempt whatever is needed for his own welfare or the welfare of others. The satisfaction which springs from this source is worth all the money which he pays for the first seven or ten years. What actuary will name an equivalent price for a quiet mind?

It is not however true that the assurer foregoes all pecuniary benefit from the money he pays for maintaining a policy. At the expiration of twelve or fifteen years he will find that through his policy he can raise a loan on easy terms for the education of his children, or for any other purpose. This must be done with caution, that he may not forestall benefits which were intended for the widow and fatherless. Those however who are of opinion that a good education with a good name is the best inheritance that a father can bequeath to his children,

will not deem a loan for educational purposes an infringement or a perversion of the objects for which he insured his life. In connection with the pecuniary benefit resulting to the insurer, it should be remembered, that in the extreme case of wife and children being removed before him, his life policy is readily convertible into an annuity to maintain his own social independence when his age has fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf." I cannot then conceive of a system of provision which offers a greater combination of advantages; and surely it is unwise not to provide against contingencies, because we cannot foresee and guard against every conceivable contingency.

But it is a misfortune to consider that only husbands and fathers can resort with advantage to this means of maintaining Social Independence. Those who have read the "Experience of Life" will remember how Aunt Sarah adopted the plan of life assurance as the only way in which the double objects could be attained, of securing relief to her relatives, and of forwarding plans of benevolence. There are few persons so very simple as the one depicted in Mrs. Halliburton's troubles, who began to think of insuring his life when he noticed the premonitory symptoms which terminated in consumption. But how many young men are there having the means of self-support, rejoicing that they are able to some extent to requite their parents, who intend to insure their lives, when they marry. But what if they are taken off as in a moment! Have they made suitable provision for their funeral charges, for the expenses of their last illness? Are there no small accounts not settled? Shall they throw this burden on their parents? Or do they trust to the kindness of friends to raise a contribution? Why do they not provide at once for these contingencies, which they can easily do at the expense of 1s. a week, or perhaps 1d. a day?

Whatever plan be adopted, there will always be need to attend to the caution, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." This spirit may be indulged under the form of life assurance as well as under the habit of accumulation. To leave a family

dependent on public benevolence or private charity is an act of fraud upon the community and of cruelty to the fatherless and widow. Provision by way of life assurance least exposes us to be entangled by the deceitfulness of riches, and the love of money, which is the root of all evil. All may not be able to leave their families with the competency they could desire; but a man may well be thankful if he can secure a suitable provision for seven or ten years. Should he aim at leaving behind him the largest sum possible, and be dissatisfied if his office does not give unparalleled bonuses, he will forfeit the blessing of a quiet mind, he will become the prey of unamiable, unchristian dispositions, and may degenerate into a miser, greedy and grasping, a mere mass of selfishness.

From this abuse he will be effectually preserved by cherishing the sentiments of mutual benevolence and Social Independence. Having thus provided for his own, and served his generation in this respect, according to the will of God, he may look forward with calm serenity, with thankful hope. We cannot suppose that any who have thus lived will fall into the mistake of substituting their duty to their neighbour for their duty to God. Should length of days be granted him, being disengaged from secular cares, and released from temporal anxieties, he may reciprocate the language of Aunt Sarah: "Old age is a blessed time. It gives us leisure to put off our earthly garments one by one, and dress ourselves for eternity." At all events his widow, whom he had vowed to love and to cherish, will not have to endure, in addition to the pangs of bereavement, the accumulated pains of absolute dependence on her friends, and of taking a lower position in society, owing to the want of reflection on the part of him who was her support and stay. Throughout his whole course he finds that Social Independence is a great auxiliary to godliness, and the experience of his life confirms the language of the Psalmist: "Trust in the Lord and do good; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

W. WEBSTER.

TWO EXAMPLES OF THE MANY-SIDEDNESS OF THE BIBLE.

[THE FIRST EXAMPLE—THE RAVEN.]

THERE is no characteristic of the Bible more remarkable than its *many-sidedness*. The aspects under which it may be regarded are as diversified as they are interesting. It is not my purpose, in the following pages, to exhibit it, at least directly, in its highest of all characters—as the inspired repository of God's message of salvation to mankind. I may confidently assume that the readers of *Good Words* firmly maintain this as an essential part of that "faith once delivered unto the saints (Jude 3), which they have received as an inval-

able bequest from their fathers, and which it is incumbent on them alike to cherish in their own hearts, and to hand down in all its integrity to those who shall come after them.

I propose, then, to deal with the Bible in some of its secondary points of view; to look at it in its literary rather than its spiritual character;—for, like Him who is its great subject, it has its human as well as its divine aspect;—and I trust that the result of our contemplation will be an increased admiration of a volume which, even in points

admitting of comparison with other works, ever bears away the palm of superiority, and successfully challenges for itself the title of The Book.

In opening this wonderful volume, we are arrested at the very threshold by statements which evince the truth of this position. At the close of the fourth day of the Adamic creation, this world of ours had scarcely emerged from the watery abyss in which it had beenwhelmed ever since the last great geological catastrophe had reduced it to a state of chaos. Although a separation had taken place between land and water, the former must still have been in such a condition as to preclude the possibility of life being sustained on its yet moist surface. How appropriately, therefore, does the sacred narrative inform us that the first animals of the new creation were the aquatic and amphibious species. Then naturally came birds and insects, not exclusively dependent on the yet saturated land, and connected with their predecessors by a link the closeness of which has been remarkably illustrated by the recent discovery of the fossil remains of a winged reptile.

And now, on the sixth day, the earth was sufficiently dry to begin to receive its proper tenants; but even yet, the same nicety of gradation is observable. First, we have the wild quadrupeds, best able to rough it over the dank and oozy ground; next, there came forth, as the process of desiccation went on, the more delicately organized animals which were destined to the service of man; then, the land reptiles, great and small, whose fragile structure was incompatible with the low temperature and prevailing moisture of the previous periods; and, last of all, came man, when everything was fitted for his comfort and happiness, when the ground on which he was to tread was dry and firm, when the last vapour had fled from the blue sky, when the sun at length shone forth with unclouded majesty on such a scene of sublimity and beauty as constrained its omnipotent Creator to pronounce it "very good" (Gen. i. 31).

I cannot quit this topic, which forms so grand an exordium to the inspired volume, without adverting to the four terms which describe the crowning work of this marvellous series of events.

In the twenty-sixth verse we read, "God said, let Us *make* man in Our image, after Our likeness;" to which is added in the following verse: "So God *created* man in His own image, in the image of God created He him." Now I, for one, am not disposed to give up to the exacting spirit of the age the good old theory which saw in the two words here represented an essential and significant distinction: the one, rendered "create," implying formation out of nothing; the other, rendered "make," formation from materials already existing. One of the principal arguments alleged against this time-honoured theory in the "Essays and Reviews," is the fact that both terms are employed in the history of Adam's creation, as though they were mere synonyms. This, however, by no means follows:

on the contrary, that mysterious combination in man of two natures would seem to demand the use of two words, and those of unequal force;—one referring to his body, which was made out of the previously existing dust of the ground; the other, to his higher nature, which was the product of an original creation. Nor are the words synonymous in the second chapter, where God is said to have "rested from all His work which God created and made" (ii. 3). The original, as indicated in the margin, evidently implies that in this retrospective summary, allusion is naturally made, first, to the act of creation, and then, to the subsequent elaboration of the materials thus created.

This latter process is denoted by a third and very expressive term in the seventh verse: "The Lord God *formed* man" (literally, *moulded* him, as the potter fashions the plastic clay) "of the dust of the ground,"—more exactly, dust out of the ground; the former or creative work being further indicated by the words which follow: "and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Such is the affluence and expressiveness of the sacred tongue, that a fourth term is employed to describe, in all its significance, the formation of woman,—as though a word denoting careful manipulation and elaborate construction were alone adequate to express the superior symmetry and beauty characteristic of the latest and best of God's works.

Having thus paid a passing tribute to the race which stands at the head of the animal kingdom, I will now choose one of the lower creatures for more detailed examination; and lest it should be thought that I had fixed on one peculiarly suited for my purpose, I will take the first animal that is specifically referred to in the Bible. The word translated "whales" in the first chapter of Genesis does not fall under this category, inasmuch as it is a generic term, including the different cetaceous and saurian orders, of which the whale and the crocodile are familiar types. The raven proves to be the animal which first fulfils the required conditions. Let us take the several allusions to this bird, and see how far they will stand the test of comparison with the results of modern science.

(1) I would begin by observing that Noah showed much wisdom in his choice of this inquisitive and observant bird for the task of reconnoitring the slowly-emerging earth (Gen. viii. 7). Strong of wing, rapid in flight, and restless in its movements, it would find its congenial food by day in the carrion which floated on the retiring waters, and would roost by night, as its instincts would prompt it, on some high rock or tree. It would not feel lonesome, for it is naturally solitary; nor would it experience any discomfort from the scene of appalling desolation which everywhere met its shrewd and watchful gaze: for we are told that it revels in storms, and is deterred by no inclemency of weather from seeking its prey.

(2) Passing on to the next reference, we are not

surprised to find that the raven, gorging itself with carrion, and characterized by that sinister expression which has always made it a bird of ill-omen, should be reckoned among the unclean animals forbidden to be eaten by the Mosaic law (Lev. xi. 15; Deut. xiv. 14). An expression is there appended to the mention of this bird which shows the scientific accuracy of the legislator. Whenever, in this enumeration, the phrase "after its kind," follows a particular word, it indicates that the word so qualified is used *generically*, and includes a variety of kindred species. Thus, in the first seventeen names in the list of unclean birds, we find it used in connection with three only; but in each instance its propriety is obvious to any one who pays equal regard to the force of the original Hebrew and the conclusions of physical science. One is the vulture, which, with its allied species, differs so essentially from the majestic eagle on the one hand, and the noble tribe of hawks or falcons on the other. The latter, with its numerous subdivisions, is also, as we should naturally expect, singled out as a generic term; and the third instance is the raven. This is in perfect accordance with the opinions of the best naturalists, who speak of this bird as entitled, by its size and character, to rank as the head and representative of the corvine family, which includes, among others, the rook, the crow, and the jackdaw, all of which are found at this day in Palestine and the adjacent regions.

(3) The next allusion is of a very different nature, but is equally susceptible of corroborative illustration. We find the names "Oreb" or "Raven," and "Zeeb" or "Wolf," applied to two great chieftains of the Arabian hosts over whom Gideon gained so glorious a victory (Judg. vii. 25). The custom of bestowing on individuals the names of certain animals, either from some supposed resemblance of character or some remarkable circumstance in their history, has prevailed in different countries at all times. Curiously enough, Dr. Stanley tells us that the title "Leopard" is now given to the chief of the Arabs beyond the Jordan, who may be considered as the modern successor of Oreb and Zeeb. If we look into Roman history we find yet more apposite examples in the eminent family of the Gracchi, so called, it is said, from a word signifying "Jackdaw," and in another distinguished man who, we are told, in consequence of the unexpected and effectual assistance of a crow, while engaged in deadly conflict with a gigantic Gaul, received the surname of "Corvinus." That it was not a crow but a raven that espoused the cause of Valerius, is evident from two considerations: first, Corvinus is derived from a word which means, not "crow," but "raven;" secondly, the adventure would be incredible, if related of the crow, whereas it is precisely in accordance with the ascertained habits of the raven. This sagacious bird sometimes forms strong and sudden attachments, and has been known to accompany a dog to which it took a fancy, in its hunting expeditions. On their arrival

at a cover, the dog entered, and drove the hares and rabbits from the thicket, whilst the raven, posted on the outside of the cover, seized every one that came in its way, when the dog immediately hastened to its assistance, and by their joint efforts nothing escaped. On various occasions the raven has proved of more use than a ferret, entering a barn with several dogs, and thoroughly enjoying the sport of rat-hunting. The sagacity of these birds is certainly quite extraordinary, and might almost lead us to suppose that they were gifted with reasoning powers.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the raven, with such strongly-marked characteristics, should be employed as a significant designation. Superstition has always invested it with preternatural powers, especially with the faculty of foretelling future events. In ancient mythology, we find the appellation of ravens bestowed upon an oracular order of priesthood. In Egypt, it seems, the temples of Ammon were served by such—perhaps those priests that occur in the mural paintings playing on harps, and clothed in black. More than one temple in Greece had similar raven priests. By a strange coincidence, the priests of the North American Indians at the present day wear, as a distinguishing mark of their sacred profession, two or three raven skins, fixed to the girdle behind their back in such a manner that the tails stick out horizontally from the body. They have also a split raven skin on the head, so fastened as to let the beak project from the forehead. Moreover, it was the usual symbol of slaughter among the Scandinavians; a raven banner belonged to the Danes, and also to the Saxons, and one occurs among the ensigns of the Normans in the Bayeux tapestry.

The scene of Oreb's death was a "rock" or "crag," evidently near one of the fords of the Jordan, for he was attempting to recross to the eastern side of the river when he met his end. This was ever afterwards known as the "rock Oreb" (Judg. vii. 25; Isa. x. 26); and when we bear in mind the signal importance of Gideon's victory, as well as the tenacity with which names are retained in the East, we may not unreasonably look for some traces of it in modern Palestine. Accordingly we find a spot, described as a "low projecting point" (Robinson's "Later Bib. Res.," p. 293), not far from the southernmost ford of the Jordan (called Bethbarah in the Old Testament, and Bethabara in the New), bearing the significant title "El-Ghurâb," or "the Raven." Nor is this position too far south to satisfy the conditions of the narrative. We are expressly told that Gideon guarded *all* the passages of the Jordan against the enemy, even "unto Bethbarah" (Judg. vii. 24); and Oreb, foiled in his endeavours to cross the river at the northern ford of Bethshan (by which he had doubtless entered the country at first), would naturally flee southwards in the hope of finding the more remote passage less vigilantly watched.

(4) In the next reference (1 Kings xvii. 4—6) ravens are miraculously employed to convey bread and flesh to Elijah during his concealment "by the brook Cherith, before (*i.e.*, east of) Jordan." Various hypotheses, based on resemblances of sound, have been proposed by those writers who object to the generally-received opinion. Some think that the word rendered "ravens" should be translated "merchants," as in Ezek. xxvii. 9; others, that it signifies "Arabians," on the strength of which they gratuitously assume the convenient proximity of an encampment of those wanderers; and others, again, that it refers to the inhabitants of a place called Oreb or Orbo, some miles distant on the other side of the Jordan, and not otherwise alluded to until twelve or thirteen centuries afterwards. In reference to the first opinion,—that we are to understand merchants not ravens,—admirably as the wild seclusion of the brook Cherith suited the prophet's purpose of concealment, as well as the natural habits of the solitary raven, it would scarcely answer the purpose of busy merchantmen to visit, twice every day, for many months (probably a year), a spot which was so far removed from the haunts of men as never again to be thought worthy of mention. And with regard to *all* the hypotheses, or any other which would require *human* purveyors of food to the concealed prophet, apart from the consideration that Elijah's safety would be seriously compromised by the fact of his secret being in the possession of so many persons, this fatal objection underlies the whole, that our critics, in their anxiety to get rid of a miracle, utterly ignore the essential difference between eastern and western life. *Oriental*s do not habitually eat flesh. The occasions are extremely rare when they partake of animal food. The unexpected arrival of distinguished visitors—as, *e.g.*, of the angels to Abraham at Mamre, and of King Saul to the witch of Endor,—or of a long-lost prodigal son, occur at once to our thoughts as examples of the infrequency of a diet which with us is a matter of daily routine. If *men* or even *angels* had been commissioned to feed the prophet, bread would have been the simple fare provided, as we see in the case of Obadiah and the hundred prophets in the cave, and of Elijah himself in the wilderness of Beersheba. When, therefore, we find the sacred narrative recording a daily supply of animal food, morning and evening, kept up for a whole year, a greater miracle would be required to constrain men so far to depart from their daily habits (to say nothing of their braving the wrath of a despotic king), than is involved in causing carnivorous birds to bring within reach of Elijah what the very instincts of their nature prompted them to do.

(5) The raven is next introduced under very different circumstances. We have just seen it employed as a succourer of the good; it is now held out as a warning to the evil: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young

eagles shall eat it" (Prov. xxx. 17). It was a common punishment in the East, and one which the Orientals dreaded above all others, to expose in the open fields the bodies of evil doers, who had suffered by the outraged laws of their country, to be devoured by the beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven. The wise man insinuates that the raven makes its first and keenest attack on the eye; which perfectly corresponds to its habits, for it always begins its banquet with that part. One naturalist says, "Its favourite food is carrion, which it scents at a great distance; it will also devour rabbits, young ducks, and chickens; nay, it has been known to seize on young lambs, and even sheep when sick and weak, and pick out their eyes while yet alive." Another remarks, "It is a very crafty bird, and can with difficulty be approached; but by laying a dead carcase near its haunts, and being carefully concealed, it may be seen cautiously approaching: first perching on an eminence, it looks carefully round, then advancing with a sidelong step, it examines its expected prey. When fully satisfied as to its own safety, it pecks out the eyes, and proceeds to satiate itself with food." "The *ravens* of the *valley* shall pick it out, and the *young eagles* shall eat it." I cannot forbear noticing, as a proof of the minute truthfulness of Scripture, that the juxtaposition of the words "ravens," "valley," and "young eagles," is curiously illustrated in a single sentence from a modern traveller in Palestine: "In one *valley* we passed [near Jericho], there were several *ravens*, and in another were fifteen or eighteen *eagles*, resting at sunset on an acacia thorn: some were *young* birds." What is yet more to the purpose, is the fact recently ascertained, that "a deep and narrow chasm," not far from Jerusalem, to the west (a part not ordinarily frequented by travellers), bears the name "Wady Ghuráb," the "Valley of the raven" (Robinson's "Later Bib. Res.," p. 154), doubtless so called from its being the favourite resort of that bird. I am not aware that this coincidence has hitherto been noticed; but it is not unlikely that this was the very spot in the sacred writer's mind when he penned these words. Professor Paxton, who wrote long before Wady Ghuráb was discovered, was of opinion that there is a reference here "to some sequestered valley in the land of promise, much frequented by these birds, which derived its name from that circumstance." This happy conjecture may be considered to have been fully verified in the valley just mentioned, actually bearing the required name, sufficiently near to Jerusalem to be generally known, and yet at such a distance from the great highways as to render it a congenial residence for a bird notoriously fond of solitude. The hypothesis of the learned Bochart, on the other hand, that the valley in question was Tophet, which he also identifies with the "Valley of dead bodies," mentioned by Jeremiah (xxxix. 40), is quite untenable: for in each of these three cases, the word translated "valley" is a different one in

the original; and all who are conversant with the marvellous precision of the sacred writers in the employment of apparent synonyms—a quality which is only beginning to be appreciated as it deserves—know that this circumstance alone is sufficient to prove that the “Valley of the ravens,” the “Valley of Tophet” or “Hinnom,” and the “Valley of the dead bodies” or “Jehoshaphat,” are three distinct places.

(6) The next reference to this bird is contained in the Song of Solomon, where the bride says of the bridegroom, “His head is as the finest gold, his flowing locks are black as the raven” (v. 11). There is more in this comparison than appears at first sight. The Hebrew word for “raven” is composed of the same letters as that for “evening,” both derived from a common root, signifying “to mingle.” Hence evening is the period between sunset and night, when there is a “mixture” of light and darkness, the latter not having yet gained the ascendant, but being still irradiated by the splendour of the western sky. In like manner, the raven is so called from that peculiar character of its colour which has been so much admired; “not a dead, but a glossy shining black,” “with gleams of purple passing into green,” “a mixture of darkness and splendour.” We now see the force and beauty of the inspired description—no less true to nature than felicitous in its imagery. In allusion to that golden light on dark hair, which is not uncommon, the bride exclaims, “His head is as finest gold, his flowing locks are black as the raven.”

(7) The next passage in which this bird occurs, takes us into the region of fulfilled prophecy; and here, too, the same features of truth and fidelity are apparent as heretofore. Isaiah—writing about 700 years before Christ, when Edom was a powerful kingdom (having long thrown off the yoke of Judah), and Petra, its capital, was a flourishing city, and it continued to be for ages afterwards—proclaims, with all these appearances against him, that the time would come when Edom should be a desolation, and “thorns should come up in her palaces, and nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof” (xxxiv. 13). The word “palaces” evidently refers to the metropolis, Petra, as “fortresses” stands for Bozrah, the chief stronghold of the kingdom, the two words being the same in the original; moreover, it had already been declared, a few verses before, that “the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea” (ver. 6). Of this country, then, in general, and of these two cities in particular, it was predicted that certain animals should take up their abode there, and among these—a sure token that solitude and desolation were the predominant characteristics of the scene—it is specified that “the raven shall dwell in it” (ver. 11). That this is even so in regard to Petra, at least two travellers have testified; while another, speaking of the immediate neighbourhood of Bozrah (yet called Buseirah), says, “the

fields are frequented by immense numbers of crows” (i. e., rooks),—these birds, it will be remembered, being included, both in Hebrew and Arabic, under the generic term “raven.” The best commentary on this testimony, as well as the truest encouragement to such researches as we are now prosecuting, is the voice of God Himself by the mouth of His prophet in this same chapter: “Seek ye” (the original word is a strong one, and should be rendered, “Search diligently and earnestly”) “out of the book of Jehovah, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate: for the mouth of Jehovah hath commanded, and His spirit itself hath gathered them” (ver. 16).

(8) The last trait in the raven’s character noticed in Scripture is mentioned by no less than three of the sacred writers. In Job xxxviii. 41, we read, “Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat.” And again, in Psalm cxlvii. 9, “He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.” This repeated reference at once conveys the impression that the young of the raven are exposed to more than usual peril and privation; which is fully corroborated by the researches of naturalists. Pliny, Aristotle, and others, were guilty of no exaggeration when they asserted that the ravens drive out their young ones early from their nests, and oblige them to seek food for their own sustenance. Unlike the rook, which is gregarious in its habits, the raven will not even suffer its young, from the moment they can shift for themselves, to remain within its haunt; and therefore, though a bird found in nearly all countries, it is nowhere abundant. “Some years ago (writes a popular naturalist), “in consequence of the ravages committed by a pair of ravens among the young turkeys of a neighbouring farm, war was declared against them, and one of them was eventually shot. It proved to be the female, whose young ones had unfortunately been hatched, and were then nearly fledged. For a time, the surviving parent hovered about the nest, uttering loud and menacing croakings whenever anybody approached. At length, however, he disappeared, absenting himself for two or three days, and then returned with another mate; when a strange scene occurred. The poor half-starved nestlings were attacked without mercy by the step-mother, who after severely wounding, precipitated them from the nest; two, however, were found at the foot of the tree with signs of life, and, with great care and attention, reared at a house about half-a-mile distant, and after being slightly pinioned, were allowed their liberty; but they seldom quitted the lawn or offices, roosting in a tree in the shrubbery. Here, however, they were soon discovered by their unnatural parents, who for a long time used to come at early dawn and pounce upon them with fierce cries.” This peculiar antipathy to their young has been remarked by many, who have not only known them to show great indifference to any young ones accidentally

thrown out of the nest, but have further ascertained that the parents actually devour them.

The lesson of trust in Divine Providence which our Saviour deduces from this characteristic, may fitly conclude this part of our subject:—"Consider

the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" (Luke xii. 24).

EDWARD WILTON.

TREASURE TROVE.

I.

A LONG while ago, says the legend, when the dominion of the Moors was beginning to decline in Spain, it was rumoured on a certain day, in Toledo, that the Christians were coming down in great force to besiege the city, and had vowed that they would desecrate the Mosque, and despoil it of its gold and jewels—that they would fight their way over the bridge of the Tagus, and bear away the choicest of its treasures from the great Alcazar of Toledo.

But a few days before these tidings arrived, a marvellous stupor had come upon the Moorish masters of the city: some said it was the heat, but they had never cared for the heat before, since they came from a hotter region. They walked about it is true, but it was slowly, and in the great shadows of their houses, and if any man crossed over the street, he held his hand to his forehead and sighed. A few were so faint, that they lay down to rest on the steps of the Alcazar; they thought the scent of the pomegranate flowers oppressed them, though none had complained of this scent before. Others believed that it was a thin vapour which rose up in the heat from the glassy bosom of the Tagus, and spread out like steam above the highest roofs, making the sun look red and fiery.

In spite of this, says the legend, they set about defending themselves; and the danger being imminent, they shipped great store of costly merchandise, with jewels, and gold, and coined money, on board their vessels; which lay in the Tagus, and sent them off, to the number of five, with orders to drop down the river, double the Cape St. Vincent, and sail up the Guadalquivir, that their precious lading might be given over into the keeping of the Moorish King of Seville.

But alas, says the legend, of those five fair vessels, not one ever cast anchor before the walls of Seville, for a great wind took them, scattered and drove them northward as soon as they were clear of the Tagus, and it is supposed that four of the five foundered with their crews and their lading, for they never were heard of more.

It was supposed of so, says the legend, but the Moorish masters of Toledo had little time to fret themselves for their sunken treasure, since that same week the plague appeared, and while the Christians were harassing them without, they lay in the still heat, and perished in the streets by hundreds and by thousands within.

One vessel was left, and day after day in the wind and the storm she drove still further northward, and that strange lethargy had crept on board with the sailors, though now there was neither any heat, nor scent of pomegranate flowers, to plead as a reason for it. And now the white cliffs of a great island were visible, and they said to themselves that they should never behold the sunny country of Spain any more, but be cast ashore at the end of the earth, in the kingdom of William the Norman.

Still the north wind raged, and the foaming billows broke—that was a long and fearful gale: some of the sailors died at the oar, but it was neither hunger nor toil that killed them; and when at last the wind dropped suddenly, and the vessel drifted on to a sandy shore, only three men sprang out from her. There were but three survivors, for the plague had come on board with them and their treasure.

These three men sprang ashore; they landed one coffer filled with gold, precious stones, and coined money. It was as much as their failing strength could do. The islanders fell back from them, for they had seen the dark faces of the dead Moors as they lay in the plague-stricken vessel. They did not molest the sailors, but let them sit alone on the shore bemoaning their fate till night came on, and their vessel at high tide drifted out again to sea, while these three desolate men took up the coffer and went inland, up and up, among the Cumberland hills.

It was as much as they could carry, but no man cared to help. They wandered about among the mountains, and the last time they were seen, it was apparent that they had hidden their treasure in some cavern, or sunk it in the earth, or heaved a stone upon it, for the coffer was gone. Soon after, the men disappeared also; but whether they perished among the rocks, or died of the plague, none could tell; but though many and many a cavern has been searched, and many a stone displaced, from that day to this, says the legend, no man has ever set eyes upon the glittering Moorish gold.

II.

So much for legend; now for more authentic narrative.

An old gentleman sat in a boat on one of the loveliest of the English lakes, and looked up at the mountains with delight.

"Glorious!" he exclaimed; "superb! it beats Switzerland out and out."

Whether he was right is nothing to the purpose, but he said it. He was stout, had a red face, blue spectacles, and a straw hat tied to his button-hole with black ribbon.

Now, when he exclaimed: "It beats Switzerland out and out!" his footman sitting opposite to him, and thinking the observation called for an answer, replied with prompt respect, "Certainly, sir, no doubt."

Thereupon his master looked at his fat white face, which expressed no manner of enthusiasm, but rather showed an absorbing interest in the provision basket which he held on his knee.

"Pray, Richard," said the old gentleman, "do you take any pleasure in the beauties of Nature?"

Richard pondered, and answered as before, respectfully, "Not in particular, sir."

"It's for want of knowing more about them," said his master, good-humouredly; "to-morrow I am going up a mountain to see such a view as everybody must delight in—you shall go too."

Richard touched his hat.

The next morning, the old gentleman with two others, quite as enthusiastic, but by no means so fat; and with a guide, and two hampers containing patties, pigeon pies, hard boiled eggs, potted salmon, new bread, and butter, and water-cresses, set off, his servant accompanying him, to see the beauties of Nature among the mountains.

How many times the gentlemen exclaimed: "Glorious hot day! fine view! lovely scenery!" it is impossible to say. How many times the footman wished himself at home, cleaning his plate, waiting at table, or doing anything in the world but climbing a mountain, it is also impossible to say. Happily for him, the path got so steep, and the day got so hot, that all at once the gentlemen bethought themselves of luncheon, and decided that the very spot where they then stood was the right one to take it in.

So the guide, not by any means disinclined to rest, led them a little aside, and turning the angle of a steep rock, suddenly introduced them to a little quiet nook enclosed with high rocks. It was about the size, Richard thought, of the back parlour at home, only it was open to the sky, and its walls were hung with foxgloves, broom, tufts of heath in blossom, and a few trailing eglantines, instead of pictures and looking-glasses. How still the place was, and how blue the sky above!

"Well, Richard," said his master, "what did you think of the view?"

Richard replied as before, respectfully, "That he had been wondering at it all the way up; everything below looked so small, in particular the haystacks; the round ones, he observed, had reminded him of queen-cakes, and the square ones of penny sponge-cakes or quartern loaves, just exactly that shape, and certainly no bigger."

His master was disappointed to find that Richard's

comparison was queer enough to make both the other gentlemen laugh—not, however, at the footman, but at his master, for expecting him to relish the scenery.

They soon rose from their lunch. It was a sin, they said, to waste the sweet weather in that nook; they should go higher; but Richard might stay behind if he liked and pack the baskets; if he had not had enough to eat either, his master said he was to help himself.

"Thank you, sir, I'm sure," said Richard, gratefully.

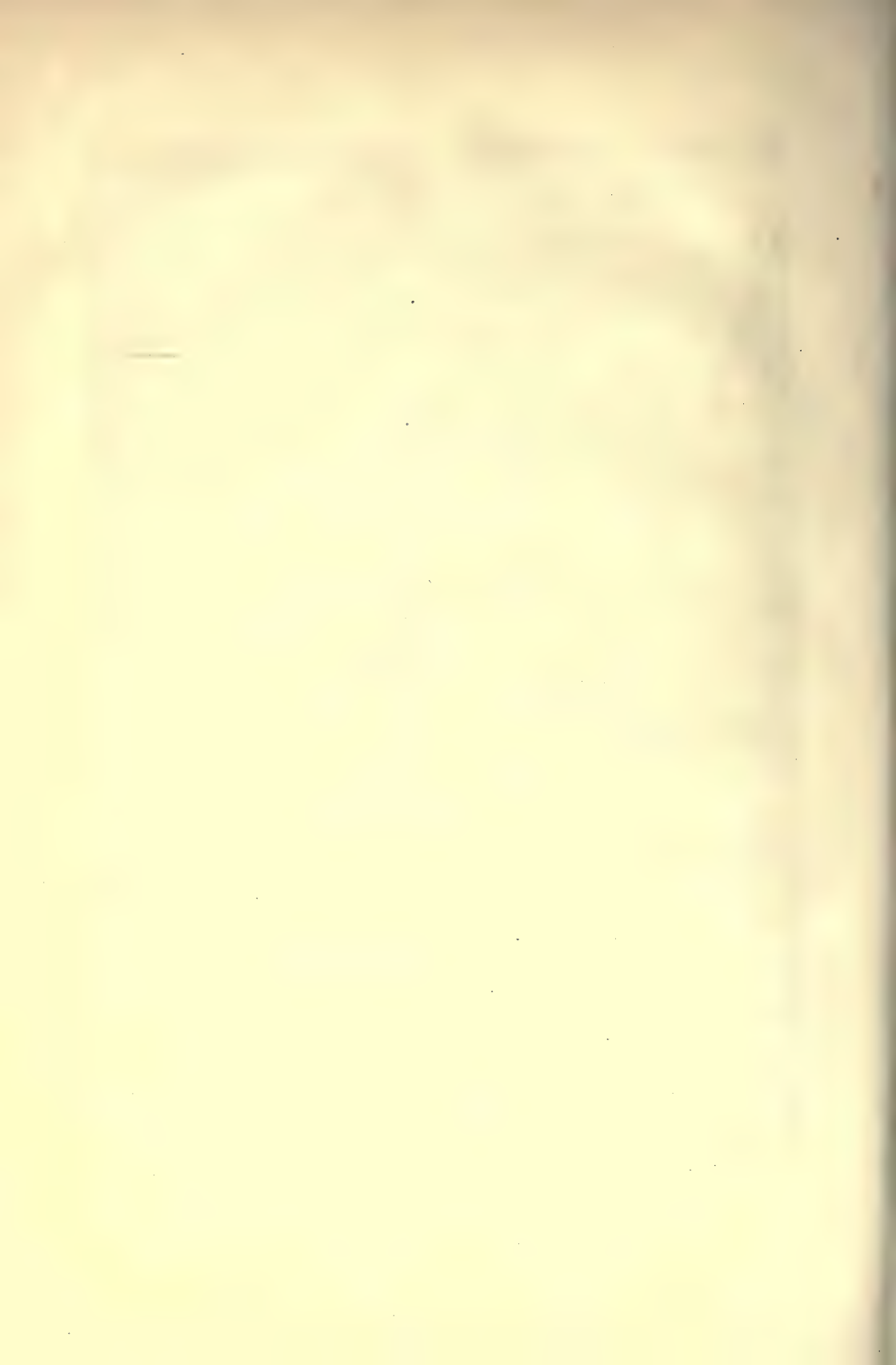
Accordingly, when they were gone, he *did* pack the baskets, regaling himself with many a tit-bit meanwhile. This pleasing duty fulfilled, he stretched himself under the steep sandstone walls of his roofless room, basked in the hot sun, looked up into the glowing sky, whistled, and fanned himself with some twigs of broom, which were covered thick with flowers like yellow butterflies.

A thicket of broom bushes grew against the side of the rock, and as he stretched out his hand to one of them to pull off another bough, the bush swung back to its place, and a bird flew out so close to him, that she swept his forehead with her wings.

He peeped into the bush. Yes, it was, as he had thought, a nest—as pretty as moss and feathers could make it; and with four pink eggs in it, quite warm, and half transparent; he parted the thick branches of the broom, and as he held them so, a sunbeam struck between them, and showed a little hole in the rock close to the ground; it looked, he thought, much as the arch of a bridge might look, if the river beneath was so high as to reach within a few inches of the key-stone. He pushed himself further into the broom, and with his hands idly swept down the soft sand, and let it slide down a little rise till it had buried to their heads some tall bluebells that grew there. Then he noticed that the arch, as more of it became disclosed, was very regular for a natural opening, and as the sand slipped away, it revealed the top of what seemed a worm-eaten wooden door, which fitted it with tolerable accuracy. Nearly a foot of this door was visible, when Richard, impatient to know what was behind it, took a stone, and striking the old wood with some force, drove in a small portion of it. He withdrew his head that the light might shine into it; there was a deep cavity, and a narrow sunbeam entering, glittered and trembled upon something which lay on the sand in a heap within, and was red and fiery.

His heart beat quick, his eyes became accustomed to the dim light within, he could see bags lying side by side; one of them had burst open, its contents were large coins—surely gold coins—the sunbeam was red upon their rims—yes, they were gold, they were unknown, they were unclaimed, they were his!

He withdrew his eyes. The broom boughs swung back again and concealed the opening; he *sat down, propped his head upon his hands, and a*



whirling wondering sense of possession, together with a suffocating fear that he should never be able to grasp all his treasure unshared, strove within him, and threw him into such a fever of excitement, that for a while he could scarcely move or breathe. At last he mastered these feelings, forced himself again into the thicket, and thought he should never be satisfied with staring in again and again at the glittering, gleaming gold.

Incalculable riches, and all to be his own!

Yes, *all*: he had heard of such people as Lords of the Manor, his master was one down in the south, but Richard did not mean to consider the law, they should all be his own. He would secure them, buy a fine house, and eat, drink, and dress of the very best. He exulted, as in that quiet nook alone he capered and laughed aloud; then he sat down and began to arrange his thoughts.

Let us see, should he open his heart and share them with his brother? Share them! nonsense; no. What had his brother done for him? Why only this—when Richard was out of place this brother gave him two sovereigns out of his own wages, and afterwards he spared with difficulty five shillings more. Now his brother never expected to see it again. Well, Richard decided to exceed his expectations; he would return it, every farthing: possibly he might give him another sovereign besides. Then there were his two sisters. As to the elder, she certainly had been very good to him; she had many children, and worked hard, yet when Richard was taken ill, she had nursed him, and sheltered him, and sat up with him at night; she had been a true and tried friend to him. Well, he would reward her; he would send her all his clothes; for of course he should in future dress like a gentleman. He would also send her five pounds. No; what would be the use of that? Her drunken husband would only squander it all away; perhaps, instead of that, he would adopt one of her boys—that would be so good, so generous, it would surely be full payment. Or perhaps it would be better to pay his schooling, and let him live at home; if he were brought into a fine house he might grow presumptuous; yes, it would be better to pay for his schooling, and now and then to send him some cast-off clothes. Then there was his other sister. Why she had never done anything particular for him, so there was no reason why he should for her.

And his parents? It certainly would be his duty to allow them something, and he should do it. His father, as he heard from home, was getting very feeble, and could hardly earn five shillings a week by the chance work he did for the farmers, for he was past regular day-labour. His mother had been used to go out washing, but lately she had often been laid up with the rheumatism. A regular allowance should it be? Why look what a sum horses and carriages cost! perhaps a present each quarter would be better; tea for his mother, and tobacco for his father. Yes, that would be better; his mother could make a little go a long

way, and he would send a blanket also. No pledging himself to allowances; he might find that money would not go so far as he expected. Why Squire Thorndyke was always deep in debt, and he had four thousand a-year. Sir Thomas Ludlow was known to be in difficulties, poor gentleman! He said free trade had made his means so small. Ah! free trade was a very hard thing; he should find it hard himself, when he had land, as of course he meant to have. He would send his parents something sometimes—not regularly—lest it should be supposed that he bound himself to continue it, which he might not be able to do. For of course he should have shares like other people in these railways—he might lose a great deal of money by them, as his master had done; he might by such means become quite poor again; and then how cruel it would seem to the old people to stop their money. He would send them something or other as soon as he knew himself what he was worth. Well, he was happy to say he had a generous mind, and did his duty to everybody that belonged to him.

Thus he sat and reflected till he had decided all this and more; he then peered through once more at his treasures, and having feasted his eyes sufficiently, contrived by means of a long stick to pull up two of the gold pieces. They were as large as silver crowns. He handled them, and turned them over. The whole, now he had part in his power, seemed doubly his own, but he knew that gold was heavy; he could count upwards of twenty of these bags; each, for aught he knew, might contain hundreds of gold pieces; and besides that, jewels glittered here and there, which he shrewdly suspected to be diamonds.

He heard voices at a distance, and hastened to emerge from his thicket of broom, first carefully putting the coins and a jewel in his waistcoat pocket. Covetousness grew stronger in his soul, and his breath came quick, and all his pulses throbbled with anxiety, lest he should not be able to secure and conceal the whole of the treasure for himself. The tourists returned, and Richard, as he followed them down the mountain, was so absorbed, that he was constantly treading on their heels. Afterwards, when he waited at table, his master thought the air must have intoxicated him, for he handed him powdered sugar to eat with his fish, salad with his gooseberry tart, and set a pat of butter on table with the desert. Right glad was Richard when the work of the day was over, and he could retire to think upon his good fortune, and examine his spoils. They had been a very cumbersome possession to him, and had inspired him with an almost irresistible desire to be always feeling in his pocket to ascertain if they were safe, and a constant fear lest they should chink together and be heard.

Now, he thought, what must he do? Should he leave his master's service at once, buy some boxes, and, going up the mountain every day by himself,

bring down by degrees the contents of that little cavern till all was secured? No, that would be a suspicious mode of proceeding; people would think the footman was mad, or, if he paid for what he wanted with ancient gold coins, they would suspect, watch, discover, and either betray him or insist upon sharing the spoils. He never doubted that there was a Lord of the Manor in those parts, and if so he must be very secret, as of course these riches belonged of right to him.

No, it would not do to leave his master at once; far better to go south with him as far as the busy city of B—, where he was going to stay with a very learned old gentleman, a friend of his, who had a large collection of curiosities and dusty stones, shells, stuffed animals, and other such gear. He should have a great deal of leisure there, and B— would be a likely place to dispose of his coins in, for his master would be busy with his friend tapping stones in the country with tiny hammers, magnifying sand, and bottling tadpoles in proof spirits.

III.

Not to trouble my reader with accounts of how Richard visited his treasures again by night, and in coming down was very nearly discovered; how he went again, and was very nearly falling over a precipice; how he forgot his duties, was disrespectful, and recklessly whistled as he followed his master; how he entertained the project of shortly changing his name, and conned "The Peerage and Baronetage of England" to find a grand and uncommon one; how conveniently he thought this plan would hide him from all those who had a claim upon him; how he had compunctions on this head, and overcame them with the thought of how much his poor relations would expect of him if they knew about his riches; how the landlady declared him to be the "braggingest" young man she had ever met with; how he carelessly neglected his master's luggage at B., by reason whereof it went down the line to London, and thence to Dover; and how he spent the first two days of the visit in staring out of the hall window—I pass on to say that never was there an old gentleman so fond of old wood carving, old stained glass, old china, old marbles, old mail, old books, old prints, old pictures, and old coins, as this very old gentleman, this friend of Richard's master.

On the third day Richard slipped out, and going into a back street soon found a shop that he thought suited to his purpose. Here, after a little beating about the bush, he produced his coins and his diamond, and after a little hesitation on the part of the shopman, received eight guineas for the stone and one coin—far less than they were worth; but the man would not give more.

On returning, he was told that his master had been ringing for him; he ran up-stairs in some trepidation, and found the two old gentlemen examining a large cabinet full of coins. "Richard,"

said his master, "I want you to hold this tray." Richard did so, and looked down on its contents. "Those," said the host to his friend, "are early English." He lifted up another light tray, and Richard held it on the top of the first. "Now then, old fellow," he exclaimed, "this is something to be proud of indeed; Spanish coins—date of the Moors—all rare—this one, unique; I gave forty pounds for it."

"A penny too much," said Richard's master; and these two coins set apart, are they Spanish too?"

"Moorish, and all but unique; they've been in my family for generations."

Richard looked down, and his heart beat so loud that he wondered they did not hear it; then he drew a long breath, and gazed intently, as well he might, for, reposing on cotton wool side by side, were the very counterparts—the exact facsimiles—of the great gold pieces that he got out of the cavern.

"What's the matter, Richard?" said his master; for Richard's hands shook, and he stared as if fascinated.

"Nothing's the matter, sir," replied Richard, with a face of terror.

"I'll tell you what," said the friend, when Richard had been dismissed, "there's something queer about that lad; what does he mean by turning red and pale, and breathing as hard as if my coins had knocked the breath out of his body?"

His master also thought it queer when that same evening Richard gave him warning, and added that he wished to leave that night, for his brother's wife had written to say that her husband was dangerously ill, and wished to see him.

His master was vexed; but being an easy man, he paid Richard his wages, and let him go, with many kind wishes for his brother's recovery.

"And now," said Richard, "I'll be a gentleman. I've left my old clothes, and when I'm missed, my family can claim them. Honest industry is the best thing after all. Let them do for themselves; they ought to be above troubling me: my name shall be Mr. Davenport St. Gilbert; I shall keep myself to myself, for I want nothing of them, and that alone will be a good thing for them, and more than they ever had reason to expect.

He then went to a number of shops, and soon supplied himself with everything that he thought necessary to constitute him a gentleman—a handsome suit of clothes, studs, a new hat, a cane, and lastly a pair of gloves which he had been very near forgetting; then he went to an hotel, ordered supper and a bed, and by seven o'clock the next morning was on his way to the Cumberland mountains. The image of that mountain was always present to his imagination, and the thought of the treasure lying there, with nothing but a little bird to watch it, filled him with a secret, sordid joy: it should be all his own—no other living man should touch one penny of it: poor Richard!

He went to an inn, ordered a good dinner and a bottle of wine. Alas! he was not used to port wine, and he thought as he paid for all, he would drink all. He did so, and the next day a racking headache made him glad to lie in bed till noon. He stayed at that place another night, and unhappily for him repeated the folly of the previous one. It was not till the fourth day from his leaving B. that he reached the end of his journey, and stepping out of a postchaise found himself at the foot of the well-remembered Cumberland mountains.

He sauntered to the shore of the lake, and began to hurrah! with irrepressible exultation. He thought himself alone, but a dry cough behind him, and a finger laid on his shoulder, undeceived him. He turned round hastily, and beheld two policemen.

"What's your business, fellows?" he exclaimed, half angry, half afraid.

"*You're* our business," was the reply.—"There's been a theft; you must come back with us to B—."

"It's a lie, a base lie; it's a cruel lie," cried Richard, frantically; "there was no theft in the matter, the coin was my own."

"Indeed!—Well, young man, you needn't criminate yourself: how do you know we came after you about a coin?—it's no use stamping, nor crying either, you must come."

The mountains and the lake swam before Richard's eye, as the two policemen took him between them, and walked him off to the railway station; he was frightened, but bewildered, and throughout the long journey he preserved a dogged silence, till at last the train arrived at B—, and there stood his master and the old gentleman waiting for him.

"This is the young fellow, sir, isn't it?" inquired the policemen confidently.

"Yes," said his master, in a tone of deep regret: "I grieve to say it is."

The next morning he was examined before a magistrate, but alas! during the night he had reflected that no one could prove his having stolen the coins (for on their account he never doubted that he had been arrested); he had also reflected that to tell the honest truth about them was most certainly to lose all; moreover, he had made up his mind that nothing worse than a month's imprisonment was at all likely to befall him, even if a case could be made out against him. He therefore resolved to run all risks, and declare that he had found the coins and the jewel in his father's potato garden; he had turned them up with a hoe. How the time passed with Richard till his trial came on, I do not know, but his kind old master visited him frequently, and told him it would be his duty to give evidence against him.

Richard, however, persisted in his tale, though he became quieter and more fearful as the assizes drew near.

At length the eventful day of trial came on, his turn came; he felt guilty, though not of the crime imputed to him; and his anxiety increased as he listened to the evidence brought against him. The

counsel for the prosecution stated the case against him thus:—

The prisoner on the 22nd of August arrived with his master at the house of the prosecutor; he had often been there before, and was known to have acquaintances there. On the 24th he was present while certain valuable coins were displayed by the prosecutor; he was observed to regard them with particular attention; that same evening he gave warning to his master, giving as a reason that his brother's wife had written to him, declaring that her husband was at death's door. He requested to be paid his wages at once, alleging that he had but five shillings in his pocket. He took his leave; and in the evening of the following day, his brother, whose employer was travelling that way, called in to see him, in perfect health; and on being told of the letter supposed to have been received from his wife, replied that his wife, being a Frenchwoman, lady's-maid in the family where he lived, could neither read nor write English, and that Richard knew that quite well.

The day after this, the prosecutor happened to observe a certain scratched appearance about the keyholes of two of his cabinets; he opened them hastily, and found every tray gone with all their contents; in short, the whole case gutted. Inquiries were instantly set on foot, and plate to a considerable amount was also found to be missing; thereupon the servants, being examined, Richard's name was mentioned by all with suspicion. The cook deposed that during dinner, the day he left, Richard had inquired concerning the word "unique." "Unique," said the servants, "means that no one has got such a coin except master;" to which he replied: "If that's unique, they are no more unique than I am, and that I could prove to the present company, if I chose." The servants further deposed, that looking upon this as an idle boast, they had laughed at him, and dared him to produce one, and at last he had said that perhaps he might before he took his leave of them.

This evidence being important, the police had been set to work, and had discovered a fac-simile of the coin, of which only two specimens were supposed to be extant, exposed for sale in a shop window; they had also discovered that he had entered several shops, and spent money to an amount greatly exceeding his wages. The recovered coin being shown to the prosecutor, he challenged it, and produced a written description wherein it was set forth, that these ancient Spanish coins were supposed to be fresh from the Mint, and never to have passed into circulation.

The prisoner, on being arrested, had instantly mentioned these coins, and declared he came by them honestly. On being examined before a magistrate, he declared that he had dug them up in his father's potato garden. On being searched, another coin was found in his waistcoat pocket. On being told that the sharp outline of the coins proved that they had not been exposed to friction or damp,

he added that he found them sealed up in an earthen pot.

On being asked how long it was since he had found them, he replied, that it was while he lived in his late master's service. On being reminded by that gentleman that he had only visited his parents twice during that period, and that the first time they were paupers in the Union, and had no potato garden, he replied, that it was the second time; on being further reminded that during his second visit, the ground was covered with a deep fall of snow, he refused to give any answer.

And now witnesses were called, and then followed the feeble defence of his own counsel. Richard was bewildered, but he perceived that the circumstantial evidence was so strong against him, that nothing but the truth could save him, and the truth no man knew. He was brought in guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Alas! what a casting down of his dream of riches! What a bitter disappointment for his covetous soul! He was sent back to prison, and there, when he had duly reflected on his position, he determined to purchase freedom by discovering the whole truth, and thus giving up his monopoly of the Moorish gold.

He sent for his master; he looked miserable, and as he sat on the bench in his prison dress, with his face propped on his hands, he felt plainly that his master pitied him.

The old gentleman heard him to the end, and made no comment, but he remained so long silent when the tale was finished, that Richard looked up surprised. "Sir," he exclaimed, "surely you believe me now?"

"Alas, my poor fellow!" said his master, "you have told so many falsehoods, that it is no longer in my power to believe on the testimony of your lips, but only of my own senses; and this last story, Richard, seems to me the wildest of all. It will not serve you nor delay your sentence one hour."

"Yes it will—indeed it will—O sir, sir, try me this once, and go and look behind those broom bushes."

"Richard, you have a good father and mother, and good sisters, who are very very poor,—if you had really found such a treasure, you would have contrived to send something to them."

"I—I forgot them, sir," faltered Richard.

"No, Richard," said his master with a sigh, "you are a bad fellow, I'm afraid; but you're not so bad as that comes to. You have deceived me so often, that I'm not to be taken in any more."

Richard protested, but his master would not believe his tale, and was about to take leave of him, when a bustle was heard outside the door, and his master's old friend appeared in a state of great excitement. He opened both hands, and in the palm of each was seen a coin, the very coins that had been missing. The real thieves had been detected, and, with very little delay, Richard was set at liberty.

"And now, sir," said he, "come with me to the mountain, and see whether I spoke the truth."

His master wondered greatly, but he went. They were within ten miles of the mountain, when a tremendous storm came on; the floods of rain and peals of thunder drove them into an inn for shelter, and there they stayed during a long night of storm and tempest.

It was not till high noon that that terrible storm subsided; then as soon as it was safe to go abroad, Richard and his master set off on their mission. They went toiling up the same path that they had pursued before; the way was very rugged, for stones and earth had been dislodged by the storm.

"Richard," said his master, "we are nearly at the top of the mountain, surely we must have passed the place."

They came down again, and the agitated Richard looked from right to left; all was so changed, so torn and disfigured, that he could not tell where he was. The tiny streams were tumbling torrents; the road was blocked with stones and rocks.

"Richard," his master said again, "we are nearly at the foot of the mountain, surely we have passed the place."

His master went down to the inn. Richard continued to search: for three weary days he wandered up, and down, and about. Whether the force of the storm had driven rocks down, and filled up that little roofless room, or whether a torrent had defaced the place and concealed it, he could not tell, but certain it is he never found it; and from that day to this, no man's eyes have ever been gladdened with the sight of the Moorish gold.

He came to his master—"Sir," said he, "the gold is not to be found, but I have had a great deal of time to consider, and I have come to think that my own greed has brought all this misery on me. Here's the two coins that I got of the treasure; let them go to my relations, for I'll have none of them, but try to win back my good character, for the loss of that has been worse than the loss of this gold."



FROM NORWAY.

Do you wish your lungs to expand, your eyes to dilate, your muscles to spring, and your spirits to leap?—then come to Norway! I repeat it—be you man or woman, grave or gay; if you ever indulge in lofty aspirations, in bold contemplations, in desperate imaginings—come to Norway, and you will receive much satisfaction, I assure you.

Are you a man? You will find subject and occasion for your manhood. Are you a woman? You will find yourself at the fountain head of the sublime and beautiful! Are you scientific? The rocks are bold and bare—the flora rich and varied. Birds and beasts of many kinds there are; glaciers, too, miles and miles of them, filling up the valleys, and covering the mountain tops—awaiting the inspection of your critical eye. Are you a painter? There is ample field for the wildest pencil and the boldest brush.

Are you a fisher? Here is your terrestrial paradise. But you must be a fisher of the rough school,—not “a follower of the gentle art.” Can you wade all day in snow-water? Can you swim down a roaring rapid—perchance shoot over a cataract, and count it but a trifle—with a twenty foot rod in your hands, and a thirty-pound salmon at the end of your line, making for the sea at the rate of twenty miles an hour? Then, by all means, come to Norway. But you must be possessed of a singularly patient and self-denying character. Mark that well. I have heard of two gentlemen who came to Norway for six weeks expressly to catch salmon. They came, they fished, they went back—one having caught two fish, the other none. The trip cost them 150*l*. They came in the wrong season, that was all. It is not easy to ascertain the right season, for the time that is suitable for one river is not suitable for another. What a false impression of fishing in Norway must have been given by those luckless gentlemen to their friends! I could give a very different account of it, but fishing is not my theme at present.

Are you a daring mountaineer? The mountains of Gamle Norge (Old Norway), though not so high as those of the Himalaya range, are high enough for most men. The eagle will guide you to heights—if you can follow him—on which human foot has never rested.

Do you love the sunshine? Think of the great luminary that rules the day, rolling through the bright blue sky all the twenty-four hours round. There is no night here in summer, but a long, bright, beautiful day, as if Nature were rejoicing in the banishment of night from earth for ever.

But, above all, do you love simplicity, urbanity, unsophisticated kindness in man? Are you a student of human nature, and fond of dwelling on its brighter aspects? Then once more I say, come to Norway,

for you will find her sons and daughters overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

I was fortunate enough to come to Norway in a friend's yacht, and voyaged along the west coast from south to north. This trip is one of the most agreeable that can be made. Steamers ply regularly during the summer months. For information of all kinds in minute detail, I refer the reader to Murray's excellent “Hand-Book to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.”

There is an advantage in voyaging along the west coast, which those who abhor the sea would do well to consider. The islands are so numerous that the swell of the ocean is completely broken, consequently there is no unpleasant motion—no sea-sickness! Ponder that well, and do not shudder prematurely at the bare mention of yachts and steamers.

It is impossible to give any one an adequate idea of what is meant by sailing among the islands off the coast of Norway, or of the delights attendant on such navigation. If you would understand this thoroughly, you must experience it for yourself. Here is a brief summary of pleasures. Yachting without sea-sickness. Scenery ever changing, always beautiful and wild beyond description. Landing possible, desirable, frequent. Expectation ever on tip-toe. Hope constant. Agreeable surprises perpetual. Tremendous astonishments numerous, and variety without end. Could anyone desire more? The islands extend along the whole coast in myriads. I presume that their actual number never has been, and never can be, ascertained. Some are so huge that you mistake them for the mainland. Others are so small that you might take them for castles floating on the sea. And on many of them—most of them, perhaps—you find small houses—quaint, gable-ended, wooden, and red-tile-roofed—in the midst of small patches of verdure, or, not unfrequently, perched upon the naked rock. In some cases a small cottage may be seen unrelieved by any blade of green, sticking in a crevice of the rock like some miniature Noah's Ark, that had taken the ground there and been forgotten when the flood went down.

There is not within the bounds of the known world a more splendid cruising ground than this great archipelago, which may, I think, be appropriately termed the island-world of Norway. Most travellers are inclined to class it with the wonders of the world; and he who does not, when passing through its wondrous intricacies, find himself transported into a new world of thought and feeling, must himself be deemed a world's wonder. Of course a good deal depends on the weather being propitious. Let this remark be particularly noted, for of all subjects of discussion, there is not one more fertile of difference of opinion and flat

contradiction on the part of travellers than that of scenery; and, having pondered this subject, I have come to the conclusion that, apart from variety of taste, which induces one to admire extravagantly what another views with comparative indifference, or with absolute dislike—this difference of opinion is altogether due to weather.

You come on deck in the morning; the sun is blazing in the bright blue sky; the water is flat as a mill-pond—clear as a sheet of crystal. Sky-piercing mountains surround you, islands are scattered everywhere, but no mainland is visible, yet much of what you see appears to be mainland, for the mountains are islands and the islands are mountains. Indeed it is almost impossible to tell where the mainland begins, and where the island-world ends. The white mists of early morning are rolling over the deep—shrouding, partially concealing, partly disclosing, mingling with and ramifying everything, water and sky inclusive. On one side an island-mountain, higher and grander than Ben Nevis, rears itself up so precipitously and looks down on the sea so frowningly, that it appears as if about to topple over on your head. On the other side a group of low skerries, bald and grey, just peep out above the level of the water, bespattered with mud overshadowed by myriads of clamorous sea-gulls. You gaze out ahead, you glance over the stern, and behold similar objects and scenes endlessly repeated, and diversified.

The ascending sun scatters the mists, glitters on the sea, and converts the island-world into gold. You almost shout with delight. You seize your sketch-book (if a painter), your note-book (if an author), and, with brush or pencil, note down your fervid impressions in glowing colours or in words that burn. Ten to one, however, you omit to note that a large proportion of the beauty in the midst of which you are revelling is transient, and owes its existence very much to the *weather*.

Another traveller passes through the same scenes under less favourable circumstances. The sky is grey, the mountains are grey, the water is grey or black, and a stiff breeze, which tips the wavelets with snow-white crests, causes him to feel disagreeably cold. The gulls are silent and melancholy; the sun is nowhere; perhaps a drizzle of rain makes the deck sloppy. The great island-mountains are there, no doubt, but they are dimly, gloomily grand. The rocky islets are there too; but they look uncomfortable, and seem as if they would fain hide their heads in the troubled sea, in order to escape the gloom of the upper world. The traveller groans and brushes away the rain-drops that hang from the point of his lugubrious nose. If, in the eccentricity of despair, he should retire to the cabin, draw forth his note-book, and apply his stiffened fingers and chilled intellect to the task of composition, what does he write? "Detestable weather. Beauty of scenery absurdly overrated. Savage enough it is, truly; would that I were not in a like condition." Thus difference of

opinion arises, and thus the non-travelling public is puzzled in its mind by the conflicting statements of men of unimpeachable veracity.

Through this island-world we sailed until the great mountain ranges of the interior became clearly visible, and as we gazed into the deep fjords we felt that that boldness and ruggedness so eminently characteristic of the old Norse vikings must have been fostered, if not created, by the scenery of their fatherland. As we gazed and pondered, a huge old-fashioned ship came out suddenly from behind an island, as if to increase the archaic character of the scenery. There it was, undoubtedly (and there it may be seen every day), with the same high stem-post as the galleys of old, only wanting a curve at the top and a dragon's head to make it complete,—and the same huge single mast with its one unwieldy square sail. Presently a boat shot alongside and a sedate seaman stepped on board—a blue-eyed, fair-haired, sallow man with knee-breeches and long stockings, rough jacket, no vest, a red night-cap, and a glazed hat on the top of it. This was the pilot. He was a big, placid-looking man of about forty, with a slouching gait and a pair of immensely broad shoulders. We found that he had been away north for several weeks, piloting a vessel of some sort beyond the Arctic circle. He was now close to his home, but our signal had diverted him from his domestic leanings, and, like a thorough seamouster, he prepared, at a moment's notice, for another voyage.

The obvious advantage that a yachter has over the voyager by steam-boat is, that he can cast anchor when and where he pleases, and diverge from his course at will. Thus he discovers unsuspected points of interest and visits numberless spots of exquisite beauty, which, I verily believe, lie thickly hidden among these isles, as completely unknown to man (with the exception of a few obscure native fishermen in the neighbourhood) as are the vast solitudes of Central Africa. The yachter may sail for days, ay, for weeks, among these western islands, imbued with the romantic feelings of a Mungo Park, a Livingstone, or a Robinson Crusoe! This is by no means a wild statement. When we consider the immense extent of the Norwegian coast, the innumerable friths of all sizes by which it is cut up, and the absolute impossibility of being certain as to whether the inlets which you pass in hundreds are fjords running into the main or mere channels between groups of islands, coupled with the fact that there is comparatively little traffic in the minor fjords except such as is carried on by native boats and barges, we can easily conceive that there are many dark friths along that coast which are as little known to travellers now, as they were in the days when Rolf Ganger issued from them with his vikings to conquer Normandy and originate those families from which have sprung the present aristocracy of England.

We ascended a fjord of this kind which we knew

had not up to that time been visited, because there was a glacier at the head, which is mentioned by Professor Forbes as being known only through native report—no traveller having seen it. This was the Skars fjord in lat. 67° N. The mere fact of this glacier being unknown, except by report, induced us to turn into the fjord with all the zest of explorers. A run of twelve miles brought us within sight of the object of our search, the first glance at which filled us with awe and admiration. But the longer we stayed and explored this magnificent "ice-river," the more were we amazed to find how inadequate were our first conceptions of its immense size.

Appearances here are to our eyes very deceptive; owing, doubtless, to our being unaccustomed to scenery of such grandeur and magnitude. This glacier of the Skars fjord appeared to be only a quarter of a mile wide. On measuring the valley, which it entirely filled up, we found it to be nearly two miles in breadth. Its lower edge appeared to be a few feet thick, and about twenty yards or so from the sea, the shore of which was strewn with what appeared to be large stones. On landing, we found that the space between the ice and the sea was upwards of half-a-mile in extent; the large stones turned out to be boulders, varying in size from that of a small boat to a large cottage; while the lower edge of the glacier itself was an irregular wall of ice about fifteen or twenty feet in height. Standing at its base we looked up the valley over the fissured surface of the ice to that point where the white snow of its upper edge cut clear and sharp against the blue sky, and, after much consultation, we came to the conclusion that it might be three or four miles from top to bottom. But, after wandering the whole day up the valley by the margin of the ice and carefully exploring it, we were forced to believe that it must be at least eight or ten miles in extent, and undoubtedly it was many hundreds of feet thick. When we reflect that this immense body of ice is only one of the many tongues which, descending the numerous valleys, carry off the overflow of the great *mer de glace* on the hill-tops of the interior, we can form some conception of the vast tract of Norwegian land that lies buried summer and winter under the ice.

There was a little blue spot in the glacier at a short distance from its lower edge which attracted our attention. On reaching it we found that it was a hole in the roof of the sub-glacial river. The ice had recently fallen in, and I never beheld such intensely soft and beautiful blue colour as was displayed in the caverns thus exposed to view, varying from the faintest cerulean tinge to the deepest indigo. Immense masses of rock which had fallen from the cliffs lay scattered along the surface of the ice near the edge, and were being slowly transported towards the sea—so slowly that probably months would pass before the smallest symptom of a change in position could be observed.

There were very few natives in this wild spot—

so few that their presence did not in any appreciable degree affect the solitude and desolation of the scene. They expressed much surprise at seeing us, and said that travellers like ourselves had never been there before. Indeed, I have no doubt whatever that in many out-of-the-way places we were absolutely the first individuals of a class somewhat different from themselves that these poor Norse fishermen and small farmers of the coast had ever set eyes upon. Their looks of surprise in some cases, and of curiosity in all, showed this plainly enough.

In one chaotic glen or gorge where we landed we distributed a few presents among the people—such as knives, scissors, and thimbles—with which they were immensely delighted. Three of our party were ladies; and the curiosity exhibited by the Norse women in regard to our fair companions was very amusing. By the way, one of the said "fair" companions was a brunette, and her long jet black ringlets appeared to afford matter for unceasing wonder and admiration to the flaxen-haired maidens of Norway. Of course I speak of the untravelled districts. In the regular highways of the country, travellers of every class and nation are common enough now. But Norway, in the interior as well as on the coast, has this advantage over other lands, that there are regions, plenty of them, where travellers have never been, and to reach which is a matter of so great difficulty that it is probable few will ever attempt to go. This fact is a matter of rejoicing in these days of railroads and steam-boats!

On another occasion, while we were sailing up the Sogne fjord, which runs between stupendous mountains about a hundred miles into the interior of the country, we came to a gap in the mountains into which ran a branch of the fjord. The spirit of discovery was strong upon my friend, the owner of the yacht, so he ordered our skipper to turn into it. We were soon running into as wild and gloomy a region as can well be conceived, with the mountains rising, apparently, straight up from the sea into the clouds and tongues of the great Justedal glacier peeping over their summits. We turned into a large bay and cast anchor under the shadow of a hill more than 5000 feet high.

Here we found the natives kind and hospitable; but, indeed, this is the unvarying experience of travellers in Norway. They were not, in this fjord, like the poverty-stricken fishermen of the outer islands. They were a civilised, comfortable looking, apparently well off, and altogether jovial race of people, some of whom took a deep interest in us, and overwhelmed us with kind attentions. Their houses, which were built of wood, did not present much appearance of luxury, but there was no lack of all the solid comforts of life. No carpets covered the floors, and no paintings, except a few badly-coloured prints, graced the walls. But there were huge, quaint-looking stoves in every room, suggestive of a genial temperature; and there were

scattered about numbers of immense meerschaum pipes and tobacco pouches, suggestive of fireside gossip—perchance legends and tales of the old sea kings—in the long dark nights of winter.

I was strengthened, here, in my belief in the indissoluble connection between fat and good-humour; for all the people of this fjord seemed to me to be both good-humoured and fat. It was here, too, that I was for the first time strongly impressed with my own lamentable ignorance of the Norse language. Nevertheless, the old proverb—"Where there's a will there's a way"—held good, for the way in which I managed to hold converse with the natives of that region was astounding even to myself!

One bluff, hearty fellow of about fifty, with fair hair, a round, oily countenance, and bright blue eyes, took me off to see his wife and family. Up to this time our party had always kept together, and, being a lazy student, I had been wont to maintain a modest silence while some of my companions, more versed in the language, did all the talking. But now I found myself, for the first time, alone with a Norwegian!—fairly left to my own resources. Well, I began by stringing together all the Norse I knew (it was not much), and endeavouring to look as if I knew a great deal more. But I soon found that Murray's list of sentences did not avail me in a lengthened and desultory conversation. My speech quickly degenerated into sounds that were quite unintelligible to either my new friend or myself, and I terminated at last in a mixture of bad Norse and broad Scotch!

I may remark, in passing, that there is a strong family likeness between Norse and broad Scotch. For instance, they call a cow a *ko* or *coo*. *Gaae til land*, is, go to land, go ashore. *Tage place*, is, take place, or sit down. *Vil de tak ain dram?* scarcely requires translation—and the usual reply to that question is equally clear and emphatic—Ya, Jeg (pronounced Yie) vil tak ain dram! If you talk of bathing, they will advise you to *dook oonder*; and should a mother present her baby to you, she will call it her *smook bürn* (pronounced barn)—her pretty child, or bairn, smook being the Norse word for pretty. And it is a curious fact, worthy of particular note, that all the mothers in Norway think their bairns *smook*, very smook, and they never hesitate to tell you so. Why, I cannot imagine, unless it be that if you were not told, you would not be likely to find it out for yourself!

My fat friend and I soon became very amicable and communicative on this system. He told me innumerable stories, of which I did not comprehend a sentence; but, nevertheless, I looked as if I did, smiled, nodded my head, and said "Ya, ya;" to which he always replied, "Ya, ya," waving his arms and slapping his chest, and rolling his eyes, as he bustled along towards his dwelling.

The cottage was a curious little thing—a sort of huge toy, perched on a rock close to the water's edge. If it had slipped off that rock—a catastrophe

which had at least the appearance of being possible—it would have plunged into forty or fifty fathoms water, so steep were the hills and so deep the sea at that place. Here my friend found another subject to expatiate upon and dance round, in the shape of his own baby—a soft, smooth counterpart of himself—which lay sleeping like Cupid in its crib. The man was evidently extremely fond of this infant, not to say proud of it. He went quite into ecstasies about it; now gazing at it with looks of pensive admiration; anon starting and looking at me as if to say, "Did you ever in all your life behold such a beautiful cherub?" The man's enthusiasm was really catching—I began to feel quite a paternal interest in the cherub myself.

"Oh!" he cried, in rapture, "det er smook bürn."

"Ya, ya," said I, "megit smook" (very pretty), although I must confess that *smoked* bairn would have been equally appropriate, for it was as brown as a red-herring. I spent an agreeable, though mentally confused, afternoon with this hospitable man and his two sisters, who were placid, fat, amiable, and fair. They gave me the impression of having never been in a condition of haste or perturbation from their birthdays up to that time. We sat in a sort of small garden, round a green painted table, drinking excellent coffee, of which beverage the Norwegians seem to be uncommonly fond.

The costume of these good people was of an uncommonly sombre hue; indeed, this is the case throughout Norway generally. But when a Norse girl marries, she comes out for once in brilliant plumage. She decks herself out in the gaudiest of habiliments, with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments. The most conspicuous part of her costume is a crown of pure silver, gilt, and a scarlet-cloth breast-piece, which is thickly studded with silver-gilt brooches and beads of various hues, besides little round mirrors! This breast-piece and the crown usually belong, not to the bride, but to the district! They are a species of public property hired out by each bride on her wedding-day for the sum of about five shillings. This costume is gorgeous, and remarkably becoming, especially when worn by a fair-haired, blue-eyed, and pretty Norse girl.

Some time after the little touch of domestic life above narrated, we had a specimen of the manner in which the peasants of these remote glens indulge in a little public recreation. We chanced to be up at the head of the Nord fjord on the eve of St. John's day,—not the day of the Evangelist, but of the Baptist. This is a great day in Norway; and poor indeed must be the hamlet where, on the eve of that day, there is not an attempt made to kindle a mighty blaze and make merry. On St. John's Eve, bonfires leap and roar over the length and breadth of the land.

The manner in which the people rejoiced upon this occasion was curious and amusing. But here I must turn aside for one moment to guard myself

from misconstruction. It needs little reasoning to prove that where the mountains rise something like walls into the clouds, and are covered with everlasting ice, the inhabitants of the valleys may have exceedingly little intercourse with each other. Hence, what may be true of one vale may not be true of another. In these rough descriptions I would not have it understood that I attempt to give the characteristic features of the Norwegian people. The doings on this occasion may or may not have been peculiar, in some points, to this particular valley at the head of the Nord fjord. I simply describe what I saw. With an apology for this defensive digression, I proceed.

It was midnight when we went to a field at the base of a mountain to witness the rejoicings of the people. But the midnight hour wore not the sombre aspect of night in our more southerly climes. The sun had indeed set, but the blaze of his refulgent beams still shot up into the zenith, and sent a flood of light over the whole sky. In fact, it was almost broad daylight, and the only change that took place that night was the gradual increasing of the light as the sun rose again, at a preposterously early hour, to recommence his long-continued journey through the summer sky.

Assembled on the greensward of the field, and surrounded by mountains whose summits were snow-capped and whose precipitous sides were seamed with hundreds of cataracts that gushed from frozen caves, were upwards of a thousand men and women. There seemed to me to be comparatively few children. To give a pretty fair notion of the aspect of this concourse it is necessary to give an account of only two individual units thereof. One man wore a dark brown pair of coarse homespun trousers, a jacket and vest of the same material, and a bright scarlet cap, such as fishermen are wont to wear. One woman wore a dark coarse gown and a pure white kerchief on her head tied under her chin. There were some slight modifications no doubt, but the multiplication of those two by a thousand gives very nearly the desired result. The men resembled a crop of enormous poppies, and the women a crop of equally gigantic lilies. Yet, although the brilliancy of the red and white was intense, the deep sombreness of the undergrowth was overpowering. There was a dark rifle-corps-like effect about them at a distance, which—albeit suggestive of pleasing military memories in these volunteering days—was in itself emphatically dismal.

Having come there to enjoy themselves, these good people set about the manufacture of enjoyment with that grave, quiet, yet eminently cheerful demeanour, which is a characteristic feature of most of the country people of Norway whom I have seen. They had delayed commencing operations until our arrival. Several of the older men came forward and shook hands with us very heartily, after which they placed three old boats together and covered them outside and in with tar, so

that when the torch was applied there was such a sudden blaze of light as dimmed the lustre of the midnight sun himself for a time. Strange to say, no enthusiasm seemed to kindle in the breasts of the peasants. A careless observer would have deemed them apathetic, but this would have been a mistaken opinion. They evidently looked on the mighty blaze with *calm* felicity. Their enjoyment was clearly a matter of fact: it may have been deep; it certainly was not turbulent.

Soon we heard a sound resembling the yells of a pig. This was a violin. It was accompanied by a noise resembling the beating of a flour-mill, which, we found, proceeded from the heel of the musician, who had placed a wooden board under his left foot for the purpose of beating time with effect. He thus, as it were, played the fiddle and beat the drum at the same time. Round this musician the young men and maidens formed a ring and began to dance. There was little talking, and that little was in an undertone. They went to work with the utmost gravity and decorum. Scarcely a laugh was heard—nothing approaching to a shout during the whole night—nevertheless, they enjoyed themselves thoroughly: I have no doubt whatever of that.

The nature of their dances was somewhat incomprehensible. It seemed as if the chief object of the young men was to exhibit their agility by every species of impromptu bound and fling of which the human frame is capable, including the rather desperate feat of dashing themselves flat upon the ground. The principal care of the girls seemed to be to keep out of the way of the men and avoid being killed by a frantic kick or felled by a random blow. But the desperate features in each dance did not appear at first. Every man began by seizing his partner's hand, and dragging her round the circle, ever and anon twirling her round violently with one arm, and catching her round the waist with the other, in order—as it appeared to me—to save her from an untimely end. To this treatment the fair damsels submitted with pleased though bashful looks.

But soon the men flung them off, and went at it entirely on their own account; yet they kept up a sort of revolving course round their partners, like satellites encircling their separate suns. Presently the satellites assumed some of the characteristics of the comet. They rushed about the circle in wild erratic courses; they leaped into the air, and, while in that position, slapped the soles of their feet with both hands. Should any one deem this an easy feat, let him try it.

Then they became a little more sane, and a waltz, or something like it, was got up. It was really pretty, and some of the movements were graceful; but the wild spirit of the glens re-entered the men rather suddenly. The females were expelled from the ring altogether, and the youths braced themselves for a little really heavy work; they flung and hurled themselves about like maniacs, stood on their heads and walked on their hands—in short,

became a company of acrobats, yet always kept up a sympathetic feeling for time with the music. But not a man, woman, or child there gave vent to his or her feelings in laughter! They smiled; they commented in a soft tone; they looked happy—nay, I am convinced they *were* happy—but they did not laugh. Once only did they give vent to noisy mirth, and that was when an aspiring youth (after having made the nearest possible approach to suicide) walked round the circle on his hands and shook his feet in the air. We left them, after a time, in the full swing of a prosperous manufacture of enjoyment, and walked home, about two o'clock in the morning, by brilliant daylight.

But if the yachter enjoys many advantages in voyaging on the coast of Norway, he who travels by steamer has the comfort of rapid transit from place to place, and enjoys many opportunities of studying the character and habits of the people.

I chanced, once, to be the only Briton on board the steamer that plied between the Nord fjord and Bergen, and I was particularly struck, on that occasion, with the *silence* that seemed to be cultivated by the people as if it were a virtue. I do not mean to say that the passengers and crew were taciturn—far from it: they bustled about actively, and were quite sociable and talkative; but all their talk was in an undertone—no voice was ever raised to a loud pitch. Even the captain, when he gave orders, did so in a quiet voice, usually walking up to the men and telling them gently to do so and so. When I called to mind the bellowing of our own nautical men, this seemed to me a remarkably modest way of getting on, and very different from what one might have expected from the descendants of the rough vikings of old.

The prevailing quiescence, however, reached its culminating point at the dinner table, for there the silence was *total*, although a good deal of gesticulative ceremony and vigorous muscular action prevailed. When we had all assembled in the cabin at the whispered request of the steward, and had stood for a few minutes looking benign and expectant, *but not talking*, the captain entered, bowed to the company, was bowed to by the company, motioned us to our seats, whispered "*ver so goot*," and sat down.

This phrase *ver so goot* (I spell it as pronounced) merits explanation in passing. It is an expression that seems to me capable of extension and distension, and is frequently on the lip of a Norwegian. It is a convenient, flexible, jovial expression, which is easily said, easily remembered, and means much. I cannot think of a better way of conveying an idea of its signification than by saying that it is a compound of the phrases, "be so good"—"by your leave"—"if you please"—"go it, my hearties"—and "that's your sort." The first of these, *be so good*, is the literal translation, the remainder are the superinduced sentiments resulting from the tone and manner in which the words are uttered. You may rely upon it that when a Norwegian offers you

anything and says "*ver so goot*," he means you well, and hopes you will make yourself comfortable.

But to return to our dinner party. There was no carving at this meal—a circumstance worthy of consideration and imitation. The dishes were handed round by waiters. First of all we had sweet rice soup with wine and raisins in it, the eating of which seemed to me like the spoiling of one's dinner with a bad pudding. This finished, the plates were removed.

The silence had by this time begun to impress me. "Now," thought I, "surely some one will converse with his neighbour during this interval." No; not a lip moved! I glanced at my right and left hand men. I thought for a moment of venturing out upon the unknown deep of a foreign tongue, and cleared my throat; but every eye was on me in an instant, and the sound of my own voice, even in that familiar process, was so appalling that I subsided. I looked at the pretty girl opposite me. I felt certain that the young fellow next her was on the point of addressing her, but I was mistaken. Either he had forgotten what he meant to say or his thoughts were too big for utterance. I am still under the impression that this youth would have broken the ice had not the next course come on and claimed his undivided attention.

The second course began with a dish like bread pudding, minus currants and raisins—suggesting the idea that these ameliorative elements had been put into the soup by mistake. It looked as if it were a sweet dish, but it turned out to be salt; and pure melted butter, without any admixture of flour and water, was handed round as sauce. After this came veal and beef cutlets, which we ate mixed with cranberry jam, pickles, and potatoes. Then came the concluding course—cold sponge cake, with almonds and raisins scattered over it. By this arrangement we were enabled, after eating the cake as pudding, to slide naturally and pleasantly into dessert without a change of plates.

There was a general tendency in the company to bend their heads over, and rather close to, their plates while eating, as if for the purpose of communing privately with the viands, and a particular tendency on the part of the man next me to spread his arms and thrust one of his elbows into my side, in regard to which I exercised much forbearance. The only beverages used, besides cold water, were table beer and St. Julien, the latter a thin acid wine much used in Norway; but there was no drinking after dinner. It seemed to be the etiquette to rise from table simultaneously. We did so on this occasion, and then a general process of bowing ensued.

In regard to this latter proceeding I have never been able to arrive at a clear understanding as to what was actually done or intended to be done, but my impression is, that each bowed to the other, and all bowed to the captain; then the captain bowed to each individually, and to all collectively; after which a comprehensive bow was made by

everybody to all the rest all round, and then we went on deck. In fact, it seemed as if the effect of dinner had been to fill each man with such overflowing benignity and goodwill that he would have smiled and bowed to a bedpost had it come in his way, and I am certain that the obliging waiters came in for a large share of these civilities, and repaid the company in kind.

As each guest passed out, he or she said to the captain, "*tak for mad.*" This is a "manner and custom" throughout all Norway, and means *thanks for meat*. The expression is usually accompanied with a shake of the host's hand, but that part of the ceremony was not performed upon this occasion, probably because the captain was not a *bona fide* host, seeing that we had paid for our dinner. With the exception of these three words at the end, and "*ver so godt*" at the beginning, not a single syllable was uttered by any one during the whole course of that meal.

When the deck was gained the gentlemen immediately took to smoking. As a matter of course, Norwegians smoke, and they entertain enlarged ideas on that subject, if one may judge from the immense size of their meerschaums, and the large fat tobacco-pouch that is worn by every man, strapped across his shoulders.

There was a youth in this steamer—a beardless youth—whose first thought in the morning, and whose last glimmer of an idea at night, was his pipe, the bowl of which was as large as his own fist. I remember watching him with deep interest. He was long, cadaverous, and lanky—in these respects unlike his countrymen. He slept on the sofa just opposite the spot whereon I lay, so that, unless I turned my face to the side of the vessel or shut my eyes, he was an unavoidable subject of contemplation. On awaking he stretched himself, which act had an alarming appearance in one so long by nature, and so attenuated. Then he filled his pipe with an air of deep abstraction and profound melancholy—the result, I suppose, of his being unrefreshed by his recent slumbers. Of course no one of sense would think of attributing this to excessive smoking! The pipe filled, he arose; on rising, he lit it; while dressing, he smoked it; and till breakfast it burned fiercely like a blast-furnace. During the morning meal it went out, but before the big bowl had time to cool it was rekindled. He smoked till dinner-time; dined, and smoked till tea-time; tea'd, and smoked till bed-time. Then he lay down for the night, and still continued to smoke until I or he, I forget which, fell asleep. He awoke before I did next morning, so that when I opened my eyes the first object they rested on was the bowl of that youth's meerschaum enveloped in clouds of smoke! I am tempted to moralise, but I refrain. Mankind is smitten with the disease, and I am afraid that it is incurable.

Of course the farther north you go in voyaging along the coast during the months of June and July the brighter and longer becomes the daylight, until

at last you arrive at the regions of perpetual day. The exquisite charm of this novel state of things is utterly beyond the comprehension of those who have not experienced it. Apart altogether from the gladdening influence of sunshine, there is something delightfully reckless in the feeling that there is no necessity whatever for taking note of the flight of time—no fear lest we should, while wandering together, or perchance alone, among the mountains, be overtaken by night. During several weeks we lived in the blaze of a long nightless day.

While we were in this bright region most of us laid aside our watches as useless, leaving it, if I remember rightly, to the skipper of our yacht to tell us when Sunday came round, for we always, when practicable, spent that day at anchor, and had service on board.

I do not use hyperbolical language when speaking of this perpetual daylight. During several weeks, after we had crossed the arctic circle, the sun descended little more than its own diameter below the horizon each night, so that it had scarcely set when it rose again, and the diminution of the light was quite insignificant; it did not approach in the slightest degree to twilight. If I had been suddenly awakened during any of the twenty-four hours, in the cabin of the yacht, or in any place from which it was impossible to observe the position of the sun, I could not have told whether it was night or day! Having said that, it is almost superfluous to add that we could, even in the cabin, read the smallest print at midnight as easily as at noon-day. Moreover, a clear midnight was absolutely brighter than a cloudy forenoon.

Nevertheless, there was a distinct difference between night and day—a difference with which light had nothing to do. I am inclined to think that the incalculable myriads of minute and invisible creatures with which God has filled the solitudes of this world, even more largely than its inhabited parts, exercise a much more powerful influence on our senses than we suppose. During the day-time these teeming millions, bustling about in the activities of their tiny spheres, create an actual, though unrecognisable noise. I do not refer to gnats and flies so much as to those atomic insects whose little persons are never seen, and whose individual voices are never heard, but whose collective hum is a fact that is best proved by the silence that follows its cessation. In the evening these all retire to rest, and night is marked by a deep impressive stillness, which we are apt erroneously to suppose is altogether the result of that noisy giant man having betaken himself to his lair. Yet this difference between night and day was only noticeable when we were alone, or very quiet; the preponderating noises resulting from conversation or walking were more than sufficient to dispel the sweet influence.

We were often very far wrong in our ideas of time. Once or twice, on landing and going into a hamlet on the coast, we have been much surprised

to find the deepest silence reigning everywhere, and, on peeping in at a window, to observe that the inhabitants were all abed, while the sun was blazing high in the heavens. Sometimes, too, on returning from a shooting or fishing expedition, I have seen a bush or a tree full of small birds, each standing on one leg, with its head thrust under its wing and its round little body puffed up to nearly twice its usual size, and have thus been reminded that the hours for rest had returned. Of course a little observation and reflection would at any time have cleared up our minds as to whether day or night was on the wing—nevertheless, I state the simple truth when I say that we were often much perplexed, and sometimes ludicrously deceived, by the conversion of night into day.

On one occasion we lay becalmed in a fjord somewhere beyond the arctic circle. It was fine weather, but the sky was not so bright as usual, being obscured by clouds. A fisherman's boat happening to pass, we resolved to take advantage of it and escape the monotony of a calm by having a row up the fjord. The fisherman said there was a good salmon river and plenty of ptarmigan at a place little more than a Norse mile off—equal to about seven English miles—so we took rods and guns with us. It was evening when we set forth, but I did not know the exact hour.

The scenery was lovely—there, good reader, don't exclaim "Pshaw! of course; I know all that!"—I merely refer to that hackneyed subject in this place in order to remark that the scenery through which we passed, at this particular place, was on a smaller scale than is usual in Norway, and that we enjoyed our row more than usual in consequence; and to deduce from these two facts the great general principle that scenery on a small scale is more enjoyable than scenery on a large scale. Moreover, I would add that the reason of this seems to be that, when in the midst of scenery on a small scale, the traveller is constantly and rapidly presented with new views, as well as with beautiful and varied combinations of the same views, while in that on a large scale the eye becomes indifferent to the almost changeless grandeur of prospects which are so vast that they are necessarily presented to the view for hours at a time.

On our way we met with a Finn. He stood on a rock, gazing at us with much interest. I know not in what circle of Finnish society this individual moved, but his class and tribe had certainly no reason to be proud of his personal appearance. He was diminutive, dishevelled, and dirty. His dress was a leathern tunic, belted round the waist; his leggings were of the same material. But the most conspicuous portion of his costume was a tall, conical, worsted night-cap, which we neatly, but accidentally, knocked off his head with a piece of tobacco. He looked angry at first, but on becoming aware of the nature and quality of our missile, his weather-beaten visage beamed with forgiving smiles.

Next, we came upon an eagle, which alighted on a tree and allowed us to come within long range—at

least our sanguine temperaments induced us to hope that it was long range—before taking flight. Of course it took no notice whatever of the three shots we fired at it. Soon after that we reached the mouth of the river.

Here we found a small hamlet of exceedingly poor people, who received us hospitably, but with such evident astonishment, that we concluded they had never seen civilised visitors before. Their fjord was off the track of steamers, and far distant from any town. They themselves were little, if at all, better than North American Indians. They gathered round us with open eyes and mouths, and the women handled our clothes with evident wonder. We presented them with several pairs of scissors, whereupon they shook hands with us all round and said "*tak*"—thanks—very heartily. In this custom of shaking hands when a gift is presented, I usually found that the receiver shook hands not only with the donor, but, in the exuberance of his gratitude, with the whole party.

The looks of the people betokened either that scissors were entirely new implements to them, or that those we presented were of unusually good quality. They went about snipping everything in the most reckless manner. One woman caught hold of the ends of her daughter's neckerchief and snipped them both off; whereupon her husband plucked them out of her hand, and snipped off the ends of his beard.

Here, the huts being dirty, we pic-nicked on the greensward. We had brought tea and biscuit with us, and the natives supplied us with some thick sour milk with half an inch of sour cream on it—a dish which is common all over Norway, and is much relished by the people as well as by many of their visitors.

This disposed of, we set out—some to fish, and others to shoot. I went off alone with my gun. Ptarmigan, in summer plumage, which is brown, with pure white feathers intermixed, were numerous, but wild. They were just tame enough to lead me on in an excited and hopeful state of mind for several hours, regardless of the flight of time. At last I became tired, and having bagged four or five birds I returned to the boat, where I found my comrades. One of them chanced to have a watch, and from him I learned that it was just two o'clock in the morning! so that I had actually been shooting all night by daylight; and the sun had set and risen again without my being aware of the fact. We did not get back to the yacht till eight o'clock a.m., when we found the crew just sitting down to a breakfast of oatmeal porridge. Some of us having refreshed ourselves with a dip in the sea, took a plate of this. Then we went to bed, and rose again at six o'clock that evening to breakfast.

During one of my solitary rambles with the gun, I had the good fortune to shoot a magnificent eagle. I say good fortune advisedly, because the eagle is so wary that few sportsmen succeed in killing one,

and those who do have more cause to be thankful for their luck than proud of their prowess. It happened thus: About two o'clock one beautiful morning in July I lay wide awake in my berth, looking up through the sky-light at the bright blue heavens; the yacht being becalmed somewhere between latitudes 64 and 65, and the sun having commenced to ascend the vault from which it had disappeared for only half an hour.

On that night—if I may be permitted the inappropriate expression—I could not sleep. I counted the hours as they passed slowly by; practised without success the various little devices that are erroneously supposed to bring slumber to the sleepless; grew desperate, and finally jumped up at four a.m., resolving to row myself to the nearest island and shoot. There were usually eider ducks in the little creeks, and ptarmigan among the scrub. Should these fail me I could vent my spleen on the gulls. Arming myself with a double-barrel, I quaffed a tumbler of water and sallied forth, ignorant of the fact that it contained a large dose of morphia, which had been prescribed for an ailing but refractory member of our party the previous evening. No one was stirring. It was a dead calm.

Landing on a lovely island, of perhaps five or six miles in extent, which rose in the form of a rugged mountain to a height of about four thousand feet, I rambled for some time among low bushes and wild flowers, but found no game. The gulls, as if aware of my intentions, had forsaken the low rocks, and were flying high up among the precipices and serried ridges and peaks of the mountain. Resolved not to be discomfited I began to ascend, and as I mounted upward, the splendour of the island scenery became more apparent. The virtuous feelings consequent upon early rising induced a happy frame of mind, which was increased by the exhilarating influence of the mountain air.

It was a wild lonesome place, full of deep dark gorges and rugged steeps, to clamber up which, if not a work of danger, was at least one of difficulty. While I stood on a rocky ledge, gazing upwards at the sinuities of the ravine above me, I observed a strange apparition near the edge of a rock about forty yards off. It was a face, a red, hairy, triangular visage, with a pair of piercing black eyes, that gazed down upon me in unmitigated amazement. The gun flew to my shoulder; I looked steadily for a moment; the eyes winked; *bang!* went the gun, and when the smoke cleared away the eyes and head were gone. Clambering hastily up the cliff, I found a red fox lying dead behind a rock. Bagging Reynard, I ascended the giddy heights where the gulls were circling. Here the clouds enshrouded me occasionally as they sailed past, making the gulls loom gigantic. Suddenly an enormous bird swooped past me, looking so large in the white mist that I felt assured it must be an eagle. I squatted behind a rock at once, and as the mists cleared away a few minutes

later I saw him clearly enough sailing high up in the sky. I glanced down at the yacht that lay like a speck on the water far below, and up at the noble bird that went soaring higher and higher every moment, and I felt a species of awe creep over me when I thought of the tremendous gulf of space that lay between that eagle and the world below.

He was evidently bent on making closer acquaintance with some of the gulls, so I sat down behind a rock to watch him. But knowing the shyness and the sharp-sightedness of the bird I soon gave up all hope of getting a shot. Presently he made a rapid circling flight downwards, and, after hovering a few minutes, alighted on a cliff several hundred yards distant from my place of concealment. Hope at once revived; I rose, and began, with the utmost caution, to creep towards him. The rugged nature of the ground favoured my approach, else I should never have succeeded in evading the glance of his bold and watchful eye. When I had approached to within about eighty or ninety yards, I came to an open space, across which it was impossible to pass without being seen. This was beyond conception vexing. To lose him when almost within my grasp was too bad! I thought of trying a long shot, but feeling certain that it would be useless, I prepared, as a last resource, to make a sudden rush towards him and get as near as possible before he should rise.

The plan was successful. Cocking both barrels I darted out of my place of concealment with the wild haste of a maniac, and, before the astonished eagle could launch himself off the cliff, I had lessened the distance between us by at least thirty yards. Then I took rapid aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. I might as well, apparently, have discharged a pop-gun at him. Not a quiver of wing or tail took place. He did not even accelerate his majestic flight, as the shots reverberated from cliff to cliff, and I watched him sail slowly round a rock and disappear. Re-loading I sauntered in moody desperation in the direction of his flight, and soon gained the point round which he had vanished, when, behold! he lay on the ground with his broad wings expanded to their full extent and his head erect. I ran towards him, but he did not move, and I soon saw that he was mortally wounded. On coming close up I was compelled to halt and gaze at him in admiration. He raised his head and looked at me with a glance of lofty disdain which I shall never forget.

The conformation of the eagle's eye is such that its habitual expression, as everyone knows, resembles that of deep indignation. This bird had that look in perfection. His hooked beak was above four inches long, and it struck me that if he were disposed to make a last gallant struggle for life when I grasped him, such a beak, with its corresponding talons, would give me some ugly wounds before I could master him. I therefore laid my gun gently across his back and held him down therewith while I caught him by the neck.

But his fighting days were over. His head drooped forward and his bold eye closed in death a few seconds later.

Afterwards I found that the whole charge of both barrels had lodged in his body and thighs, yet, on receiving this, he did not wince a hair's breadth, or in any other way indicate that he had been touched.

He measured exactly six feet six inches across the expanded wings.

Alas! his stuffed skin, which I have preserved as a Norwegian trophy, gives but a feeble idea of what the bird was when, in all the fire of strength, courage, and freedom, he soared above the mountain peaks of Norway.

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

DEAD IN THE DESERT.*

TOWARDS the close of a sultry day in the summer of 1860, we camped down upon the banks of a little stream on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and in the midst of a sheltered and romantic valley. At a little distance we discerned a small pine plank standing endways and just visible above the luxuriant herbage that surrounded us—it was just such material as would serve well to kindle our camp fire. A tall rough-visaged Missourian—one of our party—rose and moved towards it, but suddenly stopped, paused a moment, returned, and in reply to our question, "What is it?" silently pointed to it. One and another visited it, each returning silent and pensive—it was a child's grave, with its tablet and its inscription too, speaking in that desert solitude with all the holy eloquence of grief.

"TO OUR ONLY CHILD,
LITTLE ANNIE,
AGED FOUR YEARS."

A transverse line was cut deep under the word "only," as though the parent would thus emphasise his grief. There was nothing more: this was all we could glean of "Little Annie" or her belongings. It was *very* simple, but *very* touching.

The sun had not yet sunk behind the mountains. Silently, and without spoken concert, we struck our camp and moved further down the stream, for it was holy ground, and had been consecrated by a father's and by a mother's tears. That night we rested with the sky for our canopy; and as the moon sailed high, like a silver seal upon the closing day, and the stars like jewels strewed the boundless night-sea, we had visions of "Little Annie," dead in the desert.

"Dead in the Desert," said a grief-worn father one day to us. Upon the top of a granite hill within the state of California, a few hundred yards from the old emigrant track, far removed from human habitation, we came to a grave with this inscription upon the head-board:—

"Here lies the shattered wreck of a Father's hopes,
A BRAVE BOY—A LOVING SON."

Then follows a Latin inscription to this purport—

"*None are happy until after Death.*"

The occupant of this lone sepulchre was slaughtered by Indians while defending a mother and sister in the absence of the father, who was a day's journey in advance of them. The mother and sister escaped. The lad was killed within three days' travel of his destination, after a weary journey of two thousand miles.

"Dead in the Desert," said an orphan boy then in the city of Brooklyn, when asked of his father and mother.

On the banks of the Rio Colorado, near to the borders of the territory of Nebraska, and in a direct line from "the high prairies" of Texas, through New Mexico to Salt Lake City, in Utah, is a solitary grave. By this grave has been erected a strong and substantial head-board, over which has been stretched and securely nailed, while yet green, a buffalo hide, with the flesh side outermost, so that in drying it has shaped itself to the wood. Upon this parchment surface, with a hot iron, has been singed the following inscription:—

"HENRY UDOLF lies here.
Died Sept. 14, 1854.

PRAY FOR HIS WIDOW AND SORROWING BOY."

Thousands know of the existence of this grave who have never passed it—and why? More than 600 miles to the north-west, and on the banks of a crystal stream bearing an Indian name which signifies "Sweet-water," is another grave with a head-board of exactly similar construction. On this, too, is inscribed—

"THE WIDOW OF HENRY UDOLF lies here.

HIS GRAVE IS ON THE COLORADO.

PRAY FOR THEIR ORPHAN BOY.

Jan. 1st, 1855."

Within little more than three months of each other, the husband and wife—the father and mother—lay sleeping in death with more than six hundred miles of desert between them. "What then of the orphan boy?"—More of him anon.

"Dead in the Desert," said an old Hudson Bay trapper, one of a company who, upon a bright moonlight night in the month of October, 1860, on board a river craft, were dropping down the stream of the Sacramento towards San Francisco. The old mountaineer had passed a life of hardship and perilous adventure; he bore the scars of many

* The writer vouches for the truth of this narrative.—
EDITOR.

an Indian conflict, he could count his fights with the fierce Grizzly of the mountains by scores, knew well the meaning of hunger and of thirst, had buried many a companion in the lone wilderness: stern and rugged in his appearance, with a voice like the low growl of a lion, nevertheless lacking nothing of true human sympathy, his heart beat with the tenderness of a woman's, and the rough sun-burnt hand wiped away the starting tear, as he told us of his two noble sons who were "Dead in the Desert."

"The ashes of my elder son," said the old man, "lie on the shore of Clear Lake, on the little island of Alempo, shut in by the densely green foliage of the Manzanita, at the foot of the sacred mountain Co-noks-te or High Mountain, whose steep sides are clothed with the tall dark pine which, interlocking with the evergreen oak, shed a funeral gloom over his resting-place. My boy was loved by the Indians who had seen his courage and admired his manly spirit, and, that his grave might be undisturbed by the wild beasts of the mountains, they helped me to raise a funeral-pile, and as the smoke of the blazing pyre curled and twined around the tree tops, a mournful wail, prolonged by the echo of the mountain, rose from the assembled Indians, while, to comfort me, they pointed to the western horizon—"whither," said they, "his spirit is passing to its far-off home, for he was good, and his spirit has travelled towards sundown, where the earth and sky meet, and he has become a star."

"And what of your younger son?" we inquired.

The old man's eyes fell, his lips became compressed, his breathing short and quick, and the violent heaving of his chest indicated the deep agony of his soul: at length in the deepest accents of his rich bass voice he replied: "He sleeps on the banks of the Sweet-water," and hastily leaving us, he paced in moody abstraction up and down the deck. There was a sorrow in connection with the death of this son too deep for inquisitive curiosity to meddle with, and we made no further effort to renew the subject.

Two hours or more had elapsed, and our vessel was nearing a little wooded island about a mile below what is now the landing-place to the village of Rio Vista. The old trapper was reclining upon the deck wrapt in silent musings; the silver rays of the moon bringing out in fine relief the careworn rugged features of this grand old man of the mountains.

Seating myself by his side, I said: "You mentioned a stream called the Sweet-water, have you ever seen upon its banks the grave of a widow named Udolf, a Swede?"

"Seen it?" said the old man, "ay, often, and full well I know too the grave of her husband on the far-off Colorado;" and then, beckoning me to follow him to the fore-castle, he pointed out the decaying trunk of a sycamore tree lying near to the water's edge, hanging from which, by an iron chain, was the rusty fluke of an old anchor, and a

short distance further on, but almost hidden by the dense underwood, he pointed out the ruins of a wooden shanty, the roof crushed in by a fallen sycamore, and the whole scene looking weird and desolate. "Now," said my companion, "sit down by me, and when I have lit my pipe I will tell you something of the orphan boy of Henry Udolf the Swede, for a strange story hangs to that old anchor fluke."

'Tis nearly twelve months ago, (said he,) that towards the close of a sultry day I was seeking near this spot an anchorage for the night. For several days I had been successful in trapping beaver, and I sought a suitable spot for preparing my skins. As I neared the island off which we are now sailing, I observed a man intently watching me from the shore, and he was evidently seeking to attract my attention, so, just feeling that my six-shooter was in readiness, I pulled hard into shore and landed; the stranger advanced towards me, and confidence was soon established between us. He proved to be a citizen of San Francisco who had been spending some days in this solitary island to sport among the abundant wild-fowl.

"You seek a camping place for the night?" said he. "If you will join me, we can occupy a ruined shanty close by; but first we must bury the body of its late occupant, for he lies there cold and lifeless." "Dead in the Desert?"—I found myself involuntarily grasping my revolver. Could my companion be a murderer? But my nerves were too intured to danger to feel fear, and so I followed on. We entered the dreary desolate cabin, and there, upon a heap of withered tule-rushes, lay stretched the body of a man in all the squalid wretchedness of poverty.

"Now," said the stranger, "a short distance away is a prospecting hole. We will place the body there and cover it in, and then I will tell you a strange adventure that concerns an orphan boy, the son of one Henry Udolf, a Swede." "Henry Udolf the Swede?" said I; "I know the grave of Henry Udolf the Swede, on the Rio Colorado." "The same," replied my companion, "'tis of his son I would tell you."

We hastened to bury the body, we burned the tule bedding within the cabin, that we might purify it with fire, and then, lighting our pipes, I called eagerly for this strange story; and thus he narrated it.

"Two days ago, I was wandering near nightfall along the opposite bank of the river, when I saw near the shore of this island a man waist-deep in the water. With a pole he seemed to be dragging the river's bed, and changing his position from time to time he continued his labours until, in the decreasing light, he was lost to my view. I thought little of the circumstance until on the following evening I observed him in the same place and similarly occupied. My curiosity was now excited, and, proceeding to the spot where my skiff was moored, I hastened to the lower end of the island.

Having often hunted here I knew of a path through the tangled undergrowth that would quickly lead me to the scene of his operations. Hidden by the brushwood I soon gained a position so close that I could distinctly hear his laboured breathings. He had in his hands a long boat-hook which had evidently fixed upon something, which dragging heavily, he at length brought to the water's edge.

"At this moment he suddenly dropped his boat-hook, and facing round towards the shore exclaimed in a voice full of terror and defiance, 'What's that you say?' But I had said nothing, and save the sound of his own voice and movements everything around was silent as death. Again he stooped, and, picking up something, looked at it for a moment in the moonlight, and then hurled it into the thicket. It fell almost close to me, and I involuntarily exclaimed aloud, 'A human skull!' Then again his hollow unearthly voice rang out in the solitude, 'What's that you say?' and then listening for a moment he added, 'The boy seems talkative to-night.' From that moment I believed him to be a murderer. He then gathered something up from the river, and wading into deep water flung it from him, and as he returned to shore mutteringly exclaimed: 'Now, with head and body far apart, talk to me further if you can.'

"The hot blood was now rushing through my veins. I could endure it no longer, so springing over the intervening brush-wood, in a moment I was at his side. His glazed eyes shone by the bright moonlight and glared on me in mortal terror; while with a voice like that of a doomed man he cried, 'Man or demon, have mercy upon me!'

"Instead of being stalwart and strong, I found him a heart-broken, conscience-stricken, bowed-down man. I assured him I would show mercy, but insisted that he should at once clear up the mystery of his movements.

"With weak and tottering steps, that gave too certain evidence that his days were nearly numbered, he guided me to this cabin, and throwing himself upon the tulle pallet and pointing me to the seat beside him, he gave me the following narrative:—

"My real name is Douglas: I am English by birth, and from my earliest recollection I laboured with my father in the Northern collieries. In 1845 I sailed for America, but in the spring of 1850 I settled in Texas; there I lived for four years, but at length determined to strike overland for California.

"In company with a Swede named Rawne I travelled across the high prairies of Texas into New Mexico, as far as Santa Fé on the Rio Grande.

"Here we made the acquaintance of one Henry Udolf, a Swede, who with his wife and child—a little boy six years of age—were preparing to start for California. Udolf had money, and in addition to his teams and rolling stock, some fifty head of cattle.

"It was soon arranged that we should join them, and we engaged ourselves for six months.

"Crossing the New Mexican Cordilleras we reached the banks of the Rio Colorado in the territory of Utah. Here Udolf was taken ill and in two days died. We buried him and raised a head-board by his grave on which we inscribed his name. We continued our journey with the heart-broken widow and her fatherless boy, who became the darling and pet of myself and my companions.

"We reached at length the grassy meadows of the Carson, and here Mrs. Udolf was seized with cholera. In a few hours she was dead, and we left her body in a deep grave upon the banks of the Sweet-water.

"Rawne and I now took the control of the party, and dismissing the other men who had accompanied the train, with the orphan boy and the property we continued our route to California.

"And now for the first time came over me the thought that I might enrich myself at the expense of the boy, but I had no thought of destroying him, for little Charley grew every day in our affections.

"We found nearly \$2000 in Udolf's waggon; and, upon reaching Sacramento, we sold the waggons, teams and cattle for \$3000 more—all of course the property of the orphan boy.

"The desire to possess this money now haunted me day and night. We had been residing in Sacramento city about three weeks, when one day, as though by way of joke, I proposed to Rawne, deserting the boy and taking the property. 'There is a better way than that,' replied Rawne; 'for in that case the boy might tell on us.' Thinking that I had in my companion a ready accomplice, I at once divulged to him a plan I had formed for murdering the boy; and it was thus we carried it out.

"Under pretence of a trip down the Sacramento River to locate farming lands, we hired two row-boats, and taking with us a tent and provisions, we started down the river, and, for the purpose I had in view, I procured the old anchor-fluke, and chain which you see now on the spot where I was dredging.

"On the second day out we were joined by two men, who kept company with us for several days, camping with us at night. With these men was a huge English mastiff, to which our little Udolf became greatly attached, while the affection manifested by the dog for the child was truly remarkable. At the earnest entreaty of the boy we purchased the dog, and on the next day parted company with its late owners. We had now reached this little island, and I found my companion Rawne ready to listen to any method I might suggest for disposing of little Charley; but he left all the planning to me. And now for the part of my story that I would to God were blotted from my memory. I proposed to Rawne that towards nightfall he should drug the boy to stupefaction, and then, when all else was arranged, I would do the rest. We then put all our most

valuable effects into one boat with the money, all but about \$50 which I had in my pocket.

"It was agreed that when night came I should leave the camp, taking the mastiff with me; that the moon's rising should be the signal for my return, and for Rawne's departure with the treasure-boat to the lower part of the island, where he was to await my arrival, having first placed the helpless but not lifeless body of the boy, encircled by the chain, and attached to the old anchor fluke, in the bottom of the other boat. I was not to see him place the lad there; he was not to see me draw the plugs from the boat and cut it adrift.

"Twilight came. I rose to depart, and though a murderer at heart, I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and the great hot tears chased down my cheeks as I gazed upon the utter helplessness of my victim. Soon after my departure I missed the dog,—he had probably returned to the camping ground. At length the moon rose; and steeling my heart against every generous impulse and every touch of pity, I hastened back. Rawne had departed, leaving everything ready. I approached the water's-edge, laid my hand upon the boat, and could distinctly hear the half-suppressed breathings of the child as he lay wrapped in blankets. I waded as far as I could towards deep water, drew the plugs, held to the boat by a short line, heard a low gurgling groan, and the waters closed over it.

"Returning to the shore, I hastened to the appointed place of meeting, when, judge of my rage and disappointment, I found Rawne was not there,—he had gone, taking boat, money, valuables, and dog, all with him,—all snatched from me when almost in my grasp,—left me without the means of escape from this fearful place; but what was worse, I was *alone* with no covering but the angry sky. A murderer *alone! alone!!* with no screen from the flashing eye of God. *Alone!* all alone in this awful silence, where every sigh of the night wind seemed speeding up towards heaven, laden with the cry of *blood*. From that hour I have been more a demon than a man. At the end of two days I was obliged to drag up the sunken boat as my only means of escape, and now again my heart sank within me.

"I felt a cold terror at the thought of gazing again upon the accusing corpse of my victim, but overturning the boat before it reached the shore, I saw nothing of the burden it had borne.

"For three long and weary years I have wandered over every part of the state, from town to city, from camp to camp, seeking the hated object of my revenge, but all in vain; and now with the terrors of death upon me, with remorse eating out my soul,

—oh! that I might sink into forgetfulness and the grave!

"'Stranger,' continued he, 'that is the dark mystery of my life, the seal of blood is on my forehead, the cry of blood ever rings in my ear. And yet, oftentimes in my dreams, while sleeping here close to the mouldering bones of my victim, with fiends and demons shrieking and dancing round my bed, I see the radiant face of that poor murdered boy, and what is stranger still, it seems to beam with pity and forgiveness.'

"The recital of this fearful tragedy proved too much for his shattered system, and he sank back for a time in a deathlike torpor; reviving again, however, he pointed to yonder wall, and in broken accents and with labouring breath, asked me to hand him an old coat that hung there.

"He tore apart a portion of the lining and produced a letter with the seal unbroken, for he could not read. It was addressed—'John Douglas, San Francisco.'—'I have had that letter by me for three years,' said he, 'but I dared not ask any person to read it, fearing that it might divulge the great crime of my life: it can do no harm now, for I shall soon be beyond man's reach—read it to me, if you please.'

"I broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"JOHN DOUGLAS,

"Should this letter ever reach you, it may possibly relieve your mind of a heavy burden.' ('What is it?' eagerly inquired Douglas.) 'You must know then of a truth that Charley Udolf still lives. In place of the boy I substituted the mastiff, having first drugged him, bound the chain heavily round him, placed him in the boat, and covered him with the lad's blankets. Then I took the stupified body of the boy with the treasure, and proceeded hastily to San Francisco, and in two days we were on the ocean homeward bound.

"The lad is now with his father's relatives in Brooklyn. From the first I never intended you should destroy him, and I pray God that ere you die, you may learn that you were not his murderer.

"Yours truly,

"THOS. RAWNE.'

"I raised my eyes," said the narrator, "towards Douglas; his long bony hands were clasped together, a smile seemed struggling to play over the pallor of Death—the eyes were fixed with a glassy stare, and with the death-rattle in his throat he exclaimed, 'God have mercy upon me—Christ have mercy upon me,' and he fell back—"Dead in the Desert."

H. C. PAWLING.



THE SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MY DEAR SIR,—I answer your question about our sick and wounded with real pleasure, because I am sure you will feel an interest in the working of the many means of relief which earnest and sympathising hearts have arranged to meet the needs of the times. This war, which has called forth such beautiful charities as we see around us on every side, cannot be an unmixed evil. Can that be all evil which makes men brave to fight for their country, and (harder far) brave to *endure* long weary nights and days of languor and pain and privation; brave, gentle, and patient, when their first experience of illness comes with the shattered limb or the surgeon's knife? Can that be all evil which calls forth all woman's true, unselfish tenderness? which teaches many who never knew it the beauty and delight of self-sacrifice, of giving up time and strength and ease and wealth to minister to the sick and dying?

Believe me, our country is learning a lesson in these dark hours which will never be forgotten, and as the soul, crushed and subdued by sorrow, rises purer and stronger, with earthly hopes cast away, and selfishness driven out, so is it with a land like our own, which has only hitherto known prosperity. Those who watch the signs of the times cannot but see the great work which our Heavenly Father is doing in our midst; silently but surely it goes on, and to those who bow to His Will, out of sorrow will come joy, out of the darkness of battle and bloodshed, of wounds and weary weeping, will, in His own good time, come rest, and peace, and light!

When the war of the Crimea called all eyes to look at the work of women for the sick and wounded, no one could have imagined that before many years American women would have an opportunity of testing the sincerity of the admiration with which they had followed the work of Florence Nightingale and her associates.

Without warning, and almost without knowing what they were undertaking, the women of our land began their labours to meet the needs of the vast armies which had arisen to put down the unholy rebellion from which we are now suffering; and nobly have they gone on, whether in the battlefield, the field-hospitals, or in the crowded hospitals of our large cities, where the wounded and maimed are gathered in by thousands. There never have been wanting during the long two years and a half of the war Christian women to nurse and tend and soothe the suffering, or receive the last breath of the dying.

But to enable you to understand better how the work is done among us, I must enter into detail, and begin with the "United States Sanitary Com-

mission,"* the most perfect and thorough organisation which has been called forth by the needs of the times. Under its auspices, the Sanitary regulations of the army are cared for, large stores and supplies kept ready and sent forward, whenever a battle is looked for, so that, in the hurry and confusion which ensues, all that the surgeons need, and which Government cannot always supply, is at hand. Æther for amputations, bandages, lint, stimulants, and nourishment of every sort, are supplied.

After the terrible battle of Gettysburg, when the fearful storm of shot and shell had left thousands in the field, and the surgeons were endeavouring to do what medical skill might, to save life, one who was on the spot says he can never forget the gratitude with which they saw the store-wagons of the Sanitary Commission coming up.

"Thank God," said the surgeon, "here come the Sanitary supplies, now we shall do well."

The Commission has its central office in Washington, and from thence radiate, as from a great centre, streams of help and comfort, reaching the army wherever it is doing its work, and like a good angel, watching and waiting to offer blessings. Under its direction, railway ambulances have been fitted up with comfortable beds, arranged for the transportation of the sick and wounded, who are to be sent farther north; beds hung so that the motion of the carriage does not jar them. A surgeon and nurses have charge of these ambulances, and with them is connected a newly-invented cooking-apparatus, in compact form, where food can be prepared, water boiled, tea or gruel made ready, or any other nourishment required. On one occasion fifty men were brought from Washington to New York, a distance of at least 300 miles. Their food being prepared entirely in this little extempore kitchen connected with the railway-carriage, exhaustion was avoided, and in some cases life actually saved.

Another good arrangement is a lodge, established

* It is perhaps well to add that the "United States Sanitary Commission" is purely voluntary, organised as an aid to the Government in its immense labour. No service done by its members is other than a willing offering to the good cause, and this gives a double value to its far-reaching work. One tribute to its worth has come from a source rather unlooked for, and may be mentioned here. A letter has been sent to General Lee (rebel commander-in-chief), signed by twelve rebel surgeons, now prisoners at Gettysburg, requesting the release of several Sanitary agents taken in battle, and now in prison at Richmond. They say that the wounded of their army have received such help and comfort from the Sanitary Commission, that it seems only justice to release those who were taken while engaged in a work of mercy, and to recognise them as non-combatants.

in Washington, where the discharged soldier, waiting perhaps for his pay, may go and find a bed, good lodging, and meal, free of charge, before he is sent on his way. Some thousands have had help and comfort from the Sanitary Commission in this way, and been saved from temptation—perhaps from ruin.

In connection with the central office of the Commission, at Washington, a branch is established in each of our large cities, as a *dépot* where boxes are received which come in from the country. Each little town or village has an aid-society, as an auxiliary to the great centre, where clothing is made up, and articles of various kinds contributed. Thus, as it were, a great net-work is formed over our land; or, to express it better, each little rill pours in its stream to the main ocean, the treasury, whence it flows out again, to refresh and sustain the army.

The boxes which arrive are opened, the contents assorted, marked with the stamp of the Commission, and re-packed, each kind of article together. Thus a box containing five or seven hundred shirts can be sent to the field-hospital, and obviate all trouble to surgeons or Sanitary agents on the spot. Jellies, wines, brandies, and preserved fruits, condensed milk, and many similar stores, are also sent in this way.

In times of great emergency, the Sanitary Commission has sent out supplies, to the amount of 1000 dollars (or 200*l.*) a day, and it may be well to mention that California, from the shores of the Pacific, thousands of miles distant, has sent her offering of 500,000 dollars (100,000*l.*), to aid in this good work; adding, that when the Commission needs further help, the same amount will be sent again. The proof thus given of the confidence felt in the work, and of the value of a plan working on so large a scale, is very encouraging.

The branch office sometimes furnishes a sort of centre, where soldiers in distress, on their way home, discharged, or in any need, may find a helping hand. One little incident which happened this summer will prove the truth of this statement. One sultry afternoon, just before the hour of closing the rooms, a soldier, worn with travel, and evidently troubled and in distress, came into the office. He told his story. He had, he said, a furlough; named his regiment; but on the way his transportation papers and furlough had been lost. He was a stranger, with no one to prove the truth of his story, was without money, and his home in Maine was at least 500 miles distant. What was to be done? Would the Sanitary Commission help him? Fortunately, one of the gentlemen connected with the office was present; and, although he was struck by the manner and bearing of the man, and inclined to trust him, it would not do to act without a telegram to the medical director, to confirm the truth of the story. In due time the wires sent back the reply, the man's statement was confirmed, his name, regiment, furlough, were all correct—he

was sent on from Washington to his home, just as he said. The Sanitary agent then offered him money for his expenses home; and added, that he must receive it as a free gift from the United States Sanitary Commission. He had been unfortunate, and had applied to those whose duty and pleasure it was to help the soldier in his time of need. He hesitated, seemed much touched with the kindness, and then with an effort:—

“God bless you, sir,” he said. “I see now *who* sent this help to me, and if you'll allow me, sir, I'll tell you all.”

He then said that he was in great distress, after losing his papers: he was a stranger in Philadelphia, had no money, and did not know what to do, or where to go. As he walked through the railway-station he saw a roll of papers lying on the ground: on picking it up, he found it contained the furlough and transportation papers of another man, dropped, probably, just as his own had been. At first he thought nothing of it, until the quick suggestion of the Tempter flashed upon him, “Why not use them? I am a stranger on this railway; these papers will enable me to reach home; no one knows my name, why not use them, &c.?” and some companions with him told him not to be a fool, and throw away his good luck. He hesitated, and then he said the thought of his wife came to him, and how she had told him, when he went to the war two years ago, that she gave him to his country without grudging, and that all she asked of him was, not to lose his love of truth and of his duty to his God, and “How could I go back and look into her eyes if I had *acted* this untruth?”

So the good prevailed, and what wonder that the God whose law he struggled to keep raised up friends for him, and sent him on his way with that best of blessings, a good conscience!

Another department of labour which should not be omitted, is the removal of the sick and wounded in hospital transports, on our eastern and western rivers. These transports, furnished and fitted up by the Commission with every necessary, supply important aid to the Government in its arduous work. Eight thousand wounded men were thus brought home after the terrible battles of Fair Oaks and the Peninsular battles in the summer of 1862: the details of this work may be found in a little book of much interest, made up of extracts from the letters written by nurses and surgeons engaged in it, and just given to the public.*

The Sanitary Commission does not want its martyrs, who have laid down their lives for their country as nobly and as truly as if the cannon-ball or the bayonet had sent them to their last account, instead of the slower process resulting from exposure or malaria.

After the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, when the urgency was great for supplies, in consequence of the frightful slaughter, and the

* “Hospital Transports.”

surgeons were almost without the common necessities for their work, one earnest, never-wearied member of the Commission went forward himself to the field, to urge on the supplies with the despatch then all-important. Every effort was made, and when he could do nothing more, he carried the lantern through the long night before the supply-waggons, so that the drivers might be able to direct their course, and avoid the dangers of the roads, always rough and broken in this part of the country. The point was at last gained; the supplies came up in time to save many lives, and after a short interval Mr. P—— returned to his home. A few weeks more, and in the delirium of a typhoid fever, which quickly followed his return, those who stood by his dying bed learned what had been his work during those exciting nights and days; a work which he had never described before. His talk was, without ceasing, of the dying, whom he was himself bearing away to a neighbouring barn, of the amputations at which he was assisting the surgeons, and of all the dreadful details of necessary work among the wounded and dying. Days went by, but no other thought seemed present, no other picture passed before his mind, until his strength gave way, and rest came—the rest and peace of a better world. It was granted him to lay down, for the cause of his country, a life which had always been consecrated to the honour and glory of his God. He does not stand alone; there are other honoured names, others who “counted not their lives dear unto themselves,” but whose earnest self-devotion ended in giving up, not health and strength and ease only, but to whose quiet graves we can point, when we tell what our Sanitary Commission has done for the country.

In the city of Philadelphia, through which the regiments necessarily pass on their way south, good meals are given them in a very unpretending little establishment, which, like many of the other charities of the day, sprung from the temporary emergency. A cooper's shop this building was originally: the owner, seeing the weary, exhausted soldiers passing, on their way to the railway station for Baltimore, offered them, as they passed by, coffee, bread, and some such simple refreshment, which were most gladly accepted; and thus began the work, which has lasted during the war, and in this humble place have more than 500,000 famished soldiers enjoyed comfortable meals, free of charge.

Those in the immediate neighbourhood came forward to help, and brought what they could offer; and those who had nothing else to give, gave freely of their time and labour, cooking, laying the tables, and waiting on the soldiers, during the hour they stopped on their journey. There seemed something of good-will and true charity in thus “feeding the hungry,” which brought with it a blessing; for money flowed in to keep up the work, and from the first day in April, 1861, until

the present moment, August, 1863, no service under this roof has been done for hire. It is the people's offering to their brothers of the United States' army, and as a free-will offering, willing hands and earnest hearts have never been wanting to carry it on.

A temporary hospital is also added, offering at least twenty or thirty beds, so that, on the return of regiments, in case that the wounded or sick need care, they can find it here. Faithful women watch, nurse, and care for the patients until they are restored to health, and again sent on their way.

To show the earnestness of those who carry on this work, the fact may be stated that as the arrival of a regiment takes place at any hour of the night, a signal has been agreed upon by those who prepare the meals, and when this gun is heard they report themselves for duty at once. This is done cheerfully and constantly, no matter at what time of the night, and no one who sees the hearty welcome which goes with the meal can doubt the spirit which prompts the work, and which makes loss of rest, fatigue and privation, all as nothing to those who work in so good a cause.

In our large army hospitals one may see the influence of women's work in another way, and here more directly to alleviate suffering in its countless forms. A civil war, like our own, sad as it is, brings the scene of suffering so near us as to make it more easy for women to do what natural feeling must prompt for the relief of the wounded.

In most of the hospitals a board of lady-visitors, in addition to the ward-masters and nurses appointed by Government, attends to the patients. Two, or sometimes three, ladies are present every week, spending the entire day in the hospital. They prepare the delicacies required by the sick, in a room appropriated to them, and known as “The Ladies' Room;” go through the wards; write letters for the men; cheer the down-hearted, and do what is possible to supply the home-element to those who sorely need a word of kindness as day goes by after day, and month after month, marked only by varied phases of misery.

“How is — to-day?” said a lady to one of the surgeons.

“Doing well—*very* well; almost ready to have his arm taken off.”

Her exclamation of disappointment was sincere.

“After so many weeks; and we have watched and fed him so constantly—must it come off?”

“He would never have lived,” said the surgeon, “to bear the operation but for your care, and now he may do well.”

The largest of the military hospitals near Philadelphia will contain five thousand, or may be crowded to the extent of eight thousand patients, another will accommodate three thousand, while the smaller ones vary from eight to four or three hundred men, so that the usual number of sick and wounded men, constantly among us, amounts to ten thousand.

This only refers to Philadelphia, the army hospitals near Washington are of course full, and a general hospital has been lately established at Gettysburg, with 2700 men, after 10,000 have been brought to hospitals nearer their homes.

In addition to the systematic work done by the lady-visitors in the wards, no week goes by without offerings of many kinds, fresh eggs, fruit, jellies, soup prepared in the best way at home, cushions for the comfort of the wounded, books, games, Cologne water, and even flowers, being brought to those who never lose sight of the comfort of the soldiers, or forget to do what they can to relieve their weary hours.

One must be struck by the patient endurance of the men; for it is one thing to face shot and shell in the wild enthusiasm of the battle, and quite another to endure the slow suffering and the agony which must follow the surgeon's knife and probe.

"How can we wonder at their patience and quiet endurance," said a lady, somewhat familiar with the men and their conduct under trial; "how can

we wonder, when the whole country is praying for them, day and night, that they may have strength to bear?"

There are, of course, other volunteer associations, following in the wake of larger undertakings, doing much good, but with the great evils necessarily connected with any effort lacking order and system. The value of obedience and system, and the failure of any scheme of benevolence which lacks them, have never been more signally made manifest than in this very work to which I have alluded, the work of relieving the sick and wounded, in the great masses in which they must be met and ministered to.

A beautiful record would it be, and worthy of an angel's keeping, if I could register all the deeds of generous kindness which have been done since this war began. Deeds of love and mercy have followed our army through its length and breadth, and though I have only offered a most incomplete and imperfect sketch of the work, it may furnish an idea to those who have never known before "how the sick and wounded are cared for" in America.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

XI.—THE MADNESS OF ST. PAUL.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

IT is not difficult to account for the conduct of the Roman governor when he accused the Christian Apostle of extravagance or madness. From Festus' point of view the words and actions of St. Paul seemed to admit of no other explanation. For if ever two men existed alien from each other in spirit and character, acting from motives reciprocally unintelligible and irreconcilable, it was here. On the one hand there was the cold, sagacious, sceptical, self-interested worldling; on the other the lofty-minded, impassioned, and self-devoted religious enthusiast. In the Roman procurator we have one who probably reflected the tone of polite scepticism, characteristic of his class and age,—the hard, passionless incredulity, or at best the contemptuous toleration of one to whom the pursuit of truth was but the play of intellectual idleness, and religion an instrument of state policy to be used and despised in all countries alike. In the Christian Apostle we have one to whom his faith in truth and God was all in all,—a man of strong religious convictions, whose every word and act breathed the intensity of his belief, and who was ready to dare and suffer everything in its defence. Here sat the man of the world, the time-serving hack government official, living only for preferment, to whom this world's good things—money, advancement, power, pleasure, luxury—were the sole ends of existence, and who knew not, or rather scorned as the dream of fools the notion of any other world

than this: and over against him, calm in the strength of a heavenly hope, the man to whom this world was nothing, who had sacrificed all that renders life dear to most men, and was ready to surrender life itself in the assured expectation of another and nobler life beyond the grave. How could such an one as Festus understand a man like Paul? What common measure was there by which the one mind could interpret the expressions of the other? Compelled by his official duty to take notice of him, to observe him and listen to his words, we may imagine Festus for a little amazed or puzzled by the enigma which the man's conduct and bearing involved, and at length when some words more outrageous than the rest fell from the Apostle's lip, making up his mind that the man was mad. A man, he thought, probably, of natural intellectual vigour and force of character—for his whole tone and bearing indicate that—but who has permitted himself to pore over old Jewish records, till his brain has been heated by some mystical visions, some contemptible vaticinations of Hebrew superstition. The healthy balance between imagination and sense, the world of thoughts, fancies, speculations, and the world of material realities, has been disturbed, and this clever man, of whom better things might have been made, has become a morbid dreamer and enthusiast—"Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad."

Great wit is, proverbially, to madness near allied,

and in appearance, if not in reality, the same thing is true of great piety or moral earnestness. To an observer who has not the key to his mode of action, the conduct of a man whose views, motives, principles are greatly elevated above his own, will often seem to be that of a dreamer, an enthusiast, a hair-brained fool. As the motions of the heavenly bodies are to the eye of ignorance but a mazy, inexplicable dance, capricious as the whirlings of leaves in the blast, or of insects in the summer air, though to the scientific observer all are reducible to laws fixed, regular, invariable; so to the careless, worldly mind, destitute of spiritual sympathy and insight, the movements of the spiritual life, the path and orbit of those who are living for God and eternity, seem often little better than the wildest aberrations, the most fitful vagaries of unreason or madness. Nor is it difficult to trace in many points between intense religious earnestness such as St. Paul exhibited, and madness, a superficial resemblance sufficient to give colour to the charge of Festus.

The madman, for instance, is very frequently a man of one idea. Some one oppressive thought has taken possession of the brain. Some object of eager pursuit, some one dire and dreaded evil, some scheme or invention, some notion or conception too subtle or exciting for the mental capacity of the thinker has been dwelt upon, brooded over, has absorbed day after day, and hour after hour, to the exclusion of all besides, the whole spiritual energies, till it has at last crushed or overset them by its continuous pressure. And when reason totters or falls, still in its ruins it will cling to the old familiar thought. Visit the poor victim of an overburdened mind, and you will find the brain still busy and the lip still babbling with strange persistence on the one unvarying theme; and however with well-meant kindness you attempt to divert the thoughts to other topics, back again speedily by a diseased perversity of association they fly to that which has wrought the mind's ruin. Now, it is no indistinct analogy which can be discerned betwixt this aspect of the disordered mind and that which to a superficial and unsympathising observer would be presented by such a mind as Paul's. St. Paul was pre-eminently a man of one idea. His whole life of thought and action was but a comment on his own words: "This one thing I do." Whoever came into contact with him, his discourse ever turned to the one topic that was continually uppermost in his mind—Christ and Him crucified. All the wisdom and philosophy of the world were foolishness to him. He ignored them, refused to let his mind dwell upon them, counted them all but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. He would speak and think of nothing else. This thought ruled his actions by day, coloured his very dreams by night. Nobody could be with him for ever so brief an interview, but it was sure to be introduced. What wonder that to men altogether out of the plane of such ideas—to the worldly, the sensual, the selfish; to the Jew who hated, or the

heathen who supremely contemned, this absorbing subject of his contemplations—the readiest solution of such unparalleled absorption of mind was that the man was mad.

Another aspect of insanity to which religious earnestness might seem to be allied, is that its victim *dwells, in an unreal world.* Often when reason has lost its sway, the illusions of mental disease deprive it of half its terribleness. The sober matter-of-fact world vanishes from the sight, and fancy conjures up out of the most unlikely materials a world of visionary brightness and splendour. The veriest beggar will enact the prince, the poor wretch beholden to the hand of charity for support will strut about arrayed in tinsel and finery. Rags become purple robes, bare walls a palace, and twisted straws a crown. Or the lonely and friendless man, whose very bereavements perhaps have unhinged his mind, will regain in the world of unreason the happiness which in the real world he has lost,—begin to talk of departed joys as still present, of friends and companions long gone as living still, accost the merest strangers by the old familiar names, and please himself by transforming them into loved ones whose faces he shall never see again. And what but this, or a not remote semblance of this mental condition, would be presented to the eye of the world by a character such as Paul's. He too seemed to live in a world of illusions. He was heard to declare that he looked not to things that were seen, but to the things that were unseen. The visible and temporal world,—its hills and plains and fields, its cities and towns, its wealth and honour and greatness,—was but a world of phantoms and shadows to him, whilst he gazed seemingly with rapt eye on a world invisible and eternal. Poor, he was heard to speak of himself as making many rich, having nothing, as possessing all things. A miserable tent-maker, familiar with gauls and stripes and the experiences of a vagabond life, he babbled of himself, and such as he, as the only free men upon earth; as possessed of the glorious liberty of sons of God, as kings and priests unto God and His anointed. And though to common eye he was but a homeless, friendless wanderer, the companion at best of the very dregs and offscourings of the earth, he seemed to be ever fancying himself surrounded by a glorious fellowship of unseen yet loving friends, dwelling in the midst of an innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect, and in the sweet society of Jesus of Nazareth, whom every one knew to have been years ago crucified at Jerusalem. Of such a fantastic despiser of realities, of such an unpractical dreamer, what so natural for the world to conclude as that he was "beside himself?"

It is a further extension of the same thought, that the man of intense religious earnestness may to the eye of the world appear to resemble the madman, in his being *scared by fanciful, and rushing recklessly on real dangers.* He is the sport of fancies, trembling at the rustling of a leaf or the

sound of the harmless wind, shaping the viewless air into spectres of horror, rushing madly from the presence of the imaginary assassin, and conjuring out of the most innocuous objects causes of danger and destruction. And yet, on the other hand, the madman will not seldom be reckless of real dangers, climb heedless of peril the giddy height, dance on the brink of the precipice, or play with firearms and destructive implements,—sporting thus in a thousand ways with life, whilst the sober spectator is filled with horror and dismay. And somewhat similar, doubtless, would be the impression left on the unbelieving observer's mind by such a career as Paul's. What seemed unreal terrors were ever before his eye; by invisible enemies did he act and talk as if he fancied himself beset;—wrestling, not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers of darkness; flying as if he heard the howl of the wild beast, from some terrible imaginary foe "seeking whom he would devour." And, on the other hand, equally heedless did he seem of real dangers. He was a man reckless of life. Dreaming of some unknown future joys, he seemed to be insensible to stripes and imprisonments and torture; and, gazing with rapt eye on things unseen by others, he treated those injuries and disasters from which other men would have recoiled in dismay, and under which his own weak frame was wasting away, as "light affliction, but for a moment." Amidst the horrors of shipwreck, on the deck of the reeling crazy vessel, when experienced and practical men saw nothing but imminent destruction, he seemed strangely calm and unconscious of danger. And often when, by a slight sacrifice of foolish scruples, he might have turned aside from peril, he rushed with foolhardiness into the very jaws of death. What could sober practical men think of all this, but that his conduct was no longer under the restraints of reason—that the man was mad.

Such, then, was the accusation—an accusation not, as we have seen, without a colour of plausibility. In his answer St. Paul simply denies the charge, and avers that his words and actions were those of "truth and soberness." "Whether we be beside ourselves," said he, on another occasion, "it is to God." If there was madness in his conduct it was a divine madness, madness with a method in it, inspired insanity. If he had got off the world's centre it was because he had become attached to a new and higher one. If he ceased to regulate his actions by its standard, it was because they had become amenable to an infinitely loftier one. His career was not wayward, methodless, ungoverned, now any more than formerly, only the governing power or principle was unseen and unintelligible to common men. Suppose a steam-vessel were to approach for the first time the shores of some land where the application of this agent to the propelling of ships was unknown, as it sailed along, or changed its course, and swept rapidly hither and thither, its varied movements would seem to the ignorant gazers from the land utterly unaccountable,—they

would be filled with amazement, and if very ignorant or superstitious, ascribe the movements of the vessel perhaps to the agency of magic or of supernatural powers. Or if one of the planets of our system should suddenly be disconnected from its relation to our sun, and begin by some more potent attraction than gravitation to revolve around some new and undiscovered orb; its new movements, to observers ignorant of their cause, would perhaps appear as the wildest vagaries; it would seem to be undergoing some strange perturbations; lawlessness, disorder, anarchy, would appear to be introduced where formerly all had been subjected to the absolute and unvarying dominion of law. And yet in both these cases there would be no real arbitrariness, and the charge of arbitrariness would arise simply from the spectator's ignorance of the new power or influence at work. Explain to him the application of steam to machinery, point the telescope to the new orb, and all would become clear.

Now, so it was in the case before us. To the cold and unspiritual contemner of an intensely earnest religious nature it might with emphasis be answered:

"All anarchy is art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood."

To those who knew of no higher than earthly motives, whose only principles of action were love of money, or pleasure, or fame, or power, or learning, he might well seem mad, whose conduct could be accounted for by none of these, who set them all at nought, who, with splendid talents, devoted them to the service of an obscure sect; with golden opportunities of fame, position, wealth, chose a lot of poverty, ignominy, and association with the wretched, the base-born, the abandoned; whose whole life, that might have been one of ease and pleasure, was one long pain, one continuous self-sacrifice. To easy, comfortable, prudent, worldly observers, what wonder that the path which such a man followed seemed the wildest eccentricity? For such observers knew nothing of that new-discovered power, that strange, sweet, irresistible affection which had been kindled in the hearts of men, and which superseded all old motives and passions—the love of Christ. To men whose whole hearts bound them to the world, to whom this life, its beauty, and brightness, and joy constituted the whole universe, and all beyond it was a horror of thick darkness, who with all the desires and energies of an earthly and selfish nature gravitated to the world, what wonder that a life such as Paul's, cut off from all mere earthly attractions, dead to the world, and devoted to God in Christ Jesus, disrupted from *their* sphere and revolving round an invisible sun and centre of the soul, seemed to be eccentric, orderless, anarchical? But one little sentence, could they have comprehended its glorious import, would have explained it all:—one little sentence would have supplied the key to the enigma, read the heart of Paul's mystery, shed the

luminous beauty of heavenly law over his unintelligible life ; and that little sentence was : "The love of Christ constraineth us."

And as with Paul, so will it ever be with those in whose hearts this heavenly impulse acts. They will be in the world, but not of it,—exceptions to its rules, unintelligible on its principles, acting with a sort of eccentricity in the eyes of its votaries. The world knoweth us not because it knew Him not who is our model, in whom and to whom we live. Even in the world's own sphere, men who act from higher secular motives, are often unintelligible and strange to those who act from lower ones. The poet with his rapt thoughts, his flights of fancy, his glorious visions, his fine frenzies, looks half mad, at best an utterly unpractical dreamer, to many a plain and prudent man of trade or business. The scientific enthusiast, squandering health, ease, resources, in the ardent pursuit of knowledge, shutting himself out from the pleasures and amenities of life, scorning delights, and living laborious days — such an one's pleasures, aims, manner of life, are to the illiterate, the sensual, the indolent, utterly unintelligible. The cold, the unloving, the selfish, again, cannot understand the philanthropist, who abandons comfort, ease, home, to spend existence in prisons and lazaret-houses. They may vaguely assent to his praise, perhaps ; but a life so exceptional, so imprudent, a beneficence so Quixotic, is set down by them as a sort of fantastic modern knight-errantry, and they account for it by the notion that the man is not altogether sane.

But far above all such motives, far above all worldly ambitions, all natural philanthropy even, and therefore far more unintelligible to those who are out of its sphere, is the strange, unearthly, all-swying motive of Christian love. Even earthly love, where it is pure and deep, is the most unpractical of motives. There is a certain strange unworldliness about it. Under its strong impulse, a man will oftentimes set ordinary motives at defiance. Take it in that form to which the name is commonly attached, and is it not a passion which oftentimes, for a brief season at least, raises the most selfish, practical, unimaginative mortal out of himself and the sphere of his common motives ?

He rises for the time into a life poetic, where common principles cease to rule. He thinks not of selfish ease, of money-making, eating, drinking, worldly comforts ; he becomes self-sacrificing for the nonce. And when this passion spends its force, and the man settles back into the dull round of common life, many a sober, prosaic, prudent, money-making citizen looks back from amidst the business of life on that brief dream of love, and, utterly out of sympathy with his former self, as he recalls himself, a foolish, hot-brained, hot-blooded youth, scorning money and business and all practical sobrieties of life, thinks, perhaps, of that passage in his history as at best a brief madness.

But there is, as I have said, a motive more unintelligible to the world, because more potent, comprehensive, all-constraining, all-superseding, than these. Let the love of God in Christ Jesus come in its power upon the soul, and it will absorb and conquer all besides. Where they conflict, it has mastered, it will master every other motive, and raise a man above their influence. It enters into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and conforms us to the spirit of his cross. And that spirit is of all others the most unworldly, the most unpractical, the widest apart from motives which the world can understand. It is superior to the love of money, for it is the spirit of Him who, the Lord of heaven and earth, for our sakes became poor ;—to the love of fame and honour, for it is sympathy with Him who made Himself of no reputation, who was despised and rejected of men ;—to the love of ease, comfort, pleasure, for it is fellowship with Him whose life was one long sorrow, and whose dying couch was a cross ;—to the love of friends, for who-soever loveth father or mother more than Christ is not worthy of Him ;—to the love of life itself, for it reaches beyond the grave, aspires to an immortal inheritance, and when the hand relaxes from every earthly treasure, and the eye grows dim to every earthly attraction, only then, in what would seem the ruin of all earthly aims, attains the consummation of its desires. Assuredly if to be superior to earthly motives, governed by no earthly hope, living for no earthly end, be madness, the man in whose heart the love of Christ beats strong and true, is one who is "beside himself."



THE PARABLES

READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

XII.—THE PARABLE OF THE LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

MATTHEW xxi. 1.—16.

IN this passage of Scripture commentators have found a grand battle-field—all manner of opinions having been entertained, and maintained, about its proper meaning. It forms a part of Christ's answer to Peter's question, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" That is plain: but who the labourers are, what is meant by the hours, what is the true value of the penny, how the story affords either a satisfactory reply to the question that originated it, or a sufficient foundation to the moral that Christ builds on it, are points on which divines have widely differed. The key is yet to be found—if it ever will be found—which, fitting all its wards, will fully unlock this parable. Hitherto it has baffled the efforts of the ablest critics; and in the obscurity under which, to a greater or less extent, it remains, after all that they have done to elucidate its meaning, it stands here recalling the words of David, "I will incline mine ear to a parable, I will open my *dark* saying upon the harp." Rather than attempt to settle controversies which seem insoluble, we shall take a practical view of this parable,—turning our eyes on some great truths which are plainly discernible through what is dusky and ambiguous; and which are calculated, with God's blessing, to reward our attention and, if not to entertain our fancy, to profit our souls. For notwithstanding the doubts, and difficulties, and differences of commentators, this parable resembles a mountain which, though partially concealed by the mists that are wrapped around its bosom and fall in grey folds on its ample limbs, presents in noble forests, and stupendous crags and peaks which, crowned with snow and bathed in sunshine, pierce the skies, many grand views. In opening these up let us first look at the parable as it relates the proceedings of the householder.

His is a story of Eastern life.—He had a vineyard—as indeed have all men of any position or substance in those lands, where vines, planted in the fields, or clothing the naked rocks, or drooping in beautiful festoons from tree to tree, are cultivated, and the grape forms an important article of food, its juice taking the place which milk has in the diet of our farm-labourers, and the fruit of the vine, dried in the sun and prepared in various ways besides, forming a means of subsistence the whole year

through; facts these from which to learn the true, full meaning of such expressions as "a land of corn and wine," "corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids." The time of this parable is that season of the year when, like farms at harvest or at hay-making, the vineyard required more than the work of its regular hands. The householder must hire others; and for that purpose he rises with the dawn, and repairs to the market-place of the town or village where he resided, and where sun-burned, hardy men of bone and muscle, on the outlook for employment, were in the habit of assembling. Such stalwart groups may be seen in our own towns; and in the East, where all things are stereotyped, the custom of this householder's time still remains—a recent traveller mentioning that on passing through a town in Palestine, he saw such a gathering in its market-place; and on asking the people why they were standing idle there, got for answer these very words, "because no man hath hired us." Hiring such as he found there at early morn, the householder sent them off to his vineyard, agreeing to pay them a penny for the day's work—a sum which, though it appears small to us, amounting in our money only to sevenpence or eightpence, was the pay of a Roman soldier, and the average wage of a working man. About nine o'clock of the day, here called the third hour, the householder, finding himself still slack of hands, returns to the market-place, and hires others; he does the same at twelve, and the same again at three o'clock,—promising these labourers, since they could have no claim to a full day's wage, to pay them whatsoever was right. By and by the sun sinks low, the day shortens, and the shadows lengthen; another hour; and the chance of an engagement is gone from any who are standing in the market-place. Yet once more, late though it be, as with one turned to God when his head is grey, the householder returns; and undertaking to give them also what was right, he hires others, who betake themselves to work, confiding in his justice—perhaps also in his generosity. And now the sun sets; the labourers drop their toil, wipe their brows, and at the summons of the steward come for their hire—the law of Moses, which jealously protected the poor man's rights and leaned rather to the side of the weak than the strong, requiring that the day which saw work done should see it paid. The parable states that the householder directed

those to be first paid who were last hired : and so indeed the story required to be constructed—in order to bring forth the bad passions of those who had, to use their own words, borne the heat and burden of the day. Because, had the paying followed the order of the hiring, it is evident that they would have been off to their homes with their wages ; nor have had their envy roused by the generosity which made all alike, and, unarrested in its flow by their demerits, bestowed the same wages on such as had wrought one hour as on those who, toiling from morn to night, had wrought all the twelve. These on seeing the last hired receive in a penny the price of a full day's work, fancied that they would receive more. But here, as in other cases, greed cheated herself. They found themselves mistaken : but, instead of swallowing their disappointment to laud the householder, and congratulate their fellows on his generosity to them, they began to murmur against his injustice to themselves. One bolder than the rest, undertaking to be their mouthpiece, steps out, and, showing the penny in his open palm, remonstrates with the householder, saying, "These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal to us, which have borne the heat and burden of the day." They make no appeal to the bountifulness which had lavished its gifts on the others, but, assuming the air of injured men, rest their complaint on grounds of justice. The householder accepts battle on the ground of their own choosing : and how signal their defeat ! If they had fulfilled the conditions of the bargain, so had he. They had agreed to accept a penny for the day's work, and he had paid it. Friend, or fellow, he says, I do thee no wrong. If I choose to be generous to others, what is that to thee ? It should excite thy admiration, why does it kindle thy envy ? Injustice ! Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own ? Begone—away with you and your wages !

Such is the story which our Lord told ; and now, to regard it in some of its plain and practical aspects, I remark that we find here

The rejection of the Jews, and admission of the Gentiles.—Fancy, which sometimes roams as wide and wild over the field of parables as over that of prophecy, may think she discovers in the different hours at which the labourers were called, distinctly different periods in the history of the Church—its leading epochs. So in the band which, brushing the dew from the grass, enters the vineyard in the morning, she may see the world's grey fathers, the good men before the flood—in such as were hired at the third hour, the patriarchs who, kindling their torch at Noah's altar, preserved religion alive till the call of Abraham—in their successors, who enter on work when the sun is at his height, the nation that left Egypt to conquer and cast out the inhabitants, and occupy the land, of Canaan—in those summoned at the ninth hour, or three o'clock of our day, the same people, reanimated by a revival under Elijah, or returning under Ezra from captivity to

the worship and land of their fathers. Perhaps our Lord, sketching the past with rapid hand, had these events before him : but it is to those of which Time, long pregnant, was on the eve of giving birth, that this parable mainly refers. For many centuries, and all alone, the Jews have been labouring in the Lord's vineyard ; while the Gentiles, wholly given up to every species of idolatry, have been standing unhired, and idle,—living without God or hope in the world. The hour of their call being at hand, they were about to be admitted to equal privileges with the Jews : and within the pale of a Church which, made for mankind, was-to recognise no external distinctions, knowing men neither as Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free ; they were to be placed on a level with those who, accounting themselves the meritorious as well as special favourites of Heaven, had looked down with contempt on all other humanity—their boastful cry, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are we." This delightful, glorious prospect was peculiarly obnoxious to the Jews—had no beauty in their jaundiced eyes. Proud and haughty, animated by passions unbecoming fallen man, and most offensive to a gracious and holy God, they rejected both the Scheme and the divine Schemer ; and, crucifying the Lord of Glory, were themselves rejected. Filled with pride, scorn, envy, self-righteousness, their eyes open to other's faults but blind to their own, they placed themselves in the same relation to God as these labourers to the householder whose justice they could not justly challenge, but whose generosity to such as, types of the Gentile nations, were called at the eleventh hour, they wickedly and insolently grudged. So, as Christ here and elsewhere teaches, the Jews forfeited the favour of God, and with a "Go thy way," were dismissed from the glorious honours and gracious rewards of his service. Thus, warning us against building our hopes on any outward religious advantages, "the first were last"—as in the adoption of the Gentiles, "the last were first."

A warning against selfishness and self-righteousness.—In the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly, the answers, as a series of distinct theological propositions, stand independent of the questions to which they are attached ; but it is sometimes necessary, in order to fully understand an answer, first to read the question—as in some plants, we find their true substance lodged in the roots from which they spring ; and here Peter's question helps to decipher the parable which forms a part of Jesus' answer. A short while before our Lord spake these words, there had occurred one of the saddest and most touching scenes in his history. A young man, liberally endowed with wealth, and, better still, with admirable moral qualities, had, elbowing his way through the crowd, come to Jesus ; and, with gaze fixed on heaven and wings outspread for flight, sought his counsel—saying, Good master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life ? Go, was the answer, sell all that thou hast and give to the

poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me! He was not prepared for this—for such a complete surrender of all which men hold dear. He longed, and looked, and wistfully looked again; but the price was too high. He was unfortunate enough, as others have been, to be very wealthy; and so, though Jesus loved him and followed his departing steps with kindly interest, he returned to the embraces of the world—strange yet true conjunction—"sorrowful, for he had great possessions." What an event for a sermon!—the subject Mammon, and he the text. Seizing the occasion, and taking his eyes from this youth, as, with drooping head and slow, reluctant steps, he disappears in the distance, Jesus turns a solemn, sad look on his disciples to say, "Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

This is a wreck—made, I may say, at the very mouth of the harbour; and not difficult to be accounted for. It can be traced entirely to this, that he acted in the matter from a regard to self, and not to God; and also that he sought eternal life on the score of his own merits, and not on grounds of mercy. Yet hardly has Simon Peter seen the catastrophe, and heard the warning, than, apparently blind to the one and deaf to the other, he comes to his Master with a question, in which we detect distinct traces of a selfish and self-righteous spirit. He and his companions had not left great possessions to follow Jesus—their "all" being the gains of men who, as fishers, earned a precarious livelihood from the treacherous sea; yet he contrasts himself and them with this youth; and putting in a claim of merit, under cover of devotion to Christ, says, "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee;" asking, as if it were not enough to have Him for their reward, "What shall we have therefore?" It needs no chemist's fine tests and delicate analysis to detect base and bad elements in this speech. What shall we have?—the question which seems most to interest him is not Christ's honour, but his own profit—what shall we have *therefore* in compensation for our sacrifices; in the shape of wages which we deserve, and you owe to us? "Get thee behind me, Satan," were words with which, like a blow in his face, our Lord once on a time astonished Peter; and it is not less as a rebuke of his spirit, and a warning both to him and the others, that Jesus relates a story where those who stand on the value of their works forfeit the master's favour and are dismissed from his service; and where such as work but one hour receive as great a reward as those who toil all day. Thus he teaches that salvation is not of works, but of grace—warning Peter not what he *should*, but what, save for divine grace, he *might* become by indulging the envious, unkind, uncharitable, selfish, and self-righteous spirit of these

labourers; how he would, like the youth of "great possessions," illustrate the saying, "Many are called but few are chosen;" or, like the labourers in the vineyard, the other saying, "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." Looking, not at its accessories, but main object, this parable could find no better motto than the words of an inspired apostle—so dashing to human pride, but so cheering to the humble and broken-hearted, "Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us."

Salvation is not of works, but of grace.—Papists and others have drawn the very opposite doctrine from this parable. Misunderstanding or misrepresenting its scope, they have appealed to it as proving that we are saved by works; and that though Christ is, so to speak, the key-stone, our good works form the body and main structure of the arch. In evidence of this, they maintain that heaven is represented here under the form of wages—a reward due to men for their works; and that, of course, those labourers who incurred the householder's displeasure, as well as those who were the objects of his favour and the pensioners of his gracious bounty, represent the saved. If this is so, we have altogether mistaken the nature of heaven and the spirit of its glorified inhabitants. We fancied that it was the abode of happiness, disturbed by no jealousies, embittered by no bad and unhallowed passions—where, though saints, like the stars, might differ in glory, none envied the brighter lustre of other's crowns, but all with one accord, ascribing their salvation to the mercy of the Father and merits of the Son, magnified the grace, none impugning the justice, of God. It is enough to say that an explanation of this parable which, besides contradicting the whole tenor of Scripture, involves such absurdities, introducing envy and jealousy and discontent into heaven, must be wrong. As to the payment of the penny to the murmurers, it is a necessary part of the story. It was a matter of equity on the part of the householder; and had he failed to do that, these grumblers would have had occasion to impeach his justice—not that generosity which is the true point of the parable, the feature of salvation it is set forth to illustrate.

What this parable, where the Church is the vineyard and men are the labourers, intends to illustrate, meets us on the threshold—in the circumstance that the householder, who represents God, seeks the labourers; not they the householder. Early morn does not find them crowding his door, and offering to work in his service: nor even when it becomes known that he has already hired a number, do those who stand idle in the market leave it to repair to the vineyard, soliciting employment. On the contrary, again and again and again, he comes for labourers—in every case the approach and first movement being on his part; never on theirs. Even so, the first steps toward reconciliation between man and God are always taken by

Him. He designed redemption in the councils of eternity, so that, in a sense, before man lived he was loved, was redeemed before he sinned, and raised up before he fell. Without any application on our part, of his own free spontaneous will, God sent his Son to redeem, and sends his Spirit to renew. The spark of grace which we have to nurse, He kindled in our bosoms; it was his hand on the helm that turned us round; and whether we were at first, as some are, driven to Christ by terrors, or, as others are, sweetly drawn to Him by the attractions of his love, anyway it was the Lord's doing—Jesus, all praise be to his grace, being at once the Alpha and Omega of salvation, the author as well as finisher of our faith. A great truth this!—it finds fit and glorious expression yonder, where the saints, descending from their heavenly thrones, cast blood-bought crowns at Jesus' feet; and one well put by the simple Christian, who, on being taunted with believing the doctrine of election, replied, "I know that God chose me, because, unless He had first chosen me, I am sure I never would have chosen Him."

Till we enter God's service, all our industry is idleness.—As we have the Church in the vineyard, we have the world in the market-place of this parable: and how striking the picture! There, where some talking with their neighbours tell the news, and some having nothing else to do engage in games, and some are laughing, and some are yawning, and some with their back to the wall, or stretched out at full length on the ground are sleeping, but none are working, is the world—this busy world, as it is called, where people, believe them, in their daily toil for bread, or keen pursuit of wealth, or pleasure, or fame, have not one hour to spare for the things that belong to salvation and their everlasting peace. Ay, how would many deem us mad, and fancy that religion had turned our brain, were we to walk into the counting-room, the crowded shop, the silent study, the public assembly, to say nothing of the festive hall, the applauding theatre, the gay, whirling ball-room, and address them thus: "Why stand ye here idle all the day?" Mad?—"I am not mad, most noble Festus." There is such a thing as laborious idleness. Busy? So was the shepherd on the Alps, mentioned by Dugald Stewart, who spent fifteen years of life learning to balance a pole on his chin: and the philosopher sagely remarks how much good, had they been directed to a noble object, this diligence and perseverance would have accomplished. Busy? So have I seen the miller's wheel, which went round and round: but idly, grinding no corn. Busy? So, in a way, was the Russian who, facing the winter's cold nor regarding the cost of massive slabs brought at great labour from frozen lake and river, built him an icy palace, within whose glittering, translucent walls, wrapped in furs and shining in jewels, rank and beauty held their revelry, and the bowl and the laugh and the song went round. But with soft breath, and other music, and opening buds, Spring returned; and then

before the eyes that had gazed with wonder on the crystal walls of that fairy palace as they gleamed by night with a thousand lights, or flashed with the radiance of gems in the bright sunshine, it dissolved, nor left "a rack behind"—its pleasures, "vanity;" its expense, "vexation of spirit." Busy? So, in a way, are the children who, when the tide is at the ebb, with merry laughter and rosy cheeks and nimble hands build a castle of the moist sand—the thoughtless urchins, types of lovers of pleasure and of the world, so intent on their work as not to see how the treacherous, silent tide has crept around them, not merely to sap and undermine, and with one rude blow of her billow demolish the work of their hands, but to cut off their retreat to the distant shore, and drown their frantic screams and cries for help in the roar of its remorseless waves. From a death-bed, where all he toiled and sinned and sorrowed for is slipping from his grasp, fading from his view, such will his life seem to the busiest worldling; he spends his strength for naught, and his labour for that which profiteth not. With an eye that pities because it foresees our miserable doom, God calls us from such busy trifling, from a life of laborious idleness, to a service which is as pleasant as it is profitable, as graceful as it is dutiful, saying,—Work out your salvation—Work while it is called to-day, seeing that the night cometh when no man can work.

And work now. Why, some may ask, now? Their sun is not yet in his meridian; or, if the shadow has turned, he has still a long bright path to travel ere he sinks in night—eleven hours for play and one hour for work, eleven for enjoyment and one for employment, is their reading of the parable. It is not the right reading. God forbid that I should limit the Holy One of Israel! If one day is with him as a thousand years, so is one moment; and salvation being altogether of mercy and not at all of merit, one last, dim, dying, believing look turned on the cross of Christ, can save a soul on the very brink of hell—passing over into the yawning pit; even as in the camp of Israel "it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." True as that is, still the case of the labourers who did not enter the vineyard till the eleventh hour, nor begin to work till the others had begun to think of rest and the coming night, affords no encouragement to procrastination. Admit that these hours, as some think, stand for the different periods of human life—childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, yet let it be observed that the labourers who entered the vineyard at the close of day were never called till then. They had never refused a call—they had no offer till the eleventh hour; and instead of having rejected offers, they accepted the very first they got. None who have read the Bible from childhood, who have heard it preached Sabbath after Sabbath, who have been urged a thousand times by the voices of the dead and of the living to accept of mercy, can reply with these labourers, "No man hath hired

us." Their case therefore affords us no encouragement to put off what concerns our salvation, I say not a year, or a day, but even a single hour. These rose, responded instantly, to the call. It is not procrastination, but promptitude, therefore, which this parable teaches—promptitude like his who, sinking, drowning in the swollen river, so soon as a rope, spinning out from one who has hurried to the bank, comes within his reach, with sudden and convulsive gripe closes his hand on it; and, holding on like death, is drawn safe to shore. Do thou likewise. Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.

Salvation, though not of works, is for works.—"Show me thy faith by thy works," is the demand of St. James; "Be careful to maintain good works," is the counsel of St. Paul; and the testimony of the whole Bible is, that faith without works is dead. We are not called into the vineyard to sit idle, to fold our hands and go to sleep. They that sleep, sleep in the night; but believers are children of the light and of the day, and have much to do. In amending our habits, in cultivating our hearts, in resisting temptation, in conquering besetting sins, in fighting the good fight, to keep the faith, our banner flying, and, step by step, win the way to heaven, how much have we to do?—so much, that an idle, were as great a contradiction in terms, as a dishonest, a lying, or licentious Christian. In respect even of our own interests and spiritual welfare, may we not use the words of Nehemiah, and say to the world when, with winning smiles or brow of care, it solicits our hearts and time, "I have a great work to do, therefore I cannot come down"? But no man liveth for himself—no Christian, at least: and in a world bleeding from so many wounds, so brimful of sorrow, and suffering, and oppression, and ignorance, and wrong, and crimes, where sinners perish around us as in a great shipwreck, some dashed on the cruel rocks and others drowning in the waves, and all by their dangers crying, Help, we perish!—instead of having nothing to do, might we not wish to have a thousand heads to plan, and a thousand hearts to feel, and a thousand hands to work, the zeal of Paul, the wealth of Solomon, and the years of Methuseleh? Let us pity the world; and endeavour, praying and working, so to shine that others, seeing our good works, may be guided to heaven,

and glorify our Father there—each such a light, or rather lighthouse, as one of England's bold engineers raised on the reef which owed its dreaded name to the waters that eddied and boiled around it. To save our seamen from a watery grave, their wives from widowhood, their little ones from the miseries and crimes of neglected orphanage, what dangers he faced!—as on that night when, hurrying on deck, he saw white breakers all around, and above their roar and the shrieks of the tempest, heard the helmsman cry, For God's sake, heave hard at that rope, if you mean to save your lives!—and the vessel, with scripp room to turn, obeyed her helm and rounded off. Example to all who seek a yet higher object—to save men's souls from ignorance, and vice, and hell—what anxieties he felt to bring his enterprise to a happy issue! On the Hoe headland, where Drake first saw Spain's proud Armada, alone in the grey of morning, after a tempestuous night, he might be seen looking out, with telescope at his eye, over a raging sea, for his yet unfinished structure; and heard saying, as a tall white pillar of spray suddenly gleaming on the far horizon revealed his work and removed his fears, Thank God, it stands! Would that Christian men and women were as anxious that God would "establish the work of their hands;" and make each of them, through a loving, active, zealous, pious life, a light shining in a dark place, in a dangerous and perishing world!—such as that lighthouse to the homeward-bound, whose course it guides, and whose hearts leap with joy when, as it rises to the eye of the outlook like a star across the waters, the cry is sung out from the mast-head, and echoed in every cabin, The Eddystone is in sight! Nor do we fear but that they who thus work for God, and Christ, and the good of men, will imitate Smeaton in giving the glory where the glory is due—in inscribing on their lives the words which, as the last work of the mason's chisel, he had cut on that monument of his genius and humanity, *LAUS DEO*—praise to God! A fitting motto these for the heavenly crown; and also for a life on earth which, founded on the Rock of Ages, and built up through grace amid many trials, hardships, and storms of temptation, has been blessed of God to guide the heavenward-bound to their desired haven, and, by shining on their way to Jesus, to save those that were ready to perish!



AMERICAN SLAVERY AS IT NOW STANDS REVEALED TO THE WORLD.

WHATEVER may be yet the issue of the American conflict, it will have done two great things,—it will have cast a flood of light upon the condition of the American slaves,—it will have given freedom to great masses of them, if not to all.

Until the secession war broke out, the means of accurately ascertaining the positive conditions of the slave in the United States were scanty, and to a great extent doubtful. On the one hand, we had the representations of masters and of their friends. These were always likely to be warped by self-interest; even when most sincerely meant, to exhibit but a portion of the truth. In all countries the best employers are the most accessible, the most willing to come forward in testimony of the condition of the employed; yet none are generally more ignorant of the worst practices used in their trade. How much more must this be the case in the slave system, where every possible malpractice in the employment of labour must be intensified a hundredfold, by the practically absolute powers of the master, and by the darkness with which he has the right to shroud his proceedings. Here evidently those who come into the light of publicity will be those only who have no cause, or think they have no cause, to fear it; and who, living in comparative light themselves, have no idea of what may be passing in the dens of darkness around them. The tendency of slave-owning is, moreover, emphatically one of insulation. The best of slave-owners as well as the worst would fain have never a neighbour, since all intercourse with other plantations tends to undermine either the slave-owner's moral or his physical authority.

But if the testimony of slave-owners, their friends and casual visitors, was always likely to be too favourable to the slave-system, such testimony as came in to the contrary seemed likely to be overcharged. It was seldom more than superficial; if otherwise, as in the case of fugitives, it was at best local and limited, presumably tinged with passion, resentment, habits of falsehood, likely to represent only extreme cases;—even when seemingly most veracious, only individual, and lacking the strength which the comparison of different witnesses to the same matter alone can afford. The same disadvantages applied partly to the testimony even of white men, ministers and others, who, after living in the midst of slavery, were driven away by it, either forcibly or by their own feelings. The only thoroughly satisfactory pre-secession testimony as to slavery in its general aspects within the Southern States, that I am aware of, is that of Mr. F. L. Olmsted. And yet it is obvious that Mr. Olmsted, a mere traveller, could not see all.

But a wholly new state of things has now sprung up. The domain of the slave-power has been over-

run well nigh from end to end. The Northern armies have poured down the whole valley of the Mississippi. They hold the whole of the border Slave States of Missouri and Kentucky, with about one-third of Virginia (to say nothing of Delaware and Maryland), the whole of the great slave-breeding State of Tennessee, nearly half of Arkansas, a large portion of Mississippi, the chief present centre of the cotton cultivation, of Louisiana, Northern Alabama, much of the coasts of Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, nearly a third of North Carolina. Within those limits, slavery has no longer any secrets. It lies naked and open to the sight under all its various aspects,—in the cotton cultivation, whether of the uplands or the sea-islands,—in the sugar cultivation of Louisiana,—in the rice-cultivation of South Carolina and Georgia,—in the turpentine collecting of North Carolina. The Northern forces have, moreover, in some States, penetrated beyond their present limits of occupation. They have already their foot in Northern Georgia. Their cavalry has skirmished up to nearly the walls of Richmond, their gun-boats have run up one of the affluents of the Mississippi, almost to the borders of Texas, whose chief seaport was for a time occupied by the Federal fleet. And what the white man may have failed to see, the black man has told. The South at one time made much of the escapes of slaves. Few people have any idea how trifling was the grievance. The seventh census of the United States (1850), gave the total number of their fugitive slaves at 1011. Ten years after—the fugitive slave law having in the interval come into play,—this number had fallen to 803, of whom upwards of one half (462), were from the free Border States of Delaware Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Virginia. South Carolina, with the densest slave population of the whole union—402,406 out of 703,708,—had but 23 fugitive slaves; and Florida, only 11. Now, as will be shown hereafter, the number of slaves restored to practical as well as manual freedom, can hardly be reckoned at less than half a million. When the Federal forces were working their way down the Mississippi, 1000 once came in in one day from Arkansas. South Carolina alone contributes 12,000 freedmen; Florida, 6000. And a vast number of these are no longer what the fugitives of old must have been, namely, picked specimens of black humanity,—the most energetic morally, the most enduring physically. In the sea-islands particularly the slaves left behind were mainly women and children, the old, the infirm. To the testimony of the blacks, has to be added that of numbers of unionist refugees, who have either been expelled from or have left the Slave States, and whose tongues are no longer tied

respecting the beauties of the "patriarchal system," as they used to be whilst living in the midst of it, and of many others whose voices would have been of old unheeded. Thus, to quote one single instance, Mrs. Butler has been led to publish her invaluable "Residence on a Georgian plantation," which, although relating back twenty years, starts as it were into life when compared with the tales of the refugees. Again, an official "Freedmen's Inquiry Commission," consisting of Messrs. Robert Dale Owen, James McHay, and Samuel G. Howe, has collected valuable evidence as to slavery in the districts of Columbia, Eastern Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Florida, and published a preliminary report.

Thus slavery has come to be seen at once in all its breadth and in all its detail. Where formerly it could only be outlined or lightly sketched from a few points of view, it may now be photographed in its minutest features, and from every point. The mass of testimony is overwhelming, and may be checked and counterchecked from white to black and from black to white to any extent. But an ugly picture it offers, look at it how and whence you will. For the result of all this mass of new evidence is simply this,—that the worst that has been hitherto said by isolated voices against American slavery, has been abundantly confirmed; that the distant picture of it has turned out faint and pale beside the reality; that contact with the "patriarchal institution," so far from converting one sincere abolitionist from the errors of his ways, or confounding one dishonest one, has turned into ardent abolitionists, hundreds and thousands of men who, when they first went down South, were avowedly strong pro-slavery Democrats.

There are indeed, of course, infinite gradations and varieties in slavery. Apart from what might almost be termed the semi-Slave States only of Delaware and Maryland, where slavery has been, so to speak, withering for years under the gaze of too near freedom, the State in which, upon the whole, the condition of the slave is highest, where he is most a man, and most nearly treated as such, is North Carolina; next to it are the great towns of Louisiana, with the immediately adjoining districts; then Virginia, the "Old Dominion," and the "good" counties of Georgia, "Liberty County" in particular, where the physical condition of the field slave is perhaps at its highest. As a general rule, slavery becomes harsher as we proceed from East to West, from North to South, from town to country. At the same time, there is probably no district in which "good" masters are not to be found, men who, either by innate benevolence of character or by a sense of duty, render the slave's lot one of comparative happiness. Bishop Polk in Tennessee may probably be cited as a model slave-owner; in the sea-islands the Freedmen's Inquiry Commissioners mention "the plantation of Mr. Aiken, one of the largest in the State," as "a noble exception" to the "general system of inhumanity." It would be tedious

of course to follow step by step the details of the slave's condition in all the various States, I shall therefore endeavour to confine myself to those characters of the slave-system which may be said to be either general, or to point out what it has been generally tending to.

The legal elements of the slave's condition have long since been known. They are all mainly summed up in this: He is not a person, but a thing; at least as towards his master, he or she has no signal honour, no family ties. There is no punishment under any of the Southern slave-codes for the worst outrage by a master on a slave woman's virtue, on a slave man's marriage-tie; no legal limit to the uses to which he may put either. The slave has no rights of property; is legally forbidden to develop his intellect by education. The slave has indeed, in certain States, a right to a minimum of subsistence; and there are penalties for his murder or barbarous ill-usage. But the slave's testimony, and very often that of the free coloured man's, is not receivable against the white.

Such was the law of professedly Christian countries. But it was said till now that it was nothing more than the law; that the practice of slavery was quite other. This man had seen slaves very fat and sleek; therefore slaves could not be ill used. That man had seen and heard them laugh and sing; therefore slaves were very happy. That lady had noticed how gorgeously some slave women dressed; therefore slaves must have plenty of money. And all who had seen a slave-owner return home knew how glad the slaves seemed at it; therefore slaves were devotedly attached to their masters. And all these scattered observations being gathered into one focus, were said to flow from one common-sense principle, that the slave being property, it was the interest of the slave-owner to be careful of his property.

Now it is obvious that such an argument—which is used every day by kind-hearted men and women—is not simply an excuse for American slavery, but a plea for universal slavery.

If it is true, that a man will care for his brother man because he is his slave, and not care for him if he be free, then was our Lord and Saviour Christ *wrong* when he bade men Love their neighbour as themselves; He should have said, evidently, as *their things*. Let there be no mistake on this point: it is a new Gospel which is thus preached unto us. Those who still deem that "the old is better," can have no concern with it.—But to take far lower ground, I confess I have always wondered how any man who takes the trouble to look over the "Times," for instance, every day for a fortnight even, could dare to use the argument, that because slaves are property, therefore they will be well treated as such. For scarcely a day passes but some two-legged brute is had up before English justice, and punished for mal-treatment of that kind of four-legged property called a domestic animal. We dare not deny, that in order to secure the decent treat-

ment of this kind of property, there have been needed not only Acts of Parliament and penalties affixed to the violation of them, but a Special society to see that those penalties are enforced; and yet, in spite of Acts of Parliament, penalties, courts of justice, police, prisons, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty towards Animals, with its special constables, acts of the most diabolical cruelty towards these dumb sufferers are daily discovered to have been perpetrated—to say nothing of the thousands which must escape discovery. And therefore the moment that a human being becomes simply a two-legged piece of property, there will surely be perpetrated upon him, so far as the law does not expressly hinder it, every species of barbarity that is perpetrated upon the four-legged property; and such barbarities will surely be perpetrated upon him to a great extent, whether the law interferes or not, just as they are perpetrated upon dumb beasts. Nay more,—the two-legged human property is sure to be worse used than would be the four-legged, precisely because it is human, because it has will, reason, and the image of God printed on it as on the master himself. Instead of saying, Because slaves are property they will be well treated; the true reasoning is, Because slaves are property, therefore they will be ill-treated, therefore they will surely call forth against them in many an instance every latent capacity of absolute devilhood which lies in the master's bosom.

Are you sorry that this should be so? God forbid. As is the tree, so is its fruit. Thank God that men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles! else would they allow the whole world to be overspread of them. Let the thorn tear, let the thistle prick, that man may know that they are there simply to be fought with and rooted out.

Now the worst side of slavery is no doubt the moral side of it. Though it had no evil physical side to it, it would yet be abominable. Though every slave had plenty to eat, plenty to drink, good shelter, good clothing, moderate work, skilful care in sickness, it is yet hideous that a man should not be a man, a husband not a husband, a father not a father. But the war has shown that the physical maltreatment of slaves was anything but a rare exception. Some persons have laboured hard to persuade others, and many have been led to believe, that the crack of the driver's whip, summoning the slave-gang to their labour, was but a stimulating and innocent music, a local substitute for accordion or concertina. The enlistment of negroes in the Federal armies has shown what is to be thought of this theory. Thousands of adult negroes who have been enlisted—as many thousands more who have been rejected,—have stripped to the skin before Federal surgeons and officers, and the state of their bodies has borne irrefragable witness to the gentleness of the "Patriarchal Institution."

Mr. De Pass, surgeon to a Michigan regiment, Tennessee, says that out of 600 negro recruits

whom he has examined, one in five bore the marks of severe flogging, "scores showed numerous gashes that you could not cover the scars of with one and often two fingers," whilst in one case he found more than 1000 marks of from six to eight inches in length. Think of the benevolence of that labour system in which one working man in five has to be flogged till the scars remain! But this estimate probably falls far short of the truth. Mr. De Pass's report is of very recent date (I find it quoted in the "Spectator" of Sept. 5), and belongs to a period when it must have been pretty well known amongst the coloured men what disabilities would exclude them from military service. Earlier reports tell a far worse account. An officer, writing from Louisiana to the "Boston Transcript," stated that not one recruit "in fifteen is free from marks of severe lashing," and that "more than one half . . . are rejected" (the rejections being themselves more than half of the number that offer) "because of disability, arising from lashing of whips, and biting of dogs on their calves and thighs;" whilst Mr. Wesley Richards, a surgeon, writing May 25, 1863, to the Cincinnati "Free Nation," after examining about 700 recruits, says that "at least one half bore evidence of having been severely whipped and maltreated in various ways;" some "stabbed with a knife, others shot through the limbs, some wounded with clubs until their bones were broken;" and others had their hamstrings cut to prevent their running off. And General Saxton, in command of the Department of the South (comprising South Carolina, Georgia, Florida), on being examined before the "Freedmen's Inquiry Commission," stated that there was scarcely one of the negroes whose back was not "covered with scars." East and west, it will be seen, the testimony is the same.

Now it may surprise many who have known what it is to be chastised even severely in their childhood, and who have retained not the slightest trace of the correction, that *scars* should be constantly referred to as the result of the flogging of slaves. But we must not confound the patriarchal slave-owner's corrections with those of a Dr. Busby. McMillan, a trustworthy contraband, examined before the Commissioners, will explain the difference. The slave is stretched out on his face, with his arms and legs tied to bolts or rings, and then—a firm, resisting position being thus secured—lashed till the flesh is laid open. But this is mere routine punishment. A more refined instance of our slave-owning patriarchs' reformatory discipline is where the slave is buried in a hole in the ground just large enough to receive his body, a door put on the top, and he is thus kept for two or three weeks, or even for a month—if life, of course, so long hold out. Another punishment, which is said to have been several times inflicted, is so indescribably filthy, that I can only hint at it by saying that it consists in turning men into living cesspools, with the application of artificial means

for increasing the amount of sewage. Of a Port Royal woman whom Mr. Nordhoff saw, he says, "She had suffered treatment so inhuman that I cannot describe it here; I will only say, that not only her back but her breasts bore deep scars, the marks of unmerciful and brutal flogging."

Again: no doubt to favour the slave's well-known devoted attachment to his master and his master's plantation, a 50 lb. weight is hung to his ankle, or he is invested with an iron collar with long prongs or horns. But Solomon Bradley, a blacksmith by trade, who, for his superior intelligence, had been appointed chief steward, at \$30 a month, on board a Federal transport, and resigned the situation to enlist, when he could only receive \$11 a month, because he "could not feel right as long as he was not in the regiment,"—Solomon Bradley describes the following as the most cruel punishment he ever saw inflicted, by one Mr. Farraby, owner of one of the largest South Carolina coast plantations, near Port Royal. Attracted by the noise of fearful screams in Mr. Farraby's own yard, he went up, and saw a slave-girl stretched on the ground on her face, her hands and feet tied fast to stakes, her master standing over her, beating her with a leather trace from a harness, every blow of which raised the flesh if it did not gash it, and now and then kicking her in the face with his heavy boots when she screamed too loud. When he had become exhausted by this benevolent exertion, our "patriarch" sent for sealing-wax and a lighted lamp, and dropped the blazing wax into the gashes; after which, finally, his arm being rested apparently, he switched the wax out again with a riding-whip. Two grown-up Miss Farrabys were all this while watching the humane series of operations from the upper windows. And the offence of the girl was burning the waffles for her master's breakfast.

A black man's testimony, some may say. Yes; and that of a man who is described as being as thoroughly truthful and conscientious as any white. Do you want white testimony to similar acts? The Rev. William Taylor, in a pamphlet on the "Cause and probable Results of the Civil War in America," relates the following, which has the advantage of showing the patriarchal institution under its "pious" aspect:—

"A dear friend of mine, in my native county, in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, was passing the house of a neighbour, and saw in the barn-yard, suspended from a beam . . . a coloured woman hung up by her hands. She was nearly naked, had been whipped till she was unable to moan aloud, and had an ear of Indian corn stuck in her mouth as a gag. In that condition she was left hanging till her master should take his breakfast, and have family prayers. My friend went in to see him, and remonstrated in vain to have her taken down, till after the family devotions were over. . . . This pious (?) family I knew well, and their three children, William, Arthur, and Adeline, were

taught authority between the ages of five and ten years by being set to whip the said poor woman at will, and she was beaten and scarred up so as to present a most unnatural and hideous appearance."

But these are only the milder mercies of the Eastern sea-board. We must go to the dreaded South-west to find the lashings carried to the pitch of disabling the sufferer—the stabbings, shootings, poundings of limbs with clubs, cuttings of hamstrings, of which the surgeons speak. Yet the surgeons had nothing to say but to men, and those living ones. In God's avenging hosts which we see not, there may be other and more helpless recruits. The Rev. Mr. Aughey, who was a minister in Mississippi at the outbreak of Secession, in a work called "The Iron Furnace," tells of some of these. "Mr. P——, who resided near Holly Springs" (Mississippi), "had a negro woman whipped to death while I was at his house during a Session of Presbytery. Mr. C——, of Waterford, Mississippi, had a woman whipped to death by his overseer. But such cruel scourgings are of daily occurrence. . . . Mrs. F—— recently whipped a boy to death within half a mile of my residence. Old Mr. C——, of Waterford, Mississippi" (apparently the same patriarch as before referred to), "punished his negroes by slitting the soles of their feet with his bowie-knife. One man he put into a cotton-press, and turned the screw till life was extinct. He stated that he only intended to alarm the man, but *carried the joke too far.*" Of course the laws which exist in every State against the murder or torturing of slaves, are about as well observed as might be laws enacted by wolves against sheep-murder, and providing that between wolf and sheep no sheep could be witness. Sometimes, indeed, in this black south-west, some peculiarly atrocious excess of patriarchalism raises the horror even of the white crowd, and the offender is lynched or his or her house burnt down. But in no single one of the instances above quoted do we find that any punishment was inflicted. When Mrs. F——, of Mississippi, whipped her slave-boy to death, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by cruelty; but Mr. Aughey expressly states that "nothing more was done."

In the real South, the lash is evidently a regular daily element of the institution. "I am residing," writes Mr. Aughey, "on the banks of the Yochanoahany. . . . In this vicinity there are large plantations, cultivated by hundreds of negroes. . . . Every night, the negroes are brought to a judgment-seat. The overseer presides. If they have not laboured to suit him, or if their task is unfulfilled, they are chained to a post and severely whipped." Of these overseers, the writer has just said: "I never knew a pious overseer—never. . . . Overseers, as a class, are worse than slave-owners themselves. They are cruel, brutal, licentious, dissipated, and profane. They always carry a loaded whip, a revolver, and a bowie-knife." Such are the dispensers of the Southern slave-owners' justice. Of course the terror they excite is extreme; and the

writer says he has known an instance of a woman through fright giving birth to a child at the whipping-post. It need hardly be said that it is at the option of the overseer to strip the slaves to any extent. "In Louisiana, women, preparatory to whipping, are often stripped to a state of perfect nudity." Black women only, perhaps some aristocrat of colour may think. "There is a girl," said one Colonel H—, a member of Mr. Aughey's church, to the latter, "who does not look very white in the face, owing to exposure; but *when I strip her to whip her, I find that she has a skin as fair as my wife.*" It is thus evidently the habit of these Mississippi patriarchs to strip and whip women as white of skin as their own wives. And the slaves are so fond of the system that "every night," Mr. Aughey tells us, "the Mississippi woods resound with the deep-mouthed baying of the bloodhounds."

Remember always, that, between Virginia, and even South Carolina, on the one hand, and the South-west on the other, every intermediate stage must be supposed to exist. *E. g.*, Mr. Taylor—a Virginian, let us recollect, of the Shenandoah Valley, whose wife was brought up in Alabama—mentions an instance in the latter State, where a master, riding home with a runaway, flogged the latter with a heavy whip "till he sunk in his tracks and died within a few hours;" whereupon all the neighbourhood sympathised deeply with the patriarch who had lost so valuable a man, and deemed the accident "a warning to niggers to stay at home and mind their own business."

But, after all, say many, the negro is but an idle vagabond. He is punished because he will not work as he ought to do. That the slave does not *do* as much work as a freeman is a fact, and one which I for my part rejoice over. I do rejoice, I repeat it, over the fact that the lash and all its tortures, and every other brutality of the slave-system, have no other effect than that of making men what are termed "lazy vagabonds." We shall see hereafter what they turn out without the lash, when once treated like men, by men who understand the word. And yet it is the fact that these "lazy vagabonds" are over-worked. The reports of the Federal surgeons, in addition to the evidence they afford of maltreatment, show also the frequency of a painful affliction—hernia—the well-known result of over-exertion. This is perhaps especially the case on the sugar-estates of Louisiana. "One beautiful Sabbath morning," says Mr. Aughey, "I stood on the levee at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and counted twenty-seven sugar-houses in full blast. I found that the negroes were compelled to labour eighteen hours per day, and were not permitted to rest on the Sabbath during the rolling season. The negroes on most plantations have a truck-patch, which they cultivate on the Sabbath. I have pointed out the sin of thus labouring on the Sabbath, but they plead necessity; their children, they state, must suffer from hunger if they did not cultivate their truck-patch, and their masters would

not give them time on any other day." But even where the work is not in itself so severe, it is made oppressive by its continuousness. Thus, in the sea islands, where the hours of work were from daylight to 5 P.M., there was no cessation of labour allowed for meals, and the slave must eat whatever food he could get without leaving off his hoeing or cotton picking. And those who are most over-worked are of course the weakest,—those least able to bear it,—women and children.

Mr. Nordhoff tells us in his interesting pamphlet of "the Freedmen of South Carolina"—and his statement is abundantly confirmed—it was there the custom to extort field-work from women up to the very day when their children were born; when the child was two weeks old, the mother was again sent to work with the hoe; and he notices as "the only" labour-saving arrangement he saw on the islands, contrived by slaveholders, that in most of the large cotton-fields there were single palmetto trees dotted at regular intervals over the field: these being meant to shelter the babies under the care of some old women, till at stated hours the mothers came to suckle them. I can do no more here than hint at the consequences of such labour on the female frame. Its terrible ravages are pointed out by Mrs. Butler in her "Residence on a Georgian Plantation"—a book which, for the sake of her sex, every wife and mother should read.

But the slaves are surely well fed? No one need doubt that the house-slaves in a rich slave-owning family live as thoroughly on the very fat of the land as any Jeanes Footman, or Tom Coachman, or William Butler in Belgravia or Essex; and the same applies more or less to all town slaves. But the bulk of the Southern field hands live under very different conditions. For, says Mr. Nordhoff, "the only food these negroes on the sea islands of Carolina received from their masters was one peck of Indian corn per week. On a very few plantations the masters gave in addition, during the season when the field-work was most exhausting, a little bacon twice or thrice in the week. Fresh meat they tasted probably once or twice in the year." Of one "berv mean missus" it was told that "she kill a cow once in t'ree year!"

Of course the negroes cannot live on a peck of corn a week, which they have to grind in small hand-mills after their day's work. So, when the master has got all the work out of them he chooses, he graciously allows them to work for their own subsistence. Hence the "truck patch" of Mississippi, which has to be cultivated on the Sunday. This is a general institution, except on the coast, where the waters supply easier means of subsistence. Thus in the sea-islands, Mr. Nordhoff found in every cabin a scoop net, and pigs and hens cackling around the "quarters" of the blacks,—raised, however, to sell and not to eat. And there is no doubt that throughout the "better counties," not only is better food supplied by the masters, but considerable indulgence is generally shown to the

negroes in allowing them to raise vegetables, pigs, and poultry for their own use or for sale. But it will of course be remembered that this is only an indulgence,—that such privileges are often withheld,—and that the master or his creditors often enforce his absolute legal rights over the earnings of the slave. It is probably chiefly in the eastern agricultural States, where the soil is being gradually worn out, that insufficient food is a most frequent grievance in the slave's lot. The "Times" and its congeners are never tired of talking of the wretched condition of the free coloured men of the North (a class, be it always recollected, better educated than the Southern whites, the amount of school attendance being more than one-ninth of the total Northern coloured population, whilst at the South it is less than one-tenth of the total white). But Northern observers concur in remarking, not only the aspect of intellectual degradation, but the less robustness of frame, amongst the Port Royal negroes, than amongst the Northern ones; and the greater prevalence of scrofula is noted by the Northern physicians. And the insufficiency of food, again, told most strongly on the weakest,—the children. Thus an old woman described to Mr. Nordhoff the children "in de old time" as "lean, lean like buzzard. For why? dey used to make me work, work, work, so poor moder hab nuffin to gib her child—child starve 'fore it born—dat's what make 'em lean like buzzard" (meaning of course the turkey-buzzard, a frightful flying scarecrow). In the West, where the labour was harder, the food given was necessarily more abundant; but being often unwholesome and too little varied, brought on amongst other diseases the well-known one of clay or dirt-eating. I will only add here the words of one who has been a slave, and whose experience embraces nearly the whole of the Slave States, except Florida and Texas: "As to what the condition of the slaves is in some of the worst counties, I should not like to tell it, for you would not believe me."

In passing from the physical to the moral aspects of slavery, we are met by the great difficulty, that a large portion of its daily working consists really of things such as should not be named among Christian men. It is difficult for us to realise the fact that men and women professing to be Christians should allow other men and women around them, whom they claim as their own property, to gratify their passions like brute beasts, the name of marriage representing a mere temporary relation. In the sea islands, Captain Hooper bears testimony to the fact that many of the negro men "now have two or three wives, and children by each." The masters, it is distinctly stated, do not care whether the slave women are married or not, so long as they have children, nor have they, as a matter of fact, any scruple in breaking up such unions. The wife and children of Solomon Bradley, an "Uncle Tom" among the Port Royal negroes, were sold away some years ago, and he never expects to meet with

them again. Between white and coloured it is a principle of law throughout the Slave States, that there can be no legal union. But the number of mixed bloods shows that the white man's horror of "amalgamation" only starts into vitality within the church door. On Port Royal island already the "yellow niggers" form a considerable part of the population. "In almost all the schools," says Mr. Nordhoff, "you find children with blue eyes and light hair—oftenest yellow." Yet the description lists found at Hilton Head of the slaves shipped from thence showed that the greater number of these were mixed bloods. Now as such shipments are almost universally for the dreaded South, it follows that the "patriarchs" and their overseers send their own offspring to a harsher slavery than that around themselves. And, owing partly to these shipments of the mixed breeds, partly to the more unbridled licentiousness of the whites themselves, it appears beyond a doubt that in the south and south-west the proportion of "white" and "yellow niggers" is far higher than in the eastern States. Mr. Aughey speaks of preaching "to a large congregation of slaves, the third of whom were as white as himself," some with red hair and blue eyes. We remember that slave girl in Mississippi whose skin when she was stripped for whipping was as white as that of her master's wife. Mr. De Camp, the surgeon above referred to, speaks of having seen standing before him three negro recruits, in whom "the most critical examination could not detect the slightest trace of negro blood." General Mac Dow says that in the district of Louisiana which he is writing from, there are very few slaves of unmixed negro blood. It is notorious that many planters have families of white and families of coloured children, and perhaps give the latter to wait on the former. Remember always that the chastity of the slave has no legal protection. I cannot here enter into details: suffice it to say, that the slave system has ere this enforced incest at the will of the master. But, without descending to such horrors, let any of my countrywomen picture to herself what must be the lot of women (often, as we have seen, as white as herself) placed from year's end to year's end under the absolute control of an overseer, such as Mr. Aughey, and in fact almost all witnesses, describe—"cruel, brutal, licentious," always armed with the loaded whip, the bowie knife, and the revolver,—liable, too, at any time, without any recourse under heaven, to be sold or hired out into harlotry, as is practically done in every Southern city—and then say whether the system in which such things are possible has the right to insult God and man any longer by its existence.

Treating the slave thus like a brute, none could feel surprised if he were to become such. The coloured witnesses who have been examined before the Freedmen's Inquiry Commission are very frank on the subject of the moral condition of their race. The slaves, says Robert Small—a bold fellow, who

ran a steamer, the "Planter," out of Charleston Harbour, past Sumter and its dangers, to join the Federal fleet, a feat which Mr. Nordhoff calls "one of the bravest and most brilliant acts of the war"—are very envious of one another, cannot bear to see one of their number advanced to any position which all cannot reach, and will resort to any means in their power to degrade him. They are, as slaves, selfish, cowardly, untruthful, thievish. Though they have strong religious impulses, their religion is little more than sentiment. Even professedly pious slaves have often no scruple in "taking" from their masters—the term "stealing" being reserved for thefts as between themselves—the general argument being that, as their masters take everything from them, they may take back what they can. A simple detail shows the brutish habits engendered. The blacks are, says a former slave, "voracious and solitary in their eating, snatching the food prepared for them, and each one walking off to some distance to eat, and, when the supply is exhausted, walking back to snatch more, if there is any left; which is seldom the case, as each is likely to take more than he can eat." They are often unfeeling and cruel, so far as becoming the instruments of their master's cruelty. The great bulk of the punishments are inflicted by the hands of the slaves themselves—even sometimes those which end in death. And let it always be remembered that the negro has no means of self-improvement. A father is known to have received twenty lashes for teaching his son to read. "In Mississippi," says Mr. Aughey, "a man who taught slaves to read or write would be sent to the penitentiary instanter." As a matter of fact, out of the eight thousand slaves whom the occupation of Port Royal threw upon the hands of the Federal Government, only a very few had picked up the elements of book learning, and a couple of the older men were able actually to read. And whilst the means of self-instruction are forbidden by law, religious teaching is entirely subject to the discretion of the master. If the preacher does not preach sound patriarchal doctrine, he is either hunted out of slavery or lynched within it. The jargon used by the slave is of itself sufficient proof of the degradation to which he has been reduced. It is not, like the dialects and *patois* of our own country, of France, Germany, Italy, a form of speech probably coeval with the language, and which had originally as good a chance of developing into the standard one. It is a mere corruption of the master's language, the fruit of estrangement and neglect. When the "patriarchal system" of South Carolina results in debasing the plain English, "I will go and see about it," into the negro's "I go shun" (see 'em), we may see at once what a gulf it has opened between master and man.

Such, then, is Southern slavery, as it now stands thoroughly revealed to the world—a system which, aiming at treating black men as brutes, not only succeeds in making them such, but generally makes two brutes for one—the white and the black. Mr.

Aughey, after an experience of eleven years in eight different Slave States, declares that he has "never yet seen any example of slavery" that he did not "deem sinful." He "cannot do otherwise than pronounce it an unmitigated curse" to white and black alike.

There is but one touch to add to the above picture. Bad as it was in itself, slavery was getting worse. South Carolina,—the acknowledged pioneer of Secession,—which tried thirty years ago by means of "nullification" to throw off the control of the Federal authority,—which was the first to declare actual Secession, the first to fire upon the Federal flag, the first to reduce a Federal fort by force of arms,—is a State which, as one of the luminaries of Secession, the Hon. L. W. Spratt, has declared, fairly exhibits "the normal nature of the institution" in a population where the slaves outnumber the freemen by 120,000. Yet in this State, the Freedmen's Inquiry Commissioners emphatically declare slavery "has been darkening in its shades of inhumanity from year to year." They found "conclusive evidence that, half-a-century since, its phase was much milder than now. It is the uniform testimony of emancipated freedmen from this State above the age of sixty that, in their youth, slavery was a merciful and considerate system compared with what it has been for thirty years past. These old men are bright and intelligent compared with the younger field hands, in many of whom a stolid, sullen despondency attests the stupefying influence of slave-driving under its more recent phase."

And what is true of South Carolina is true of all the South. Within the last quarter of a century especially, slavery, from a mere practice, has grown into a system and a creed. Its economic powers have been calculated to the last figure; it has reckoned exactly what work could be got out of a man at every species of labour, how many years he should "last" at cotton-growing, how many at rice-growing, how many at sugar-growing, &c.; the relative advantages of driving him,—i.e., killing him off quick,—or husbanding his strength, have been discussed; and food, clothing, shelter, have been regulated with reference to the data obtained. On the other hand,—since by one of the most inflexible, most awful, yet most salutary rules of God's government, those who "set up their idols in their heart and put the stumblingblock of their iniquity before their face," when they inquire of the Lord, shall always be answered "according to the multitude of their idols," so the South, proclaiming the evil thing slavery to be good, has thought to find its consecration even in that Book which is a message to all mankind of deliverance from every shape of bondage; and it has hardened itself in this faith, and its priests and prophets have been deceived of the Lord to speak lies in its ears, to prophesy unto it the smooth things which it loved, till at last, in its devilish pride, unable to brook the very contact of freedom, it turned away as from an

accursed thing, and would fain set up its own model Republic, based, said its Vice-President, "upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition."

And then were seen upon the walls of slavery's palace fingers of a man's hand, writing "Mene, mene, Tekel. . . ." Then struck for the Southern slave an hour such as his friends afar off had scarcely hoped to see, but which, with blind God-sent instinct, he seems himself to have been long waiting for. From the moment that the secession flag was raised, slavery, as all see now, was doomed.

But this was little:—through the collision between his oppressors and his despisers, the oppressed and despised negro has grown to be by this time the earthly arbiter of the contest. If the 400,000 or 500,000 able-bodied negroes who may yet remain in the South were armed by their masters and chose to fight on their side, it is plainly seen that no force which the North could henceforth bring to bear could possibly prevent the establishment of a Southern republic. If those 400,000 or 500,000 able-bodied negroes chose to side actively with the North, it is equally plain that no force which the South can now call forth would suffice to overcome them. Has not God chosen once more before our

eyes "the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are?"

One word, however, to prevent misconception. I have lived myself amongst slave-owners, though not on the American continent. I know that they are men and women like others, capable of and manifesting all human virtues. It would ill beseem Englishmen, above all others, who know that by England slavery was introduced and maintained in her North-American colonies, to be Pharisalical against those whose misfortune it has been to be burdened with that legacy of crime. But no tenderness that we may feel towards any individual slave-holder should induce any toleration towards slavery itself, or towards the slave-owner's character in the abstract. And while we may admire the gallantry with which the Southern slave-holders have carried on the contest with the North; and may do full justice to the purity of the motives which led a Stonewall Jackson into the thick of so many a fight, we must remember that the heroic defence of Vicksburg or Sumter no more palliates Southern slavery than did the heroic defence of Jerusalem by the Jews of old palliate the crucifixion of our Lord.

J. M. LUDLOW.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XX.—THE STORY OF MARY OF UNNIMORE, AS TOLD BY HERSELF.*

THAT was the day of the sadness to many—the day on which Mac Cailein† (*Argyle*) parted with the estate of his ancestors in the place where I was reared.

The people of Unnimore thought that "fitting" would not come upon them while they lived. As long as they paid the rent, and that was not difficult to do, anxiety did not come near them; and a lease they asked not. It was there that the friendly neighbourhood was, though now only one smoke is to be seen from the house of the Saxon shepherd.

When we got the "summons to quit," we thought it was only for getting an increase of rent, and this we willingly offered to give; but permission to stay we got not. The small cattle‡ were sold,

and at length it became necessary to part with the one cow. When shall I forget the plaintive wailing of the children deprived of the milk which was no more for them? When shall I forget the last sight I got of my pretty *cluster* of goats bleating on the *lip* of the rock, as if inviting me to milk them? But it was not allowed me to put a *cuarch* (pail) under them.

The day of "fitting" came. The officers of the law came along with it, and the shelter of a house, even for one night more, was not to be got. It was necessary to depart. The hissing of the fire on the flag of the hearth as they were *drowning* it, reached my heart. We could not get even a bothy in the country; therefore we had nothing for it but to face the *land of strangers* (Lowlands). The aged woman, the mother of my husband, was then alive, weak, and lame. James carried her on his back in a creel. I followed him with little John, an infant at my breast, and thou who art no more, Donald beloved, a little *toddler*, walking with thy sister by my side. Our neighbours carried the little furniture that remained to us, and showed every kindness which tender friendship could show.

On the day of our leaving Unnimore I thought my heart would rend. I would feel right if my tears would flow; but no relief thus did I find. We sat for a time on "Knock-nan-Carn" (Hill

* From the Gaelic of the late Dr. Mac Leod, of St. Colombo, Glasgow.

† *Mac Cailein*. Sir Walter Scott, and after him Macaulay, writes Argyle's patronymic as *Mac Callum*, a mistake which sounds very offensive to a Celtic ear. Colin—Celtic, *Cailein*—was the founder of Argyle.

‡ Cows forming the chief property of the Highlanders, known as *ni*, "substance," or "wealth," and furnishing epithets expressive of strong affection, the sheep were thought to be highly honoured by being styled "small cows," or "small cattle;" and here we are reminded of Isaiah xliiii. 23—"the small cattle of thy burnt-offerings."

of Cairns), to take the last look at the place where we had been brought up. The houses were being already stripped. The bleat of the "big sheep"* was on the mountain. The whistle of the Lowland shepherd and the bark of his dogs were on the brae. We were sorrowful, but thanks to Him who strengthened us, no imprecation or evil wish was heard from one of us. "There is no fear of us," says James. "The world is wide, and God will sustain us. I am here carrying my mother, and thou, Mary, with my young children, art walking with me on this sorrowful 'fitting'; yet we are as happy, and possibly as great objects of envy, as the owner of this estate who has driven us to the wandering."

What have you of it, but that we reached Glasgow, and through the letter of the saintly man who is now no more, my beloved minister (little did I think that I would not again behold his noble countenance), we got into a cotton work. Here James got good steady *earning*,† as did also the children when they grew up. We were comfortable, and I hope that we were grateful. The old woman was still living, her intellect and memory as good as ever they had been. She knew so much of old Highland lore, that it was a relief to James, when he came home weary from the work, to sit down and converse with her.

We were able to do much justice (*give a good opportunity*) to the children. They read English and Gaelic equally well, and nothing did the old woman ever see that she valued like listening to thee, Donald beloved, reading the Bible and other good books; and it is thou who could do that distinctly and sedately.

It pleased God to call the old woman away, and she fell into the quiet sleep of death, bequeathing her soul to the blessed Saviour who went to death for her. We missed her greatly. Instead of being thankful for the time that it had pleased God to spare her, we lamented for her beyond measure. God chastised us. My beautiful, splendid boy took the infectious fever, which was at the time in the great city, and shortly after his father and his sister took it. It is He alone who enabled me to

stand that has knowledge of what I endured at the time. Let men never say that there is not kindness in the Lowlanders. It is I who did not find them destitute of pity. Though the fear of the fever kept away the greater number of my acquaintance, God raised up friends who sustained me. A neighbour's wife, with whom I was but slightly acquainted, took the lassie from me, and I sent John to a friend's house to avoid the fever. My husband (*the man*)* and Donald were taken to the infirmary at the head of the town, and it was permitted to myself to follow them. Cheerless and heavy was my step after the carriage that conveyed them. I thought it could not be more sorrowful, though I were following them to the churchyard; but, oh! far asunder, as I have since felt, are the two things.

I heard so many stories of this nursing-house, that horror was on me for it: but it is I who did not need. They were placed in a chamber which might suffice for a king, and a physician and a sick-nurse were as kind to them as if they had been their dearest on the face of the world. Fifteen days after they went in—on the morning of the Communion-day—that pang entered my heart which has not left, and never will leave it. From that time the world has lost for me much of its gladness. Thou didst change (*die*), Donald, son of my love, who never saidst to father or mother, "It is ill." But why should I complain? He who called him to himself had more right to him. We must be resigned.

Donald departed: but, thanks to the benign Father, all did not depart. James recovered, and eight weeks after he had gone in we returned again to our home; but, oh! it was on that home that the change had come. Donald was not. It was he who used to read to us in the evening at the time of going to rest. I noticed the sad cloud that was on the countenance of my husband as he said:—

"Wife, where is the Bible? Bring it to myself to-night."

"Come here, John," said I, "and take the Bible."

"Oh! it is not right?" said James. "Thank God that you are spared!"

James had no strength for work. He was feeble and without courage. We had nothing but what John brought in from day to day; so that it was necessity to me to sell, little by little, what we could best spare of the furniture, hoping that better days would come. At length the rent was to be paid and nothing to meet it. James went out with Donald's watch, and the name of my darling out on the back of it. He returned after paying the rent, and laid himself down on the bed without a word out of his head. But, as God brought it round, who came in that very evening but the minister,

* The small cattle (*meanbh-chro*), the indigenous breed of sheep, small in size, most delicate in flesh, and fine in wool, like the Shetland kind, housed every night, and milked every day, were favourites with the people; but the large sheep that ranged the mountain and the strath alike, and which have led to so many unhappy clearances, are to the common Celt objects of utter detestation. The "tooth of the big sheep" is "the root of all evil" in his estimation, and the "good time coming" is always associated with the extirpation of this accursed breed. We knew a minister who preached in Skye—a native not of the Highlands, however, but of the Lowlands—within the last thirty years; and who, wishing to present a very attractive picture of heaven, assured his hearers that "there would be no big sheep there."

† *Earning* is the Gaelic equivalent of employment. I suppose it may be inferred from this that the Highlander was often employed without remuneration; and, beyond question, "remunerative work" would readily solve the difficulty as to the maintenance of the population of the Highlands.

The husband, styled in Scotch the "good-man," is in Gaelic styled simply the *man*, and, possibly, *the man*—the man, *par excellence*, is the most complimentary title that can be given.

and that was the visit of blessedness to us. He held much discourse with us. He offered up a prayer which dropped on our hearts. Our courage rose greatly. His language was like dew of the evening on tender plants which were withering.

The health of James was improving, and he obtained some kind of night work during the year. But on a night of those nights at the beginning of winter five years ago, John came in and great grief was on his countenance, as if he had been weeping.

"What is the matter, my love?" I said.

"There is not much," he said. "Perhaps another place may open, though the work in which I am has stopped. The work-people have risen against the masters, demanding a heightening of wages, and threaten to burn the works if they will not yield. They have drawn out a writing, and they threaten evil to every one who will not put his hand to it."

James was stretched on the bed, but as soon as he heard this, he raised his head and said:

"I hope, John, that thou hast not put thy hand to that bad paper."

"Is it I, father?" said the poor lad. "Truly I have not put, and will not put."

"Thou never wilt, my brave boy. Be faithful and true, as were the men from whom thou hast come. Stand thou by thy king and the laws of thy country, and let there be to thee no companionship with those who seek to lawlessness. We have what will suffice us to-night, and put the Sabbath past. When Monday comes God will open another door. God comes in want, and there is no want when He comes.' Let us go to rest. Bring over the books, John, and let us give praise to God. To-night let us sing the 146th Psalm, and raise the tune together. Oft have I sung it in the great assembly, with many of those who are not now on the face of the world, and I never heard it that it did not give relief to my heart." We went to church on the next day, and heard teaching that helped us to forget this poor world.

"Blessed," said James, as we returned home, "is the day of the Sabbath; it is God himself hath set it apart."

At the beginning of the week two men, whom we knew, came from the cotton-mill, asking James and my son to stand out with them, saying there was no good for them to continue separate; speaking much against the tyranny and covetousness of the great merchants, and very much about king and kingdom which I could not understand.

"Leave me," says James. "There is no use in your speaking further. I will not stand out, neither will I do injury to the kind man who has given me employment ever since I came to the place, and whom I found truly steadfast in every distress. Leave me; the blood of rebelliousness is not in my veins."

They told him it was in their power to help him—that they had money from England to aid those who would stand out with them, and as a proof of this they offered to leave a crown-piece with him.

"No," said James. "Not a penny of your money shall be left in this house—there is a curse along with it. I will not stand with you; no more will my son. I have only him. I saw his brother, my good and faithful son, borne to the grave without the power of my being under his head, and it was a hard trial; but I would choose to see him who is alive laid by his brother's side before seeing him in the midst of those who seek to bring confusion and bloodshed on the country. Take away your money. There is not a coin to-night in my house. I have not a single (*red**) penny on the face of the world; but on the day that I rise with you may I be without shelter for the night. Go," said he; "but I beseech you give up your folly; it will not prosper with you."

They gave a loud laugh, and went away ridiculing his language.

Day after day was passing, and employment was not to be found. Everything that could be sold was gone, except the two beds and a few small articles which were not worth the disposing of. James lost his cheerfulness entirely. He would not go over the door; but kept rocking himself by the fireside, without a syllable from his head. We had new Bibles, which had belonged to Donald. I noticed my husband taking them now and then out from the place in which they were locked, and after gazing on them he would shed tears, start back with a heavy sigh, and replace them in the very spot where they had been.

"You will not sell these, father, while I am alive," said John.

"Truly, my son, I would not wish to part with them, if I were at all able to keep them."

That very evening John went out, and as he did not return at the time of our usual going to rest, we were under great anxiety (*many pangs*)† for him. When he came, there was a kind of flush in his cheek, and a raised look in his countenance, which caused us to wonder and to fear.

"Father," said he, "forgive me; and thou, mother of my love, do not thou condemn me. You shall not sell the Bibles of Donald, nor yet the bed on which you are lying. There is what will help you."

He took out ten gold coins, and he placed them on the table. His father started with horror, and had there not been a support to his back he would have been clean over on the floor.

"What is this that thou hast done, my son? What hast thou done? Has God let thee completely off His hand?‡ What, I say, has befallen thee?" (*has risen to thee*).

* A *red* penny, i. e., a copper penny, the lowest coin contrasted with the *white* penny—the silver shilling. *White money* is the common expression for silver coin generally.

† *Ionaguin*, literally, "many pangs," or "shooting pains," translated by *anxiety*, is a most expressive word; better than even the Greek, which refers to being taken to pieces.

‡ i. e., Abandoned thee. The idea of being borne on the arm of the Almighty is a fine one.

"Nothing," said he, "but that I have joined the army. To-night I am a soldier belonging to *Red King George*;* and I trust I shall not bring shame on my ancestors or on my country."

James raised his eyes, and the blood which had forsaken his cheek returned.

"John, come near me. It might have been worse, my brave boy, much worse."

"Oh, it is good that it is not worse; but wherefore did you not tell us what was in your intention?"

"It is not customary with youth," said he, "to consult with their parents before they take the gold? and good is it to the king that it is thus. I have enlisted with Allan of Errach † (with the man of Errach), and he promised to come to-morrow, to make my excuse."

On the morrow Allan *Mòr* (great Allan) came, and when he understood who we were, he assisted us liberally. What is there to say but that he did not lose sight of John when he was under him? He advanced him step by step in the army. He is now on his way home with a pension from his king and country, which will keep him easy for life. He is quit of soldiering any more, and we look for his return home in the course of a month. James is now in good health. He has got an easy place from the humane men, who did not forsake him. My daughter is married to a prudent, industrious lad from the Highlands, and now, thanks to the gracious One who sustained us, the voice of joy is to be heard among us. Hardship did meet us: but God blessed it for our good. He stood by us in every difficulty. Often does James, in the communing of the evening, go over everything that has befallen us, tracing as he best can the steps of the Lord's providence towards the good of our souls. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," is his language, and of every cause of gladness the least is not that, according to every account, John remembers his God and loves his Saviour. He never parted with his brother's Bible. Often has it accompanied him on the day of battle, and his pillow at night in a far distant land.

He has been writing to us that this very Bible has been blessed for good to several of his fellow soldiers to whom he used to read it. And now have we not cause to be thankful? Oh, let people never lose their hope in God. Let neither hardships nor poverty compel them to break his law, nor to neglect his ordinances. The *higher the tempest strikes* (the louder the tempest rages), the closer may they flee to the shadow of the Great Rock in the weary land. Their Lord hast said, and true are all thy words, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known my name;" and it is we who have

experienced that "Faithful is He who hath promised."

CHAPTER XXI., AND CONCLUSION.—THE COMMUNION SUNDAY.

On a beautiful Sunday in July I once again sat down at the foot of the old Iona-cross in the churchyard of "the Parish." It was a day of perfect summer glory. Never did the familiar landscape appear more lovely to the eye or more soothing and sanctifying to the spirit. The Sound of Mull lay like a sea of glass, without even a breath of fitful air from the hills to ruffle its surface. White sails met their own shadows on the water; becalmed vessels mingled with grey islets, rocky shores, and dark bays, diminishing in bulk from the large brigs and schooners at my feet to the snow-white specks which dotted the blue of the sea and hills of Lorn. The precipice of Unnimore, streaked with waterfalls, rose in the clear air above the old Keep of Ardtornish. The more distant castled promontory of Duart seemed to meet Lismore. Aros Castle, with its ample bay, closed the view in the opposite direction to the west; while over all the landscape a Sabbath stillness reigned, like an invisible mantle of love let down from the cloudless heaven over the weary world below.

It was a Communion Sunday in "the Parish."

Few of the people had as yet arrived, and the churchyard was as silent as its graves. But soon the roads and paths leading to the church from the distant glens and nearer hamlets began to stir with the assembling worshippers. A few boats were seen crossing the Sound, crowded with people coming to spend a day of holy peace. Shepherds in their plaids; old men and old women, with the young of the third generation accompanying them, arrived in groups. Some had left home hours ago. Old John Cameron, with fourscore-years-and-ten to carry, had walked from Kinloch, ten miles across the pathless hills. Other patriarchs, with staff in hand, had come greater distances. Old women were dressed in their clean white "mutches," with black ribands bound round their heads; and some of the more gentle-born had rags of old decency—a black silk scarf, fastened with an old silver brooch, or a primitive-shaped bonnet—adornments never taken out of the large wooden chest since they were made, half a century ago, except on such occasions as the present, or on the occasion of a family marriage feast, or a funeral, when a bit of decayed crape was added. And old men were there who had seen better days, and had been "gentlemen tacksmen" in the "good old times," when the Duke of Argyle was laird. Now their clothes are threadbare; the old blue coat with metal buttons is almost bleached; the oddly shaped hat and silk neckerchief, both black once, are very brown indeed; and the leather gloves, though rarely on, are yet worn out, and cannot stand further mending. But these are gentlemen nevertheless in every thought and feeling. And some respectable

* Referring to the "Red Army," as the Highlanders always call the regular army.

† Allan *mòr* of Errach, who raised the 79th Regiment, was one of the most popular Highland officers in the army. He was knighted for his gallantry, and has left descendants in very influential positions.

farmers from "the low country," who occupy the lands of these old tacksmen, travelled in their gigs. Besides these, there were one or two of the local gentry, and the assisting clergymen.

How quiet and reverent all the people look, as, with steps unheard on the greensward, they collect in groups and greet each other with so much warmth and cordiality! Many a hearty shake of the hand is given; and many a respectful bow, from old grey heads uncovered, is received and returned by their beloved Pastor, who moves about, conversing with them all.

No one can discover any other expression than that of the strictest decorum and sober thoughtfulness, among the hundreds who are here assembling for worship.

It has been the fashion indeed, of some people who know nothing about Scotland or her Church, to use Burns as an authority for calling such meetings "holy fairs." What they may have been in the days of the poet, or how much he may himself have contributed to profane them, I know not. But neither in Ayrshire nor anywhere else have I ever been doomed to behold so irreverent and wicked a spectacle as he portrays. The question was indeed asked by a comparative stranger, on the Communion Sunday I am describing, whether the fact of so many people coming from such great distances might not be a temptation to some to indulge overmuch when "taking refreshments." The reply by one who knew them well was, "No, sir, not one man will go home in a state unbecoming a Christian."

The sentiment of gratitude was, naturally enough, often repeated:—"Oh! thank God for such a fine day!" For weather is an element which necessarily enters into every calculation of times and seasons in the Highlands. If the day is stormy, the old and infirm cannot come up to this annual feast, nor can brother clergymen voyage from distant Island Parishes to assist at it. Why, in the time of the old minister, he had to send a man on horseback over moors, and across stormy arms of the sea, for sixty miles, to get the wheaten bread used at the Communion! And for this reason, while the Communion is dispensed in smaller parishes and in towns every six months, and sometimes every quarter, it has hitherto been only celebrated once a year in most Highland Parishes. At such seasons, however, every man and woman who is able to appear partakes of the holy feast. No wonder, therefore, the people are grateful for their lovely summer day!

The previous Thursday had been, as usual, set apart for a day of fasting and prayer. Then the officiating clergy preached specially upon the Communion, and on the character required in those who intended to partake of it; and then young persons, after instruction and examination, were for the first time formally admitted (as at confirmation in the Episcopal Church) into full membership.

The old bell, which it is said was once at Iona, began to ring over the silent fields, and the small church was soon filled with worshippers. The service in the church to-day was in English, and a wooden pulpit, or "tent," as it is called (I remember when it was made of boat sails), was, according to custom, erected near the old arch in the churchyard, where service was conducted in Gaelic. Thus the people were divided, and, while some entered the church, many more gathered round the tent, and seated themselves on the graves or on the old ruin.

The Communion service of the Church of Scotland is a very simple one, and may be briefly described. It is celebrated in the church, of course, after the service and prayers are ended. In most cases a long, narrow table, like a bench, covered with white cloth, occupies the whole length of the church, and the communicants are seated on each side of it. Sometimes, in addition to this, the ordinary seats are similarly covered. The presiding minister, after reading an account of the institution from the Gospels and Epistles, and giving a few words of suitable instruction, offers up what is called the consecration prayer, thus setting apart the bread and wine before him as symbols of the body and blood of Jesus. After this he takes the bread, and, breaking it, gives it to the communicants near him, saying, "This is my body broken for you, eat ye all of it." He afterwards hands to them the cup, saying, "This cup is the New Testament in my blood, shed for the remission of the sins of many, drink ye all of it; for as oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death until He come again." The bread and wine are then passed from the communicants to each other, assisted by the elders who are in attendance. In solemn silence the Lord is remembered, and by every true communicant is received as the living bread, the life of their souls, even as they receive into their bodies the bread and wine. During the silence of communion every head is bowed down, and many an eye and heart are filled, as the thoughts of Jesus at such a time mingle with those departed ones, with whom they enjoy, in and through Him, the communion of saints. Then follows an exhortation by the minister to faith and love and renewed obedience; and then the 103rd Psalm is generally sung, and while singing it the worshippers retire from the table, which is soon filled with other communicants; and this is repeated several times, until the whole service is ended with prayer and praise.

Let no one thoughtlessly condemn these simple services because they are different in form from those he has been accustomed to. Each nation and church has its own peculiar customs, originating generally in circumstances which once made them natural, reasonable, or perhaps necessary. Although these originating causes have passed away, yet the peculiar forms remain, and become familiar to the people, and venerable, almost holy, from linking the past with the present. Acquaintance with

other branches of the Christian Church ; a knowledge of living men, and the spirit with which the truly good serve God according to the custom of their fathers ; a dealing, too, with the realities of human life and Christian experience, rather than with the ideal of what might, could, would, or should be, will tend to make us charitable in our judgments of those who receive good and express their love to God through outward forms very different from our own. Let us thank God when men see and are guided by true light, whatever may be the form or setting of the lens by which it is transmitted. Let us endeavour to penetrate beneath the variable, the temporary, and accidental, to the unchangeable, the eternal, and necessary ; and then we shall bless God when, among "different communions" and "different sacraments," we can discover earnest believing souls, who have communion with the same living Saviour, who receive with faith and love the same precious sacrifice to be their life. I have myself, with great thankfulness, been privileged to receive the sacrament from the hands of "priests and bishops" in the rural churches and hoary cathedrals of England, and to join in different parts of the world, east and west, with brethren of different names, but all having the same faith in the One Name, "of whom *the whole family* in heaven and earth is named." I am sure the "communion" of spirit was the same in all.

Close behind the churchyard wall I noticed a stone which marked the grave of an old devoted Wesleyan minister. He was a lonely man, without any "kindred dust" to lie with. It had been his wish to be buried here, beside a child whom he had greatly admired and loved. "In memory," so runs the inscription, "of Robert Harrison, missionary of the Lord, who died 29th January, 1832. "I have sinned ; I have repented—I have believed, I love ; and I rest in the hope that by the grace of God I shall rise and reign with my Redeemer throughout eternity." Beyond the churchyard are a few old trees surrounding a field where, according to tradition, once stood the "palace" of Bishop Maclean. The Bishop himself lies under the old archway, near the grave of Flora Cameron. Now, I felt assured that could Wesleyan missionary and Episcopalian bishop have returned to earth, they would neither of them have refused to have remembered Jesus with these Presbyterian worshippers, nor would they have said "this is no true Sacrament."

When the service in the church was ended, I again sat down beside the old cross. The most of the congregation had assembled around the tent in the churchyard near me. The officiating minister was engaged in prayer, in the midst of the living and the dead. The sound of his voice hardly disturbed the profound and solemn silence. One heard with singular distinctness the bleating of the lambs on

the hills, the hum of the passing bee, the lark "singing like an angel in the clouds," with the wild cries coming from the distant sea of bird that flocked over their prey. Suddenly the sound of psalms rose from among the tombs. It was the thanksgiving and parting hymn of praise :—

"Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King,
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring !
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was and is,
And shall be evermore !"

So sang those humble peasants, ere they parted to their distant homes,—some to meet again in communion here, some to meet at a nobler feast above. So sang they that noble hymn, among the graves of their kindred, with whose voices theirs had often mingled on the same spot, and with whose spirits they still united in remembering and praising the living Saviour.

Some, perhaps, there are who would have despised or pitied that hymn of praise because sung with so little art. But a hymn was once sung long ago, on an evening after the first Lord's Supper, by a few lowly men in an upper chamber of Jerusalem, and the listening angels never heard such music ascending to the ears of God from this jarring and discordant world ! The humble Lord who sang that hymn, and who led that chorus of fishermen, will not despise the praises of peasant saints ; nor will the angels think the songs of the loving heart out of harmony with the noblest chords struck from their own golden harps, or the noblest anthems sung in God's temple in the sky.

As the congregation dispersed, and the shades of evening began to fall, I went to visit the spot where the many members of the old Manse repose. A new grave was there, which had that week been opened. In it was laid the wife of the parish minister. This was the last of many a sad procession which he had followed from the old Manse to that burying-place since boyhood, and of all it was the most grievous to be borne. But of that sweet one so suddenly taken away, or of the bitter sorrow left behind, I dare not here speak.

These "reminiscences" began with death, and with death they end.

As I stood to-day among the graves of the Manse family, and sat in the little garden which its first-born cultivated as a child nearly eighty years ago, and as at midnight I now write these lines where so many beloved faces pass before me, which made other years a continual benediction, I cannot conclude my reminiscences of this dear old parish, which I leave at early dawn, without expressing my deep gratitude to Almighty God for his gift of those who once here lived, but who now live for evermore with Christ—enjoying an eternal Communion Sunday.





AN ORPHAN FAMILY'S CHRISTMAS.

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I.

A BLITHE old Carle is Christmas ;
 You cannot find his fellow !
 Match me the hale red rose in his cheek,
 Or the heart so mild and mellow ;
 The glitter of glory in his eyes,
 While the Wassail-cup he quaffs,
 Or the humour that twinkles about his wrinkles,
 As helplessly he laughs.

And of all High-Tides 'tis Christmas
 Most richly crowns the year ;
 Right through the land there ripples and runs
 Its flood of merry good cheer.
 Troops of friends come sailing down,
 Making a pleasant din ;
 Fling open doors ! set wide your hearts !
 For Christmas coming in.

A happy time is Christmas,
 When we gather all at home,
 And, like the Christmas fairies
 With their pranks, our darlings come ;
 And gentle Sylvan Spirits hid
 In holly-boughs they bring,
 To grow into good Angels,
 And bless our fairy-ring !

A jolly time is Christmas,
 For Plenty's horn is poured ;
 Then flows the honey of the Sun,
 Our fruits all summer hoard !
 Merry men tall march up the hall :
 They bear the meats and drinks ;
 And Wine, with all his hundred eyes,
 Your hearty welcome winks.

A glorious time is Christmas ;
 Young hearts will slip the tether ;
 And lips all merry, beneath the berry,
 Close thrillingly together.

A gracious time ! the poorest Poor
 Will make some little show,
 As ailing infants, seeing the fun,
 Will do their best to crow !

And O the Fire of Christmas,
 That like some Norse God old,
 Mounts his log up-chimney, and roars
 Defiance to the cold !
 He challenges all out-of-doors ;
 He wags his beard of flame ;
 It warms your very heart to see
 Him glory in the game.

A hallowed time is Christmas,
 Of loftiest festival ;
 For, eighteen hundred years ago,
 It opened Heaven to all.

'Twas then our Father, in his arms,
 The Blessed Babe held forth
 To win back wandering human love,
 And lure it up from Earth.

II.

BUT there are nooks in Poverty's dim world,
 Where the high tide of richness never runs.
 No drop of all its wealth for some who sit
 And hear the river running brimming by.
 They see the Christmas shows of wealth and
 warmth,
 At window, whilst at every door shut out !
 The Plenty only flouts their poverty ;
 The music mocks them with its merriment ;
 They look into each passing face to find
 No likeness of their own deep misery.

In one of these dark nooks, at Christmas time,
 An Orphan family, with little fire,
 And only light enough to see the gloom,
 Together sat ; two Sisters, and one Brother ;
 The youngest six years old ; the eldest twelve ;
 An old Grandfather lying ill in bed.
 They knew that Christmas came, but not for them.
 Thus had they often sat o' winter nights,
 Shivering within, as the dark shuddered without,
 And creeping close together for heart-warmth ;
 Poor unfledged nurselings with the Mother gone !
 Knowing a Presence brooded over them,
 In whose chill shadow they were pall'd and hooded ;
 So mournfully it kept the Mother's place !
 Till flesh would creep as tho' 'twere going to leave
 The spirit naked—bare to that cold breath
 Which whispered of the grave—all lidless eye
 To that appalling sight the helpless Dead
 Lie looking on, in their amazement, dumb,
 And petrified to marble !

So they sat ;
 The Shadow in the house and on the heart ;
 The old Clock ticking thro' the lonely room,
 With sounds that made the silence solemn,
 And weird hands pointing to far other times ;
 Talking of merry Christmas coming in ;
 Of visionary futures, and old days,
 With thoughts so far beyond their years ! The life
 In their young eyes gleamed supernaturally,
 Betwixt the fire-shine, and the night-shadow,
 As their old inmates of the heart stole forth
 To walk and talk in the old ways once more.
 And so, like those lorn pretty Babes i' the Wood,
 That Robins buried when the talk was done,
 They told each other stories ; sang their Hymns ;
 By way of bribing the grim Solitude,
 Not to look down upon them quite so dreadful !
 Poor darlings, with no Father, and no Mother.

III.

AH, me, dear Sister, gentle Brother,
 How soft the thought of a Mother lies
 At heart; how sweet in sound 'twill rise;
 And these poor Children had no Mother!

No Mother-arms, in secret nook
 To fold the sufferer to her breast,
 With love that never breaks its rest,
 And Heartsease in her very look.

No Mother-wings to brood above
 The winter nest, and keep them warm;
 And shield them from the pitiless storm,
 With the large shelter of her love.

No Mother's tender touch that brings
 A music from the harp of life,
 Like hovering heaven above the strife
 And precious tremblings of the strings.

No Mother with her lap of love
 Each night for heads that bow in prayer;
 Dear hands that stroke the smiling hair,
 And heart that pleads their cause above.

No Mother whose quick, wistful eye,
 Will see the shadow of Danger near,
 And face, with love that casts out fear,
 The blow that darkly hurtles by.

No Mother's smile ineffable,
 To stir the Angel in the bud,
 Till, into perfect womanhood,
 The Flower blushes at the full.

No Mother! when the Darling One
 Bends with a grief that breaks the flower,
 To loose the sorrow in a shower,
 And lift the sweet face to the sun.

No Mother's kiss of comfort near
 The River that Death overshades;
 Or voice that, when the dim face fades,
 Sounds on with solemn words of cheer.

Ah, me, dear Sister, gentle Brother,
 How soft the thought of a Mother lies
 At heart; how sweet in sound 'twill rise;
 And these poor Children had no Mother.

IV.

YET, God is kind, and wondrous are His ways.
 Affliction's hand, it seem'd, had, at a touch,
 Awoke the Mother in the young Child-heart
 Of little Martha, who had now become
 A wee old woman at twelve years of age,
 With many motherly ways. Yea, God is kind.

The tiny Snowdrop braves the wintry blast;
 He tenderly protects its confidence
 That lifts the venturous head, safe in His hand:
 And Martha, in her loneliness of earth,

And such a dearth of human fellowship,
 And such companionship with solitude,
 Had found a way of looking up to Heaven:
 And oft I think that God in heaven smiled:
 Holding His hand about her little life,
 As one that shields a candle from the wind.
 She had the faith to feel Him nearest, when
 The world is farthest off; and, in this faith,
 Her spirit went on wings, or, hand-in-hand
 With Love that digs below the deepest grave,
 And Hope that builds above the highest stars.
 In the old days before their sorrow came,
 And vast Eternity oped twice to them,
 And each time, following the lightning-flash,
 They groped in darkness for a Parent gone,
 She was the merriest of merry souls;
 The gay heart laughing in her loving eyes;
 The peeping rose-bud crimsoning her cheek;
 There was as quick a spirit in her feet,
 As now had pass'd into her toiling fingers,
 That match the Mother's heart with Father's hands,
 In their unwearied working for the rest.
 In those old days the Father made a song
 About his little maid, and sang it to her.

V.

"It is a merry Maiden,
 With spirits light as air;
 While others go heart-laden,
 And make the most of care,
 She trips along with laughter:
 Old Care may hobble after.

"A sunbeam straight from heaven,
 She dances in my room;
 The gladdest thing e'er given
 To cheer a heart or home,
 My stream of life may darkle;
 She makes the brighter sparkle.

"Her smile is like the Morning
 That turns the mist to pearls;
 All thought of sadness scorning,
 She shakes her sunny curls;
 And, with her merry glancing,
 She sets all hearts a-dancing."

VI.

BUT now the Maid was changèd; she had been
 With Sorrow in its chilly sanctuary;
 Her face was paler, for it had been toucht
 With that white stillness of the winding-sheet,
 And wore a sweet pathetic sanctity.
 Henceforth her life went softly all its days.
 Her beauty was more spiritual; not aged
 Or worn; less colour, but more light.
 It was a brier-rose beauty, tremulous
 With tenderest dew-drop purity of soul.

I've often seen how well their beauty wears
 Whose sufferings are for others, not for Self;

How long they keep a fair unfurrow'd face,
Whose tears are luminous with healing love,
Like pearly cars that bring good angels down
To water and enrich their special flowers !
They do not come from cares that kill the heart ;
They sere no bloom ; they leave no snaky trail.
So Martha kept her face, and might have been
The younger sister of that lily Maid,
The loveable Elaine of Astolat.

VII.

WE write the tale of Heroes in the blood
They shed when dying where they nobly stood ;
And the red letters gloriously bloom
To light the warrior to a loftier doom.
But there are battles where no cheers arise,
And no flags wave before the fading eyes ;
Heroes of whom the wide world never hears ;
Their story only writ in Woman's tears.
Yet that invisible ink shall surely shine
Brightest in Heaven, and verily divine.
And when God closes our world's blotted book,
To cast it in the fire with awful look,
It was so badly written, leaf on leaf
Thus lived might touch the Father's heart with grief.
And this Child-Mother's life may yield one story
That shall be told above, and win eternal glory.

Her busy love and thoughtful care are such,
The others do not miss the Mother much.
From dawn to dark her presence lights the place
With many a gleam of reliquary grace.
Their few poor things in seemly order stand,
Bright as with last touch of the Mother's hand.
The clothes are mended, and the house is kept
Clean as of old ; bravely hath Martha stepped
In Mother's foot-prints ; her wee feet have tried
Their best to track the parent's larger stride.
With household work her little hands are hard,
Her arms are chill'd, her knees with kneeling scarred :
Dusty her hair that might have richly roll'd
With warm Venetian glow of Titian's gold.
Great hearted little woman ! she toils still,
Tho' the Grandfather, lying old and ill,
To her twin troubles adds a heavier third,
She works on without one complaining word.

And once a year she has her holiday ;
One day of airy life in fairyland.
When young leaves open large their palms to catch
The gold and silver of the sun and shower ;
Shy Beauty draweth back her glittering hood,
To peep with her flower face ; the Silver Birk
Shakes out her hair full-length against the blue ;
The Fir puts forth her timid finger-tips,
Like shrinking damsel trying a cold stream
In which she comes to bathe.

In merry green woods
She rambles where the blue wild hyacinths
Smile with their soft dream-light in tender shade :
Above, the lightsome dance of gladsome green ;

Below, the whispering sweetness of the wood ;
And the birds singing, as if in love, all round :
Or, by the Brook that turns some stray sunbeam
To a crooked scimitar of wavy gold,
Then to itself laughs at the elfish work !
With her large eyes, and eager leaping looks,
At Nature's living picture-page she glowers,
And gets some colour in her own pale life.
Then home, with kindled cheek, when Eve's one star
Stands, waiting on the threshold of the night,
In golden expectation of the rest.

VIII.

TO-NIGHT they sit with sadder, lonelier thoughts
Than ever ; closer comes the Wolf of Want,
And darker falls their shadow of Orphanhood.
For now the old man keeps his bed, and seems
Death-stricken, with his face of ghastly grey ;
His life is all in those cold glittering eyes
Watching the least light movement that is made.
The Boy, a blithe and sunny godsend, gay
As a singing fountain springing in their midst,
With loving spirit leaping to the light,
Is down at heart to-night, and sad and still.
While Dora, in whose purple-lighted eyes
There seems the shadow of a rain-cloud near,
With but a faint shine of the cheery heart ;
She longs to fly away and be at rest,
And gives her wishes wings in measured words
That win strange pathos from her sweet young voice.

"Come to the Better Land, where Angels grow ;
They walk in glory, shining as they go !
The King in all His beauty takes the least
To sit beside Him at the eternal feast."
Thus sings the voice that calls me night and day.

"This is a weary world,
Come, come, come away !
Ah, 'tis a dreary world,
Come, come, come away."

"From old heart-ache, and weariness, and pain—
Sorrows that sigh, and hopes that soar in vain—
Come to the Loved and Lost who are now the Blest ;
They dwell in regions of Eternal rest."
Thus sings the voice that calls me night and day.

"This is a weary world,
Come, come, come away !
Ah, 'tis a dreary world,
Come, come, come away."

"Here all things change ; the warmest hearts grow
cold ;
The young head droops and dims its glorious gold ;
Where Love his pillow hath made on Beauty's breast,
The creatures of the Grave will make their nest."
Thus sings the voice that calls me night and day.

"This is a weary world,
Come, come, come away !
Ah, 'tis a dreary world,
Come, come, come away."

"The dear eyes where each morning rose our light,
Soon darken with their last eternal night ;
The heart that beat for us, the hallowed brow
That bowed to bless, are cold and silent now."
Thus sings the voice that calls me night and day.

"This is a weary world,
Come, come, come away !
Ah, 'tis a dreary world,
Come, come, come away."

"Nor fear the Grave, that door of Heaven on Earth ;
All changed and beautiful ye shall come forth :
As, from the cold dark cloud the winter showers
Go underground to dress, and come forth Flowers."
Thus sings the voice that calls me night and day.

"This is a weary world,
Come, come, come away !
Ah, 'tis a dreary world,
Come, come, come away."

"Come to the Better Land, where Angels grow ;
They walk in glory shining as they go !
The King in all His beauty takes the least
To sit beside Him at the eternal feast."
Thus sings the voice that calls me night and day.

"This is a weary world,
Come, come, come away !
Ah, 'tis a dreary world,
Come, come, come away."

IX.

"NAY, Sister," says the cheery Martha, "though
Our lot be sad, your strain's too sorrowful !
We cannot spare you yet. Nor must we stoop
To make our Burthen heavier ; hear me, love.

"How His heart toward Children warms !
How He takes them in His arms !
Little hearts make merry and sing ;
Little voices cheerily ring !
Tho' there's room for all the rest,
Jesus loves the Little Ones best.

"Around his throne we hope, ere long,
To stand and sing a nobler song ;
But, while journeying here below,
Sing we cheerily as we go—
Tho' there's room for all the rest,
Jesus loves the Little Ones best."

Then silent Leonard lifted up his look,
Bright as a Daisy when the dews have dried ;
A sudden thought struck all the sun in his face.
"Martha and Dora, I know what I'll do !
I'll write a Letter to our Saviour ; He
Will help us if we put our trust in Him."
The Sisters smiled upon him thro' their tears.

This was the Letter little Leonard wrote.

"Dear, beautiful Lord Jesus,
Christmas is drawing near ;

Its many shining sights we see,
Its merry sounds we hear.
With presents for good Children,
I know thou art going now,
From house to house, with Christmas trees,
And lights on every bough.

"I pray thee, holy Jesus,
To bring one tree to us,
All aglow with fruits of gold,
And leaves all luminous.
We have no Mother, and, where we live,
No Christmas gifts are given ;
We have no Friends on earth, but thou
Art our good friend in Heaven.

"My Sisters, dear Lord Jesus,
They hide the worst from me ;
But I have ears that sometimes hear,
And eyes that often see.
Poor Martha's cloak is threadbare quite,
Poor Dora's boots are old ;
And neither of them strong like me,
To stand the wintry cold.

"But most of all, Lord Jesus,
Grandfather is so ill ;
'Tis very sad to hear him moan,
And startling when he's still.
And well I know, Lord Jesus,
If thou would'st only come,
He'd look, and rise, and leave his bed,
As Lazarus left his tomb.

"Forget us not, Lord Jesus,
I and my sisters dear ;
We love thee ! when thou wert a Child,
Had we been only near,
And seen thee lying, bonny babe,
In manger or in stall,
Thou should'st have had our Bed, our Home ;
We would have given thee all."

X.

THE Letter sign'd and seal'd, their prayers are said,
And Martha lights the younger Bairns to bed.
With all a Mother's heart she bends above
Their rest, and her eyes fill with Mother's love.
For soon their voices cease ; life fades away
Into its quiet nest, till morrow-day :
As the lake-lilies shut their leaves of light
When down the gloom descends the hush of night,
In fear of what is passing, bow the head
Beneath the water, they shrink down in bed !
But soon the Angel Sleep doth smile all fear
Away with wooing whispers at the ear ;
And they will ope at morn eyes bathed in bliss ;
Their faces fresh from the good Angel's kiss.
But Martha sleeps not yet ; now they are gone,
Brave little woman, she must still work on,
And watch, to-night, for Grandfather is worse,
She thinks, with no one near, save her for nurse.

'Tis very sad to hear a man so old,
Talk of *his* Mother who, beneath the mould,
Has lain an age, and see him weep young tears,
That have to pierce the crust of seventy years.
He turns and turns, incapable of rest,
Toss'd on the billow that heaves in brain and breast;
A life that beats with all too weary a wave
To land him on the other side the Grave!
The old Man mutters in his broken dreams.
"Last night I wander'd in a world of moan;
I saw a white Soul going all alone,
Over the white snows of eternity:
I follow'd far, and follow'd fast to see
The face, and lo, it was my own."

And now he wanders by some weird sea-side.

"The tide is a-making its bonny Death-bed;
The white sea-maidens rise ready to wed;
Nearer and nearer, unveiling their charms,
They toss for their lovers, long, shadowy arms!
Dancing with other-world music and motion;
Brides of dead Sailors; the Beauties of Ocean.

"Wave after wave my worn, old Bark has toss'd;
One moment saved, another it seem'd lost
For ever, still it righted from each blow;
But the great wave is coming on me now!
I see it towering high above the rest;
A world of eyes in its white glittering crest;
See how it climbs, calm in its might, and curls
Ready to clasp me in the wildering whirls.
And when it bursts, in darkness, for last breath,
I shall be fighting with the grappler Death."

He sees an Image of Martha now, with dim
Wet eyes; it moves in brightness far from him.

"I am like the hoary mountain,
Grey with years, and very old;
And your life, a sprightly fountain,
Springs, and leaves me lone and cold;
Dancing, dancing on your way,
Down the vallies warm and gay.

"There you go, Dear, singing, sparkling,
I can see your dawn begin;
While the night, around me darkling,
With its death-dews, shuts me in—
Hear you singing on your way
To the full and perfect day."

The suffering passes into weariness;
The weariness fades into kind content;
Faintly the tired heart flutters into stillness,
And he has done with Age, and Want, and Illness.

Gently he passed; the little Maiden wept;
Sank down o'erwearied by the dead, and slept,
With such a heavenly lustre in her face,
You might have fancied Angels in the place:
Companions thro' the day of our delight,
That watch as wing'd Sentries all the night.

XI.

NEXT day a group of serious silent men
Found a "Dead Letter" with strange life in it;
It was address'd to "Jesus Christ in Heaven."
It call'd up their old hearts into their eyes,
For a lofty meeting in the touch of tears.
At length it reach'd the Lady Marian.
And the Boy's letter had not miss'd its mark.

The child had call'd on Christ, and lo, He came:
In spirit loving, helpful, as of old!
In person of the Lady Marian;
One of those representatives of His
Who help to make the Poor believe in Him:
Believe Him once a dweller on our earth
Because He hath some living likeness yet.

XII.

ALL paint you Lady Marian:
She walks this world, a Shining One!
A Woman with an Angel's face,
Sweet gravity, and tender grace;
And where she treads this earth of ours,
Heaven blossoms into smiling flowers.
This is the Lady Marian.

One of the spirits that walk in white!
Many dumb hearts that sit in night,
Her presence know, just as the Birds
Know Morning, murmuring cheerful words,
Where Life is darkest, she doth move
With influence as of visible Love.
This is the Lady Marian.

One of God's treasurers for the Poor!
She keepeth open heart and door.
That heart a holy well of wealth,
Brimming life-waters, quick with health;
That door an opening you look through,
To find God our side of Heaven's blue.
This is the Lady Marian.

Her coming all your being fills
With a balm-breath from heaven's hills:
And in her face the light is mild
As tho' the heart within her smiled,
And in her heart doth sit and sing
Some spirit of immortal Spring.
This is the Lady Marian.

"We shall not mend the world; we try,
And lo, our work is vain!" they cry.
With her pathetic look, she hears;
You see the wounded soul bleed tears;
But toward the dark she sets her face,
And calmly keeps her onward pace.
This is the Lady Marian.

True picture of the Master of old!
Touches of likeness manifold!

The human sweetness in His face ;
 Large love that would a world embrace ;
 His heavenly pity in her eyes,
 And all the soul of sacrifice.

This is the Lady Marian.

XIII.

FROM out the blackness that took shape in death,
 The Lady Marian came, on Christmas Eve,
 With sweetest sylvan tenderness of soul ;
 Her starry smile so radiant through their night,
 Her hands brimful of help, as was her heart
 With yearnings to arise and go when first
 She read the letter little Leonard sent
 In such confiding faith and trustful hope.
 And Martha knows that her worst days are done ;
 In Dora's rich sad eyes a merry light
 Soon dances ! Lady Marian will be
 A Mother, sent of God, to all the three.

A trembling prayer had shook the Tree of Life,
 And golden out of heaven the fruitage falls
 Into the childrens' lap direct from God.

XIV.

THE Master call'd a little Child,
 And placed it in their midst, to show
 The clearest mirror men could know,
 In which the face of Faith e'er smiled :

A little Child with eye unworn,
 Whose heart goes straightway for the light,
 Like buds that put forth all their might
 To start up heavenward soon as born :

A little Child, that even in play,
 The nearest path to heaven walks ;
 And in its innocent brightness talks
 With God in the old wond'rous way :

Friends of a failing faith, when your
 Lighthouses of eternal life
 Hold trembling lamps across the strife,
 And darken, darken hour by hour :

While higher climb the waves that quench :
 And on the rocks the breakers roar ;
 And Light in Heaven opes no new door,
 And higher climb the waves that drench,

When timid souls that sail the sea
 Of Time are fearful lest you band
 Of Cloud should not be solid Land,
 When they step in Eternity,—

And faint hearts flutter 'twixt a nest
 That is not seal'd to wind and wet,
 And one that is not ready yet,
 With wandering wings, and find no rest :

Our Heaven-scalers in the dust
 Sit, with their hopes dead or discrown'd ;
 Their splendid dreams all shiver'd round,
 And broken every reed of trust :

The Sheep are scatter'd, sore distress'd ;
 Their Shepherd miss with many alarms ;
 While the young Lambs can feel His arms
 Enfold them safely to His breast :

I'll sit me down, no more beguiled
 By those who are too serpent-wise ;
 And seek my Saviour through the eyes
 And pure heart of a little Child.

Christ, give me but this Little-one's grace,
 With faith to feel in darkest night,
 How the good Father's heart of light
 With that mild radiance fills Thy face.

GERALD MASSEY.

TWO EXAMPLES OF THE MANY-SIDEDNESS OF THE BIBLE.

[THE SECOND EXAMPLE—THE LOCUST.]

LET us now turn to the insect world, and, adopting the same plan as before, to avoid any difficulty which might be experienced in selection, take the first specific example that occurs in the Scriptures. This happens to be the locust, a subject which furnishes ample scope for the utmost illustration our limits will afford. There are at least nine words employed in the Bible to designate the locust, each of which serves to indicate some special property or characteristic.

The one most frequently used (*arbel*), is derived from a word signifying to "multiply," or "be numerous," and may be called, for the sake of distinction, the *swarming* locust. The Midianites and others (already referred to) who came up

against Israel in the days of Gideon, are said to have been "like grasshoppers for multitude" (Judges vi. 5, vii. 12). In Jer. xlvi. 23 we read, "They are more than the grasshoppers, and innumerable ;" so also, in Nah. iii. 15, "Make thyself many as the locust." In each of these passages, the original is the same word, and refers to this species of locust. The Arabs are accustomed in the same manner to compare large armies to locusts. On the other hand, it is interesting to note the animal employed in the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics to express the same idea—"numerous as the lizards"—a comparison quite as appropriate, in that land of reptiles, as the phrase "numerous as the locust" is in the mouth of a Syrian or an Arab.

I need not say that this species was conspicuous among the agents of the divine vengeance in the eighth plague of Egypt; and most vividly does the narrative of that fearful pest pourtray the significance of the word by which they are denoted: "They shall cover the face of the earth, that one cannot be able to see the earth . . . And they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants, and the houses of all the Egyptians; which neither thy fathers, nor thy father's fathers have seen, since the day that they were upon the earth, unto this day . . . And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt: very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such" (Exodus x. 5, 6, 14). It is, in fact, the incalculable immensity of their numbers which makes them so terrible a scourge. "The quantity of these insects (writes the infidel Volney, who so often bears his unconscious testimony to the truth of that Book which he reviled) is incredible to all who have not themselves witnessed their astonishing numbers; the whole earth is covered with them for the space of several leagues." Let us compare with this the evidence of another eye-witness, Gordon Cumming, the lion-hunter of South Africa:—"On the following day I had the pleasure of beholding the first flight of locusts that I had seen since my arrival in the colony. We were standing in the middle of a plain of unlimited length, and about five miles across, when I observed them advancing. On they came like a snow-storm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. I stood looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which we stood became densely covered with them. Far as my eye could reach, east, west, north, and south, they stretched in one unbroken cloud; and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by." One flight of locusts, recorded in history, was calculated to have extended over 500 miles. Another is said, on respectable authority, to have literally covered the whole surface of the ground for an area of nearly 2000 square miles.

II. But this was not the only kind of locust employed by the Almighty to scourge the Egyptians. A second species (*chastil*) occurs, along with the first, in that instructive summary of early Israelitish history contained in the 78th Psalm, and is described by a word which signifies "to consume." Though Moses does not mention this variety by name, his narrative unmistakably indicates the presence of a species which may emphatically be designated the *consuming* locust: "They did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left; and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt" (Exodus x. 15). That this is no exaggeration, is evident from the concurrent testimony of observant eye-witnesses. "The Tartars themselves (says

Volney) are a less destructive enemy than these little animals. One would imagine that fire had followed their progress. Wherever their myriads spread, the verdure of the country disappears: trees and plants stripped of their leaves, and reduced to their naked boughs and stems, cause the dreary image of winter to succeed in an instant to the rich scenery of the spring." An old Rabbinical writer relates that in his youth "there came a prodigious swarm of locusts, which seized upon all the fields near the city where he dwelt, and devoured all the growing herbage; and that they are so dreaded by the Jews, that when they make their appearance, they immediately sound the trumpet for a fast." What a commentary is this on the language with which the prophet Joel ushers in his magnificent description of a locust visitation—"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in My holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble, for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand . . . A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them" (ii. 1, 3). The consuming locust is also mentioned (as well as the swarming species) in Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple (1 Kings viii. 37; 2 Chron. vi. 28); in Isaiah xxxiii. 4, where it is compared to the spoiling of an invader; and in Joel i. 4, ii. 25, where it constitutes one of the four divisions of "God's great army" sent against His apostate people. In every case it is improperly translated "caterpillars" in the authorised version.

III. A third species (*yelek*) is enumerated among the devastators of Egypt, and, judging from the meaning of the term, must have been remarkably *rapid* in its movements. It is associated with the first kind in another historical Psalm (cv. 34); so that there were at least three species employed in executing the divine judgments on that devoted country. This enables us the better to understand what was the miraculous element in this and other plagues of Egypt. It was not the mere fact of such calamities; for Egypt has always been, and still is, subject to these visitations. An English lady, writing from Cairo a few years ago, says:—"It is a singular and sad fact, that during our few months' sojourn here, this country has been visited by three of its peculiar plagues—murrain, boils and blains (or common pestilence), and locusts. The first has destroyed cattle to an almost incredible amount; the second has not been so severe as it usually is; but the locusts are still fearfully eating the fruits of the ground." The miracle of the locusts, therefore, consisted in the appearance of these insects precisely at the time and in the manner appointed; in the intensely aggravated character of the pest; in the combination of several distinct kinds, some of them, it would seem, previously unknown in the country; and last, but not least, in the unexampled rapidity of their

movements. This quality, so characteristic of the species now under consideration, has often been observed by travellers and residents in the East. An old chronicler, speaking of a swarm of locusts "of an unheard-of size," which committed great ravages in the ninth century, remarks that "when they alighted, they in one hour consumed every thing that was green upon a hundred acres or more." A French traveller, who had frequently encountered them, declares that "fire itself eats not so fast; nor is there a vestige of vegetation to be found, when they again take their flight, and go elsewhere to produce like disasters." A missionary in Syria speaks of the "wonderful expedition" with which they "devour every green thing," and adds, "A large vineyard and garden adjoining mine was green as a meadow in the morning, but long before night it was naked and bare, as a newly ploughed field or dusty road."

The *swift* locust is also mentioned in Jer. li. 14, being further defined in the 27th verse as "rough" or "bristly"—in allusion to the ancient accoutrement of war-horses, bristling with sheaves of arrows. This description applies to several varieties of the locust, which are furnished with spines and bristles, and, coupled with the other property of rapid motion, formed a very apt emblem of the thronging hosts of Cyrus, consisting in great part of horse, whose triumph over Babylon is here predicted. In the passages already mentioned it is translated, like the previous kind, "caterpillar;" but in Joel (i. 4, ii. 25) it is rendered "cankerworm," as it is likewise in Nahum iii. 15, 16, where its rapid movements are briefly but significantly referred to in connection with Nineveh: "It shall eat thee up like the swift locust. . . . it spoileth, and fleeth (or rather, flieth) away."

IV. I have mentioned three kinds of locusts as having taken part in the Egyptian plague. A fourth, fifth, and sixth are enumerated in Lev. xi. 22, where they are erroneously translated "the bald locust, the beetle, and the grasshopper." The fourth (*sal'am*), from its etymology, evidently refers to a species of locust remarkable for its voracity. This is another characteristic of these animals which has been observed by travellers and recorded by historians. The province of Nejed, in Arabia, is sometimes overwhelmed to such a degree, that, having destroyed the harvest, they penetrate by thousands into the private dwellings, and devour whatever they can find—even the leather of the water-vessels. One of the most grievous calamities ever inflicted by the locust, happened to the regions of Africa in the time of the Romans, and fell with peculiar weight on those parts which were subject to their empire. Scarcely recovered from the miseries of the last Punic war, Africa was doomed to suffer, about 123 B.C., another desolation, as terrible as it was unprecedented. An immense number of locusts covered the whole country, consumed every plant and every blade of grass in the

field, without sparing the roots, and also the leaves of the trees, with the tendrils upon which they grew. These being exhausted, they penetrated with their teeth the bark, however bitter, and even ate away the dry and solid timber. It has been remarked that locusts seem to devour not so much from a ravenous appetite, as from a rage for destroying. Destruction, therefore, and not food, is the chief impulse of their devastations; they are in fact omnivorous. The most poisonous plants are indifferent to them; they will prey even upon the crowfoot, whose causticity burns the very hides of beasts. They simply consume *everything*, without predilection, vegetable matter, linen, woollen, silk, leather, &c.; and Pliny does not exaggerate when he says "and even the doors of houses," for they have been known to consume the very varnish of furniture. I may add, as a fitting climax, that more than one writer has recorded of certain locusts, that when nothing else remains to be eaten, they proceed to devour one another. These must undoubtedly have belonged to the species we have been considering.

V. A fifth kind of locust (*chargol*), mentioned in the Bible, derives its name from the remarkable power of *springing* or *leaping* with which it is endowed. It is also referred to in Job (xxxix. 20) in the wonderful description of the war-horse. This is one of the many passages in the book of Job in which our version is not very happy. Instead of "Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?"—it should be, "Dost thou cause him to leap as a locust?"—i.e., "is he indebted to thee for that bounding elastic step in which he resembles the springing locust?" It is not uninteresting to remark, that it is a current expression among the Arabs to this day, that a prancing horse "acts the locust." A recent traveller has observed great differences in the leaping powers of distinct species. "The black and brown locusts (he says) have a short, heavy, jerking spring of six or eight inches; unlike the yellow-green locust, which springs, and flies, and flits 100 yards or more at a time."

VI. Another species (*chagab*) are expressively called the "darkeners," from the circumstance of their flying in such dense masses as to hide the sun. Joel alludes to this characteristic in that sublime description of divine judgments to which I have already had occasion to refer: "A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains. . . . The sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining" (ii. 2, 10). Here, again, every shadow of this sombre picture is reproduced in the descriptions of intelligent observers. Dr. Kitto says "he has himself seen the mid-day light darkened to evening shades as their myriads passed, layer above layer, over head, for more than half-an-hour. He has seen the ground covered with them for miles around, without a visible interstice." A French traveller remarks, "Their approach darkens the horizon; and

so enormous is their multitude, it hides the light of the sun." Mr. Darwin, the well-known naturalist, bears similar testimony: "The insects overtook us (he says) as they were travelling northward, by the aid of a light breeze, at the rate, I should suppose, of ten or fifteen miles an hour. The main body filled the air from a height of twenty feet, to that, as it appeared, of two or three thousand above the ground. . . . The sky seen through the advanced guard appeared like a mezzotinto engraving, but the main body was impervious to sight. . . . When they alighted they were more numerous than the leaves in a field, and changed the green into a reddish colour." The following quaint but graphic description is from the pen of an old traveller in Abyssinia, which country, together with Arabia, has the unenviable distinction of being the cradle of these terrible creatures:—"While we abode in the town of Barua, we saw the sign of the sun and the shadow of the earth [this is explained by what the writer had before said, that the approach of the locusts was known the day beforehand by the yellow tinge of the heavens, "and the ground becometh yellow through the light which reverberateth from their wings, whereupon the people became suddenly as dead men, saying; 'We are undone, for the locusts come!'" We see, then, what the writer means when he says, "We saw the sign of the sun and the shadow of the earth], which was all yellow, wherewith the people were half dead for sorrow. The next day the number of these vermin which came was incredible, which, to our judgment, covered four-and-twenty miles in compass, according to what we were informed afterwards." In a journey subsequently, he writes: "We travelled five days through places wholly waste and destroyed, wherein millet had been sown, which had stalks as great as those we set in our vineyards, and we saw them all broken and beaten down, as if a tempest had been there; and this the locusts did. The trees were without leaves, and the bark of them was all devoured; and no grass was there to be seen, for they had eaten up all things; and if we had not been warned and advised to carry provision with us, we and our cattle had perished. This country was all covered with locusts. The number of them was so great, that I shall not speak of it, because I shall not be believed. . . . We found the ways full of men and women, travelling on foot, with their children in their arms and upon their heads, going into other countries where they might find food; which was a pitiful thing to behold." Well might the prophet Joel exclaim, "Before their face the people shall be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness" (ii. 6).

This species, although thus formidable in its collective capacity, appears to have been the most insignificant of all the locust tribe in point of size and strength. It is mentioned no less than three times in words of evident disparagement. The spies, in reference to the sons of Anak, remarked, "We were in our own sight as 'grasshoppers,' and so we

were in their sight" (Numbers xiii. 33). This comparison the Hebrews had probably borrowed from their Egyptian taskmasters; for we find Sesostris, in the hieroglyphic inscriptions which record his career of conquest in Palestine and elsewhere, boasting that he "went through their valleys like a young man among the grasshoppers." This same species is alluded to in that sublime passage of Isaiah (xl. 22), "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." Once more, in Solomon's description of the infirmities of old age, the "grasshopper" is said to be a "burden" (Eccles. xii. 5). That true locusts (though of a small species) are intended in all these passages, is clear from God's answer to Solomon's prayer, where our translators, feeling the manifest impropriety of rendering the term (as they do elsewhere) by "grasshoppers," rightly translate "locusts:" "If I command locusts to devour the land" (2 Chron. vii. 13).

VII. The seventh name for the locust (*gob*) denotes, not a distinct species of these insects, as is the case with the preceding words, but the first stages of their existence, when, after having been hatched in the early spring, they "creep out" of the ground, and, while yet unprovided with wings, commence their devastating career. Their habits at this stage are minutely depicted by the sacred writers. Isaiah speaks of them as "running about" in their insatiable eagerness (xxxiii. 4);—the same term as that employed by Joel, "they shall run to and fro" (ii. 9). Amos tells us that they are "formed"—i.e., the eggs are hatched—"in the beginning of the shooting up of the latter growth after the king's mowings" (vii. 1). This last word is an amusing example of the ignorance of Eastern usages occasionally betrayed by our translators. Finding the word used to denote the shearing of sheep, they think themselves justified in employing it to signify the shaving of the head, and the mowing of grass; although the two latter processes essentially differ from the former one, which bears a much closer analogy to the double action of the upper and lower teeth in eating, which is really the meaning here. Thus we read in our version that Job, on receiving the dreadful tidings of his successive losses, "arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head" (i. 20); as though the same deliberate operation were intended as is described, by a very different word, in the case of Samson and Delilah. It simply means that he plucked off his hair, as any Oriental may be seen to do at the present day, when under the influence of deep sorrow. Equally unhappy is our version when it deals with this word in relation to grass: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass" (Psalm lxxii. 6); and here, "after the king's mowings." Unfortunately for this rendering, we know, on the most unexceptionable authority, that hay is not made in Syria, whose inhabitants (says Burckhardt), "ignorant of the advantage of feeding their cattle with hay, suffer the superfluous grass to wither away

and in summer and winter feed them on cut straw" ("Syria," p. 246). So that, instead of "mown grass" or "mowings," we should understand pastures which have been eaten up by the cattle, and are left to grow again. Now we are distinctly told by a writer who lived many years in Palestine, that March is the only month during which the horses and other cattle are out at grass. Consequently "the beginning of the shooting up of the latter growth," spoken of by Amos as the time when the young locusts "creep out" of the ground, would synchronise with the end of March or beginning of April. "In six or eight weeks," writes Dr. Thomson, "the very dust seems to waken into life, and, moulded into maggots, begins to creep. Soon this animated earth becomes minute grasshoppers; and, creeping and jumping all in the same general direction, they begin their destructive march. After a few days their voracious appetite palls; they become sluggish, and fast, like the silkworms, for a short time. Like the silkworms, too, they repeat this fasting four times before they have completed their transmigrations, and are accommodated with wings." In exact agreement with these statements, we find Dr. Robinson, on the 4th of June, "falling in with several small swarms of young locusts, the first we had seen (he remarks) during our journey. They were quite green, with wings just sprouting; they entirely resembled grasshoppers, and hopped briskly away from our path." Curiously enough, at this very spot (south of Hebron), young locusts were encountered, nine years after, by another traveller, as early as the end of March, which must have been immediately after they had emerged from their eggs. It is clear that this particular spot had some special advantages which thus led to its choice by the locusts, on at least two occasions, as a nursery for their young progeny. And here we are met by a remarkable coincidence, which, while incidentally illustrating the accuracy and consistency of Holy Scripture, in its minutest details, shows that even zoology is sometimes available as an important element in topographical investigations. For in this very neighbourhood there stood of old one of the cities of the hill country of Judah, which was called *Arab*, signifying "a locust" (Joshua xv. 52). Let us now follow these young locusts in their subsequent movements. Their track will soon be only too perceptible. Just a fortnight after Dr. Robinson's first encounter with them on the southern hills of Judæa, he again fell in with them far to the north. In the vicinity of Nazareth (he says) "we came upon a spot of ground which had been burnt over; and learned this had been done in order to destroy the young locusts, which were lying dead in great numbers. We had seen them occasionally for several days; and had passed some fields of cotton, which had been greatly injured by them. At Jenin we were told that the governor, who had extensive fields upon the plain, fearing for his cotton and other crops, had mustered the peasants of the neighbouring villages, and destroyed the

locusts by burning and otherwise. But every few miles, as we travelled across the plain, the ground was covered by the young swarms. They were green, and yet too young to fly; but just at the right age to eat. The environs of Nazareth, for some distance around, were covered with them, devouring vineyards, gardens, and everything green." But we have still to speak of them when arrived at the perfection of their noxious powers. "For several days previous to the 1st of June (writes a resident on Mount Lebanon), we had heard that millions of young locusts were on their march up the valley toward our village, and at length I was told that they had reached the lower part of it. Summoning all the people I could collect, we went to meet and attack them, hoping to stop their progress altogether, or, at least, to turn aside their line of march. Never shall I lose the impression produced by the first view of them. I had often passed through clouds of *flying* locusts, and they always struck my imagination with a sort of vague terror; but these we now confronted were without wings, and about the size of full-grown grasshoppers, which they closely resembled in appearance and behaviour. But their number was astounding; the whole face of the mountain was black with them. On they came like a living deluge. We dug trenches, and kindled fires, and beat and burned to death heaps upon heaps; but the effort was utterly useless. Wave after wave *rolled* up the mountain side, and poured over rocks, walls, ditches and hedges—those behind covering up and bridging over the masses already killed. After a long and fatiguing contest, I descended the mountain to examine the *depth* of the column; but I could not see to the end of it. Wearied with my hard walk over this living deluge, I returned, and gave over the vain effort to stop its progress. By the next morning, the head of the column had reached my garden, and, having eight or ten people, I resolved to rescue at least my vegetables and flowers. During this day we succeeded, by fire and by beating them off the walls with bushes and branches, in keeping our little garden tolerably clear of them; but it was perfectly appalling to watch this animated river as it flowed up the road, and descended the hill above my house. At length, worn out with incessant skirmishing, I gave up the battle. Carrying the flower-pots into the house, and covering up what else I could, I surrendered the remainder to the conquerors. For four days they continued to pass on toward the east, and finally only a few stragglers of the mighty host were left behind."

We see, then, an increased significance in the language of Nahum (iii. 17), which is very feebly rendered in the authorised version "great grasshoppers." The original is simply a *repetition* of the particular word we are now considering, the first time in the singular, the second, in the plural number, and is intended to convey the idea of immense numbers. The second of the travellers already referred to as having seen these young

locusts south of Hebron, thus testifies as to this point: "The myriads which swarmed for miles, were beyond belief. They lay, like clusters of bees, on the grass, covering it for large spaces; and they filled the air, for about a foot above the ground, by jumping as we passed. I may safely say I never saw so many living creatures in the same space before." What Nahum proceeds to say respecting these as well as the adult locusts, in this same verse, is very curious, and has only recently been made intelligible, from the simple circumstance that no qualified observer had previously been in a position to witness the phenomenon. The prophet says that the locusts "camp in the hedges [literally it is "stone walls," but our translators, not thinking such a thing probable, I suppose, rendered it loosely, "hedges"], in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are" (Nahum iii. 17). Dr. Thomson tells us that "in the evening, as soon as the air became cool, they literally camped in the hedges and loose stone walls, covering them over like a swarm of bees settled on a bush. There they remained until the next day's sun waxed warm, when they again commenced their march. One of the days on which they were passing was quite cool, and the locusts scarcely moved at all from their camps, and multitudes remained actually stationary until the next morning. Those that did march crept along very heavily, as if cramped and stiff; but in a hot day they hurried forward in a very earnest, lively manner. It is an aggravation of the calamity if the weather continues cool; for then they prolong their stay, and do far more damage. When the hot sun beats powerfully upon them, they literally 'flee away, and the place is not known where they are.' This is true even in regard to those which have not wings. One wonders where they have all gone to. Yesterday, the whole earth seemed to be creeping and jumping,—to-day, you see not a locust. And the disappearance of the clouds of flying locusts is still more sudden and complete." To this testimony of a twenty years' resident in Syria I would just add a single remark of Gordon Cumming's as to the effect of changes of temperature upon them: and his opinion is the more valuable, as coming from one who was far more intent on shooting lions and elephants than illustrating an obscure passage in the book of Nahum, of the very existence of which he was probably ignorant. "The cold frosty night (he says) had rendered them unable to take wing until the sun should restore their powers."

VIII. The eighth word (*gazam*) does not appear to denote a distinct species, but the *adult* growth of the insect whose earlier and yet wingless state was indicated by the previous term. They are called by the Arabs the *flying* locusts, in contradistinction to the others, which are named the *devouring* locusts. "The flying locusts (says Burckhardt) are much less dreaded than the others, because they feed only upon the leaves of trees and vegetables,

sparing the wheat and barley. They attack only the produce of the gardener, or the wild herbs of the desert." This writer also refers to some extensive *olive plantations*, the fruit and foliage of which had, for five successive summers, been devoured by locusts who alight upon them in preference to all others. The same locusts are evidently referred to by another traveller, as being very destructive to the almonds, olives, and cypresses. Dr. Kitto clearly indicates the distinction between the two, and the reason why the one is so much more dreaded than the other: "Those locusts (he observes) which come in the first instance from the east are not considered so formidable, because they only fix upon trees, and do not destroy the grain. But they give birth to a new brood, and it is the young locusts, before they are sufficiently grown to fly away, which consume the crops." With the strictest propriety, therefore, the full grown locust (now under consideration), whose ravages are first in order of time, is also the first in Joel's enumeration, answering to the "palmerworm" of our version: "That which the 'palmerworm' hath left hath the locust eaten" (i. 4). The word by which they are designated in the original is from the same root as that to which I have already referred, as signifying primarily to "shear," or "clip." There is an evident allusion here to the four teeth of the full-grown locust, two in each jaw, which traverse each other like scissors, being eminently calculated, from their mechanism, to gripe or cut. With this we may compare the bold imagery of the prophet Joel (also employed in the Revelation), "Whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the cheek-teeth of a great lion" (Joel i. 6, cf. Rev. ix. 8). Naturalists tell us that the jaws of locusts are so strong that they are able to inflict a severe wound when incautiously handled. Even the inoffensive grasshopper (to which our translators do such injustice by ascribing to it the misdoings of its more guilty cousins) will nevertheless, under similar treatment, bite sharply; and our common house-cricket (which belongs to the same numerous family) is able, with its powerful teeth and jaws, to cut away the mortar so effectually, that it sometimes eats completely through the wall, opening communication between two or more houses. This *cutting* or *gnawing* locust, as it may be termed, is also mentioned by the prophet Amos, who distinctly recognises the fact that the locust in this particular stage confines its ravages to trees and fruit: "When your gardens and your vineyards and your fig-trees and your olive-trees increased, the 'palmerworm' devoured them" (Amos iv. 9). We cannot but admire the appropriateness with which creatures that subsist on trees and their produce are thus armed with teeth and jaws peculiarly fitted for their special office; as well as the striking accuracy with which Joel immediately subjoins to his description of their teeth, already noticed, these words: "He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree: he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away; the

branches thereof are made white" (i. 7). An eye-witness of their ravages observes, "These locusts at once strip the vines of every leaf and cluster of grapes, and of every green twig. I also saw many large fig-orchards 'clean bare,' not a leaf remaining; and as the bark of the fig-tree is of a silvery whiteness, whole orchards, thus rifled of their green veils, spread abroad their branches, 'made white,' in melancholy nakedness to the burning sun."

IX. The ninth and last word in the Scripture nomenclature of the locust (*tseltsal* or *tsaltsal*) refers to, and indeed is an imitation of, the shrill sounds which several varieties of this insect are capable of uttering, and of which the *cicada* or tree-cricket of the classical writers, and the grasshopper of our own meadows, are familiar examples. It occurs with certainty only once, viz., Deut. xxviii.; where Moses, predicting the consequences of national apostasy, first says, "Thou shalt carry much seed out into the field, and shalt gather but little in; for the swarming locust shall consume it" (ver. 38);—and then, four verses later, he adds, "All thy trees and fruit of thy land shall the shrill locust consume" (ver. 42). I have said that the name of this locust (*tsaltsal*) is evidently derived from the peculiar cry it utters. Now it so happens, that there is a Hebrew word of similar sound which signifies "to pray;" one kind of locust, moreover, is known among naturalists (and is found in Palestine) under the name "*Mantis religiosa*" or "*Prier-Dieu*," from the position in which it raises its front legs, resembling that of supplication. We can easily understand, then, how this species of locust, with its devotional attitude, and ever-recurring note, which might well be interpreted to mean "pray, pray" (thus adding precept to example), should be deemed a very model of piety, and, as such, be held by the Turks in great respect. Burckhardt's description of a locust which he saw near the source of the Jordan, clearly identifies it with the one we are now considering, while, at the same time, it concurs with preceding remarks in proving that the prediction of Moses has been literally fulfilled. "I found," he says, "a species of locust with six very long legs, and a slender body of about four inches in length. My guide told me that this insect was called 'Salli al Nabi,' i.e., 'Pray to the prophet.'" It is amusing to find the Mohammedans, even in such a case as this, true to their proselytising instincts, and enlisting an insect as a preacher of their faith.

A few general remarks are necessary in order to give completeness to this analysis of the locust of Scripture: let us gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost which may tend to throw a single ray of light on the marvellous accuracy of the Bible, even in matters pertaining to the natural world.

1. Observe the scientific exactness with which Moses describes this insect. Our version, that speaks of "every flying-creeping thing which have legs above their feet," and of "fowls going upon all

four" (Leviticus xi. 20, 21), is certainly not all that can be desired, either for grammar or sense. Moses really defines the locust as a "winged creeper, that goes upon four feet, having joints at the upper part of its hind legs, with which to leap upon the earth" (Leviticus xi. 21). Aristotle assigns the same number of feet to locusts, carefully distinguishing "the parts used in leaping."

2. David says, "I am tossed up and down as the locust" (Psalm cix. 23). An observant traveller noticed that "in springing they usually alight in a contrary direction." And again, "Its lighting down seemed remarkably *uncertain*. At each spring, one knew not exactly whither it would go, or in what way and posture it would alight again." And with regard to the flying locusts, another says, "I have had frequent opportunities of observing how these squadrons are tossed up and down, and whirled round and round by the ever-varying currents of the mountain winds." They have evidently little if any control over their movements, but are the sport of every wind. It will be remembered that when it was determined in the divine counsels that locusts should devastate Egypt, "The Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day, and all that night; and when it was morning the east wind brought the locusts" (Exodus x. 13). And after they had fulfilled their terrible commission, the same agency was employed for their removal: "And the Lord turned a mighty strong west wind, which took away the locusts, and cast them into the Red Sea; there remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt" (ver. 19).

3. This very absence of self-control serves to illustrate another Scriptural notice respecting them which has only recently been verified by the best entomologists. Standard writers like Hartwell Horne and Mason Harris have represented them as living under a form of government resembling that of bees, and having "a leader, whose motions they invariably observe." That blind, unreasoning impulse, which urges them forward over every kind of obstacle, impelling them to climb the highest houses, when the slightest deviation might have spared them the trouble, which does but furnish another illustration of the inspired writer:—"They shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks: neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path" (Joel i. 7, 8)—and which yet at the same time makes them obey the caprice of every gust of wind, prepares us for the announcement that theirs is a *republican*, not a monarchical, form of government. I have said that this is now the opinion of the best writers on entomology—such as Kirby and Spence, Denham, and Mouffet. What says the wise man in the book of Proverbs? "*The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands*" (xxx. 27)—influenced, doubtless, by some common instinct to play their part in the great drama of the universe. I may mention, in passing, that this "going forth in bands" or "divisions" is, like every other parti-

cular, verified by the observation of travellers. "Those which I saw (writes Burckhardt) fly in separate bodies, and do not spread over a whole district."

4. Many writers mention the curious resemblance which the head of the locust bears to that of the horse; whence the ancient Greeks call it "the horse of the earth," the modern Italians, "the little horse," and the Arabs, "the soldier's horse." This last comparison seems to include something more than the mere shape of the head; and when we read Salt's description of the Abyssinian locust: "the head and shoulders . . . armed with a thick shell or case, that of the head of a leaden grey colour . . . the body cased with seven strong plates on the back, folding over one another;" and when we remember that one genus takes its name from the spine or spike which projects from the middle of the breast; we seem to have no faint or imaginary picture of the ancient war-horse, armed with projecting spikes and thick plates of solid metal. "The appearance of them (says Joel) is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they run . . . and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded" (ii. 4, 8). Compare with this the language of the Apocalypse: "And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle . . . and they had breastplates as it were breastplates of iron" (Rev. ix. 7, 9).

5. It is curious to observe the *impressions* produced on different writers by the *noise* of these insects, individually so insignificant, yet in the aggregate so imposing. One compares it to "an army foraging in secret;" another to "a flame driven by the wind;" a third to "the rattling of hailstones;" a fourth to "the rushing of a torrent;" a fifth to "the noise of a great cataract;" a sixth describes it, less elegantly, but very significantly, as "a sort of cracking noise;" a seventh says, "it may be heard at six miles' distance;" while to an eighth, it seemed like "a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship;" and a ninth declares that "when first rising from the earth, or turning upon the wing," he "cannot compare their noise to anything more appropriate than the roaring of the sea when agitated by a storm." What a flood of light do these varying yet concurrent testimonies pour upon the language of inspiration! "Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble" writes Joel (i. 5). "And the sound of their wings (says St. John) was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle" (Rev. ix. 9).

6. We have repeatedly had occasion to observe, during this investigation, how truth underlies even the boldest figure of Oriental poetry. This is the case with another part of Joel's imagery; as we see from Dr. Thomson's account of his "first introduction to the far-famed locusts of the East." "Noticing (he says) something peculiar on the hill-side, I rode up to examine it, when, to my amazement, the whole surface became agitated, and

began to roll down the declivity. My horse was so terrified that I was obliged to dismount." It is not all hyperbole, then, when the prophet writes, "The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble (Joel ii. 10).

7. Another example is afforded in the book of Revelation, in regard to the *smoke*, as of a furnace, out of which the locusts are said to have emerged upon the earth (ix. 2, 3.) Mr. Darwin, in his "Researches," says, "We observed to the southward a ragged cloud of a dark reddish-brown colour. For some time, we had no doubt but that it was thick *smoke* proceeding from some great fire on the plains. Soon afterwards we found it was a flight of locusts."

8. Our last topic relates to the locust as an article of food. The Hebrews were expressly permitted to eat it, no less than four varieties of it being specified (Leviticus xi. 21, 22) that there might be no room for misapprehension or uncertainty on the subject. It is strange that there could ever have been two opinions respecting the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness. There can be no reasonable doubt but that "his meat was (*literally*) locusts and wild honey" (Matthew iii. 4). Many scrupulous Mohamædians of the present day, who hold even fish to be unclean food, do not hesitate to partake of locusts. The Bedawin of Arabia are in the constant habit of eating them, and there are regular locust shops in the towns, where they are sold by measure: but in Egypt they are only used as food by the poorest beggars, and in Syria by the Arabs of the extreme frontiers. This difference of usage in countries which profess the religion of Mohammed, may be accounted for from the fact that his own opinions and practice, in this respect, had not been uniform. In his earlier days, when engaged in his military campaigns, he was accustomed to eat locusts like those around him; but latterly he abstained from doing so, on the ground that they were "armies sent by God against those with whom He was angry." He, however, left it an open question with his followers; some of whom have adopted his earlier, others, his more matured convictions. Any diversity of usage, therefore, among the modern inhabitants of Palestine is no argument whatever against our understanding the sacred narrative in its strictly literal sense. I will only add, that there are several modes of preparing locusts for food, and that, whether boiled, roasted, or fried (salt being largely used in each case), and afterwards eaten with honey and butter, they are pronounced by Europeans to be most wholesome and palatable, and not unlike our freshwater crayfish, prawns, or shrimps.

The inference I would draw from the whole is this, that where difficulties appear insurmountable, in prosecuting such inquiries as these which have now engaged our attention, they are to be attributed, not to some mistake on the part of the sacred writer, but to some lack of information on our part, to the absence of some link, which has

only to be sought for, or, it may be, waited for patiently and reverently, and in due time the lack shall be supplied, the missing link shall be added to the chain of convincing evidence, and the truth shall come forth in all the grandeur of its power and persuasiveness.

An illustration of my meaning will form a suitable conclusion to these very imperfect remarks. Probably many of my readers have been, like myself, not a little puzzled by a passage in the 68th Psalm (ver. 13), which is generally admitted to be full of obscurity: "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Happily, in this case, the difficulty has just been solved, and I cannot do better than quote the exact words of the lady to whom we are indebted for the discovery of the solution. Speaking of the flat house-tops of the Eastern city in which she was sojourning, and especially of that belonging to a neighbour called Hasna, she says, "The roofs are usually in a great state of litter, and were it not that Hasna gets a palm branch and makes a clearance once in a

while, her roof would assuredly give way under the accumulation of rubbish. One thing never seemed cleared away, however, and that was the heap of old broken pitchers, sherds, and pots, that in these and similar houses are piled up in some corner; and there is a curious observation to be made in connection with this. A little before sunset, numbers of pigeons suddenly emerge from behind the pitchers and other rubbish, where they had been sleeping in the heat of the day, or pecking about to find food. They dart upwards, and career through the air in large circles, their outspread wings catching the bright glow of the sun's slanting rays, so that they really resemble shining yellow gold; then, as they wheel round and are seen against the light, they appear as if turned into molten silver, most of them being pure white or else very light-coloured. This may seem fanciful, but the effect of *light* in those regions is difficult to describe to those who have not seen it; and evening after evening we watched the circling flight of doves, and always observed the same appearance."

EDWARD WILTON.

WATCHING.

WATCHING when the morning breaketh
O'er the mountains cold and grey;
Watching when the evening fadeth
In the last long flush of day;
Watching when the stars look gladly
Over all the moonlit sea,
When the night is silent round us—
Love, for thee.

Holy memories steal o'er me
Of the far far distant past;
Fairest visions float before me,
All too bright, too sweet to last.
Watching in the midnight dreary,
Longing thy dear face to see;
Watching till the heart grows weary,
Love, for thee.

Ceaselessly against the window
Beats the dismal plashing rain,
Telling stories weird and wretched
Of what ne'er can come again;
And the night-lamp burneth faintly
On the table, cheerlessly,
And my heart is weary, watching,
Love, for thee.

Watching for the lightest footstep
While my soul is deeply stirr'd
By a murmur 'neath the casement,
By a softly spoken word;

And I gaze into the darkness,
Rain and darkness, dreamily
Watching, longing, longing, watching,
Love, for thee.

Oh! the day succeeds the night-time
With its floods of rosy light;
Following the gloomy winter
Comes the summer warm and bright.
The light comes to the flowers,
And the leaflet to the tree,
And all is gay in spring-time,
Love, but me.

The birds will mate them gladly
When the year is in its prime;
The flowers will smell the sweetest
In the happy summer-time.
I, sad, alone, will watch it—
The wide, the cruel sea—
While its billows bear thee farther,
Love, from me.

Watching all the happy summer,
When the days are long and bright;
Watching while the autumn noontide
Fadeth slowly into night;
Watching through the dreary winter,
When the spring's first buds I see;
Watching till the heart grows weary,
Love, for thee.

THE TWO GENERALS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

CHRISTMAS of 1860 is now three years past, and the civil war which was then being commenced in America is still raging without any apparent sign of an end. The prophets of that time who prophesied the worst never foretold anything so black as this. On that Christmas day Major Anderson, who then held the command of the forts in Charleston harbour on the part of the United States Government, removed his men and stores from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, thinking that he might hold the one though not both against any attack from the people of Charleston, whose State, that of South Carolina, had seceded five days previously. That was in truth the beginning of the war, though at that time Mr. Lincoln was not yet President. He became so on the 4th March, 1861, and on the 15th of April following Fort Sumter was evacuated by Major Anderson, on the part of the United States Government, under fire from the people of Charleston. So little bloody, however, was that affair that no one was killed in the assault;—though one poor fellow perished in the saluting fire with which the retreating officer was complimented as he retired with the so-called honours of war. During the three years that have since passed, the combatants have better learned the use of their weapons of war. No one can now laugh at them for bloodless battles. Never have the sides of any stream been so bathed in blood as have the shores of those Virginian rivers whose names have lately become familiar to us. None of those old death-doing generals of Europe whom we have learned to hate for the cold-blooded energy of their trade,—Tilly, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederic, or Napoleon;—none of these ever left so many carcasses to the kites as have the Johnsons, Jacksons, and Hookers of the American armies, who come and go so fast, that they are almost forgotten before the armies they have led have melted into clay.

Of all the states of the old Union, Virginia has probably suffered the most, but Kentucky has least deserved the suffering which has fallen to her lot. In Kentucky the war has raged hither and thither, every town having been subject to inroads from either army. But she would have been loyal to the Union if she could;—nay, on the whole she has been loyal. She would have thrown off the plague chain of slavery if the prurient virtue of New England would have allowed her to do so by her own means. But virtuous New England was too proud of her own virtue to be content that the work of abolition should thus pass from her hands. Kentucky, when the war was beginning, desired nothing but to go on in her own course. She wished for no sudden change. She grew no cotton. She produced corn and meat, and was a land flowing

with milk and honey. Her slaves were not as the slaves of the Southern States. They were few in number; tolerated for a time because their manumission was understood to be of all questions the most difficult;—rarely or never sold from the estates to which they belonged. When the war broke out Kentucky said that she would be neutral. Neutral,—and she lying on the front lines of the contest! Such neutrality was impossible to her,—impossible to any of her children!

Near to the little State capital of Frankfort there lived at that Christmas time of 1860 an old man, Major Reckenthorpe by name, whose life had been marked by many circumstances which had made him well known throughout Kentucky. He had sat for nearly thirty years in the Congress of the United States at Washington, representing his own State sometimes as senator, and sometimes in the lower house. Though called a major he was by profession a lawyer, and as such had lived successfully. Time had been when friends had thought it possible that he might fill the President's chair; but his name had been too much and too long in men's mouths for that. Who had heard of Lincoln, Pierce, or Polk, two years before they were named as candidates for the Presidency? But Major Reckenthorpe had been known and talked of in Washington longer perhaps than any other living politician.

Upon the whole he had been a good man, serving his country as best he knew how, and adhering honestly to his own political convictions. He had been and now was a slaveowner, but had voted in the Congress of his own State for the abolition of slavery in Kentucky. He had been a passionate man, and had lived not without the stain of blood on his hands, for duels had been familiar to him. But he had lived in a time and in a country in which it had been hardly possible for a leading public man not to be familiar with a pistol. He had been known as one whom no man could attack with impunity; but he had also been known as one who would not willingly attack any one. Now at the time of which I am writing, he was old,—almost on the shelf,—past his duellings and his strong short invectives on the floors of Congress; but he was a man whom no age could tame, and still he was ever talking, thinking, and planning for the political wellbeing of his State.

In person he was tall, still upright, stiff and almost ungainly in his gait, with eager grey eyes which the waters of age could not dim, with short, thick, grizzled hair which age had hardly thinned, but which ever looked rough and uncombed, with large hands, which he stretched out with extended fingers when he spoke vehemently;—and of the Major it may be said that he always spoke with

vehemence. But now he was slow in his steps, and infirm on his legs. He suffered from rheumatism, sciatica, and other maladies of the old, which no energy of his own could repress. In these days he was a stern, unhappy, all but broken-hearted old man; for he saw that the work of his life had been wasted.

And he had another grief which at this Christmas of 1861 had already become terrible to him, and which afterwards bowed him with sorrow to the ground. He had two sons, both of whom were then at home with him, having come together under the family roof tree that they might discuss with their father the political position of their country, and especially the position of Kentucky. South Carolina had already seceded, and other Slave States were talking of secession. What should Kentucky do? So the Major's sons, young men of eight-and-twenty and five-and-twenty, met together at their father's house;—they met and quarrelled deeply, as their father had well known would be the case.

The eldest of these sons was at that time the owner of the slaves and land which his father had formerly possessed and farmed. He was a Southern gentleman, living on the produce of slave labour, and as such had learned to vindicate, if not love, that social system which has produced as its result the war which is still raging at this Christmas of 1863. To him this matter of secession or non-secession was of vital import. He was prepared to declare that the wealth of the South was derived from its agriculture, and that its agriculture could only be supported by its slaves. He went further than this, and declared also that no further league was possible between a Southern gentleman and a Puritan from New England. His father, he said, was an old man, and might be excused by reason of his age from any active part in the contest that was coming. But for himself there could be but one duty;—that of supporting the new Confederacy, to which he would belong, with all his strength and with whatever wealth was his own.

The second son had been educated at Westpoint, the great military school of the old United States, and was now an officer in the National army. Not on that account need it be supposed that he would, as a matter of course, join himself to the Northern side in the war,—to the side which, as being in possession of the capital and the old Government establishments, might claim to possess a right to his military services. A large proportion of the officers in the pay of the United States leagued themselves with Secession,—and it is difficult to see why such an act would be more disgraceful in them than in others. But with Frank Reckenthorpe such was not the case. He declared that he would be loyal to the Government which he served; and in saying so, seemed to imply that the want of such loyalty in any other person, soldier or non-soldier, would be disgraceful, as in his opinion it would have been disgraceful in himself.

"I can understand your feeling," said his

brother, who was known as Tom Reckenthorpe, "on the assumption that you think more of being a soldier than of being a man; but not otherwise."

"Even if I were no soldier, I would not be a rebel," said Frank.

"How a man can be a rebel for sticking to his own country, I cannot understand," said Tom.

"Your own country!" said Frank. "Is it to be Kentucky or South Carolina? And is it to be a republic or a monarchy;—or shall we hear of Emperor Davis? You already belong to the greatest nation on the earth, and you are preparing yourself to belong to the least;—that is, if you should be successful. Luckily for yourself, you have no chance of success."

"At any rate I will do my best to fight for it."

"Nonsense, Tom," said the old man, who was sitting by.

"It is no nonsense, sir. A man can fight without having been at Westpoint. Whether he can do so after having his spirit drilled and drummed out of him there, I don't know."

"Tom!" said the old man.

"Don't mind him, father," said the younger.

"His appetite for fighting will soon be over. Even yet I doubt whether we shall ever see a regiment in arms sent from the Southern States against the Union."

"Do you?" said Tom. "If you stick to your colours, as you say you will, your doubts will soon be set at rest. And I'll tell you what, if your regiment is brought into the field, I trust that I may find myself opposite to it. You have chosen to forget that we are brothers, and you shall find that I can forget it also."

"Tom!" said the father, "you should not say such words as that; at any rate, in my presence."

"It is true, sir," said he. "A man who speaks as he speaks does not belong to Kentucky, and can be no brother of mine. If I were to meet him face to face, I would as soon shoot him as another;—sooner, because he is a renegade."

"You are very wicked,—very wicked," said the old man, rising from his chair,—"very wicked." And then, leaning on his stick, he left the room.

"Indeed, what he says is true," said a sweet, soft voice from a sofa in the far corner of the room. "Tom, you are very wicked to speak to your brother thus. Would you take on yourself the part of Cain?"

"He is more silly than wicked, Ada," said the soldier. "He will have no chance of shooting me, or of seeing me shot. He may succeed in getting himself locked up as a rebel; but I doubt whether he'll ever go beyond that."

"If I ever find myself opposite to you with a pistol in my grasp," said the elder brother, "may my right hand —"

But his voice was stopped, and the imprecation remained unuttered. The girl who had spoken rushed from her seat and put her hand before his mouth. "Tom," she said, "I will never speak to

you again if you utter such an oath,—never.” And her eyes flashed fire at his and made him dumb.

Ada Forster called Mrs. Reckenthorpe her aunt, but the connection between them was not so near as that of aunt and niece. Ada nevertheless lived with the Reckenthorpes, and had done so for the last two years. She was an orphan, and on the death of her father had followed her father's sister-in-law from Maine down to Kentucky;—for Mrs. Reckenthorpe had come from that farthest and most straitlaced State of the Union, in which people bind themselves by law to drink neither beer, wine, nor spirits, and all go to bed at nine o'clock. But Ada Forster was an heiress, and therefore it was thought well by the elder Reckenthorpes that she should marry one of their sons. Ada Forster was also a beauty, with slim, tall form, very pleasant to the eye; with bright, speaking eyes and glossy hair; with ivory teeth of the whitest,—only to be seen now and then when a smile could be won from her; and therefore such a match was thought desirable also by the younger Reckenthorpes. But unfortunately it had been thought desirable by each of them, whereas the father and mother had intended Ada for the soldier.

I have not space in this short story to tell how progress had been made in the troubles of this love affair. So it was now, that Ada had consented to become the wife of the elder brother,—of Tom Reckenthorpe, with his home among the slaves,—although she, with all her New England feelings strong about her, hated slavery and all its adjuncts. But when has Love stayed to be guided by any such consideration as that? Tom Reckenthorpe was a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man. So was his brother Frank. But Tom Reckenthorpe could be soft to a woman, and in that, I think, had he found the means of his success. Frank Reckenthorpe was never soft.

Frank had gone angrily from home when, some three months since, Ada had told him her determination. His brother had been then absent, and they had not met till this their Christmas meeting. Now it had been understood between them, by the intervention of their mother, that they would say nothing to each other as to Ada Forster. The elder had, of course, no cause for saying aught, and Frank was too proud to wish to speak on such a matter before his successful rival. But Frank had not given up the battle. When Ada had made her speech to him, he had told her that he would not take it as conclusive. “The whole tenor of Tom's life,” he had said to her, “must be distasteful to you. It is impossible that you should live as the wife of a slaveowner.”

“In a few years there will be no slaves in Kentucky,” she had answered.

“Wait till then,” he had answered; “and I also will wait.” And so he had left her, resolving that he would bide his time. He thought that the right still remained to him of seeking Ada's hand, although she had told him that she loved his

brother. “I know that such a marriage would make each of them miserable,” he said to himself over and over again. And now that these terrible times had come upon them, and that he was going one way with the Union, while his brother was going the other way with Secession, he felt more strongly than ever that he might still be successful. The political predilections of American women are as strong as those of American men. And Frank Reckenthorpe knew that all Ada's feelings were as strongly in favour of the Union as his own. Had not she been born and bred in Maine? Was she not ever keen for total abolition, till even the old Major, with all his gallantry for womanhood and all his love for the young girl who had come to his house in his old age, would be driven occasionally by stress of feeling to rebuke her? Frank Reckenthorpe was patient, hopeful, and firm. The time must come when Ada would learn that she could not be a fit wife for his brother. The time had, he thought, perhaps come already; and so he spoke to her a word or two on the evening of that day on which she had laid her hand upon his brother's mouth.

“Ada,” he had said, “there are bad times coming to us.”

“Good times, I hope,” she had answered. “No one could expect that the thing could be done without some struggle. When the struggle has passed we shall say that good times have come.” The thing of which she spoke was that little thing of which she was ever thinking, the enfranchisement of four millions of slaves.

“I fear that there will be bad times first. Of course I am thinking of you now.”

“Bad or good they will not be worse to me than to others.”

“They would be very bad to you if this State were to secede, and if you were to join your lot to my brother's. In the first place, all your fortune would be lost to him and to you.”

“I do not see that; but of course I will caution him that it may be so. If it alters his views, I shall hold him free to act as he chooses.”

“But, Ada, should it not alter yours?”

“What,—because of my money?—or because Tom could not afford to marry a girl without a fortune?”

“I did not mean that. He might decide that for himself. But your marriage with him under such circumstances as those which he now contemplates, would be as though you married a Spaniard or a Greek adventurer. You would be without country, without home, without fortune, and without standing-ground in the world. Look you, Ada, before you answer. I frankly own that I tell you this because I want you to be my wife, and not his.”

“Never, Frank; I shall never be your wife,—whether I marry him or no.”

“All I ask of you now is to pause. This is no time for marrying or for giving in marriage.”

“There I agree with you; but as my word is

pledged to him, I shall let him be my adviser in that."

Late on that same night Ada saw her betrothed and bade him adieu. She bade him adieu with many tears, for he came to tell her that he intended to leave Frankfort very early on the following morning. "My staying here now is out of the question," said he. "I am resolved to secede, whatever the State may do. My father is resolved against secession. It is necessary, therefore, that we should part. I have already left my father and mother, and now I have come to say good-bye to you."

"And your brother, Tom?"

"I shall not see my brother again."

"And is that well after such words as you have spoken to each other? Perhaps it may be that you will never see him again. Do you remember what you threatened?"

"I do remember what I threatened."

"And did you mean it?"

"No; of course I did not mean it. You, Ada, have heard me speak many angry words, but I do not think that you have known me do many angry things."

"Never one, Tom:—never. See him then before you go, and tell him so."

"No,—he is hard as iron, and would take any such telling from me amiss. He must go his way, and I mine."

"But though you differ as men, Tom, you need not hate each other as brothers."

"It will be better that we should not meet again. The truth is, Ada, that he always despises any one who does not think as he thinks. If I offered him my hand he would take it, but while doing so he would let me know that he thought me a fool. Then I should be angry, and threaten him again, and things would be worse. You must not quarrel with me, Ada, if I say that he has all the faults of a Yankee."

"And the virtues too, sir, while you have all the faults of a Southern —. But, Tom, as you are going from us, I will not scold you. I have, too, a word of business to say to you."

"And what's the word of business, dear?" said Tom, getting nearer to her as a lover should do, and taking her hand in his.

"It is this. You and those who think like you are dividing yourselves from your country. As to whether that be right or wrong, I will say nothing now,—nor will I say anything as to your chance of success. But I am told that those who go with the South will not be able to hold property in the North."

"Did Frank tell you that?"

"Never mind who told me, Tom."

"And is that to make a difference between you and me?"

"That is just the question that I am asking you. Only you ask me with a reproach in your tone, and I ask you with none in mine. Till we have mutually

agreed to break our engagement you shall be my adviser. If you think it better that it should be broken,—better for your own interests, be man enough to say so."

But Tom Reckenthorpe either did not think so, or else he was not man enough to speak his thoughts. Instead of doing so he took the girl in his arms and kissed her, and swore that whether with fortune or no fortune she should be his, and his only. But still he had to go,—to go now, within an hour or two of the very moment at which they were speaking. They must part, and before parting must make some mutual promise as to their future meeting. Marriage now, as things stood at this Christmas time, could not be thought of even by Tom Reckenthorpe. At last he promised that if he were then alive he would be with her again, at the old family house at Frankfort, on the next coming Christmas day. So he went, and as he let himself out of the old house Ada, with her eyes full of tears, took herself up to her bedroom.

During the year that followed—the year 1861—the American war progressed only as a school for fighting. The most memorable action was that of Bull's Run, in which both sides ran away, not from individual cowardice in either set of men, but from that feeling of panic which is engendered by ignorance and inexperience. Men saw waggons rushing hither and thither, and thought that all was lost. After that the year was passed in drilling and in camp-making,—in the making of soldiers, of gunpowder, and of caunons. But of all the articles of war made in that year, the article that seemed easiest of fabrication was a general officer. Generals were made with the greatest rapidity, owing their promotion much more frequently to local interest than to military success. Such a State sent such and such regiments, and therefore must be rewarded by having such and such generals nominated from among its citizens. The wonder perhaps is that with armies so formed battles should have been fought so well.

Before the end of 1861 both Major Reckenthorpe's sons had become general officers. That Frank, the soldier, should have been so promoted was, at such a period as this, nothing strange. Though a young man he had been soldier, or learning the trade of a soldier, for more than ten years, and such service as that might well be counted for much in the sudden construction of an army intended to number seven hundred thousand troops, and which at one time did contain all those soldiers. Frank too was a clever fellow, who knew his business, and there were many generals made in those days who understood less of their work than he did. As much could not be said for Tom's quick military advancement. But this could be said for them in the South,—that unless they did make their generals in this way, they would hardly have any generals at all, and General Reckenthorpe, as he so quickly became,—General Tom as they used to call him in Kentucky,—recommended himself specially to the Confede-

rate leaders by the warmth and eagerness with which he had come among them. The name of the old man so well known throughout the Union, who had ever loved the South without hating the North, would have been a tower of strength to them. Having him they would have thought that they might have carried the State of Kentucky into open secession. He was now worn out and old, and could not be expected to take upon his shoulders the crushing burden of a new contest. But his eldest son had come among them, eagerly, with his whole heart; and so they made him a general.

The poor old man was in part proud of this and in part grieved. "I have a son a general in each army," he said to a stranger who came to his house in those days; "but what strength is there in a fagot when it is separated? of what use is a house that is divided against itself? The boys would kill each other if they met."

"It is very sad," said the stranger.

"Sad!" said the old man. "It is as though the Devil were let loose upon the earth;—and so he is; so he is."

The family came to understand that General Tom was with the Confederate army which was confronting the Federal army of the Potomac and defending Richmond; whereas it was well known that Frank was in Kentucky with the army on the Green River, which was hoping to make its way into Tennessee, and which did so early in the following year. It must be understood that Kentucky, though a slave state, had never seceded, and that therefore it was divided off from the Southern States, such as Tennessee and that part of Virginia which had seceded, by a cordon of pickets; so that there was no coming up from the Confederate army to Frankfort in Kentucky. There could, at any rate, be no easy or safe coming up for such a one as General Tom, seeing that being a soldier he would be regarded as a spy, and certainly treated as a prisoner if found within the Northern lines. Nevertheless, General as he was, he kept his engagement with Ada, and made his way into the gardens of his father's house on the night of Christmas-eve. And Ada was the first who knew that he was there. Her ear first caught the sound of his footsteps, and her hand raised for him the latch of the garden door.

"Oh, Tom, it is not you?"

"But it is though, Ada, my darling!" Then there was a little pause in his speech. "Did I not tell you that I should see you to-day?"

"Hush. Do you know who is here? Your brother came across to us from the Green River yesterday."

"The mischief he did. Then I shall never find my way back again. If you knew what I have gone through for this!"

Ada immediately stepped out through the door and on to the snow, standing close up against him as she whispered to him, "I don't think Frank would betray you," she said. "I don't think he would."

"I doubt him,—doubt him hugely. But I suppose I must trust him. I got through the pickets close to Cumberland Gap, and I left my horse at Stoneley's, half way between this and Lexington. I cannot go back to-night now that I have come so far!"

"Wait, Tom; wait a minute, and I will go in and tell your mother. But you must be hungry. Shall I bring you food?"

"Hungry enough, but I will not eat my father's victuals out here in the snow."

"Wait a moment, dearest, till I speak to my aunt." Then Ada slipped back into the house and soon managed to get Mrs. Reckenthorpe away from the room in which the Major and his second son were sitting. "Tom is here," she said, "in the garden. He has encountered all this danger to pay us a visit because it is Christmas. Oh, aunt, what are we to do? He says that Frank would certainly give him up!"

Mrs. Reckenthorpe was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, but even with this advantage on her side Ada's tidings were almost too much for her. She, however, at last managed to consult the Major, and he resolved upon appealing to the generosity of his younger son. By this time the Confederate General was warming himself in the kitchen, having declared that his brother might do as he pleased;—he would not skulk away from his father's house in the night.

"Frank," said the father, as his younger son sat silently thinking of what had been told him, "it cannot be your duty to be false to your father in his own house."

"It is not always easy, sir, for a man to see what is his duty. I wish that either he or I had not come here."

"But he is here; and you, his brother, would not take advantage of his coming to his father's house?" said the old man.

"Do you remember, sir, how he told me last year that if ever he met me on the field he would shoot me like a dog?"

"But, Frank, you know that he is the last man in the world to carry out such a threat. Now he has come here with great danger."

"And I have come with none; but I do not see that that makes any difference."

"He has put up with it all that he may see the girl he loves."

"Psha!" said Frank, rising up from his chair. "When a man has work to do, he is a fool to give way to play. The girl he loves! Does he not know that it is impossible that she should ever marry him? Father, I ought to insist that he should leave this house as a prisoner. I know that that would be my duty."

"You would have, sir, to bear my curse."

"I should not the less have done my duty. But, father, independently of your threat, I will neglect that duty. I cannot bring myself to break your heart and my mother's. But I will not see him.

Good-bye, sir. I will go up to the hotel, and will leave the place before daybreak to-morrow."

After some few further words Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without encountering his brother. He also had not seen Ada Forster since that former Christmas when they had all been together, and he had now left his camp and come across from the army much more with the view of inducing her to acknowledge the hopelessness of her engagement with his brother, than from any domestic idea of passing his Christmas at home. He was a man who would not have interfered with his brother's prospects, as regarded either love or money, if he had thought that in doing so he would in truth have injured his brother. He was a hard man, but one not wilfully unjust. He had satisfied himself that a marriage between Ada and his brother must, if it were practicable, be ruinous to both of them. If this were so, would not it be better for all parties that there should be another arrangement made? North and South were as far divided now as the two poles. All Ada's hopes and feelings were with the North. Could he allow her to be taken as a bride among perishing slaves and ruined whites?

But when the moment for his sudden departure came he knew that it would be better that he should go without seeing her. His brother Tom had made his way to her through cold, and wet, and hunger, and through infinite perils of a kind sterner even than these. Her heart now would be full of softness towards him. So Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without seeing any one but his mother. Ada, as the front door closed behind him, was still standing close by her lover over the kitchen fire, while the slaves of the family, with whom Master Tom had always been the favourite, were administering to his little comforts.

Of course General Tom was a hero in the house for the few days that he remained there, and of course the step he had taken was the very one to strengthen for him the affection of the girl whom he had come to see. North and South were even more bitterly divided now than they had been when the former parting had taken place. There were fewer hopes of reconciliation; more positive certainty of war to the knife; and they who adhered strongly to either side, and those who did not adhere strongly to either side were very few,—held their opinions now with more acrimony than they had then done. The peculiar bitterness of civil war, which adds personal hatred to national enmity, had come upon the minds of the people. And here, in Kentucky, on the borders of the contest, members of the same household were, in many cases, at war with each other. Ada Forster and her aunt were passionately Northern, while the feelings of the old man had gradually turned themselves to that division in the nation to which he naturally belonged. For months past the matter on which they were all thinking,—the subject which filled their minds morning, noon, and night,—was banished from

their lips because it could not be discussed without the bitterness of hostility. But, nevertheless, there was no word of bitterness between Tom Reckenthorpe and Ada Forster. While these few short days lasted it was all love. Where is the woman whom one touch of romance will not soften, though she be ever so impervious to argument? Tom could sit up-stairs with his mother and his betrothed, and tell them stories of the gallantry of the South,—of the sacrifices women were making, and of the deeds men were doing,—and they would listen and smile and caress his hand, and all for a while would be pleasant; while the old Major did not dare to speak before them of his Southern hopes. But down in the parlour, during the two or three long nights which General Tom passed in Frankfort, open secession was discussed between the two men. The old man now had given away altogether. The Yankees, he said, were too bitter for him. "I wish I had died first; that is all," he said. "I wish I had died first. Life is wretched now to a man who can do nothing." His son tried to comfort him, saying that secession would certainly be accomplished in twelve months, and that every Slave State would certainly be included in the Southern Confederacy. But the Major shook his head. Though he hated the political bitterness of the men whom he called Puritans and Yankees, he knew their strength and acknowledged their power. "Nothing good can come in my time," he said; "not in my time,—not in my time."

In the middle of the fourth night General Tom took his departure. An old slave arrived with his horse a little before midnight, and he started on his journey. "Whatever turns up, Ada," he said, "you will be true to me."

"I will; though you are a rebel, all the same for that."

"So was Washington."

"Washington made a nation;—you are destroying one."

"We are making another, dear; that's all. But I won't talk secesh to you out here in the cold. Go in, and be good to my father; and remember this, Ada, I'll be here again next Christmas-eve, if I'm alive."

So he went, and made his journey back to his own camp in safety. He slept at a friend's house during the following day, and on the next night again made his way through the Northern lines back into Virginia. Even at that time there was considerable danger in doing this, although the frontier to be guarded was so extensive. This arose chiefly from the paucity of roads, and the impossibility of getting across the country where no roads existed. But General Tom got safely back to Richmond, and no doubt found that the tedium of his military life had been greatly relieved by his excursion.

Then, after that, came a year of fighting,—and there has since come another year of fighting; of such fighting that we, hearing the accounts from day to day, have hitherto failed to recognise its

extent and import. Every now and then we have even spoken of the inaction of this side or of that, as though the drawn battles which have lasted for days, in which men have perished by tens of thousands, could be renewed as might the old German battles, in which an Austrian general would be ever retreating with infinite skill and military efficacy. For constancy, for blood, for hard determination to win at any cost of life or material, history has known no such battles as these. That the South have fought the best as regards skill no man can doubt. As regards pluck and resolution there has not been a pin's choice between them. They have both fought as Englishmen fight when they are equally in earnest. As regards result, it has been almost altogether in favour of the North, because they have so vast a superiority in numbers and material.

General Tom Reckenthorpe remained during the year in Virginia, and was attached to that corps of General Lee's army which was commanded by Stonewall Jackson. It was not probable, therefore, that he would be left without active employment. During the whole year he was fighting, assisting in the wonderful raids that were made by that man whose loss was worse to the Confederates than the loss of Vicksburg or of New Orleans. And General Tom gained for himself mark, name, and glory,—but it was the glory of a soldier rather than of a general. No one looked upon him as the future commander of an army; but men said that if there was a rapid stroke to be stricken, under orders from some more thoughtful head, General Tom was the hand to strike it. Thus he went on making wonderful rides by night, appearing like a warrior ghost leading warrior ghosts in some quiet valley of the Federals, seizing supplies and cutting off cattle, till his name came to be great in the State of Kentucky, and Ada Forster, Yaukee though she was, was proud of her rebel lover.

And Frank Reckenthorpe, the other general, made progress also, though it was progress of a different kind. Men did not talk of him so much as they did of Tom; but the War Office at Washington knew that he was useful,—and used him. He remained for a long time attached to the western army, having been removed from Kentucky to St. Louis, in Missouri, and was there when his brother last heard of him. "I am fighting day and night," he once said to one who was with him from his own State, "and, as far as I can learn, Frank is writing day and night. Upon my word, I think that I have the best of it."

It was but a couple of days after this, the time then being about the latter end of September, that he found himself on horseback at the head of three regiments of cavalry near the foot of one of those valleys which lead up into the Blue Mountain ridge of Virginia. He was about six miles in advance of Jackson's army, and had pushed forward with the view of intercepting certain Federal supplies which he and others had hoped might be within his reach.

He had expected that there would be fighting, but he had hardly expected so much fighting as came that day in his way. He got no supplies. Indeed, he got nothing but blows, and though on that day the Confederates would not admit that they had been worsted, neither could they claim to have done more than hold their own. But General Tom's fighting was in that day brought to an end.

It must be understood that there was no great battle fought on this occasion. General Reckenthorpe, with about 1500 troopers, had found himself suddenly compelled to attack about double that number of Federal infantry. He did so once, and then a second time, but on each occasion without breaking the lines to which he was opposed; and towards the close of the day he found himself unhorsed, but still unwounded, with no weapon in his hand but his pistol, immediately surrounded by about a dozen of his own men, but so far in advance of the body of his troops as to make it almost impossible that he should find his way back to them. As the smoke cleared away and he could look about him, he saw that he was close to an uneven, irregular line of Federal soldiers. But there was still a chance, and he had turned for a rush, with his pistol ready for use in his hand, when he found himself confronted by a Federal officer. The pistol was already raised, and his finger was on the trigger, when he saw that the man before him was his brother.

"Your time has come," said Frank, standing his ground very calmly. He was quite unarmed, and had been separated from his men and ridden over; but hitherto he had not been hurt.

"Frank!" said Tom, dropping his pistol arm, "is that you?"

"And you are not going to do it, then?" said Frank.

"Do what?" said Tom, whose calmness was altogether gone. But he had forgotten that threat as soon as it had been uttered, and did not even know to what his brother was alluding.

But Tom Reckenthorpe, in his confusion at meeting his brother, had lost whatever chance there remained to him of escaping. He stood for a moment or two, looking at Frank, and wondering at the coincidence which had brought them together, before he turned to run. Then it was too late. In the hurry and scurry of the affair all but two of his own men had left him, and he saw that a rush of Federal soldiers was coming up around him. Nevertheless he resolved to start for a run. "Give me a chance, Frank," he said, and prepared to run. But as he went,—or rather before he had left the ground on which he was standing before his brother, a shot struck him, and he was disabled. In a minute he was as though he were stunned; then he smiled faintly, and slowly sunk upon the ground. "It's all up, Frank," he said, "and you are in at the death."

Frank Reckenthorpe was soon kneeling beside his brother amidst a crowd of his own men. "Spurrell,"

he said to a young officer who was close to him, "it is my own brother."—"What, General Tom?" said Spurrell. "Not dangerously, I hope?"

By this time the wounded man had been able, as it were, to feel himself and to ascertain the amount of the damage done him. "It's my right leg," he said; "just on the knee. If you'll believe me, Frank, I thought it was my heart at first. I don't think much of the wound, but I suppose you won't let me go?"

Of course they wouldn't let him go, and indeed if they had been minded so to do, he could not have gone. The wound was not fatal, as he had at first thought; but neither was it a matter of little consequence as he afterwards asserted. His fighting was over, unless he could fight with a leg amputated between the knee and the hip.

Before nightfall General Tom found himself in his brother's quarters, a prisoner on parole, with his leg all but condemned by the surgeon. The third day after that saw the leg amputated. For three weeks the two brothers remained together, and after that the elder was taken to Washington, —or rather to Alexandria, on the other side of the Potomac, as a prisoner, there to wait his chance of exchange. At first the intercourse between the two brothers was cold, guarded, and uncomfortable; but after a while it became more kindly than it had been for many a day. Whether it were cold or kindly, its nature, we may be sure, was such as the younger brother made it. Tom was ready enough to forget all personal animosity as soon as his brother would himself be willing to do so; though he was willing enough also to quarrel,—to quarrel bitterly as ever,—if Frank should give him occasion. As to that threat of the pistol, it had passed away from Tom Reckenthorpe, as all his angry words passed from him. It was clean forgotten. It was not simply that he had not wished to kill his brother, but that such a deed was impossible to him. The threat had been like a curse that means nothing,—which is used by passion as its readiest weapon when passion is impotent. But with Frank Reckenthorpe words meant what they were intended to mean. The threat had rankled in his bosom from the time of its utterance, to that moment when a strange coincidence had given the threatener the power of executing it. The remembrance of it was then strong upon him, and he had expected that his brother would have been as bad as his word. But his brother had spared him; and now, slowly, by degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What are your plans, Tom?" he said, as he sat one day by his brother's bed before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plans," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water in prison at Alexandria, I suppose."

"They'll let you up to Washington on your parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Well, then, do say it. I'd have done as

much for you, though I don't like your Yankee politics."

"Never mind my politics now, Tom."

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you see I can't run away."

It should have been mentioned a little way back in this story that the poor old Major had been gathered to his fathers during the past year. As he had said himself, it would be better for him that he should die. He had lived to see the glory of his country, and had gloried in it. If further glory or even further gain were to come out of this terrible war,—as great gains to men and nations do come from contests which are very terrible while they last,—he at least would not live to see it. So when he was left by his sons, he turned his face to the wall and died. There had of course been much said on this subject between the two brothers when they were together, and Frank had declared how special orders had been given to protect the house of the widow if the waves of the war in Kentucky should surge up around Frankfort. Land very near to Frankfort had become debatable between the two armies, and the question of flying from their house had more than once been mooted between the aunt and her niece; but, so far, that evil day had been staved off, and as yet Frankfort, the little capital of the State, was Northern territory.

"I suppose you will get home?" said Frank, after musing awhile, "and look after my mother and Ada?"

"If I can I shall, of course. What else can I do with one leg?"

"Nothing in this war, Tom, of course." Then there was another pause between them. "And what will Ada do?" said Frank.

"What will Ada do? Stay at home with my mother."

"Ah,—yes. But she will not remain always as Ada Forster."

"Do you mean to ask whether I shall marry her;—because of my one leg? If she will have me, I certainly shall."

"And will she? Ought you to ask her?"

"If I found her seamed all over with small-pox, with her limbs broken, blind, disfigured by any misfortune which could have visited her, I would take her as my wife all the same. If she were penniless it would make no difference. She shall judge for herself; but I shall expect her to act by me, as I would have acted by her." Then there was another pause. "Look here, Frank," continued General Tom; "if you mean that I am to give her up as a reward to you for being sent home, I will have nothing to do with the bargain."

"I had intended no such bargain," said Frank, gloomily.

"Very well; then you can do as you please. If Ada will take me, I shall marry her as soon as she will let me. If my being sent home depends upon that, you will know how to act now."

Nevertheless he was sent home. There was not

another word spoken between the two brothers about Ada Forster. Whether Frank thought that he might still have a chance through want of firmness on the part of the girl; or whether he considered that in keeping his brother away from home he could at least do himself no good; or whether, again, he resolved that he would act by his brother as a brother should act, without reference to Ada Forster, I will not attempt to say. For a day or two after the above conversation he was somewhat sullen, and did not talk freely with his brother. After that he brightened up once more, and before long the two parted on friendly terms. General Frank remained with his command, and General Tom was sent to the hospital at Alexandria,—or to such hospitalities as he might be able to enjoy at Washington in his mutilated state,—till that affair of his exchange had been arranged.

In spite of his brother's influence at headquarters this could not be done in a day; nor could permission be obtained for him to go home to Kentucky till such exchange had been effected. In this way he was kept in terrible suspense for something over two months, and mid-winter was upon him before the joyful news arrived that he was free to go where he liked. The officials in Washington would have sent him back to Richmond had he so pleased, seeing that a Federal general officer, supposed to be of equal weight with himself, had been sent back from some Southern prison in his place; but he declined any such favour, declaring his intention of going home to Kentucky. He was simply warned that no pass South could after this be granted to him, and then he went his way.

Disturbed as was the state of the country, nevertheless railways ran from Washington to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Frankfort. So that General Tom's journey home, though with but one leg, was made much faster, and with less diffi-

culty, than that last journey by which he reached the old family house. And again he presented himself on Christmas eve. Ada declared that he remained purposely at Washington, so that he might make good his last promise to the letter; but I am inclined to think that he allowed no such romantic idea as that to detain him among the amenities of Washington.

He arrived again after dark, but on this occasion did not come knocking at the back door. He had fought his fight, had done his share of the battle, and now had reason to be afraid of no one. But again it was Ada who opened the door for him. "Oh, Tom; oh, my own one." There never was a word of question between them as to whether that unseemly crutch and still unhealed wound was to make any difference between them. General Tom found before three hours were over that he lacked the courage to suggest that he might not be acceptable to her as a lover with one leg. There are times in which girls throw off all their coyness, and are as bold in their loves as men. Such a time was this with Ada Forster. In the course of another month the elder General simply sent word to the younger that they intended to be married in May, if the war did not prevent them; and the younger General simply sent back word that his duties at Head Quarters would prevent his being present at the ceremony.

And they were married in May, though the din of war was going on around them on every side. And from that time to this the din of war is still going on, and they are in the thick of it. The carnage of their battles, and the hatreds of their civil contests, are terrible to us when we think of them; but may it not be that the beneficent power of Heaven, which they acknowledge as we do, is thus cleansing their land from that stain of slavery, to abolish which no human power seemed to be sufficient?

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE POOR.

AN UNPUBLISHED PAPER, BY EDWARD IRVING.

THERE is a panegyric of poverty, not unusual with poets and sentimentalists, in which the simple manners of humble life are set off in contrast with the affectation and falsehoods which make up the staple of high and fashionable life; and where the healthy meals and tranquil slumbers and innocent scenes of the cottage are contrasted with the luxury and revels and intrigues of the palace. And the picture which they make by culling out whatever is pleasant and agreeable in the poor man's lot, and adorning it for the fancy with whatever is sweet and graceful in rural scenery (for these Arcadian peasants are generally planted in an Arcadian scene) is very taking to us who are pent up in the

confinement and confused with the noise of cities, because of the emblems of quiet and freedom and honesty with which it is surrounded. Doubtless, putting the exaggerations of poets and sentimentalists to a side, there are many things in humble life which may make high life ashamed; and he who adorneth poverty with the grace of sentiment, or stirreth it with the maxims of prudence and economy, doth the best service both to rich and poor. But it must be confessed by those who have dwelt with the cottager, that there is nothing very poetical in the realities of his life, and nothing very sentimental in the manner of his discourse; that his meals are simple only because niggard necessity

hath snatched superfluities away, and his slumbers sound only because hard work hath worn out the sinews of his strength; and that the simplicity of his life toucheth close upon rudeness, boldness, and indeecency; that his thoughts are few, and his aspirations limited; his knowledge scanty, his feelings blind, his business small, his delights coarse and sensual. And whosoever hath dwelt with poverty—not in rustic cottages, but in city cabins, in its narrow smoky quarters among the alleys of the city—will say that poverty is not there blessed but cursed, and hath the most miserable fare, and the most scanty pittance of all the abundance of life; is straitened of room for decency's sake, pinched of accommodation, hindered of the fresh air and pure light of heaven, tormented with the fear of want, or deluged with the consequences of excess; and is squalid, naked, and miserable. There is no poetry there except for the service of scorn and malignity, to which poetry hath too much ignobly devoted herself; the poetry of pandemonium in abundance, but surely none of the poetry of Arcadia or of Paradise. Nay, let not the poet go into that region; he will but soil the gay raiment of his muse: it is a region proper only for the foot of him who preacheth glad tidings to the poor.

And into this region of poverty—of wretched city poverty, whither the poet and sentimentalist bring no comfort, and into which power and policy have generally carried misery—the Son of God was anointed to carry glad and joyful tidings. To preach glad tidings to the poor was the first sentence of his commission from heaven to earth. And accordingly He openeth the first discourse which He made to his disciples with these words: "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven." He lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven."

He lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and what did He behold? A company of poor, hungry, doleful, and outcast men. There was assembled a great multitude who had come from all parts to hear Him; to gratify curiosity by hearing Him of whom fame had spoken so widely, and to be healed of their diseases; to take all which He had to give, and give Him strokes, rejection, contempt, and death, in return for his divine gift of health and strength. But, besides this multitude congregated from the corners of the earth, there was the company of his disciples whom He had called up to the mountain at the break of day, from whom he had separated twelve to be his apostles, with whom He descended into the plain, and who, it is to be believed, stood around the person or sat at the feet of the Master to whose doctrine and to whose fortunes they had dedicated themselves. Upon this company who had made a covenant of faith with Him—weak, doubtless, and by many to be broken, yet in whom were contained the rudiments of his future Church—the men who laid the foundations of Zion, and built up its walls, till they overthrew the idolatries of every high

place, and have stood against all assaults of evil powers, and still do stand the hope and glory of the world; upon this dishevelled company,—for well I know, though our Saviour had not characterised them as the poor, the hungry, the dejected, and the outcast, that they must have been dishevelled, seeing it was never known since the world began that the rich and well-endowed and high-conditioned classes ever drew around one who had none of those ornaments, or cared for none of those commodities in which standeth the fashion of their life—upon this dishevelled company of poor, hungry, dejected, and forlorn disciples, in whom stood the strength and hope of the Church, lifting up his eyes, how did He proceed to encourage and comfort their souls? Yes, it is instructive to mark how He comforteth their conditions. He doth not draw out sentences of condolence because they were in such a pitiful case. He maketh no weeping ditties like a poet, or mournful lamentations like a diseased sentimentalist; He commenteth not upon the badness of the times like a worldling; nor, like an economist, doth He make strictures upon frugality and management; nor, like a moralist, doth He set forth a sermon upon patience, with now and then a word of pity to season the unsavoury dish. All these, I allow, be good enough in their proper place, and, with such poor as we oft have to visit, most necessary. They are strains proper enough to be used by men who know nothing of the dispensations of grace towards the poor and the miserable, who know them as little. They are apples of comfort such as grow upon the earth, and have a certain refreshment for the earthy part of man. But the Lord from heaven looked upon his disciples, the first denizens and planters of the kingdom of heaven, with another eye, and spoke to them in another strain than a son of earth doth to a son of earth. He saw that they were encompassed with want and affliction, but what of that? He was encompassed with the same, and He knew that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom. He could have showed them the way to rise in the world, but that, unfortunately, is the highway from heaven, for the world, and the things and friendships of the world, are enmity with God; and He could have given them deep insight into men, for He knew what was in man; or He could have showed them how to wind and turn men to their own private and peculiar ends. But his soul, beholding that dishevelled company, was otherwise moved, his thoughts were at the other pole. He was meditating the good conditions of these men, their advancement and their glory, their riches, their joy, and their renown; He did not see so many ragged Jews, but so many souls adorning themselves to meet the King in his beauty. He saw the twelve men who should sit on thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel. He saw the fathers of the holy nation, the patriarchs of the everlasting Church, and the holy priesthood of God. And if they were a little flock, it was that little

flock to whom it had pleased the Father to give the kingdom. And if they were poor, they were the poor whom God had chosen, rich in faith, heirs of the kingdom which He had promised to them that love Him; and if they are foolish, they are the fools who are to confound the wise; and if they are weak, they are the weak who are to confound the things which are mighty; and if they are base, and if they are despised, and if they are of no account, they are to confound the things which are of highest estimation, and stoutest strength, and most famous report amongst men. He saw men who were struggling to get above, not the hardness or softness of the times, but above time altogether; men who, if the world frowned upon them and smote them with pitiless strokes, were preparing their souls to bless it, and to redeem it by their own sufferings out of its thralldom; men, in short, ambitious of the liberties and honours of heaven, the chosen generation of God, though in rags; the fathers and founders of the Church's everlasting liberty, though in present hunger and misery.

Say that any one whose spirit is set upon things noble and true, had lived in the ages which are past, and in his travels through the world had fallen in with a dishevelled corps of men standing out in the frost and the cold against oppression; it may be of covenanters against crusading churchmen, or hardy Switzers against the foreign tyrants and oppressors of their soil,—men fed on roots, and watered at the mountain rill,—would he account of such men, because they are found rough, ragged, and forlorn, as he would account of a pack of runagates from justice interdicted by the laws of honest life from human habitation? Then verily he were a man to have his heaven in a royal pageant, and his occupation in driving American slaves. But say that the departed spirit of a Hampden or a Knox should hover over such a tattered and weather-beaten squadron of brave and patriotic men, would they pass them without a blessing,—without a warm and hearty blessing? Nay, but the one would stay his course and speak them a cheerful speech due to the heart of freedom, and the other would pronounce over them a discourse due to the spirit of religion, wherein everything honoured of man and honoured of God should be given them as their need.

Even so Jesus Christ (and do not revolt, I pray, from my illustration, which is unworthy of the thing illustrated, as all illustrations must be: do not revolt, seeing the great Apostle likens himself to the captain of a band, and his followers even to prize-fighters and race-runners),—even as such men, I say, who expended their lives in the cause of our temporal and spiritual welfare, would recognise that trusty band, and, perceiving the nobleness of their warfare, would encourage them to hold it out; and, foreseeing the end and issue thereof to generations yet unborn, would bless them:—even so did our Lord and Saviour, looking upon that ragged and heart-broke

band of followers, expand over them the wings of his brotherly spirit; and well knowing the greatness and goodness of the work into the fellowship of which He had adopted them, He did bless them with the highest blessings; and foreseeing the evil report and bloody footsteps through which they were to urge onward the salvation of men, He did cheer and encourage them as the chosen of heaven. Having Himself, in the great love wherewith He loved us, undertaken, in a servant's menial form, by abasement to the very dust and humiliation to the death of the cross, to make his way to high exaltation, and to a name above every name, to the supremacy of heaven and earth, and of things under the earth,—thus having Himself undertaken, what saw he in these poor, hungry, miserable, and forlorn disciples, but a band of brothers, the companions of his gracious love, and the great heirs of his glorious inheritance?—men who were trying to follow his footsteps, and to face all the terrors of the world, of hell, and of the grave, in order to prosper that cause which He had come from heaven to establish upon the earth.

Could He but love, could He but bless them, could He but cheer them with the sweetest strain of blessing? Is it wonderful that He should strike the highest chord of joy, and, as if already mounted to the throne of heavenly dispensation, pronounce with brief decree the eternal preferment which they were yet to win by their patient continuance in well-doing? They were being tried after the similitude of his trial, and they should reap after the similitude of his reward; they were enduring after the similitude of his endurance, and they should rejoice after the similitude of his joy. "Ye are partakers in my sufferings, ye shall be partakers also of my resurrection; ye are travelling in the greatness of your divine strength the valley of humiliation, ye shall yet rise with me to the exaltation of heavenly places. It hath pleased the Lord to bruise you and put you to grief, and your life He shall make an offering for sin, yet shall you see your seed; He shall prolong your days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper your hand. And your raiment shall be as the sun when he shineth in his strength, and your countenance shall be replenished with the brightness of the morning; and gold tried in the furnace from the treasury of heaven shall be your portion, honour and glory and immortality your inheritance, and a crown that fadeth not away shall for ever encircle the brows of those whom my Father delighteth to honour."

Such was the frame of spirit and such the tone of speech which Christ, at once the boast and the blessing of poverty, held towards the poor who had entered themselves of his school. No drawing expressions of pity that they were of the lower and more indigent classes, doomed to toil and slavery; no stirring of their blood to throw off the yoke and turn the tables upon mankind; no holding out of sickly hopes that times will soon be better; no casting of the blame upon their own wasting and improvi-

dence; no tone of condescension, though He had condescended from heaven to visit them. Blame me not for arraying these contrasts, because it rusheth upon my memory how, in my short intercourse with life, I have heard the poor talked of as if man's glory lay in dress, housing, and victuals—the glory of a brute; and how I have heard the poor talked to, with hasty, brief, cutting speeches, and tones of affected condescension, than which, for my own self, as far as nature goes, I'd as lief hear a lion roar me in the teeth; how I have heard the poor, not the trespassing poor, who waylay you and seduce your ear with falsehoods, but the poor in their habitations; how I have heard the narrative of their griefs, marred and ill delivered, until the tears standing in their eye, and the face that fain would speak if speak it dared, is all the eloquence left for shrinking poverty to speak its sore grief withal. But our Lord, far from such cold counsels and prudent calculations, taketh a bound at once across the limits of time, and maketh a flight into the regions of immortality, and striketh out all the physical distinctions of time, as a merchant striketh a fraction from an immense amount, and He telleth the poor who adhere to Him that the kingdom upon the other side of the line is theirs,—yours is the kingdom of heaven. And that Lazarus is making no complaint there, where he lies in Abraham's bosom, of the evil things which he had in life, and that Dives is crying in the waves of torment for a drop of water to cool his tongue. That poverty, with all its vile and mean attributes, is but an incognito which God puts upon some of his sons that they may see into the mysteries of his providence, and know the riches of his grace towards the most forsaken of the children of men; and that they may know the amplitude and sufficiency of his consolation, and be instructed in humility and peace and trust, and the other graces of his children. That they are suffered to come into straits, and under the distress of manifold wants, in order that they may be kept in constant close communication of prayer and petition with their Father's throne, and become experienced in the graciousness of his ear and the bounty of his hand.

Then, when they are delivered, they make mention of his kindness and sing songs in praise of his deliverance, and remark their progress in the path in which their great Leader taught them to walk, and their growing meetness for the inheritance of the saints in bliss. All the while they are under a disguise to the eye of the world, who know not that they are the children of God passing upon a journey to his heavenly court: the world knoweth them not, because it knew Him not; they have no form nor comeliness in their eyes, and there are about them no beautiful ornaments to catch the world's coarse and sensual eye. They shove them about, they beat them, and buffet them, and put upon them mean and wretched offices,—they hide their faces from the sight of their calamities and shut their ears against the voice of their complaints.

The pilgrims are despised and rejected, men of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Nevertheless, the pilgrims, whose life is hid with Christ in God, are not unknown to themselves, having the earnest of the Spirit of God, their own spirits testifying that they are the sons of God, and crying out within them, Abba, Father. And knowing that they are God's adopted sons, they put up with the affronts and abuses which they plentifully undergo, well content at so cheap a rate to come to the knowledge of their Father's love, to come to the fellowship of their Saviour's sufferings, and to be prepared for the inheritance of their Father's house. And always as they travel along in their pilgrim's weeds, and with their pilgrim's staff and scarf, they say and sing to one another,—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it know Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He, who is our life, shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. We are dead in the world's sense, dead to honour and pleasure and temporal profit, and our life is hid with Christ in God; but when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we are known.

Such is the high and heavenly consolation which Christ teacheth unto the poor, such the condition of blessedness which He hath brought within their reach, and such the sure and stable contentment which He hath bestowed upon them in all their distresses. But let the poor not mistake, as if it was to the poor indiscriminately that the kingdom of heaven was promised, and that a man hath only to be born in a cottage to be a favourite of Heaven, or to strip himself and become a mendicant friar, in order to be blessed with the treasures of the kingdom of grace. Against this misinterpretation our evangelist hath guarded well, by saying that He lifted up his eyes upon his disciples, and said, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven." And though He had not so characterised the blessed poor as those only who were disciples, no one would surely be so foolish as to fancy that the pure and holy Jesus, like a radical leader and deceiver of the mob, would bless the poor, the hungry, the wretched, and the forlorn, without distinction of persons, and admit men into his kingdom not by character, but as it were by caste, not by respect of righteousness, but by respect of the lowness and wretchedness of their station. Then truly it were a heaven which would take in the tenantry of prisons and bridewells, who are outcast and evil-spoken of. Let no man be deceived: it is not the physical attributes of poverty, but the moral attributes of poverty, which draw on the fulfilment of the promises. It is not the slender pittance, the lowly roof, the toilsome day, nor the coarse fare which make men meet for heaven; nor

yet voluntary fasting and a coat of sackcloth, stripes of penance and a bed of stones, as the Church of Rome long did and still doth beguile men to believe. Heaven is not an Arcadia in which none but poor shepherds are, nor a Utopian commonwealth where none but men of low and level conditions are. That is all folly and delusion, by which the poor are cunningly taken and craftily wound into the snares of the tempter. But it is the slender pittance enriched with the faith of Christ and the hope of heaven, it is the coarse fare seasoned with contentment and partaken with a blessing, the toilsome day spent with a light heart and a pleasant countenance as the good appointment of God, and all the scantiness of poverty made up, made sufficient and more than sufficient, through the exceeding plenty of the grace of the gospel of Christ. This it is which hath departed (alas! that it should have ever departed!) from the generality of the poor of our cities; this it is, and this alone is the estate of poverty to which any hope of heaven can be permitted; for how can heaven be expected there, where no reverence is paid to the tidings of it, or no preparation made for the coming of it?

Nevertheless, let not any one say that I cheat poverty of its right by thus interdicting the whole estate of poverty from the heritage of this blessing and confining it to those who elose with the overtures of the gospel and enter themselves of the school of Christ. For though the words of our Lord have an eye only to the disciples, they are not indifferent in their bearing even to the poor at large, but full of kind invitation and generous welcome, setting open to them a wide door, and by the example of their companions who have passed within the veil, pressing all who find themselves in the same humble predicament to have recourse to the same glorious escape. If a master were to come into a family of poor people who were at their wits' end for bread, and were threatened daily and hourly with the most terrible woe of cleanness of teeth,—if into such a downcast family, where burly sons and healthy daughters sat around a scanty meal dressed upon a scanty hearth in the cold of winter, a good master were to come and say unto one of them, "Come thou into my service, mine honourable and easy service (for my yoke is easy and my burden is light), come and thou shalt have sufficiency in the mean time, and if thou be faithful and content thou shalt have promotion to be one of the stewards of my house; and not thou only, but all thy brethren and sisters who will follow thy example and join himself to our Saviour:" I ask if that were not great heartening to the hungry household, and would they take it the worse, or would it be the worse for them, that he examined into the character of them all and took the best behaved amongst them, promising that, as soon as they should be in like manner worthy, they should in like manner be delivered? Such comfort Christ brought to the great household of poverty, by having taken as the stewards of his house, the ministers of

his kingdom, so many of the poorest of the family, and offered equal honour to all the rest if they would care to have it. Again, if any physician were to slip into a family afflicted with disease and grief, and say, "Follow my prescription,—not hard to follow,—and length of days, with health and prosperity, shall be your portion;" and, to confirm their faith, were to lead in his hand a number of their neighbours whom he had delivered from the same epidemic pestilence: I ask, would there be no gladness of heart in such a visitation? And again, were an outcast misbelieving youth, banished from home and wandering in silence and despair upon a foreign shore, to fall in with a courteous native of the land who should lend a willing ear to his distresses, and forgive his trespasses, and offer him shelter, would there be no relief nor providence in such a meeting, no cheer to the fainting heart of the desolate lad? In like manner, though our Lord lifted up his eyes and poured his benediction only on his band of followers, was there no hope nor cheer in his language to the poor and the miserable who might happen to stand aloof in the general congregation of the people, who had nothing to do, if so it liked them, but to cross the line and join the chosen? Was it not offering them a city of refuge which no barrier nor flaming sword defended? Was it not offering them a kingdom in which they might rise, notwithstanding their sordidness, their squalidness, and their mechanical air and calling? Our poor here at home hear tidings that the emigrants who went forth from amongst themselves are prospering in the parts whither they went, becoming the owners of the soil, the magnates and the statesmen of the land. They hear it, and forthwith strain a point, sell all off, and follow them across the ocean. But in that crowded plain where Jesus, after blowing abroad the blessed breath of healing upon all the afflicted, lifted up his voice, they beheld across no ocean, but in their immediate presence, their fellows in poverty, their former companions in the lowly vale of life, blessed with heavenly blessings and on the high way to royal immunities. If they believe, what hindereth that they cross the strand and partake the like. And there were to boot all bonds of sympathetic union, and arguments of equal brotherhood to move their slow resolutions, fellowship of suffering, companionship in contempt, equal experience of hardship, equal meanness of fortune, and whatever cements the classes of men together. Is any one afflicted, lacking comfort, this man the other day was in equal affliction, but now behold him refreshed with joy. Is any man degraded and full of shame, behold here those who lately were their fellows and co-partners, grouped together as men for whom are prepared the thrones and principalities of the kingdom of heaven. Let it never be said, therefore, that our Saviour kept his gifts to his own family, when every alien might enter that family unrecommended, unrepresented. He did bless his own certainly, and them alone, because they alone

had come within the scope of his blessing, but where all might come, then verily they chose the curse who came not, they spurned his blessing if they came not where the blessing was.

What that place was to the poor of that assembly, the world is to the poor of the children of men. For in the world, ever since Jesus preached glad tidings to the poor, there hath been a brave and goodly company from amongst them who have held fast the profession of his faith without wavering, and tasted the blessedness which is declared to be theirs, being made heirs of the kingdom of heaven. These are they who in all ages have been the strength and glory of the Church, who first adopted her mournful ensign and followed it through bad report, bearing the brunt of the ten great persecutions of the Church. These are they who maintained in the rocky fortresses of the Alps and the mountainous solitudes of the North, the faith and laws of the kingdom. To these, that Father of reformation, that second Baptist and bright morning star of reformation, Wickliffe, addressed himself when he and his Gospellers, as they were honourably styled, went forth among the villages of England in their coarse frocks preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and delivering the land from those mendicant friars who preyed upon her wealth like locusts. And it was the poor in the fulness of time who shook off the yoke of Rome in these and other lands. The rich and titled orders laid their hands upon the goods of the Church, making gain of godliness, but the poor, as heretofore, had the spiritual treasure of the kingdom chiefly to themselves; and they are but poor men who are now labouring over the earth for the propagation of the kingdom of Christ, and it is chiefly by the poor that they are sustained. So that, I judge, in every age of the Church, had the disciples of Christ been gathered under His eye, the feature of their poverty would have stood so prominently forth, that upon lifting up his eyes upon them, he would have addressed himself to that first of all, and said, "Blessed are ye poor."

On the other hand there always hath been, and still is, found in the world, a large proportion of the poor who stand aloof from the school of Christ, and will not be sharers of his blessings, over whom our bowels yearn that they might be persuaded to come over and join themselves to the blessed company to whom appertaineth the kingdom of Heaven. These are they who are oppressed with the dense and dark cloud of ignorance, which, to the disgrace of the political and spiritual guardians of the realm, broodeth over the lower classes both in town and country places. And many there be of them as of every class who, knowing the truth, hide themselves from the light of the truth, loving better the darkness in which they enjoy their evil deeds. And many there be, enlightened to a certain point of knowledge, whom the enemy, by his artful agents, hath served to wind to his own purposes and their own ruin, amongst whom he

hath sown the dragon teeth of social discord, inflaming their minds with a knowledge that puffeth up, and spreading amongst them that wisdom which is full of strife and quarrel, which is of the earth, proud, sensual, and devilish. Through this blindness of nature, and ways of sin, and serpent discords, a large mass of the poor to whom the kingdom is promised, care not for the promise, and many of them trample it under foot. And where this is the case, I never fail to observe that the glory of the poor man's house is departed and the cottar's fire-side loseth its blitheness, and the lyart locks of the sire are no longer his crown of glory, and the meal is unblessed by his religious vows, and the family drop off to their beds unsanctified by the evening prayer; and the mother's heart sinks, having no longer the sustenance of the father's devotion. He is an uncheered slave to his toil, and she fights among the children, and few, few are the blessings of life they taste. The strength of their years passeth in drudgery, and waxeth weak, often for an ungrateful progeny. And when their labours under the sun shall have an end, there remaineth for them no blissful rest, no better country where they may share a better lot. And, oh, their soul being unsustained by religion becomes overlaid with sense, drowned and overwhelmed with wickedness; their life spent in repinings against their betters, in contentions at home, in rude sallies of mirth, in discontents, combinations, plots, and conspiracies, which sink them deeper in the sorrowful waters of their unspiritual state.

And what do they gain in return for all these discomforts and distemperatures of their estate brought on by casting away the kingdom of heaven? Do they thereby conjure a meal upon the table or cheat sorrow of the heart-ache? Does the devil, as in our mother's tales, offer loaves and royal palaces if we will serve him? Some few, one perhaps in a thousand, make a good bargain of his service, but what he doth for the backs or bosoms of the poor, the sluggard can tell, and the wan drunkard can tell, and the sour democrat, and the fell infidel. The devil is no help to the poor, whatever he be to the rich. He is your fair-weather and sunshine friend, who cleaves to the well-conditioned, and if he have aught to give, gives it to those who need the least. But let a poor man once do him a good turn, pick a pocket, knock a companion down, spend a night at the ale-house, or plot against the State, and the devil rewards him with cold comfort at home, and with a seat in the stocks abroad, with a constant fearfulness which the quaking of the aspen leaf disturbs, with an unquiet conscience which ever seeketh the quietus of an intoxicating draught. And in the end he bringeth them to their high honour, a solitary cell in the prison-house, an occupation in the hulks, an exile to a foreign shore, a violent and disgraceful end; and what he hath within the scenes of the future life, I lift not the curtain *al fresco* to display. If any prefer these

hopes and gifts, to the hopes and gifts which Jesus proffereth, that is, contempt to respectability, a troubled licentious to a happy thrifty home, sourness to contentment, ruffian constables for visitants to pastors of the church of Christ, imprisonment to freedom, hell to heaven,—then to the devil they are drawn, and who can hinder them?

If any one be weary of his poverty, of its abjectness, of its misery, of its openness to every wind of temptation, and crieth out, Who will deliver me? here is poverty's great Deliverer lifting up his voice, and with its first utterance, as if it had to carry the consolation where the consolation most is wanted, he crieth out, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of Heaven." What hindereth your response—Blessed art thou who first preached glad tidings to the poor? What hindereth your taking heart, and considering yourselves as heirs of the kingdom? But what better, do you say, would we then be: will it give us meat when our bowels yearn with hunger? hope is but poor diet to misery; and words are but an unsubstantial meal. Hence the wicked maxims of that deceiver of the poor, who would persuade them that religious consolation is a cunning trick to withdraw them from the true remedy of their ills, and that the true nobility of the poor man's condition consisteth in a plentifully stocked pantry and a well-served table. It is thus that designing men take advantage of the noble temper which distinguisheth the poor of these realms, to bring them into bondage to the things of sense. They feed the souls of the people with the bitter waters of discontent; they fill their imaginations with restless, aimless speculations, and encourage them to daring enterprises. Their knowledge, their reading, their resolution, are turned to their destruction by these agents of the evil one. They unsettle the principles of their faith by the grossest falsehoods; they overthrow their allegiance to their Master by base insin-

uations; they set them loose from all restraint, and having brought them to this pass, they leave them there to plunge on without helm or helmsman, from misery to deeper misery, from crime to more heinous crime. Oh that the poor would learn to know these designing men by their fruits! Go amongst their converts, and show me one family into which their writings have not carried discord and grief. Know them by their fruits. I take their own arguments; their words are sounds, but look to the fruit of their words, and show me what cottages they sanctify, what souls they elevate, what broken hearts they heal, what afflicted souls they cheer, what quarrels they pacify, what children they edify and love, what grey-headed men they bring with honour and glory to the grave. Oh! that the poor would hear the gospel of Him who blessed them, and listen to the voice of his messenger. It is not words alone the minister of Christ hath to offer, but charity, open-handed charity. It is false as hell, that the spiritual visitants of the poor carry nothing with them but cold consolation. I for one must state from much experience that ninety-nine parts in a hundred of all the misery which I have seen alleviated upon the earth, hath been by the servants of Christ, who, while they gave with their hands, spake with their mouth that which this world hath not to give.

Ye poor, turn unto your strongholds in the world of hope by faith. Lay hold of your inheritance in the promises, and possess the treasures which are in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break not through to steal. Quarrel not with the allotments of God's providence. He who hath kept you hitherto will keep you still, by the dispensation of His bounty. And if ye do suffer loss for your adherence to righteousness, count it joy when you are called to suffer for His sake.

A DUTCHMAN'S DIFFICULTIES WITH THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

AS EXPERIENCED BY MYNHEER STEVEN VAN BRAMMELENDAM.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,

* * * * *

And now let me tell you how I fared with your Dutch friend, Steven van Brammelendam. You really could not have given me a greater treat than by introducing him to me.

You know I had picked up as much of Brammelendam's native tongue as enabled me to converse tolerably well with him. Still, I always tried to get him to speak English, for his mistakes were often very funny, and his observations upon the peculiarities of our language amusing beyond description. Being somewhat of a Latin and Greek scholar, and knowing French and German, he found little difficulty in understanding the English *grammar*. His pronunciation also was remarkably

correct, an advantage which I believe he owes to his having got a few lessons from an Englishman when a boy of twelve. His stock of English was rather scanty, but he never was at a loss. When he wanted a word, he would simply take a Dutch or a Latin one, give it somewhat of an English turn, and launch it forth with a feeling of confidence which often made us laugh heartily. Steven took everything in good humour; and when we explained to him the oddity of his phrase, would laugh as heartily as any of us.

As you had informed me of his intention of arriving, *viâ* Dover, on the 14th, I kept looking out for him all day at my office in Cornhill. I purposed to drive him down at once to my residence at Chelsea. Steven, however, did not turn up till

the forenoon of the next day, when, after delivering your letter of introduction, he told me with an air of perplexity that he had passed the night at some inn in the neighbourhood—that he had left his luggage there—but could not find the place again, as he was quite bewildered with the countless number of streets and lanes, each of which was “as full with people, carriages and ’busses, as an egg is with meat.” But let me tell you his story as he told it to us that same evening over our tea at Chelsea.

Owing to some difficulty about his luggage at the Custom-house, Steven could not leave Dover before the last train, which arrived at London Bridge at 10:30 P.M. He took a cab and drove up to my office at Cornhill. Of course he found it locked up. He rang the bell—rang again—rang a third time, but the merciless door was immovable. No wonder, indeed. Good Mrs. Jenkins, our house-keeper, was already enjoying the luxury of her first sleep. Nor was she much pleased at being roused out of it by a tremendous tolling, that rang through the premises as if the police had come to tell her that the whole neighbourhood was on fire. She put on her gown, or, to use an expression of Steven’s, “she flung herself into her frock” as quickly as she could, and, frantic with excitement, hurried up the stairs, candle in hand, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, the like of which had not occurred in her long house-keeping experience. No sooner had she opened the door, than Steven, presenting your letter of introduction, said: “Is my gentleman Dobson to house?”

“Pray, sir, I cannot read,” answered Mrs. Jenkins, returning the letter.

“Is my gentleman Dobson to house?” Steven repeated.

“Sir?”

“Yes, Sir Dobson.”

“What about Sir Dobson?”

“Is he to house?”

“What house? I don’t understand you.”

“Give this letter to your gentleman,” said Steven, in the kindest tone he could assume.

“There are no gentlemen here,” answered Mrs. Jenkins, rather indignantly; “call to-morrow at ten;” and the door was shut upon the benighted Brummelendam.

A cabman now came to the rescue. With some difficulty he succeeded in making Steven understand that he would have to take a bed at a *hinn* for the night. Then after having crossed some four or five streets he put him down at the entrance of a gin palace, whose splendid lanterns promised “chops, steaks, and well-air’d beds” to travellers. The landlord, observing two big portmanteaus and a hat-box on the top of the cab, had no objection, of course, to take in the late visitor.

“What am I guilty to you?” Steven said to cabby, pulling out his purse.

“Guilty?” cabby repeated with a smile; “don’t know, unless you run away without paying me.”

Steven understood the word “paying.”

“Yes, I will pay the load. How much?”

“Half-a-crown.”

“What is half-a-crown?”

“Why, it’s two-and-six.”

“Frightful!” Steven exclaimed. “Twent-six shilling! only for riding me such a short end!”

Cabby, who fortunately was one of the better stamp, could not help laughing at this mistake, which certainly was something out of the common. After some further explanation, Steven, much to his satisfaction, saw Jehu off with his two shillings and sixpence.

After having seen his luggage taken up to his bed-room, Steven entered the tap-room, which consisted of twelve boxes, six on each side.

“Where is the coffee-room?” asked Steven.

“This is the coffee-room,” the landlord replied.

“What? This?” Steven exclaimed. “This is a place for horses. There is precisely room here for twelve horses. Do you put men into horse-stables in this country?”

The landlord gave no reply. Steven, perceiving that no choice was left to him, took a seat in one of the “horse-stables,” and ordered his supper.

“Give me a butterham with flesh and a half-bottle wine.”

“No bread?” the landlord asked.

“Natural,” Steven replied, not knowing the English expression “*of course*.”

The landlord smiled and shook his head. He brought up some butter and a few slices of ham.

“Which wine do you take, sir, sherry or port?”

“None of both. Give me *Bordeaux*.”

“Don’t know that wine,” the landlord replied, shrugging his shoulders.

“I aim at *red* wine.”

“Why, that’s port.”

“No port. Port is too heady to me.”

“Perhaps you mean French wine?”

“Mean French wine!” Steven exclaimed. “No; French wine is not mean. It is drunk by kings and princes. Pour me a glass.”

While the landlord fetched a bottle of claret, Steven murmured within himself: “Those conceited Englishmen! Everything which is not English, is mean in their estimation.”

“Where is the butterham?” Steven asked, while the landlord put down the bottle.

“Why, it is before you,” the landlord replied, pointing at the plates. “This is the butter, and this is the ham.”

Steven burst out laughing.

“Oh yes, natural!” he said. “This is butter and ham. But I ordered a butterham. I aim at bread for smearing the butter upon it.”

With such difficulties as these Steven struggled, till at length he had got his wants supplied, and thought of retiring for the night. Not being in the habit of shaving himself, he thought it might be as well to order a barber for the next morning. Remembering that the name of the instrument which

the barbers use is called a razor, he said to the landlord: "Can I be razed to-morrow?"

"Raised?" the landlord repeated, smiling, "yes, to be sure you can."

"Will you then send up a man to raze me?"

"I will raise you myself."

"Ah, very well. At nine o'clock, if you please."

The next morning, punctual to time, the landlord knocked at Steven's door.

"Within!" Steven cried, and the landlord entered.

"Where is your knife?" Steven asked.

"My knife? What for?"

"Well, to raze me."

"Why, you *are* razed."

"I am *not* razed. You must raze me with a knife along my visage."

With these words Steven passed his hand to and fro over his chin to imitate the operation of shaving.

"Oh, I see," the landlord cried in a fit of laughter.

"You want to be shaved! But I am not a barber, sir; you must go to a shaving shop."

"Where is a shaving shop?" Steven asked.

The landlord took him to the window, and pointing to a street on the opposite side, said something about a turning to the right, and then to the left, and an outstanding pole, and a brass plate, and told him to look out for the word *shaving*.

Steven understood scarcely a word, but from the direction in which the landlord pointed, he concluded that he had to walk up the indicated street. Before leaving the inn, however, he was careful to note down the name of its owner, the number of the house, and the name of the street.

He walked up the street, looking carefully to right and left, but no shaving place could he see. At length, after having turned down half a dozen streets, he noticed on a window the inscription: "Savings Bank."

"Ah," he said to himself, "this is it. Here is a bank upon which people are placed to be saved."

It did not escape his notice that the landlord had spoken of *shaving*, and not of *saving*, but he surmised that this difference was owing to the innkeeper's cockney pronunciation, which always likes to squeeze in an *h* where it is not wanted.

He entered the savings bank. A young man was standing at a desk, apparently engaged in some calculation.

"Can I here be saved?" Steven asked.

"I'll attend to you in two minutes," the clerk answered.

Steven looked round the place. It was a magnificent office. A large set of mahogany desks seemed waiting for half a dozen clerks who had not yet made their appearance. Steven perceived that he was mistaken. "Still," he thought, "I will ask this young man to help me on my way."

"Well. What can I do for you?" said the clerk to him.

Now Steven wanted at once to tell him that he perceived he was wrong, but he did not know the word "wrong." What is *verkeerd* in English? he

asked himself. He translated the word into Latin, and giving it an English termination, said:

"My gentleman, I see I am perverted. I wish to be saved."

The comical face with which Steven said these words called up an equally comical expression on the face of the clerk.

"What? Are you perverted?" he asked, contracting his brow with a queer look.

"Yes, I see I am here on the perverted place, but perhaps will you be so good of to help me on the way."

"Do you want to deposit some money?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, I have money," Steven answered, producing a handful of coppers from his pocket; "I must be saved with a razor along my visage."

The clerk laughed uproariously, and so did some of the other clerks who had now come in, until the whole office echoed. Steven, perceiving the oddity of the case, heartily joined them. The young man then took him to a barber's shop, where he soon got what he wanted.

A few days later he read on a shop window: *Shavings for grates.*

"Ah," he said to himself, "I suppose this is a philanthropic establishment for poor people to be shaved gratis."

After leaving the barber's shop poor Steven again found himself in an awkward predicament. He could not find his inn. In vain he walked up one street after another. At length he asked a person whom he met:

"Can you tell me where Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire is?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the answer. "Ask the cabman over there."

Cabby readily offered to take Steven to the place. After half-an-hour's drive, he found himself at the entrance of the brewery down at Spitalfields. Of course cabby was ordered to drive back; and this time it was to my office. I was glad to meet him and give him welcome.

"Where have you passed the night?" I asked.

"Well, in an Entire," Steven replied. "It was written up with big letters: Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.'s Entire."

I could not help laughing out, however unpolite. But he laughed as heartily when I explained the matter to him.

"Don't you know the name of the street?" I asked, looking as grave as I could.

"Yes," he answered, looking into his pocket-book, "it is *Stick no bills street* F. P. 13 ft."

"How in the world did you get that address?" I asked, scarcely able to contain myself.

"Well," he answered, "I went to the corner of the street where a church stands, and there I read these words."

Really it was no easy method to find out the place from such an address. The circumstance, however, that the corner of the street was occupied

by a church, supplied us with a thread to track our way through the labyrinth. After an hour's searching we were successful in finding the "Entire;" and soon we were on our way to Chelsea.

With deep interest Steven studied the shops as we drove along.

"You are a great nation," he said; "I see you have even warehouses for separate nationalities, such as Italian warehouses and Babylonian warehouses. I suppose statues from Italy are sold in the one and antiquities from Babylon in the other."

"You are mistaken as to the Italian warehouse," I replied. "It has nothing to do with Italian art or literature. It is only a shop for selling fruits and dainties. But as to the Babylonian warehouses, I really do not know that there are such in this country."

"Well, there is one!" cried he, pointing at a shop which we passed by.

I looked out of the window. It was a baby-linen warehouse.

You can understand how we received the story of Steven's difficulties. He took it all good-naturedly, however, and by repeated questionings showed a great thirst for information. Here is one out of many of his interrogatories. He asked why the entrance to a railway station bore the inscription *Tuo yaw*, which he noticed at the London Bridge terminus. He looked into his dictionary, but the word *Tuo* was not there, and as to the word *yaw*, he found it was a nautical term, meaning a quick out-of-the-way motion. But what it had to do with a railway station he was not able to make out. Various solutions were offered. Some thought it might be the name of one of the stations on the line. Others supposed it might be the name of an advertiser. At length, after much questioning and musing, we found that it was the words *Way out*, which, stuck on the transparent glass door, had been read by Steven when coming from an opposite side.

Being engaged next day in some important business matters, I left Steven to see London for himself. With his dictionary in one pocket and his map in the other, he set out in the direction of Hyde Park. He refused to take a guide, preferring to find his way unassisted. "On that manner," he said, "shall I the city better learn to know, and I shall better to my eyes give the food." After having walked a couple of hours, however, he found that he ought to "give the food" also to his stomach. He noticed a pie-house.

"Can I here a little eat?"

"Yes," the lady replied. "What do you want?"

"What have you?" Steven asked.

"I can give you a pork pie."

Steven took his dictionary. He had never heard the word before. He soon found it, or at least he thought so.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you eat those beasts in this country?"

"Of course we do," the lady replied. "We aren't Jews."

"Tastes it nicely?"

"Very," the lady answered, with a smile.

"Give me a piece, if you please."

"I cannot give you a piece, you must take a whole."

"But I cannot eat a whole porcupine," Steven exclaimed.

"Oh dear!" the lady cried, shaking with laughter. "Did you mean I was to give you a hedgehog! No, sir, I cannot treat you to such a dainty. A pork pie is make of a pig."

Steven again referred to his dictionary, and turned up the word *pork*.

"That's in the whole no food, that's a hammer," he said. "I cannot eat iron and steel," he added with a smile.

The lady felt quite perplexed. She called her husband, to whom she explained her difficulty. He at once took a pie, and pointing to it with his finger, imitated the grunting noise of a hog in such a perfect way that there could be no further misapprehension. Steven therefore ate the pie with comfort and relish.

One evening when a party of friends were spending a couple of hours with us, we had a conversation about the Dutch and the English languages, which soon grew into a friendly and amusing controversy. Steven, in his usual humorous mood, held that the Dutch was the best and most perfect language in the world. He believed it was spoken in Paradise. One of our friends agreed with him there, because he believed it was spoken by the Serpent. Upon this Steven quickly answered: "Natural, for the cunning animal knew that in English, which was its own language, it would not be understood." However little complimentary this explanation was to our English feeling, yet Steven earned the applause of the whole company through his adroit application. To prove his assertion about the perfection of the Dutch language, he pointed at the various sizes of its words. "If you come to us for words," he said, "we can serve you in all manners. We have words so short that they only exist in two letters, for example: *ei*, which in English is *egg*. Here, you see, we are thirty per cent. shorter than you. On the contrary, if you want a long word, take this:

Verbeeldingskrachtsontwikkelingswerkzaamheden, which means: Operations for the development of the power of imagination. Or this:—

Middenwinteravondtyd kortelingsgesprekken, which means: Intercourses for shortening the time during the evenings in the middle of the winter."

He wrote the words down on a slip of paper, and we could not help confessing that we were unable to put English words of equal length against them. We then tried to imitate him in pronouncing them, by which means the whole company assumed the appearance of an assembly of people who were suffering from sea-sickness, or whose food had

got into their windpipe. We gave up the experiment, declaring that our throats were too refined for such barbarous proceedings.

"Barbarous proceedings!" Steven exclaimed, cheerfully. "No, you are barbars!"

"Barbers!" cried the whole of us.

"Ah, Steven," I said, "you must know better, since you experienced that neither the landlord at the 'Entire,' nor the clerk at the savings bank, was able to 'raze' you.

Steven looked into his dictionary.

"Excuse me, I mean, you are barbarians," he answered. "Nothing is so barbarous as *your* pronunciation. You speak out *lieutenant* with an *f*, and *colonel* with an *r*. Is that not totally unrhymed? Yesterday I met a gentleman who told me that his name was *Da-el*. He gave me his card and I read, *Mr. Dalziel*. You swallow your words up like oysters, shells and all. *Cholmondelis* becomes *Chomly*; *Leicester* evaporates into *Lester*; *Colquhoun* melts away into *Kehoon*. What in the world do your letters serve for if you don't speak out them? If you meet with a word of some length, you pick out one syllable, which you pronounce with a strong accent, while the remaining syllables are rattled away with such a speed that no human ear can understand them. Some days ago I heard two gentlemen talk over the American war. As far as I could make it up, they disagreed over the question, whether the broken union could be restored. In this discussion the one made frequently use of a word which apparently existed in many syllables, but the only one I could understand was, *rap* or *rep*. At length, after much sharp listening, I discovered that it was *irreparableness*. Now I know this word wholly good. I have hundred times the word *irreparabilis* in Latin read and written. But, with *such* a pronunciation, would even Cicero, with all his knowledge of Latin, tumble into the ditch. And then, what a ridiculous way of putting the accent! you place it exactly there where nobody thinks of to place it. *Photography* is composed of two Greek words, *phos*, light, and *graphia*, writing. The *to* is merely a syllable for to link the two together. It has no meaning of itself. Yet you leave the *pho* and the *gra* alone, but you place your accent upon that miserable, good-for-nothing *to*. It is just like building a spire on the roof of a fire-engine house. So I heard yesterday two ministers in full earnestness discuss the question, whether, in *bicentenary*, the accent ought to be on *cen* or on *ten*!"

Steven here paused, but, no one wishing to interrupt him, he proceeded.

"And were you yet but regular in the placing of your accents! But you are upon this point so despotic that the Turkish Sultan may take his hat off to you. In *photography* you place the accent upon *to*. Very good. We must allow it, because we can do nothing against it. But in *photographic*, you at once, without to ask somebody's permission, transplace the accent upon *gra*. This is really

inhuman. I protest against such arbitrariness in the name of all the nations who come to your country. We have the right of to expect that your language, as being a human language, be speakoutable, following rules which are learnable by men. But your pronunciation is like a ship without helm and compass in the open sea. I believe it is lighter to set the cackling of ducks and geese upon notes, than to make rules for the pronunciation of the English language."

In this way Steven scolded us in his Anglicised-Dutch style, of which I have tried to give you an idea. While reading over what I have written, however, I find I only have given you a poor copy. Sometimes he was quite unintelligible, by translating a Dutch word wrongly, or taking a wrong word from the dictionary. I had then to come between, as interpreter, and with the aid of my knowledge of the Dutch, to try to put him on the right way again. I recollect he said: "In this supervision," instead of "in this respect;" "to traduct" for "to translate;" an "underputting" for a "supposition;" "to come over one" for to "agree;" an "underseparation" for a "distinction." To a lady who made an objection to one of his statements, he said, "I believe I can easily over-harness you." He meant to say, "I can easily convince you." And so there were a great many other odd mistakes which made us laugh heartily, and contributed much to our amusement.

Now as to Steven's invective against our irregular pronunciation we could not help pleading guilty. But then one of us ventured to say something in defence of our language by pointing out its practical tendency, the simplicity of its grammar, and the conciseness of its structure.

"Oh, speak there not of!" Steven replied in his amusing tone of mock-indignation. "Yes, you are short in your expressions, but one must not ask what you sacrifice to that brevity. You hold house among the foreign languages with true vandalism, and you break the neck of the finest words to make them usable for your abbreviationism. So by example take the word *omnibus*. Is that not a beautiful Latin word? Well, how did you handle it? You chopped off its tail, and threw its head and body overboard; and thus you got the word *bus*! On the contrary, with the word *cabriolet*, you went to work in the round-turned manner; you chopped off the head, and threw away body and tail, and thus you kept the word *cab*. That is really dealing with languages like a butcher. What a confusion must there out come forth!"

"True," I said, interrupting him. "You experienced that yourself the other day, didn't you? when you were staying with Mr. Hayborne, and had to go to a tea-party."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it was with the cab. I had dined with Mr. Hayborne, and we should drink tea by his cousin Mrs. Johnis (Mrs. Jones). 'We will take a cab,' he said to me. 'A cap?' I asked. 'Is that usage in this country by evening

parties?' 'Yes,' he said, 'why not? You see it will rain.' 'Just so,' I answered, 'it would corrupt our hats.' 'Of course it would,' he said. So I went into the hall to take my cap from the cloth-rake, meanwhile thinking by myself, 'how parsimonious these English are with their hats!' I could not find my cap on the cloth-rake. The servant had brought it above in my sleep-room. I rang the bell for a candle and went above. Meanwhile the cab came before the door. Mr. Hayborne came up to me. 'What keeps you?' asked he. 'Why,' answered I, 'I cannot find it. The servant said to me it is here upon my sleep-room.' 'What is here?' asked he. 'Why, the cap.' 'The cab?' he said, bursting out. 'Do you expect the cab to come up to your bed-room to ride with you to a tea-party?' I then comprehended my misguessing, and laughed heartily for it."

"I wonder you speak our language so well after such a short stay in our country," said one.

"Oh, I find that it is very difficult," Steven replied; "and I believe that I make much errors."

"Of course, there are some faults, but they are not of such a kind as to prevent us from understanding what you mean. They are more amusing than perplexing. As, for instance, when you said you 'went above,' instead of 'upstairs.'"

"Indeed," Steven said. "Do you always say 'up-stairs'? Then I suppose that you do also not say, 'below,' but 'under stairs.'"

"No, 'down-stairs,'" cried some voices.

"Ah, that is very difficult," Steven sighed. "You are very irregular and arbitrary also in the use of your prepositions. How can we ever learn it? You say, by example, that a child for its support depends *upon* its parents. Now is that not absurd? We say in Dutch that it depends *from* its parents, and I think that we have it right. For 'to depend' literally signifies 'to hang down,' just as you picture to the wall 'hangs down' from the nail which supports it, thus the child, as it were, 'hangs down' from its parents. Now would it not be absurd to say that the picture 'hangs down' *upon* the nail? Just so absurd it is to say that the child depends *upon* its parents."

"I never thought of that," one said, "but I must confess you are right."

"I am glad for that," Steven replied.

"Of that," I remarked, correcting him.

"Of that? But did I not hear you say this morning that you were 'sorry *for*' something?"

"Yes; we say, 'I am glad *of* it,' and 'I am sorry *for* it.'"

"Ah, that is frightful!" Steven exclaimed.

"Glad *of* and sorry *for*! Just the world turned upside down! The preposition *of* always more or less shuts in the idea of 'disinclining from,' at least of 'moving away from.' So you say, by example, that I am *of* Amsterdam, which is the same as *from* Amsterdam. Yet you unite this word with *glad*, which is one of the strong ex-

pressions of inclinations towards an object. On the other side you unite *for*, the preposition of favour and inclination, with *sorry*, a word which expresses grief, displeasure, and dislike."

"Indeed," one of the ladies observed, "it never struck me that we used our prepositions in such a strange way. It really must be perplexing to a foreigner to learn all such irregularities."

"Oh, I am disgusted from them," Steven replied in a joking tone.

"With them!" several voices burst out.

"With them?" Steven repeated. "Do you say, 'I am disgusted *with* that drunkard?'"

"To be sure we do."

"Well, that is most absurd. We Dutchmen are disgusted *from* him; we do not want to be *with* him at all. Disgust seems to bring forth a strange effect in you. It drives you to be *with* the object which you dislike. I suppose you consequently say: I am pleased *from* my wife and children."

"No, no! *with*!" the gentlemen cried. "We are all of us pleased *with* our wives. No mistake about that."

"So whether you are disgusted or pleased, it is all the same," Steven replied jocosely. "You must always be *with* them."

"We can't help it!" some answered archly.

In this way the conversation went on till we were called to supper. A great many other prepositions were brought up for discussion, upon which Steven gave his opinion, much to the amusement of the party. Among others, the verb *to put*, with its numerous prepositions and equally numerous significations, became a source of most amusing controversy. How "to put up," for instance, could mean, "to place, to expose, to dwell, and to have fellowship with," it was quite impossible for poor Steven to understand.

Before I close this long letter, I must tell you Steven's experience at a public meeting of the "Society for Training School-teachers." Sir Edward Templerow, with whom Steven was staying for a couple of days, was its chairman, and of course invited him to attend. As Steven took a lively interest in everything connected with school education, the invitation was very welcome to him. He even promised to give an address, and, to be able to do so, kept his room all day to write down his speech. At half-past seven, Sir Edward came to tell him that his gig was at the door. Steven had never heard the word "gig" before, but he guessed that it must be a conveyance. He got a place by Sir Edward's side on the platform, and after some business was gone through, "the friend from Holland" was summoned to address the meeting.

"Dear friends," he said, "when I rode through the streets in the wig of your chairman——"

Poor Steven! he could not proceed. An uproarious burst of laughter drowned his voice. He took it with the best possible humour, though, and patiently waited till the people, both on and under

the platform, had recovered. Meanwhile Sir Edward, amid much chuckling, explained to him in a whispered tone the cause of this unexpected but amusing disturbance, and when the noise had subsided, Steven thus proceeded :—

“When I rode through the streets of your giant-like town (applause), and when I saw the many churches which heave their towers up stairs (cheers), I thought, the English are a very churchical people (loud cheers). I therefore wonder not that you also are an educational people, for religion is the mother of education, and where there are many churches, there we may expect that there are also many schools.”

Here Steven could annex his written speech, which he then read as follows :—

“But schools are not the unique thing which is necessary for a good education. The great requisite is to have understanding schoolmasters, who are not principleless, as many, alas! are, but who go out from the true beginning. A good school-building with a bad schoolmaster, is equal to a fine coach with a drunken coachman (loud cheers). Some schoolmasters give the children too little. They neglect them, as if our children were but monkeys, walking on their behind legs (uproarious applause). No, our children are not monkeys, but such schoolmasters are donkeys. Others give to the children too much. They endeavour to make professors of them. They endeavour to replenish their little heads with the inkeepings of the whole universe. They will make famous astronomers of them, and climb up with them up-stairs far beyond sun and moon, and still above. Or they will make learned geologists of them, and valley with them

down-stairs into the bowels of the earth, or still below. But this is perverted. When we communicate knowledge to men we must be prudent, as we are in giving them natural food. We give roast beef and entries to great people, but we feed our babies with poultice (uproarious laughter). Just so we must make our teaching-stuff for children so low that it falls under their childish comprehension. Schoolmasters must not stand among the little fellows like Goliath among the Philistines (cheers). They must know how, as it were, to squat down by their side and thus teach them as if they were their ancienter brothers. Teachers who refuse thus to humble themselves, bereave the children of great before-parts. It exhilarates me to learn that your Society fosters the same feelings as I with relation to this weighty subject. I hope that you will find many low young men, who stick out by humility as well as by ability. I hope that your schools will more and more be illustrious spectacles for the eye of the nation, spectacles of order, and discipline, and solid instruction, and of many other useful proprieties and predicaments. I hope that your schools will more and more be the wet nurses of great men, so that whole Europe, looking at the English people, shall be pulled up in stupefaction at the bigness of this nation.”

Here Steven van Brammelendam sat down amid deafening applause. And here I must also lay down my pen, which has run on too far already. I hope you will not be disappointed, however, with my rambling account of the experiences of our good, kind-hearted friend.

* * * * *

A FIRESIDE WRONG.

It has always been the fashion to regard the fireside as the altar of home—the seat of all the domestic virtues. Round that hallowed spot are supposed to be nourished all those tender feelings and sentiments which soften the harder features of humanity. There it is that the true father, the true mother, the true sister, and the true brother are grown, and there it is that society looks for its brightest ornaments. No patriot or philanthropist, worthy of the name, ever sprung from any other soil, or was really moulded by any other influence.

As the fireside has done so much for the world at large, it seems a pity that it cannot do something for itself, and prevent the perpetuation of a cruel wrong which oppresses the weak and helpless. This wrong is so entirely a fireside wrong, and is so easily destroyed by fireside guardians, that it is difficult to believe in its existence. Public feeling, nearly a quarter of a century ago, condemned the climbing-boy system, and the result was an Act of

Parliament,* to render the use of children in cleaning chimneys illegal, and to compel the use of a machine invented as substitute. No particular machinery in the shape of inspectors was provided to see that this act was not evaded, it being generally felt that each householder would willingly be his own inspector.

Much reliance was also placed upon informations

* The act now in operation was passed in 1840; it is entitled “An Act for the Regulation of Chimney Sweepers and Chimneys” (3 & 4 Vict. c. 85). By this act it is provided, that any person who, after the 1st of July, 1842, shall compel or knowingly allow any child or young person under the age of twenty-one years to enter a chimney or flue for the purpose of sweeping or coring the same, or for extinguishing fire therein, shall be liable to a penalty varying from 5*l.* to 10*l.*, and in default of payment to imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for any time not exceeding two months. It is also provided, that no child under sixteen years of age shall be apprenticed to a chimney-sweeper, and regulations are made for the proper construction of chimneys to prevent accidents from fire, and to facilitate the use of the sweeping machine.

laid by a few of the sweeps who used the machines against a few others who secretly clung to the old bad system. A few benevolent individuals—chiefly Quakers—formed themselves into associations to save children, under the provisions of the act, from this bitter slavery; but beyond this there was no organised attempt to see that the master-sweeps did their duty.

More than twenty years have elapsed since the passing of this act, and now there is too much reason to believe that the evil, never wholly destroyed, is gaining new life. The Birmingham Association for the Suppression of Climbing-boys—one of the associations we have just alluded to—is compelled to report that within the last few years seventy poor boys have been rescued from this wretched life in the Potteries alone. Mr. Francis Wedgwood, of Etruria, Stoke-upon-Trent, the treasurer of the North Staffordshire Association for Suppressing the use of Climbing-boys, is compelled, at the close of 1862, to write as follows:—"No chimney need be climbed, and yet there is no very general strong feeling against the use of climbing-boys. Lords, squires, magistrates, and mayors have their chimneys so swept without shame, and, of course, are very unwilling to convict sweeps for doing the same for others. One justice, if I remember rightly, required the age of a little boy produced in court to be proved by certificate of baptism. Of course such a requirement made a conviction impossible."

Another report, from Leicester, alluding to the state of things existing in 1856 and the subsequent years, says:—"The whole number of children and young persons illegally employed in this town and county was found to be upwards of one hundred." These children were liberated by the efforts of a few individuals acting together; but as soon as the boys were let loose in Leicestershire, they were bought up and carried off to other counties, still to be kept in their cruel and illegal occupation.

This painful subject has recently engaged the attention of the commissioners appointed in the early part of 1862 to inquire into the number and condition of children under thirteen years of age, and young persons under eighteen years of age, employed in trades and manufactures not already regulated by law. In the course of their inquiry much evidence was tendered to them respecting the inefficiency and violation of the "Chimney-Sweepers' Act," and the cruelty consequently often inflicted upon a large number of unfortunate and helpless boys. From the evidence gathered in England, Ireland, and Scotland, it appears that several thousand children, varying in age from five years to fourteen years, and including many girls, are still condemned to this fireside life of slavery. The evil is greater throughout the country and in the second-class country towns than it is in London and the chief cities, but everywhere it shows unhealthy signs of revival. As this state of things could not exist without great apathy or connivance on the

part of householders and fathers of families, it is charitable to suppose that they are ignorant of the cruelty which always did and must form a part of the climbing-boy system. What that system now is can best be shown by a narrative embodying the chief features of a sweep's life and calling, compounded from the evidence just laid before Parliament by the commissioners.

My name is George Stevens, and I am now a master-sweep, but I began life fifty years ago as a climbing-boy. I went to sweep at less than five years of age. I remember my first chimney very well, for I was told that there was a pork pie at the top. The masters used to carry a broad belt with a buckle round their waist to thrash the boys with. My master had three little girls who used to climb, and sleep in their sooty skins and clothes like the rest of us, and when they grew up young women they went about doing sweep journey-work, dressed in male dress.

I was so cruelly treated that I ran away. I went to Congleton, and Newcastle, and Chester, doubling back and so to Mold, and then I thought I was safe, but my master was pursuing a day behind me all the time. I had just hired myself to a man there, and was thinking that he looked kind, and his wife was giving me some tea, when I heard my old master's voice, and the tea choked me. I couldn't eat another morsel, though I was very hungry. He took me off at five o'clock in the morning. There was a league then between all the masters, and the sweep at Mold could not hold me against the other. We walked the whole way to Manchester without resting: he waited until we got to the forest, and then he nearly killed me.

Many people will say that this was under the old system, and that things are changed for the better now; but I can assure them that this is a great mistake. I have given a good deal of attention to this business, and I am sure that in the country, and in many large towns, the boys are as badly off as ever. Mr. Herries, of Leicester, has got twenty-three cases of boys who have been killed in chimneys by being stifled, since 1840. I have known many cases of cruelty. A few years ago a boy died up a court in Manchester. He was apprenticed to a master-sweep in Haslingden. His food was bread which beggars sold to his master. On a Sunday, when his master's family had good dinners, he was still kept to the same hard fare. He had frequent and long journeys into the country, and was forced to leave his heavy and badly-fitting clogs at home. He was constantly exposed, barefooted, to rain and cold; he often lodged in outhouses upon straw, and had no chance of drying his wet clothes. He was very young, and his health failed, and then, being of no more use to his master, he was sent back to Manchester, with marks of most cruel neglect and ill treatment upon him. He had a large abscess on his back, and one of his ears was nearly torn off. He lingered a few weeks in extreme suffering, and then

died. His death was painful, but I have known worse cases. There was one about seven or eight years ago at Nottingham. A little boy was smothered in a chimney there. The doctor who opened his body said *they had pulled the child's heart and liver all out of place in dragging him down*. That doctor can now be referred to, if necessary, to prove the truth of this.

Unfortunately there is no difficulty in getting boys for the climbing work, and as they are allowed to go about with the masters under the name of assistants, to carry the machine and bags, the law is easily broken. The thousands of climbing-boys are much worse off now, as the masters who keep them are only the least respectable ones. You can buy boys by the dozen. Parents themselves go hawking their children about. A woman was urging me the other day to take her boy, but I would not. Many want to get rid of their children and make a little money by it as well. The women sometimes are more hardened than the men. Only lately a woman who had sold her child to a sweep, followed me, and threatened to pull my hair for speaking against the use of climbing-boys. A man very recently said to me, "You shall have my two lads for nothing," instead of asking for the usual 10s. or 1*l*. I have often had children as young as six years old offered to me in the same way. Sometimes as much as 5*l*. has been paid for a boy, but very seldom. In Liverpool, where there are lots of bad women, you can get any quantity you want. I knew of a boy working at Burslem who was bought from Stockport; he was only six years old. No children can be got in the Potteries. There are no lots of bad women there as there are in the big towns; and besides, the Potteries give too much work for children for parents to want to get rid of their boys to sweeps. I know, however, of three cases at Tunstall, where two women, not married, sold their boys to a sweep there.

Nottingham is, perhaps, the most famous place for climbing-boys, on account of the chimneys being so narrow. A Nottingham boy, for this reason, is worth more to sell. A boy from this place was once stolen from me. As he was in the street a man seized him from behind in his arms, carried him off straight to a low lodging-house, and stupefied him with drugged tea. After the tea, the child fell into a deep sleep and lost all appetite. An inspector and I traced him to Hull. The boy was so glad to find that "master" had come. The man had said that if they had got him to France, they should have had 10*l*. for him. There was another boy found with him. The stealer was a sweep at Hull; letters were found on him giving orders for more boys, and these letters were read before the magistrates. The prosecution was afterwards dropped, as the magistrate said the man must be transported for kidnapping, if it were pressed. He paid 20*l*., and promised not to do it again. About the same time three climbing-boys were missed from Nottingham, and traced by their masters to a cellar where

they were hidden. The eldest was not more than ten years of age, and they were going to be sent to Hull, and from there to France.

I have heard of many cases of the same kind in Derby, Leicester, and other towns. I hear from sweeps that come from other parts that this is still the regular thing to this day. I have myself had several letters from distant places asking me to send boys, or to say where some could be got. I had such a letter last summer, offering to pay me well and give me a sovereign. The way it is done is this:—to find some poor boy and tell him that you know of a nice place where there is plenty of food and clothes, deluding him all the while, until you send him off by the train. This is more done now, because boys may not be got from the union as they formerly were. Besides this, boys are "trafficked" about from one master to another, 10s. or so being given for the "lent" of them. Whether they ever get back or not depends often on whether they have parents who care to look after them. In some cases they are not heard of for years, and sometimes never again. I remember well two nice little boys (brothers), aged nine and eleven, when I was an apprentice, being sold one Sunday morning for 30s. the two. A brute of a journeyman used to knock them about very much before. They were bought by another journeyman sweep, and put into a country waggon and sent off. They were never heard of again. The poor widow of a mother used to come backwards and forwards to our place to make inquiries, but she could never hear any tidings of them.

No one knows what the boys have to go through to be trained but those who have been climbing-boys, like myself. In learning a child you can't be soft with him; you must use violence. I have kept a lad four hours up a chimney when he was so sore he could scarcely move, but I wouldn't let him come down until he had finished. I shudder now when I think of it. It has often made my heart ache to hear them wail, even when I was what you may call a party to it. I have seen boys go to bed with their knees and elbows scabbed and raw, and the inside of their thighs all skinned. I have seen five or six boys sleeping in dirty straw, banked up with stones, in a dark cellar, covered with soot-bags, which stuck in their wounds. The bags were the same they had used in the day—wet or dry. One could read, and they all subscribed for a candle for him to amuse them with a book when they were in bed. I have seen the steam from their bodies so thick as to obscure the light, so that the boy couldn't read. Dozens of such children die of consumption. They get up to their work in all weathers, and often at two and three in the morning. They are filthy in their habits, and often wear one shirt right through until it is done with. I, myself, have been for fifteen months without being washed, except by the rain, until I was almost eaten away by vermin. Formerly the sweeps, as they said themselves, had three washes a year—

viz., at Whitsuntide, Goose Fair (October), and Christmas. I once knew a sweep who had never been washed, and another who had never been sober. The custom of "sleeping black," as it is called, is still very common, and you may often hear the men and boys "dusting" themselves in the morning.

Most masters prefer to take their climbing-boys very young, as they learn more readily. Six years is considered a nice trainable age. I have known two at least of my neighbours' children begin at the age of five. I once saw a child only four years and a half old in the market-place in his sooty clothes, with his scraper in his hand. Some people said, "Look at that little fellow; he is not four." One man, however, standing by, said, "He's four and a half; his father told me his birthday, and said that he began when he was four, and that he would make a nice little climber."

I have had boys as young as this, but I never liked them. They were too weak, and I was afraid they might go off. It is no light thing having a life lost in your service. They go off just as quietly as you might fall asleep in your chair by the fire after you had had two or three glasses of strong drink. A son of mine, as well as myself, was very nearly gone so once, and I was a long time before I came round.

If, as often happens, a boy is gloomy, or sleepy, or anyway "lenty," and you have other jobs on at the same time, though I should be as kind as I could, yet, as I said before, you must ill treat him somehow. Sometimes you will strike him with the hand, sometimes with the brush. It is remembering the cruelty which I have suffered which makes me so strong against boys being still employed. I have the marks of it on my body now, and I believe the biggest part of the sweeps in the town have. I have a deep scar on the bottom of the calf of my leg which was made by my master with an ash-plant—a young ash-tree that is supple and will not break. The limb was cut to the bone, which had to be scraped to heal the wound. I was six years old at the time. I have marks of nailed boots in other parts of my body. It was a common thing with sweeps to speak of "breaking-in" a boy; if he was hard, like a ground-road or a stone, they gave it up. It is necessary to harden the children's flesh when they begin the work. This is done by rubbing it, chiefly on the elbows and knees, with the strongest brine, such as you may get from a pork-shop, before a fire. You must stand over them with a stick while the rubbing is going on.

At first they will come back from their work with their arms and knees streaming with blood, and the knees looking as if the caps had been pulled off. Then they must be rubbed with brine again, and perhaps go off at once to another chimney. In some boys I have heard that the flesh does not harden for years. I once found a boy in the market-place, about eight years of age, who had run away from some place of correction,

and who offered himself to me. Part of his knee-caps had got torn off, the gristle all showed white, and the guiders (tendons) all round were like white string, or an imitation of white cotton; his back was covered with sores all the way up. To harden his knees, a salt lotion, simmered with hot cinders, was put on them; and to make him hold them straight under this, he had a brush-tail tied up and down his back, and something else like it in front, and he was made to walk in this way twenty, forty, or fifty times up and down the room. He counted each time, once up and once down, "one." It was like killing him, and I had to stand by and see it all. However, he was the clumsiest boy I ever saw, and had no activity.

Some use the water from a smithy in which iron is hardened, others salt and water; but I think that is no good at all, but makes it worse. Besides all this, there is what the boys suffer from the employment itself; they must go barefoot even on the coldest winter mornings, or the soot would shake from their trousers into their boots, and gall and fester their feet. I have often carried boys myself on my back, out of pity to them at such times. Then, in some, the climbing scrapes the flesh very much; and from "sleeping black" and breathing the soot all night, they get the sooty wart or cancer. The parts which this disease gets hold of are generally eaten away; the sooty warts are sometimes, however, cut out.

Boys suffer much from blisters got in climbing up hot flues, and also in other ways. Sometimes a loose bit of mortar falls and catches them in the waistband of their trousers, and, as there is always very little room to spare, it easily fixes them. The more they twist to get free, the tighter they stick. A piece no bigger than an egg will sometimes do this. Boys get stuck in other ways, especially if they are clumsy at the work. I knew a boy who went up a chimney at nine one morning and was fixed there till ten the next morning, by which time a bricklayer had opened the chimney from above and dug him out. A boy was found dead in a flue in this way, at the west-end of London, about two years ago, and his master was only fined heavily. Another man, in Eastcheap, was fined last summer for using a boy. Few informations, however, have been laid in London of late years, although the use of boys is undoubtedly on the increase.

The common price in the London trade for the use of a climbing-boy is half-a-crown for the job, and the 900 ill-constructed flues of the Houses of Parliament have all been lately "cored" by five boys in direct opposition to the law. An idea of the importance of chimney-sweeping in large towns may be formed from the fact that the Bank of England allows its contractor 400*l.* a year for this work.

The common hour for beginning work in London is about four o'clock in the morning, and work goes on at any hour up to nine o'clock at night. The usual hours that the boys work in the small country

towns are eight or nine—it is only morning's work ; but in the larger towns they work for twelve or sixteen hours daily. The younger they are the more they labour, as the masters can get through more work with the smallest boys. Some masters work short hours, and give their boys a chance of going to school, but not always with the consent of their employers—the householders. A lady in Nottingham who wished to have her chimneys swept in the evening, and could not get the work done by her sweeper for this reason, exclaimed—“A chimney-sweep, indeed, wanting education! what next?”

When the boys get too big to climb, which in town chimneys is about fifteen or sixteen, and in the large country chimneys a few years older, they are unfitted for other employments, and often do nothing, or worse. They fall into the ranks as criminals, and no prison is ever without one at least of this unfortunate, ill-treated class. Scarcely one in a hundred of them can write, and not six in a hundred of them can read. When they get older they seldom improve. They have not been accustomed to education when young, and they don't think of it.

The Chimney-Sweepers' Act, as I have said before, is not thought much of, and is broken through every day. In Yorkshire, where there is no association to see the act enforced, the climbing system is very bad. In all Sheffield, when Mr. Roberts and Mr. Montgomery were alive, there was not one boy, and now there are twenty-two, varying from five to ten years of age ; there are also several in the villages about. Bury was free for four years, now there is one. There are fourteen at Chester. In Nottingham there are twenty, and in all the towns northward to Newcastle-on-Tyne (Halifax excepted), there are from two to ten boys employed. It is the same all over South Staffordshire, also at Coventry, Ashby, Leamington, Bridgenorth, Wolverhampton, Birkenhead, &c. I could give the names of fifty other towns where climbing is going on. As I have said before, it is not abandoned in London and its suburbs, very young boys being employed. In the county of Kent there are many, especially in Maidstone and Gravesend ; also at Greenwich and Woolwich. At Birmingham, where during several years “The Association for the Suppression of the Use of Climbing-boys” has been taking active measures to enforce the Act of Parliament, and where nearly five hundred pounds have been thus expended in the last five years, twenty-five boys are employed. Some are very young, and one poor child, not more than seven or eight years old, can scarcely walk along the streets from sores and bruises received in climbing. I am told his master is going to have pads made like those of horses for his knees. A child was dragged out of bed at two o'clock in the morning to sweep the chimneys at a certain noble lord's mansion in that county, and at another noble baron's house, climbing-boys are always used. At Wakefield there is a

man who has three or four climbing-boys, at Blackburn another, at Preston another, at Rochdale another. At Stockport, the other day, I saw a child of about eight with a sweep who had just come out of gaol ; and I know of another sweep who keeps children, who has been committed more than thirty times, for every kind of offence. At Ashton, last December, a sweep was fined for sending a boy, aged seven, up a chimney on fire, by which the poor child was dreadfully burnt ; and at Whitchurch there is a boy with a wound on his head an inch and a half long, which his master gave him with a poker. Those masters who have never climbed are by far the most barbarous.

All this cruelty is not only illegal but unnecessary. Though machines will do the work well, and are not dear, there is a great antipathy to them amongst the old masters. It is mere laziness that causes this. The machine requires working about to make it do the sweeping properly : it is much easier to stand below, gossiping with the housemaid, and send a boy up the chimney. Journeymen who go about with the boys, working, as is frequently the case, for masters who were never apprenticed,—travelling tinkers, and such like, who know nothing of the trade,—speak against the machine to save themselves the trouble of using it. They generally work with closed doors, so that no one may see what is done. Want of capital has something to do with it at times, though not always. A common machine with iron fittings costs twenty-five shillings ; a good one with brass fittings, which are much lighter, can be had for about two pounds ; and the best, with all extras complete, for three pounds. With yearly repairs and all, I have not laid out more than equal to two good new machines in twenty years, and parts of my first are still in use. Careless workmen, of course, may wear out a machine much sooner, perhaps in about four years.

There may be chimneys which cannot be swept by a machine, but I have never seen one. If there is any slope at all it can be done by means of traps. If people only thought of what the boys suffer they would not have the heart to mind the small expense of traps. Instead of this, the use of boys is much encouraged by householders who will not have their chimneys swept by the machine. I have myself lost a great deal of custom which I should otherwise have, and some which I formerly had, at large houses and public establishments because I will not use boys. That reason was, of course, not given, but I was sent away after I refused. I have been sent away even from magistrates' houses, and, in some cases, even by ladies who have professed to pity the boys.

In many public buildings now being built or recently built, the Act of Parliament relating to the form of chimneys is disregarded alike by architects, builders, and landlords. Some of the “motel” lodging-houses are the worst. All the old chimneys that I have known for more than

forty years could be altered to suit the machine; but in Piccadilly and the large houses at the West-end of London, where they are generally the worst, the objection to altering them is the strongest. It is these people who make the law, and they are the first to break it. They don't go so far as to positively say they will have a boy, but they say, "I won't have my house pulled about," and leave the rest to take care of itself.

It would be a very good thing to make the law positive, and say, "boys shall *not* be allowed." There should be a penalty on the landlord if his chimneys are so built that the machine cannot be used in them, and a penalty on the tenant for having a boy. A tenant going into a house for a short time, say for a year or two, doesn't like to go to the expense of alterations; but if landlords were made liable they would look into the state of the chimneys when they buy a house. They never think of this now. Of course, at present, they cannot be called to account for chimneys which they didn't build themselves, and I am afraid they are too strong a party in Parliament ever to allow themselves to be called to account for anything.

This is no imaginary narrative compiled to create a sensation. Every statement in it has been collected in the form of evidence, and will doubtless be used to stimulate further legislation on the subject. Further reliable evidence has also been gathered to prove that all fears of the increased risk of fire from what we must now call the proposed

abolition of climbing-boys are entirely without foundation.

This is no case in which a large army of government inspectors will be wanted if the public—if fathers and mothers of families—will do their duty. That they have not done their duty hitherto is painfully apparent throughout the course of this inquiry. "We should not do justice," say the Children's Employment Commissioners, "to a large number of master sweeps, were we not to state that many of their number, both in a large and small way of business, have highly distinguished themselves by their disinterested and humane efforts to suppress this cruel system,—frequently to their own pecuniary loss. In our opinion, it is the public more than the sweeps who are responsible for the revival and extension of these great evils—physical, moral, and religious—which it was the benevolent object of the legislature to suppress." Surely the guardians of the homes of England—those homes that are always referred to with so much national pride—will do something to remove this great reproach from their doors. They will hardly allow themselves to be outdone in humanity by common chimney-sweeps. The full power of destroying this infant slavery is ready in their hands, if they will only rouse themselves and use it. Surely they will not lie snoring in their beds when those hoarse plaintive cries are heard in the late night or early morning at their doors, leaving the duty of watching to their yawning cooks and housemaids.

JAMES ALMOND.

MR. JOSEPH WALKER.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. JOSEPH WALKER was what is called "a respectable man"—indeed a highly respectable man. Within a certain circle he was recognised as almost a model man. All his little defects and shortcomings were by that circle put down to the debit of fallen humanity in general, but never to that of Mr. Joseph Walker in particular. Very properly Mrs. Walker looked up to him as an oracle, and wisely accommodated herself to all his opinions and prejudices regarding men and "things in general."

There was nothing very remarkable in Mr. Walker's outward appearance. His hair was short and sandy, his eyes keen and restless, his lips dry and thin, his body lithe and active. When in his Sunday clothes, he might have passed for an ex-bailie, a physician in good practice, or a retired clergyman with a coloured neckcloth.

And yet there must have been something amiss with Mr. Walker, for he was recognised by all beyond the Walker interest as a sort of stumbling-block in their road—an odd figure which lessened the sum total of their enjoyment—a ghost at their feasts of charity.

Was he, then, a bad man? I have already said that the world pronounced him a highly "respectable" man, and the world was so far right, for Joseph was never guilty of any crime or vice. He was, for example, as incapable of being the "worse for liquor," as the east wind is when dryest and sharpest. I don't believe he ever cheated any man, or was ever guilty of an act of dishonesty in his accounts; and that same fact in these days, or in any days since shékels were weighed or bills discounted, is something to say for a man, and forms no small guarantee for his respectability.

Or was he false? To do him justice, it must be admitted that Mr. Walker reached the mark of the world's standard of truth. I don't think he ever proposed to himself to tell a falsehood, or ever imagined that he could tell a falsehood, or put a "yes" where a "no" should be. But that he was an out-and-out truthful, transparent man, who could not do a very sneaking, mean thing, I will not be so bold as to affirm.

Nor was Joseph a passionate, bad-tempered man, as these infirmities are generally understood. I

don't think he ever so far forgot himself as to be in a passion. The flint strikes fire, and straight is cold again; but Joseph, though a good deal of a flint, did not strike fire, from some damp or clay of selfish prudence which adhered to his surface. He was not a man who would, in the hey-day of duelling, have ventured to send a challenge to even a hen, or who would ever have laid himself open to the nervous pain of being called out. Whatever anger was in his heart growled far back in its den, or paced noiselessly there with green eyes flashing in the darkness, but never flew up against the bars of his cage with thud and roar. Joseph, therefore, could never have struck a man; but I am inclined to think he would have given a vicious pinch to his neighbour, especially if he were asleep.

Joseph Walker was not even a bore. I never knew a bore who had not more than ordinary confidence in his fellow-men, for he not only craves their sympathy for himself and his schemes—(and what bore is there without a scheme of some kind?)—but relies on their sympathy with a confidence which often creates sympathy. There is also, I think, generally a large amount of kindness and amiability in a genuine bore. If society will only submit to be bored, he will repay society by a large amount of fair value in return. Besides, a bore has often a great deal of generosity in him, and can laugh with others who may laugh at his hobby even. Joseph Walker was too silent, too mysterious, too self-conscious for a bore.

Were we to classify him according to his skin, we would say at once that he was decidedly not pachydermatous, or thick skinned. His skin was of the finest texture; it was almost transparent: hence his extreme touchiness. He often shrank back from a brother's approach as from a red-hot iron.

Mr. Walker was very quiet, circumspect, cautious, calculating, prudent. His smile was always arrested and snubbed long before it approached the rash outburst of joyous laughter. I don't believe he ever enjoyed a hearty laugh in his life, or that even when a child he could have been tickled. To have been pleased with a rattle was possible for him, but to have been tickled with a straw I think impossible. Joseph was calm, solid, serious, as became a highly respectable man.

He was, as we might guess, intensely sectarian, which means, not that he loved his own Church, for that is not only natural but right, but Joseph had a grudge against every other Church, as he had against everything on earth which was not stamped with his own goods-mark, that mark being MY.

As to his religious habits, as the phrase is, he was blameless. No man was more regular at church. He would have been missed there as much as a pillar, or side window. The most gossiping or uncharitable never imagined that a shadow of Scepticism ever rested on Joseph's brain, any more than on the well-brushed hat which covered it. His church prin-

ciples were all as accurate and clearly arranged in his mind as the squares on a chess-board. He not only believed his Church "principles" (as he liked to call them) true, but he was thankful in having been delivered from the dangerous weakness of imagining any other principles by any possibility to be other than false, and the men who held them equally so. He tithed rigorously all rye and cummin, and could mark off a Sabbath-day's journey to a yard; but the weightier matters of the law were more difficult to be comprehended by him, and he feared to fall into deadly errors about works.

It was Joseph's secret opinion that a man ought to form a fair and just estimate of himself—of his own talents, influence, position in society, or what was due to him as an exactor of customs from his neighbour. All he wanted was fair play and justice. If he got that, he himself being judge of its amount, he accepted it as his right. If he got less, he complained. If he got more than his due—which, he said, very rarely happened—he was grateful, and smiled. I may just state, in passing, that Joseph was often at variance with society upon this point, his own worth and importance; and that there were great difficulties in adjusting their respective claims. He and society met like cross tides, and created a jumble. The law could not take the matter up, and arbitration was impossible, for Joseph insisted on his wife being one of the arbiters, which no one would agree to. There was, therefore, great difficulty in adjusting the difference.

As might have been expected, Joseph was very prone to take offence, and required particularly nice and discriminative handling. The brittlest glass or wax is more pliable than he was. Was he a member of committee in connection with any work or "movement," as it is called? If so, let the other members have a care, and see that Mr. Joseph Walker's ideas, suggestions, and proposals, are respectfully considered, whatever becomes of those of others. Recollect, he and his resolutions are one flesh, and that to touch the one is to touch the other. Measures, not men, may be a very practical aphorism with some, but Joseph's measures and the man are inseparable. In one word, study him, and have always oil with you to pour into his machinery, which otherwise won't work, or will get hot in its gears.

If Mr. Walker was opposed on any occasion with decision or vigour, the question was always suggested by him, why? Why did this man, at this time, oppose *him*? Was it on fair, just and necessitous grounds? Impossible! How could Joseph be so far wrong? But he saw through it all at last. It was from pure spite and envy, no doubt of it; and he would smile, with a profound shake of his head, looking at the floor, and remark, "that it was a queer world, and that there was no knowing *what* some people would do." Ill-used Joseph!

Mr. Walker included within his immediate personality not merely such things as his proposals and

his resolutions, but all his plans and schemes, and all that belonged to his household—everything, in short, having his mark. He protected them all, demanded homage for them all. The enemies of any thing marked with his MY he considered as his own enemies. Any want of attention to his dog even, with J. W. on its collar, would have been considered personal: and any dislike which your supposed or real neglect might have engendered in him towards yourself, was not confined to you, but extended to your whole tribe. And thus he suffered from a vast number of imaginary grievances, supposed hits against himself,—neglects, or forgets, with reference to his dues.

“Are you and Joseph Walker good friends?” asked Jones of his friend Jenkins.

“Yes; why do you ask?” replied Jenkins. “Anything wrong?”—

“Oh no, nothing; no—but”—

“Out with it, Jones, what is it? I never knew Walker intimately, but now that your question has suggested the idea, I do think he has been very cold and distant to me.”

“Did you ever travel with his niece Miss Trotter to London?”

“Yes, what then?”

“And did not get her a cab when you reached the station?”

“Whew!” said Jenkins with a whistle, “I see it all. So *that's* what has offended him! Now hear me,” continued Jenkins, laughing, “I remember the day well: it was July a year ago, for my wife, then my sweetheart, and her mother, were waiting my arrival. In the hurry and fuss of the exciting moment, I forgot Miss Trotter till it was too late, but I wrote to her, making an ample apology, and expressing my annoyance, and I told it all to Joseph! What a thin-skinned fellow?”

“Well, I will explain the whole matter, Jenkins, to him, and it will be all right.”

“Right or wrong, Jones, I hate that hoarding up of little offences. It is paltry. We must all give and take in this world, or the cords of friendship will snap. What a memory Joseph has, to be sure, to have kept this in his mind so long! And he voted against me, canvassed against me, and, I fear, all because of Miss Trotter! Well, give him my compliments, and tell him not to make an ass of himself; not that, Jones—but drop oil with my love in his wounds. I am sorry he has been unhappy.”

But after all, I question if Mr. Walker *was* so very unhappy from these cruelties of society, and its general conspiracy against him. Our friend did not always like to be disabused of his prejudices and dislikes; there was, if he would confess it, a secret comfort in them which could not be relinquished without consideration—his grievances having their consolations, as shipwrecks have their salvages. Joseph often contemplated himself as a martyr to human ignorance, envy, or spite, and sympathised with himself accordingly. To ponder

upon the annoyances of the day was a favourite evening exercise. He was often disposed to say to himself—“Joseph, was there ever a man whose merits were so inadequately appreciated as thine? But rise above all these mean and paltry jealousies, crackling in unworthy bosoms. Rejoice in this, at least, that thou art a green oasis amidst a desert of human hearts, and if no one else will feel for thee, admire thee, and sympathise with thee, be thou just and true to thyself, excellent Joseph Walker.” Ah! there are few forms of worship so constant, so established, so free from dissent, so sincere and unmixed, as self-worship.

A special feature of Mr. Walker's character was his remarkable talent for diplomacy. He had no idea of going straight towards his object, but worked his way up to it by zig-zag parallels, as engineers do against a fortress. Nor was he ever seen by the enemy. You could detect his presence only by carefully watching the earth and dust which, like the mole, he occasionally raised, as he peeped up with half-shut eyes, to disappear again as rapidly out of sight. He was therefore a chief man at every species of election, from a beadle to a bailie, from a minister to a member of parliament. In such circumstances, indeed, he became great. His silence was as remarkable as his speech; his caution was sublime; his wisdom unfathomable.

Behold him slowly pacing down the street, arm-in-arm with some confidential friend, whom he is indoctrinating, their heads close together, his stick or umbrella moving in emphatic unison with the sagacious counsel he is breathing into the listening ear of his friend.

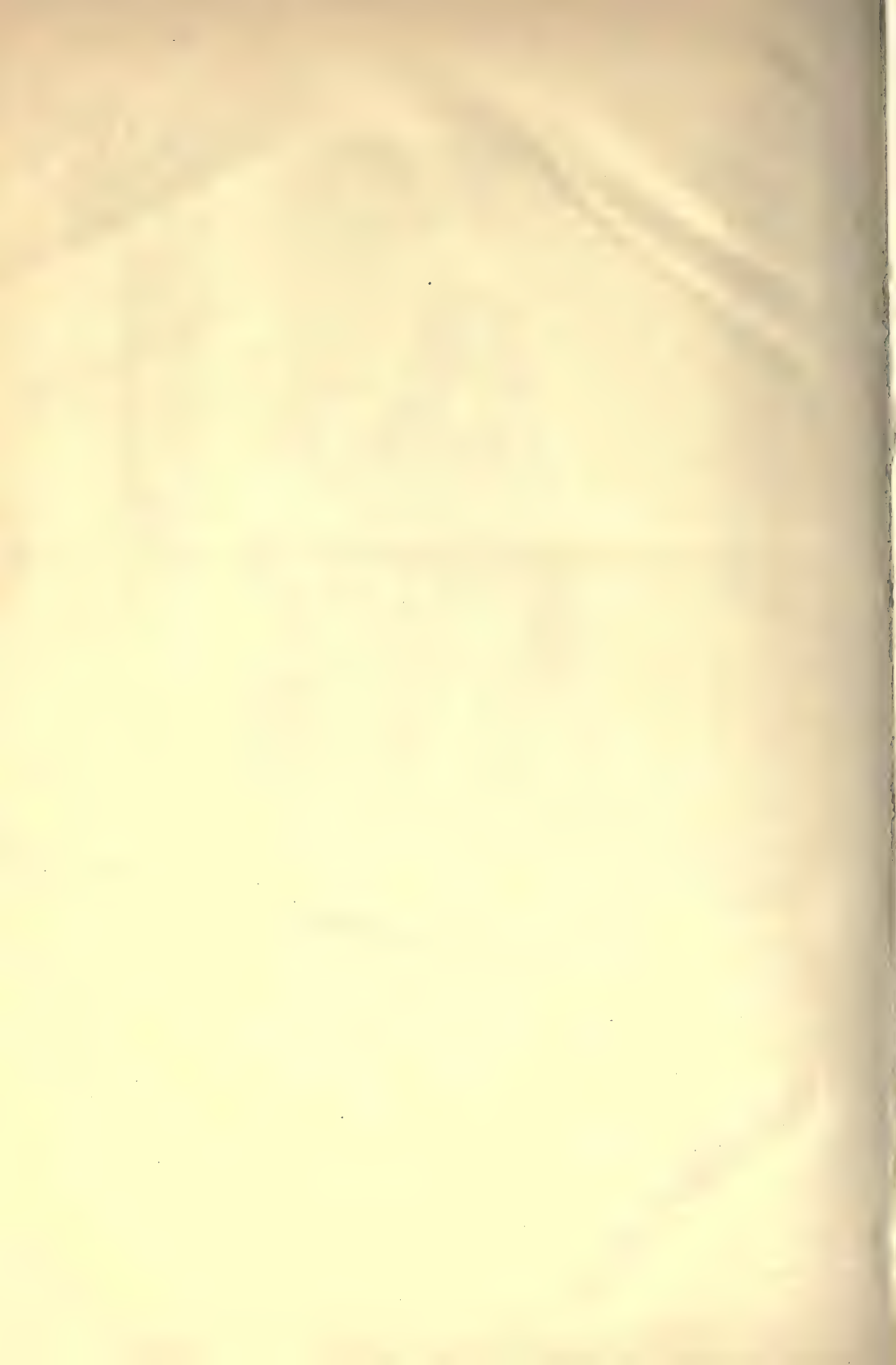
“Observe now,” he says: “if Mr. A. gets this situation, the one which he vacates might be filled by Mr. B., and this would enable us to put C. into office instead of B., which would be the very thing, don't you see?”

Equally sagacious were his methods of getting at a voter. If Joseph wished to get his hand into the house that Jack built, it was quite possible that he could not attain his end directly through the influence of the cat, or the rat that eat the malt. But, thinking over the matter, he would remember most fortunately that he knew the “priest all shaven and shorn;” and for certain reasons he believed the priest, who was obliging, could be easily got at; then the said priest was well acquainted with the “maiden all forlorn,” for she was one of his own flock, and he had married her to the man “tattered and torn;” and there was, therefore, no difficulty through her of influencing the “cow with the crumpled horn,” which she herself milked; and the cow would arrange everything with the dog, in spite of his tossing; and then the dog knew the cat, who was certain of getting sooner or later at the rat, and then at the malt, and thus at last into the House that Jack built!

When Walker could take no active part himself, his hints were invaluable. “You know Nobbs?” he would say, in a quiet, confidential way, to a



Behold him slowly pacing down the street, arm in arm, with some confidential friend."



friend, when unfolding the mystery of his plan. "Well, then, you are aware that his nephew, Smith, is married to a daughter of old Spencer. Now I have cause to know that Mr. Turner, who is a partner of old Spencer, will be opposed like ourselves to Robertson. Why not try to get Nobbs up to speaking, through Smith, to Spencer to give a hint to his partner, Turner, about Robertson?"

"O, I see, I see!"

"Don't you?" says Walker, with delight; "that's your game! that's your game; there's no mistake about it. Don't lose an hour, see Nobbs." What a knowing man is Mr. Joseph Walker!

But on the other hand, tramp on Joseph's toe—ruffle his skin—refuse to give him the big fiddle—only offend his vanity or his self-esteem, and let him become your enemy: then, depend upon it that, by shakes of the head, shrugs of the shoulder, and small plots, Mr. Joseph will thwart you, traduce you, throw out hints against you, and,

as far as in him lies, demolish you and your prospects; and he will accomplish all this in a highly respectable way. He will express the most kindly hopes that he may have been misinformed and mistaken in what he has heard of you, but he fears, alas! that his information is correct. He is truly sorry (dear kind Joseph!), that he is obliged to conclude that you are not the man—that you will never do. He has no wish to enter into details, but he has the best reasons for saying, that it will be decidedly better for yourself even not to get this appointment. Honest Joseph!

Joseph, you see, never forgot himself. He was not a man who had anything open, true, or generous in his disposition; but one who, Sunday and Saturday, saw himself the centre of the universe. He was "highly respectable" in the courts of the temple, yet who would compare him with the poor and miserable publican who stood afar off and smote upon his breast?

THE VICTORIA MILITARY HOSPITAL, NETLEY, AND THE WORK DONE THERE.

WHEN people read in the newspapers that the Queen, breaking the seclusion in which her Majesty had lived since the death of her lamented husband, had visited the Military Hospital at Netley, some curiosity was awakened as to the institution thus honoured, and the purpose it serves in the military system of the country. To gratify this curiosity is the object of this paper.

The Royal Victoria Hospital, like many other improvements in our military system, dates from the Crimean war. For more than forty years Great Britain had not fired a hostile shot in Europe.

When the popular desire to humble a despot whose power had become "a standing menace" to the liberties of his neighbours, urged the Government of England into a war with Russia, our want of military preparation was exposed, not only to ourselves, but to all the world. No better illustration can be given of this than the fact that we had the presumption to fight a great battle without the means of removing our wounded soldiers from the field. We were indebted to our allies for the hospital transport that conveyed our wounded from the Alma to the fleet. A few lumbering ambulance waggons we had, but these, such as they were, were left behind at Varna; and had we met with reverse instead of victory on those gory heights, the mortification of defeat would have been added to the bitter disgrace of leaving our wounded officers and men in the hands of the enemy.

Where such was the case as regards field-hospital equipments, it need hardly be told that we were equally ill-prepared in the way of military hospitals at home for the reception of the sick and wounded from the seat of war. The limited accommodation

at Fort Pitt, Chatham, not originally constructed for such a purpose at all, and felt even in time of peace to be but a paltry make-shift, was soon exhausted, and the sick and wounded as they arrived were lodged in the Engineer Barracks at Brompton. The buildings thus extemporised into hospitals were wholly unsuited for such a purpose; and although the medical officers did their best to meet difficulties, it was felt on all hands that a great military hospital was one of the crying wants of the country. Under these circumstances, it was determined to build one worthy of England, and of the gallant army which England had at last learned to appreciate. It is not our intention to record here the "battle of the sites." Much ink was spilt in the contest; but while the controversy raged, the construction of the building went on; and when at last the party opposed to the site on Southampton Water claimed the victory, it was found that between sixty and seventy thousand pounds had been expended on the foundations,—so the victory was barren, the building rose, and has at last been completed on the site originally selected near the small village of Netley, on the eastern side of Southampton Water. It is understood that the late Prince Consort was strongly in favour of the present site. It was always a source of astonishment to his Royal Highness that a great maritime colonising power had made so little use of Southampton as a port for embarking and disembarking troops for foreign service. The truth is, that it was not until the age of ocean steam navigation had fully come, that the capabilities of Southampton Water came into play. This beautiful estuary, a few years ago only frequented by the graceful craft of the Royal Yacht

squadron, is now the point of departure for mighty steam-ships that have "the plain of ocean for their wide domain." Before passing from this part of the subject we think it right to add, that there appears to be no cause to fear that the site will realise the gloomy anticipations of those who were opposed to it. The hospital stands on a bed of gravel, the health of the people in the vicinity is extremely good, and we believe that few districts in England can be found where the average duration of human life is longer. It is true that a vast sheet of mud is left exposed for some hours daily at low water; but the best proof possible that no exhalations hostile to health proceed from it, is to be found in the fact that an old gun-brig, for many years beached on this flat and used as a barrack by the Coast Guard of the station, had not a single case of fever or other serious disease for sixteen years.

The foundation-stone of this magnificent building was laid by the Queen with much ceremony on the 19th of May, 1856. One wing was opened for the reception of patients on the 1st of March, 1863, and the other some months after. Thus seven years were occupied in its construction—a space of time not excessive when we consider its vast dimensions, the solidity and finish of the structure, and the perfection and complexity of its internal fittings. The front extends over 1424 feet; it contains 99 wards, ample room for administrative purposes, and affords accommodation, according to the cubical space required by the new regulations, for 1000 patients. The hospital is built in the Italian style, of red brick elaborately ornamented with stone. Exceptions can doubtless be taken by critics in architecture to some of the details: for example, the dome at once strikes the eye as too small for the great length of the building; still, taken as a whole, and particularly when seen from the water, the effect is grand, and no Englishman need blush as he points out to foreigners the place prepared for the reception of those who have fought the battles of England, or in pestilential climes have suffered in her cause.

Our imaginary Englishman, exultingly pointing out to the "distinguished foreigner" the beauties of Netley Hospital, will exercise a sound discretion if he leaves his friend to believe that the hideous building on the Southampton side has not only "no connexion" with the Hospital, but is in reality what it looks, a manufactory eloped from Birmingham or Manchester. The truth, however, must be told; this brick and mortar abomination, this "Bleak House," is not what its appearance indicates, a manufactory that has lost its way, it is the Officers' Quarters. The architect had designed a front for it in harmony with that of the Hospital, but when the time came to embody this design in brick, and to decorate its front with stone, the hot fit of liberal expenditure had passed away, the cold fit of parsimony and penny wisdom had come again, the estimates were reduced by 3000*l.*, and for this infinitesimal saving, a great national building that

cost hundreds of thousands was debased and disfigured by the centiguty of this staring ugliness alongside of it. Looking a little beyond on the same side, another abortion meets the eye, and offends it. This is a pert, naked, red-brick, would-be-rural-looking house, which fortunately is mistaken by nine strangers out of ten for the Porter's Lodge. In sober seriousness, it is the official residence of the principal medical officer of the Royal Victoria Hospital, an Inspector General, with the relative army rank of a Brigadier General, charged with the medical responsibilities of this enormous establishment.

It is to be regretted that for a small saving a hideous little excrescence like this should mar the effect of the general design, and still more that foreign visitors should carry away the impression, that while England is rich enough to afford a palace for her sick and hurt soldiers, she can only, from economical considerations, provide a mean residence for the chief medical officer in charge of them. "The battle of the sites," was not the only matter in dispute between those who took an interest in this great national building. A lively controversy was waged on the principles of construction. The Victoria Hospital is built upon what is called the corridor principle, that is to say, all the wards open on vast corridors, which run from one extremity of the hospital to the other. It must, we fear, be admitted that this is not a sound principle. The first and last thing to be attended to in hospital construction, the thing to which all others should give place, is a full and free supply of fresh air in the wards. If each ward has what is called cross ventilation from windows opening on both sides of the room directly into the open air, what is called "hospital air" can never pervade the building; whereas, if the wards open on one side into a common corridor on every floor, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to secure that free ventilation, that constant renewal of air which, as we have just said, is the first necessity in all buildings where human beings are congregated. Were the Victoria Hospital to be built over again, it is certain that the corridor principle would not be adopted. As the matter stands, the medical officers are well aware of the difficulties they have to contend with, and the greatest watchfulness is exercised to counteract this acknowledged error in construction.

Having mentioned this cardinal defect, we have nothing more to say in disparagement. Everything that ingenuity could devise calculated to forward the one great object in view, the well-being of the Queen's soldiers, has been supplied without stint or limit. The central part of the building is chiefly occupied by the officers connected with the administration to be presently mentioned. In this block there is a complete establishment of baths,—a swimming bath, supplied with salt water from the sea, and hot, cold, shower, and vapour baths, ready for use at a moment's warning. In addition to these, every ward has its own hot and cold bath, lavatory, &c., &c.,

so placed as to be within easy reach of all but bed-ridden patients. The material employed in the construction of these baths and lavatories is slate, highly polished and covered with enamel, presenting a surface at once hard, elegant, and easily kept in a state of perfect purity. The water supply has been carefully attended to, and to prevent the possibility of patients suffering from lead contamination, not an atom of that metal has been used in the construction either of the pipes or cisterns; the former are made of block tin, and cost 9000*l.* It would be well for the health of the community if in our private houses similar precautions were used. In each wing of the building there is a cooking apparatus capable of cooking for 700 men, with all the appliances required to facilitate the dressing and arranging of the various diets ordered for the inmates. These, after being arranged on a hot plate, are passed up by means of "lifts" to dining halls where all patients, not confined to bed, take their meals. There is an excellent bakery, furnished with the most modern machinery, which supplies bread of superior quality; and at a little distance in rear of the hospital, are placed the wash-house and gas works. The former is on such a scale that it washes, not only for the hospital but for the garrisons of Portsmouth and Winchester.

While so much has been done for the bodily wants of the sick, their spiritual wants are equally well provided for. There is a handsome chapel, which is much admired for its elegant proportions, and which affords accommodation for 600 worshippers. The Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic services are performed in it regularly every Sunday; and Government, with wise and catholic liberality, provides zealous chaplains of these three persuasions, who minister to the patients according to the rites and ceremonies of their respective communions. There is besides this a library and reading room provided with books adapted to all tastes; and out of doors, those who are strong enough to partake in such amusements play at quoits, skittles, and such like games.

Our readers who have had the patience to follow us thus far, will naturally desire to know how the great machine is worked and governed. Its affairs are conducted on the principles laid down for the government of all military general hospitals in her Majesty's regulations for the medical department of the army. The guiding principle in these regulations, was to relieve administrative medical officers as much as possible from all details likely to interfere with their chief duty,—the care and cure of the sick. The better to effect this, a military commandant is placed at the head of the establishment. This officer is responsible to the Commander-in-Chief for the discipline of the Hospital, and to the Secretary for War for the general care of the building and the public property thereunto belonging. The commandant is assisted by an officer of the rank of major, by an adjutant, and by an officer called the Captain of Orderlies, who holds

the rank of ensign, and whose chief duty consists, as his official designation indicates, in maintaining discipline among the orderlies who wait on the sick. The field officer of Royal Engineers who superintended the construction of the building, still forms part of the establishment, and is in charge of all public works in and about the building. There is also a military paymaster with a complete staff of clerks, whose duty it is to pay the establishment and to settle the claims and accounts of the soldiers admitted into the Hospital from all parts of the world.

At the head of the medical establishment is an officer of the rank of Inspector-General, whose relative military rank is that of Brigadier-General; this officer is responsible to the Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army and to the Secretary for War for everything relating to the care of the sick. He is the medical chief of the Hospital, and in all professional matters is supreme; in the absence of the Governor he takes his place and performs his duties. Under the principal medical officer are two deputy inspectors-general, one of whom is at the head of the surgical, the other of the medical, division of the Hospital. They hold also the office of Professors in the Army Medical School, one being professor of military surgery, the other of military medicine. Under these officers are staff surgeons, never less than two to each division, with a number of staff assistant-surgeons and medical cadets, varying in number according to the number of patients in hospital, and the number of pupils in the Army Medical School. The sick are waited upon by a body of men called the Army Hospital Corps. These men are all soldiers, mostly volunteers from regiments; they are in all military matters under military command, and in their ward duties are under the orders of the medical officers, whose assistants in point of fact they are. These men receive a regular course of instruction in "nursing," attendance on the sick, the performance of such duties as carrying wounded men out of action to the ambulances, &c., &c. None but men of good character, conduct, and intelligence are retained in the corps. A few nurses are now employed at Netley under a lady superintendent. They are very useful in attending on bed-ridden and helpless patients, and also in instructing the orderlies in such duties. The commissariat department of all hospitals in the British army is under a separate class of officers, called Purveyors. These officers are responsible for the food, wine, and clothing for the sick, and, under certain regulations, comply with the requisitions of the principal medical officer for all such supplies. At Netley a principal purveyor and two deputies are required for the duties of this department. The Royal Victoria Hospital is intended for the reception of sick and wounded officers and soldiers from the scene of any war in which we may be engaged, and in times of peace for invalids from all the foreign stations of the empire, including India.

Let us now see how invalids are dealt with when they arrive at Netley. Most of the ships arriving from foreign stations have orders to call at Spithead, a Government steamer is in attendance, and at the proper stage of the tide, the invalids are conveyed to Netley, and at once disembarked. The medical officer of the day is in attendance, and inspects the men as they arrive. The Hospital is divided into three divisions, medical, surgical, and convalescent; those requiring no treatment are sent to the convalescent division, the rest are distributed according to the nature of their complaints. The helpless are conveyed at once by means of "lifts" to their respective divisions. The admitting officer prescribes for any case requiring immediate attention, and should any difficulty arise, one or more of the staff surgeons give their assistance. Every soldier brings with him what is called a "Medical History Sheet." In this document is recorded every admission into hospital, from the day of the man's enlistment, with the nature of the ailment or accident, and period of time under treatment. Also a brief "Abstract," drawn up by the last medical officer under whose care he was, of the history of the disease or wound for which the man has been invalided home. These documents are in the first instance handed to the registrar, whose duty it is to keep the statistical records of the Hospital, they then pass into the hands of the medical officers in charge of the men. A brief abstract of these papers is entered in the "Medical Register" of the ward, followed by a precise description of the physical condition of the patient on admission; and from day to day a note is made of the progress of the case, with the prescriptions and diet ordered, and this is done daily until the man is discharged to duty, or is sent to his home unfit for further service, or dies.

On the following day, the deputy inspectors of divisions, with their respective staff surgeons, see the men thus admitted, give the executive medical officers in charge the benefit of their opinion on the case, and see that the regulations of the service are strictly complied with.

They select the men fit to be discharged, and send them for inspection by the principal medical officer, whose decision as to the man's fitness or otherwise for military service is final. The principal medical officer and the commandant report on each man who passes what is technically called the "Invaliding Board," composed of these two functionaries, and from this report the Chelsea Commissioners determine the amount of pension to which the soldier is entitled. When this last stage is completed, the man is sent to his home: if blind or weak, or from any cause incapable of taking care of himself, a "guide" is provided, whose business it is to see him safely to his destination.

There remains one other point to notice. The Victoria Hospital is the seat of the Army Medical School, an institution which, like the Hospital itself, was one of the results of the famous inquiry

into the sanitary condition of the army. The medical officers of the army receive their medical education like other members of the profession in the various civil schools and universities of the kingdom. Before being admitted to compete for commissions in the department, they must possess a double qualification, that is, have taken a degree in medicine as well as a diploma in surgery from one or other of the bodies recognised by law. Competitors appear before a board of examiners specially selected for their attainments and experience in testing the qualifications of medical aspirants. Successful candidates are then designated Medical Cadets, and are sent to the Army Medical School at Netley. They receive during their period of probation there 5s. a day, wear the uniform of medical staff officers with certain distinctive exceptions, are admitted honorary members of the medical staff mess, and have comfortable quarters assigned them. The Army Medical School enjoys a separate and independent constitution under the Secretary of State for War. It is governed by a senate, composed of the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, who presides, the Physician to the Council of India, and the four professors of the School. The proceedings can be overruled only by the Secretary for War, its government is therefore independent of every other department, and it is responsible solely to the Secretary of State.

There are four professors, whose duty it is to teach military surgery, military medicine, hygiene, and the pathology of army diseases. The two first are military medical officers, the other two are civilians, selected for their fitness for their peculiar duties, and their experience as successful teachers. The term military surgery explains itself. Under this head are comprised all the accidents and injuries of war, the transport of sick and wounded, the selection of men for military service, and the duties and administration of military hospitals generally. The duty of the professor of military medicine is to give a course of instruction on the diseases of armies, and chiefly those of tropical climates; both professors find in the invalids and wounded soldiers sent from every quarter of the globe where the British army serves—and where does it not serve?—invaluable materials for illustrating the lessons they teach. Their labours are not confined to the lecture room, they accompany the young medical officers to the bed-side, and from living examples show the effects of injuries and the ravages of all climes. In no other hospital in the kingdom could the materials for this invaluable clinical instruction be found and it was this consideration which chiefly led the senate of the school, with the assent of the Secretary for War, to fix the seat of the Army Medical School at Netley. But perhaps the most important part of the instruction given at Netley, that which probably will produce the most abundant fruit in the future, is that given by the professor of hygiene. Netley is the only place in this kingdom where this

comprehensive science is taught. Everything bearing on the health of the soldier, directly or indirectly, is here carefully considered. The sites of military stations, barracks, hospitals, the mode of constructing, warming, and ventilating such buildings, water supply, drainage, medical police, food, clothing, drink, in a word, the whole art of dealing with men in such a manner as to preserve their health and efficiency, is taught. There is a magnificent hygienic laboratory, complete in all its fittings, in which, under the professor's instructions, the young medical officers go through a course of chemical analysis having a direct bearing on the above topics. The professor of pathology, with the aid of a splendid pathological museum, expounds the science of army diseases. It is his duty also to make the young men adepts in the use of the microscope, an instrument without knowledge of which neither things old nor new relating to physical science can be profitably studied. Although no provision was made for the Army Medical School in the original design of the Victoria Hospital, by a little ingenuity space within its ample walls has been found for it, without in the least interfering with the administration of the Hospital. The lecture halls, libraries, pathological, hygienic, and natural history museums are well adapted for their re-

spective purposes, and the hygienic laboratory and microscopic room cannot be rivalled by any similar places of instruction in this or any other country.

When the medical cadets have completed the course of instruction thus briefly sketched, they are subjected to a final examination, confined strictly to the studies pursued at Netley; the marks obtained at this trial, added to those gained at the first examination, determine the position of the young medical officer on the list. He now obtains his commission, and the State has done its part to make him a useful public servant, to qualify him to deal successfully with the diseases and accidents of military life, and to be a safe and competent adviser to those intrusted with high command in all that relates to the important questions of military hygiene.

Such is the Royal Victoria Hospital, such is the nature of the work done within its walls. To see this building, in the contriving and construction of which her late Consort took so great an interest, and to cheer the hearts of the "bronzed veterans" who had maintained her cause in every clime, the Queen first left her retirement—a day that will long live in the remembrance of the brave men who then "devoured her with their eyes."

VERSES WRITTEN BY A WORKING-MAN FOR HIS CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S EVENING PRAYER.

GRACIOUS Saviour! meekly crave your
Little Lambs their fold to-night:
Wilt Thou hear us, and be near us,—
Thro' the darkness lead to light,—
Fence our weakness with Thy might?

Night is nearing! timid, fearing
Life is shrinking in its nest;
To Thy keeping take us sleeping,
Gentle Shepherd, in Thy breast:
There we nestle and are blest.

White Mists wreathing their soft breathing,
Where the water-courses run,
From their hiding-place are gliding,
Hanging dewdrops one by one,
To be lighted by the Sun!

We, too, kneeling for Thy healing,
Pray Thy dews may fall apace
In rich showers, that Thy Flowers
May up-lift their morning face,
Glistening with Thy freshest grace.

May good Angels with evangel's
Glad our slumbers by one gleam
Of their covering white wings hovering
Down the ladder of our dream—
Soft the hardest pillow will seem.

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Oh, Thou solace of the weary,
Oh, Thou Rest for those that roam,
Cloudless Sunshine for the Dreary;
For the Homeless endless Home!
To Thy waiting arms we come.

A SONG IN THE MORNING.

AWAKE, poor Soul, the Shadows flee,
The Dawn rolls up the sky!
Oh, lift the drooping head, and see
Redemption draweth nigh.

A little further we must bear
The load, and do our best;
Then take immortal solace where
The Weary are at rest.

A few more Meetings on the Deep,
And partings on the shore,
And then in Heaven at last we keep
Our Trysts for evermore.

Oh, we shall see our Saviour's face
Turn on us full ere long;
And safe in His serene embrace,
We'll sing the Victor's song.

The Devil standing in our light,
And darkening all our day,
Shall spread his wings for final flight,—
His Shadow pass away.

This Pilgrimage will soon be past,
Our worst afflictions borne,
Some weary Night 'twill be our last,
And then eternal Morn.

“AND THEY SANG A NEW SONG.”

[For Chanting.]

HEAR what the Saint in solemn dream was shown
Thro' Heaven's own Gates of Gold ;
He saw them standing by the great White Throne ;
He heard their raptures roll'd !
Christ was the Sun of that new firmament,
And there was no more night,
While thro' the golden City harping went
The glorious all in white.

These out of their great tribulation came
To bow before the Throne !
These lifted up their foreheads from the flame
And by His name were known !
Some on the rack were living witnesses,
And many fell a-field ;
But Christ did greet His Martyrs with a kiss,
And all their hurts were heal'd.

These had to wrestle with wild waves of strife,
Long ere they reach'd that shore
Where they at last have won the crowns of life
They wear for evermore.

There do they drink of Life's all-healing Stream,
And quench their thirst of years ;
All star-like now the precious jewels gleam,
They sow'd on Earth in tears.

Help us, O Lord, to reach that Better Land,
So far from sorrow and sin,
And join that Blessed band all harp-in-hand,
All safe with Christ shut in !
Feeble and poor the songs we sing ! at most,
Some selfish Prayer we raise ;
While the white Harpers on that Heavenly coast,
Hymn everlasting Praise.

HIS BANNER OVER ME.

SURROUNDED with unnumber'd Foes,
Against my soul the battle goes !
Yet, tho' I weary, sore distress'd,
I know that I shall reach my Rest :
I lift my tearful eyes above,—
His Banner over me is Love.

Its Sword my spirit will not yield,
Tho' flesh may faint upon the field ;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm—the crown of light :
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His Banner over me is Love.

The cloud of battle-dust may dim ;
His veil of splendour curtain Him !
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near :
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His Banner over me is Love.

ESSAYS FOR SUNDAY READING.

XII.—THE REFORMATION AND ITS LESSONS.

BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D.

THE value and importance of any great movement in human history seems to be determined by these two considerations, first, that all history is the record of a divine plan, the manifestation of a purpose or design for our race, in which each successive event has its definite place and influence ; and, secondly, that through all history there is to be discerned a constant progression towards some higher state, an ever-advancing movement of humanity towards perfection. It is very obvious that our interest in any event, great or little, in civil or ecclesiastical history, will be greatly enhanced if we view it in the light which these two principles throw upon it. For, to take the first, the idea of a divine plan will make all the difference in the importance of any given event which there is

between the disorderly wayward movements of a crowd, and the exact, systematic, well-conceived and executed movements of a disciplined army on the field, or in the progress of a well-organised campaign. In civil history, the Persian invasion, the Roman conquests, the inroad of the Goths and other northern nations, breaking like successive waves of a rolling tide on the effete civilisation of Rome, the dissolution of the Roman Empire, the revival of letters, and the like events ; in ecclesiastical history, the call of Abraham, the exodus of Israel from Egypt, the rise of the judicial and prophetic offices, the captivity, the decline and final extinction of the Jewish polity, and then the propagation of Christianity, the conversion of Constantine, the rise of the Papacy, the absorption of the barbarian races into

the Church—on to that great crisis in the Church's history, the Reformation of the sixteenth century—obviously our interest in any of these great movements will be vivified if we regard it, not as one of a thousand isolated and disjointed incidents each of which might have occurred at any other time as well, but as playing a distinct and essential part in the great purpose for humanity which runs through all the ages. The Reformation, for instance, is not as a mere chance sound breaking upon the ear amidst a dissonance of voices, but it is a note clear and loud in a great choral harmony of which the universal history of man will be the completion; it is not a mere purposeless displacement of men and nations, but there belongs to it the peculiar interest with which we watch the procedure of a skillful player in a game of chess, in which each separate move, each new relative position of pawn or king or bishop or knight, has a purpose and exerts a definite influence on the final issue of the game. In itself it may be interesting to read of that strange heaving of society, that disturbance of old relations, that breaking up of the smoothness of long-settled conventions, that swelling and tossing of the waters under the strong breath of new thought which characterized the religious movement of the sixteenth century; but its deeper interest, its true meaning and importance, will be lost to us if we view it in its isolated aspect, just as we look on one of the myriad waves that ruffle the wind-swept lake, and not rather as one definite sweep onwards of a great advancing tide, one out of many of those risings and impetuous onward rushings of the great billows which we have watched on the beach when the waters are making steadily and rapidly to the flood.

And this illustration suggests also the second principle which I have mentioned as lending interest to our view of any great event in history, viz., that in all history there is discernible not only a plan, but that plan one which involves a progress, a sure and gradual movement or march onwards to a glorious consummation. In knowledge, in purity, in happiness, the world has a splendid destiny before it, to which each successive event and epoch in history is helping us on. The life of the race, no more than the life of the individual, is a stationary thing, but is ever through successive stages,—infancy, childhood, youth, manhood,—advancing to maturity;—with this difference, that whilst the life of the individual in this world reaches its zenith, its highest point of development, and then declines again into the second childhood of old age, the life of the race is one ever growing, never, in the long run, retrograding, and its glorious maturity is a point yet to be reached, from which it will still ever advance into new developments of knowledge and goodness and blessedness. In this the race of man differs from any of the lower races of animal life that are our fellow tenants of this earth. For these last have only a progress of individuals, not of races. Each individual in this world reaches its zenith, its highest term of life, through which it grows, develops,

and declines, but the whole species does not grow. The bee built its cell thousands of years ago exactly as it does now in an English garden. The instinct of the swallow has guided its migrations with precisely the same accuracy since the first of its race took its first flight from the approach of winter to a summer clime;—and so universally. But reason, conscience, will, in man, are not, like instinct, fixed, but ever making new acquisitions of power, each generation handing down its gathered treasures to the next, and the latest ever becoming the heir of the intellectual and moral wealth of all the ages past. All that was great or good in the past is immortal, and lives in the deeper life of to-day; and all that God's Church is now, is but the promise of a nobler Church of the future which the world will one day see. For ever

“—thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of
the suns.”

It is true that, in one view of it, the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and other great crises in the history of the Church, do not present the appearance of progress or advance, but rather of the clearing away of corruptions from primitive truth, the removal of the accretions of falsehood and impurity that had gathered in the course of ages around the ancient fabric of the Church, and the reproducing again in its original beauty and nobleness of the Church of earlier days. In one aspect of his divine mission Christ came to restore, not to innovate; to fulfil the law, not to destroy it. Spurious admixtures and additions, Pharisaic glosses, traditions of the elders, tithings of mint and anise and cumin, minute and elaborate ceremonial observances which had become a grievous burden which men were no longer able to bear,—in one word, the casuistical sophistries that had distorted the simple letter of the law, the superstitious rites that had supplanted the piety of the heart and life—all this Christ came to sweep away, and to bring back the minds and hearts of men to the grand eternal law of love to God and man. And so in the case before us, what Luther, Zwingle, Knox, and the other Reformers did, was, what that designation literally means, to re-form, or re-mould the Church into her older and better state of doctrine and worship. Their ideas of the sacredness and supremacy of the individual conscience, of the impossibility of any human priesthood or mediation between God and the sinful soul, of the absurdity of all penances and meritorious works and bought or borrowed goodness, of atonement through participation, not corporeally, but spiritually, in the one sacrifice of Christ, of religion as a thing developed from within the soul, and not to be manufactured from without by sacramental spells and ceremonial charms,—these and the other ideas of the Reformers, on which we find them ever ringing the changes, were not new, were not fresh discoveries breaking upon the world like the discoveries of Kepler, or

Galileo, or Newton, and increasing at one stroke incalculably the world's treasures of knowledge. They were not new stars breaking out on the spiritual firmament where before was nothing but blank space, they were only the old lights that had shone there for 1500 years; and all that was done now was to bring them out from that eclipse under which for many ages they had been hidden from the common eye. In this point of view the Reformation was not an advance to new, but a going back to old ground; and, instead of illustrating that law of progression of which I have spoken, it would seem rather to indicate that for ages the race of man had been spiritually retrograding, and was only now returning to the position from which it had receded.

Yet it was not so. In religion as little as in science is there any period in the past that can be regarded as the moral high-water mark, the time of the highest spring-tide of souls, from which they may have receded, but beyond which they can never hope again to rise. The history of the Church from the Apostolic age is not a record of corruptions and restorations, a recountal of a weary succession of struggles, with varying success, to regain a lost level of purity and truth. The notion that found expression in the dream of successive ages—first a golden age, then a silver, then one of brass, and the last one of iron, each as we descend deteriorating from that which went before—is an utterly false one. The reverse order is the true one. The iron or the brazen may be now, but humanity may find incitement and ardour in the hope, nay assurance, that the golden age of the world is ever a-head of us.

For whilst it is true that, as in the Reformation, there is often in the great movements of history a going back to former truth, a return to lost ground, it is yet a return which is virtually an advance. A river in its windings may often seem at the bend to be going back in the direction from which it has come, but though partially it does, yet at each successive winding it is further on in its course. There may seem, to a careless eye, when the tide is rising, to be nothing but a ceaseless flux and reflux of waves, each advancing billow only recovering what the retiring wave had lost; but we know that all the while there is progress, and that in its recession each wave has retired only as a man recedes a few paces for a leap, to gain fresh impetus and heave itself higher up on the shore. Or, to take a case still more closely analogous, when one is ascending a steep hill by a zig-zag path, at each turn you come back in a direction contrary to your last, and so are just in one sense retracing your steps, but at the end of each retrogression you find yourself a stage higher than before, and with many returns you are rising nearer, ever nearer to the summit.

Now so is it in the history of the Church, and therefore of the race of man. There never in the spiritual history of man recurs a fac-simile

of the past. The Reformers might seem, even to themselves, to have no higher aim than to produce a simple copy of the unadulterated truth and fresh spiritual life of the primitive Church, but unconsciously to themselves the attempt must have failed, and the copy contained touches, lines, colouring in it which made it altogether a deeper and richer thing than the original. The truths which the Reformers preached might be a revival of the very truths which were the creed of the Apostolic age, but they were held with a firmer grasp because of the conflicts through which they had passed, and with a profounder realisation of their meaning by contrast with errors and caricatures from which they had been rescued. The religious life of the reformed Churches might be a revival of the purity, the personal earnestness, the devotion, the godliness, the brotherly love of the infant Church, but it was as the piety of the aged Christian is a revival of the piety of the child—the same but different, alike in form and pattern, but of a texture richer, firmer far,—both pure, but the former the purity of untried and unstained innocence, the latter the purity that has past through many a fiery trial, been soiled and stained by many a fall, but has struggled through them all, and emerged at last from the strife with all its pristine loveliness, yet with a strength and consolidation which before it never knew. In one word, the Church at the Reformation went back in the direction from which it had come, to regain its lost faith and purity, but it was to find it at a higher level, nearer to the summit of the everlasting hills; her movement was a reflux of the retiring wave over the very space through which it had fallen, but it was to find herself, at the end of that reflux, higher up upon the eternal shore.

And as with those who have preceded us, so, we cannot doubt, it is with ourselves. As they held the truth of an antecedent age, so do we hold the truth of theirs. But as in their case so in ours, it is the same, but with a deeper meaning, a profounder spirit infused into it. The mind of man did not stop just at the period when the Reformers of the sixteenth century passed from it. The wheels of human progress were not then arrested, so that in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical, any more than in matters secular, we are to stick for ever at the point which the Church then reached. Innumerable moral problems have risen for solution since their day, of which the Reformers never dreamt, and on which therefore their writings can throw no light. The social life of man has become infinitely more complicated, science has made vast advances; in philosophy, in art, in literature, the mind of modern society has received an incalculably wider culture, and on all quarters there are emerging a thousand questions, difficulties, discussions, in which religion is deeply implicated; and although to the solution of these the same fundamental principles of religious truth must be applied, yet obviously the result will be to develop

meanings in them which could not possibly be contemplated by the men of that earlier day. It would therefore be no true honouring of the Reformers to pin our faith to their teachings, to canonise them as the permanent masters of the Church, and to treat with blind deference their dogmas and creeds and confessions. Instead of true homage, this would be treachery to the very spirit of their lives; it would be to make new Popes and infallibilities out of the very men whose glory it was to have shaken off the old, and to seat them in that chair of irresponsible supremacy over the conscience from which they had driven its former occupant, declaring that therein no mortal can sit. And just as in politics the true followers of the great Reformers of other days—of the men who set their seals to the great Charter, of the great statesmen of the Commonwealth or the Revolution—would not be those who determined to stick by Magna Charta or resolved not to budge one step beyond the Revolution settlement, but rather they who, going on in the same direction, were in modern times the authors of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, of the Reform Act, of the measures for the promotion of Free Trade; so in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical, the true successors of the Reformers of the sixteenth century are those who, imbibing their spirit, go on to apply their principles to the new and deeper life of the nineteenth, and instead of blindly adhering to, are ever seeking to reform the Reformation.

It is impossible on the present occasion to illustrate at length this view of our relation to the Reformers of the sixteenth century. I shall adduce but a single specimen of the deeper and truer interpretation of their principles to which the progress of events has led or is leading the Church of our day.

The Reformation, in one and perhaps the most important aspect of it, may be described as a revolt of the individual conscience against an authoritative and impersonal religion. It was the long oppressed and enslaved spirit of man rising in insurrection against an unreal and degrading spiritual supremacy. Deep in the heart of man lies the conviction that its relation to God is a personal matter, that religion can never be deputed, that no created being can come between the soul and God, or relieve it from the awful burden of individual responsibility. A mind awakened to a sense of its spiritual wants can never find rest by devolving the care of the soul and the business of religion upon another,—believing blindfold what another declares to be true, or doing what another declares to be right and good. I can no more believe by another man's faith than I can see with another man's eyes. In my deep sense of spiritual want, I can no more be satisfied by another man's creed than in bodily hunger and weakness I could be fed and strengthened by another man's food. Second-hand piety is as much a contradiction in terms as second-hand health, or happiness enjoyed by proxy.

Now the Reformation was virtually a revolt of

this first instinct of the soul against a Church which presumed to satisfy man's religious needs by prescribing his faith, and authoritatively controlling his life. An authority arrogating to itself religious infallibility, and armed with the terrors of external power, demanded of him to believe only what it declared to be true, and do what it declared to be right and holy. And when, submitting to this through long ages of intellectual and spiritual darkness, the mind of man began to awaken to thought and reflection, and the conscience to a sense of personal responsibility, a bitter feeling of indignity and wrong was engendered in earnest souls over Christendom, till at last, roused by some new and more flagrant insult, some monstrous demand on the mind's credulity, or assault upon the inward sense of right, the long pent-up spiritual force broke forth, and, through all ancient conventionalities, tore its way to liberty.

Now this great principle of the individuality of religion, is one which no lapse of time, no progress of society can ever subvert or alter. It is the principle of the Church in the nineteenth as it was of the reformed Churches in the sixteenth century. But though we must ever recur to it and hold by it, yielding all honour to the men by whose struggles and sacrifices it was extricated and realised, yet perhaps the course of events has gradually been leading us to infuse into this great principle a deeper meaning, and to hold it in a sense which at the first was not attached to it. For the individuality, the personal contact of the soul with religion, to which by degrees, from causes into which we cannot enter, importance was mainly attached, was an intellectual contact, the assent of the understanding to logical creeds and confessions. Religion no longer consisted in belonging to an outward Church, but it came to be regarded but too much as the acceptance and profession of what was deemed a sound and orthodox creed. The free, flexible, glowing, unsystematic teaching of Scripture was digested by subtle and scholastic minds into long and elaborate confessions, catechisms, and articles of faith, assent to which was demanded as the condition of Church-fellowship. Intellectual harmony thus became the basis of communion, and difference of opinion an adequate reason for separation or ejection from the Church.

Now I believe that on this point, slowly indeed, but surely, the Church of our day has been reforming the Reformation. The conviction is gradually winning its way that too much stress has been laid on doctrinal accuracy, and that the relation of the individual soul to Christ—that to which He attaches chief importance, and therefore which in his Church should be the true badge of membership—is a relation not of the head but of the heart. The essence of religion, it has begun to be felt, is not orthodoxy, but piety—not that which a man can learn by a clear or clever understanding, but that which implies a loving and earnest heart. However valuable and important correct opinions

in systematic theology may be, it is felt that that is quite separable from what makes a man a true Christian, that there may be the utmost intellectual accuracy where there is little or no piety, and the purest and most fervent piety where there is little intellectual accuracy. If the truth as it is in Jesus were a philosophy, and the Bible a book of reasonings and notions, like a system of metaphysics, then would intellectual soundness of belief be everything, and the tie that connected the soul with Christ be the vigorous application of the critical and logical faculties of the mind to propositions and demonstrations. But it is not so. The Bible is no philosophy. Its glorious truths are to be apprehended not by the critical intellect but by the humble and loving heart. As a man may perceive and love music who knows nothing of the theory and laws of sound or of harmony, or whose perception of that theory may be imperfect or erroneous; as a man may have the faculty to perceive and relish the loveliness of nature who cannot analyse and construct his emotions into a theory of beauty, so a man may know and delight in the things of God, whose theoretical knowledge of theology is of the slenderest or the most inaccurate. The consciousness of spiritual need, the shrinking of a contrite heart from sin, the longing for pardon and reconciliation to God, the contrition, the humility, the meek self-renunciation and self-surrender to Christ of an earnest heart,—these constitute the soul that possesses them, be its intellectual or ratiocinative conclusions what they may, a true member of Christ's Church. There may be sympathy amongst the possessors of such qualities where there is little intellectual harmony. Devout Christian men who from the natural diversity of intellect, from habit, education, training, may extract very different systematic views and interpretations from the letter of Scripture, may yet be thus most truly united to Christ, and so to each other as brethren in Him. The logic of the heart, in one word, may overleap the logic of the head; and as the all-embracing firmament overarches the mountains and seas that separate nations and countries from each other, so the all-comprehending spirit of love

in Christ may breathe over, and bind into purest fellowship, men whom a thousand intellectual differences divide. And so, with the gradual admission of such views, there is growing up in the minds of all thoughtful men a spirit of larger and wider charity, a disposition to be less exacting and stringent in the demand for intellectual conformity, and a willingness to waive a thousand scruples of reason for the sake of one grain of Christian love. It is beginning to be regarded as the true mark of fidelity in a Church to her Great Head, not when she can strain at every gnat of so-called heresy, but when she can contrive to embrace within her pale the largest number of men who, whatever their diversities of mind, are on the way to heaven. The ideal of a Church platform which commends itself to all but bigots is that, not which presents the longest array of articles and points of belief drawn out with the most keen-eyed logical subtilty and minuteness, but that which under a creed or confession of the simplest form,—enunciating but those grand facts and verities of God, of Christ, of sin, of salvation, on which the great mass of Christians are agreed,—can comprehend the largest range of opinions in the sympathies of a common faith and love. Thus, after the lapse of ages, are we returning to the principles of the Reformation, but on a higher level, making individual relationship to Christ our first aim, but that a relationship the essence of which is in the heart. Thus are we doing what is better than any reviving of the past,—anticipating the glorious Church of the future, the bright era to which all earnest souls are looking on, when truth shall be no longer a watchword of contention nor purity a ground of strife, when individualities shall only contribute to a deeper and richer concord,—when, as the many voices of a great host are gathered up into one grand choral harmony, we shall “lose our individual selves to find our true selves in that distinctness where no division can be,—in the Eternal I Am, the Everliving Word of whom all the elect, from the archangel before the throne to the poor wrestler with the Spirit until the breaking of the day, are but the fainter and still fainter echoes.”



